

THE GISSING NEWSLETTER

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

Volume VII, Number 1
January, 1971

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The Gissing Exhibition

We are now in a position to announce that the Exhibition, details of which were given in our last number, will be held at the National Books League, 7 Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W1.,

From JUNE 23 to JULY 7, 1971

This is somewhat later in the year than we had given our readers to understand, but we trust early summer will better suit the vast majority of potential visitors from abroad, and even from Britain.

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Thomas Gissing: A Centenary

Thomas Waller Gissing, the novelist’s father, died a hundred years ago, on December 28, 1870. To mark this centenary, it has been thought appropriate to reprint some of the poems of the Wakefield chemist and botanist, which very few among those interested in his son will have had an opportunity to read. They were composed in the early eighteen-fifties and are reproduced here from

Margaret and Other Poems by An East Anglian (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., 1855). For an appreciation of T. W. Gissing's poems, the reader is referred to Arthur C. Young's article in *The Journal of the Rutgers University Library*, December 1966. P. C.

Stanzas Written on a Child's First Birth-Day

The Spring was coming o'er the earth,
And every flower and tree
Was courted by the sun and shower,
To set its foliage free;
The wild birds carolled their sweet lays,
When th' light first shone on thee.

Four seasons since have run their course;
The Spring, and Summer's heat, –
The Autumn's placid mid-day skies,
And gilded sunsets sweet, –
And Winter's cold and chilling frosts,
With drear December's sleet.

I've seen thy gambols on the hearth,
And watched thee oft with joy,
As kitten-like from place to place,
Thou'dst fling some infant toy;
And clap thy little hands with glee,
Thou bright-eyed laughing boy!

Thy simple prattlings I have heard,
And striv'n to understand;

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And when in eagerness thou point'st
Thy tiny baby hand,
Unknowing what thou wishest for,
My heart is sadly pained.

How falt'ringly thy patt'ring feet
The first lone step essayed,
While clinging to thy trembling self
Thou stood'st, to start, afraid;
And raised thy supplicating eyes,
That some might give thee aid.

Thy mind is like the future flowers,
Deep hidden in the stem;
And gaining strength with ev'ry day,

'Twill soon expand like them;
And what is now the unseen germ,
Will be the blossomed gem.

Thou camest with the Spring, fair child!
When cowslips were in bloom;
When mossy banks sent through the air
The violet's sweet perfume!
Oh! may thy life be like the Spring,
Till Death shall call thee home.

Spring

Once more the Spring, bedeck'd in robes of green,
Is come to glad the earth. The fertile mead
Glitters beneath the cowslip's lustrous sheen;
And the meek rose-tipped daisy, lately freed
From last night's sleep, now opes its yellow e'en,
And gazes at the sky with careless heed.
The dark-flowered ash, and catkined poplar, bow
Before the soft-voiced southern gale. And now
The whitethorn's ruby buds are opening
To fair green leaves; and buds, which soon will fling

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The May's sweet breath around from out their sheaths,
Are peeping. The sloe's fair snowy flowers
Are hung with gems from April's fresh'ning showers;
While over all the lark clear music breathes.

Stanzas on Hearing a Robin Singing in the Street

Sweet Robin! that amidst the town's dull roar
Warblest in accents shrill thy plaintive song;
I love thy notes, for they renew a throng
Of pleasant images, when musing o'er
Some cherished page, thy warblings sweet would pour,
In swelling minstrelsy from hedgerows long.

How little know'st thou of the wearing strife
That shrivels up the hearts of thousands here;
The fight for bread through years of weary life,
The strife which ends but with the pauper's bier!

How vain the struggle that fair woman makes,
To hold untouched the pureness of her soul –
She falls – she seeks the wave – her lorn heart shakes
With woe – she sinks – the waters ring her knoll!

But, Robin! here thou sing'st at eve and morn,
Sweetly as if fair nature's brightest glades,
Skirted with chestnuts tall, and scented thorn,
Invited thee to sport amid their shades.

What man would check thee, bird of ruby breast?
Who's had no childhood that thy songs bring back?
Reviving sunny hours by mem'ry blest,
Ere Care's dark frown o'er-shadow'd Life's bright track.

Thy heart's deep joys thy nature bids thee sing,
Unmindful all of man as foe or friend;
Yet yielding him a never-failing spring
Of better thoughts, with after life to blend.

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Though worldlings sneer, thy pipe will oft-times smite
Fresh on a chord that's only slept too long:
And purer thoughts on callous hearts will light
Through some fond mem'ry roused by thy wild song.

Sing then, sweet caroller, thy welcome note,
I'll ne'er upbraid thy matin minstrelsy;
But bless the wondrous music of thy throat,
That stirs remembrances so sweet in me!

The Old Year

The year is dying fast!
He's well nigh seen his last!
Like one in mortal pain,
He falls into his wane!
He labours hard for breath,
Like men who cope with death!
And the filmy glassy stare
He has set on vacant air,
Is growing dark and dim;
Time is almost dead to him!

Hark! on the air is borne
A welcome to the morn,
Which tells that o'er this sphere
Reigns the vigorous new-born year.

Here he lies, the dead Old Year!
Lonely on his clay-cold bier!
Children! pluck not his grey beard,

Which alive with dread ye neared;
For he's brought each girl and boy
Many draughts of childish joy;
 He's nearer brought ye by a year,
 To that age which seems so dear.
Man! I charge thee, twit him not
With faults of thine before he fell;
 He gave thee, in thy struggling lot,

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The Time, thou should'st have used it well.
 Before thou chargest with the cause
 Of thy abuse of Nature's Laws,
 Him who lies there still and pale,
 Tell thy many-coloured tale!
Does the good which thou hast done
Round thy faults in circle run,
And thus form a splendent ring,
Which out-shines each fouler thing?
If not, let the lost one rest
 Calmly on Dame Nature's breast;
And strive thou to improve thy life,
And cease equivocating strife.
 There he is, supine and cold,
 Slowly sinking in the mould.
 Strew his grave with fallen leaves,
 Of oak, and beech, and faded flowers;
 Flowers which blooming childhood weaves,
 Sparkling wet with summer showers!
Seek the leaves the redbreast sought,
 To hide the babes slain 'mid the wood?
Bring the flowers the redbreast brought,
 From the brook where once they stood!
Pile them on his aged form,
Sheathing it from winter's storm!
Warm he lies 'neath varied hue,
Of things he made and murdered too!
He's hidden 'neath the foliage deep,
Peacefully let the Old Year sleep!
Whilst the minutes of the New
Spin the months in sequence due;
Till at length with hoary head,
The New shall rest with him just dead!

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To M—

“’Tis better to have loved and lost;
Than never to have loved at all.”
Tennyson.

I swear thou’st such a witching smile,
Its changes strangely move me;
Its sparkling dimples nigh beguile
My tongue, to say, I love thee!
But yet a vein ’midst all its beams I see
That seems to say thy love is sport;
Yet I could gaze my heart away,
Nor ere repent the lowly court,
Thy winning eyes had made me pay;
But count myself a gainer, if in me
One better thought should rise, from loving one like Thee.

You and I. To M—

When years have gathered o’er me,
And time has marked my brow,
With death alone before me,
“Wilt thou love me as now?”

With youthful passion vanished;
With tott’ring footsteps slow;
When vision’s fire is banished,
“Wilt thou love me as now?”

If dotage should o’ertake me,
And manhood grovel low;
If reason should forsake me,
“Wilt thou love me as now?”

Should the world look coldly on me,
And stigmatize my name;
With its scathing brand upon me,
“Would’st thou love me the same?”

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Should rolling seasons change thee,
Thy beauty lose its glow;
They never would estrange me,
I’d love thee then as now.

Should sickness chill thy pleasure;
Should misery o'er thee flow;
My love's unstinted measure
Would run as strong as now.

If love survive the charnel,
Where both are lying low,
'Midst glitt'ring spheres supernal,
I'd truly love as now!

A Wish

A cherished thought is in my brain –
The wish, that I in death might hear
The robin sing his soft refrain,
'Midst Christmas emblems growing near.

That future ages yet in gloom,
Should add fresh greenness to my name;
And laughing children near my tomb
Should lisp my lines between each game.

That lovely maids, whose dark locks wave
Beside their witching eyes of blue,
Shall twine above my verdant grave,
The Holly and the Mistletoe!

* * * * *

A Censored Metaphor in *Demos*

Anne Pilgrim
York University, Toronto

Among the more cheerful passages in the biographies of Gissing are those which tell of his friendships with men of wit and intelligence who shared his literary interests. The earliest such relationship in his career as a novelist is that with Frederic Harrison, whose kindness led him not only to engage Gissing as a tutor for his sons, but to draw the young man into the intellectual pleasures shared by those entertained at the Harrison home. Morley Roberts, in *The Private Life of Henry Maitland*, recalls that it was there that Gissing met Cotter Morison (the contributor to the *Fortnightly Review* whose charm and friendship with Harrison are described by Edward Clodd in his *Memories*). Morison was known as a brilliant talker; in *Maitland* Roberts records how Gissing would speak of Morison's sallies, "especially of his once characterising a social chatterer as a cloaca maxima of small talk." (1)

It is not hard to understand the appeal to Gissing of this scornful metaphor, combining as it does the mildly scatological with the classical. Roberts likely heard it repeated with satisfaction more than once, but what he apparently did not discover is that in 1886, about five years later, Gissing attempted to incorporate the long-cherished witticism into the text of *Demos*.

In the first chapter of *Demos*, Gissing introduces the character of Mrs. Mewling, the village

gossip of Wanley, who arrives to tell Mrs. Waltham of Hubert Eldon's disgrace and the mystery surrounding old Mr. Mutimer's will. Adela Waltham intercepts her "Radical-minded" brother Alfred on his way to the sitting-room, with a warning of Mrs. Mewling's presence. The manuscript of the novel, in the Berg Collection, shows that in Gissing's original text Alfred replies: "All right, I'll come up with you ... Heaven defend me from that *cloaca maxima* of small talk!" (2) In the pages which precede this outburst, Gissing has already established Alfred's qualities of irreverence and brashness, so that his remark is not out of character, but even dramatic propriety was not

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enough to protect the offending phrase from excision. An unknown hand wielding a purple pencil (the same hand as that which assigned each manuscript sheet to a compositor, by name, in the left-hand margin), has stricken out the four words "that *cloaca maxima* of," of Gissing's neat black script, and replaced them with the word "her." Accordingly, in the first edition as published by Smith, Elder in March, 1886, Alfred Waltham utters the more gentlemanly wish, "Heaven defend me from her small talk!" (3)

The month of March, 1886, was an unusually busy one for Gissing, for shortly after completing *Demos* he set out for his first visit to Paris. It is impossible to know whether, in hastily reading the proofs of his novel, he even noticed the loss of his phrase. It may be that he remarked the censorship, but silently submitted, as he had so often been forced to do, to the unrelenting pressure to keep what was improper and "indecent" out of Victorian novels. The appearance and disappearance of Gissing's *cloaca maxima* phrase offers an interesting glimpse into his working habits, in his conservation of even the smallest amount of material until it could be used in an appropriate context. The incident also provides one more example of the innumerable small frustrations of this sort suffered by Gissing and many other novelists of the period, in their long struggle for freedom of expression. (4)

- 1 - Morley Roberts, *The Private Life of Henry Maitland* (New York: Doran, 1912), p. 48.
- 2 - The passage appears on the eighth page of the manuscript of *Demos*, in the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations.
- 3 - George Gissing, *Demos* (London: Smith, Elder, 1886), p. 20.
- 4 - A colleague has offered the suggestion that the printing-shop foreman may have removed the phrase not through any moral delicacy, but simply because there was a shortage of available italic type. However, scrutiny of the words actually italicized in the first two gatherings (B and C) of the text in question reveals that the compositors had set "him" twice, "will" twice, as

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well as "is," "their," "do," and "crescendo" – not words that put a strain on the supply of letters necessary for "*cloaca maxima*." What is more, the typesetters, and their supervisor, continued to work from the manuscript, and found no difficulty in satisfying subsequent demands for italic type; in the opening paragraphs of Chapter Three, Gissing's description of the Regent's Canal in London as "*maladetta e sventurata fossa*" is duly set in italics. One is constantly reminded in reading *Demos* that the months of its composition were also those of intensive study of Dante for Gissing.

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Review

George Gissing: Essays and Fiction. Edited with an Introduction by Pierre Coustillas (The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore and London, 1970).

This is a difficult book to review. If one reads the essays and short stories before turning to the Introduction, the first impression is that here is a mixed bag consisting of quite an interesting essay, a nicely written London sketch and seven stories which vary between the enjoyable and some outright "trash" (a favourite word of Gissing's when commenting on some of his own published work). The research worker, when dealing with such a major writer, is obliged to unearth all unpublished material, whether it be juvenilia or mature work, but one's first impulse is a fear that it is almost letting Gissing down to print items liable to damage his memory. Such fear, however, appears less reasonable when one reads the Introduction, which explains how much these discoveries, apart from their literary value or lack of it, illustrate certain developments in Gissing's career and fill gaps in his biography.

The essay, "The Hope of Pessimism," dates from 1882 and is written in excellent prose, but its conclusions are a mixture of naivety, contradiction and an ambiguous attitude towards Christianity. It would be tedious to argue at length on these conclusions and perhaps unfair to

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suggest that Gissing was the very last man to practise what he preached.

Although he had become an agnostic under his father's influence, Gissing came of a bible-reading family, and he appears not to have been a mythicist where the Gospels were concerned. This biblical background can naturally be detected in the story "Cain and Abel," which symbolises a famous piece of Old Testament folklore. It is a story which Gissing wrote in 1880, and in a letter to his brother he remarked that "it is rather in Poe's style." It is pretty certain that two or three decades later, when he had become a master of the short story, he would have shuddered at having merely mentioned Poe's name in regard to his own crude performance.

Other stories are romantic, with plenty of blood and thunder, and there is a novelette entitled "All for Love," which is full of incident and ends with a stage "strewn with corpses." Our interest is not to be satisfied until we come to the more relaxed "The Lady of the Dedication" (1882), the rather obvious "Mutimer's Choice" (1884) and the much more masterly "Their Pretty Way," neat and vivacious even if it must be dubbed "period." This last story was, however, dated 1894, when Gissing was much in demand by editors of periodicals to supply them with short stories, and there is some mystery as to why it never appeared in print. In spite of what may be thought of these seven tales, it is only justice to record that the prose is clear and precise and that, as a rule, the dialogue heralded that crispness and relevance which are so conspicuous in Gissing's greatest novels.

Whatever strictures must be expressed concerning the quality of this collection of hitherto unpublished works, they should in no way affect one's admiration for M. Coustillas's formidable research and unflinching accuracy. If he has occasionally a tendency to idolise Gissing, this does not prevent him from telling the whole truth about his hero's life and letters. He has pointed out spontaneously some of the weaknesses already referred to in this review, and he has explained the frequent utilisation of ideas contained in these early writings, particularly in the case of "All for Love," in Gissing's more important work. His introduction is a model of scholarship and good writing.

Finally, a few words about the publishers. They have presented the book in a delightful manner, with its autumn green jacket and end pieces, and they have selected for the latter an

illustration from *Punch* of 1887 which is one of the liveliest specimens of late Victorian drawing in England – a regular “old master” in that much abused period. After this, would it sound ungracious to lodge a small complaint? Here is a book by and about an English author; the text is printed faithfully from his manuscripts; the publishers’ imprint reads “Baltimore and London”: why then should the introduction be given in American spelling? Such spelling is a feeble and, in the main, ineffectual attempt at a phonetical rendering, but it covers only a minute fringe of a language whose orthography lays no claim to the slightest logic or consistence. Might we not be spared the “somber specter” of further inroads into a rich, historic and valuable language, of which those who speak and write it on both sides of the Atlantic are legitimately proud?

C. S. C.

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An Unrecorded *New Grub Street*?

Leon Cantrell
University of Queensland

I have recently acquired an early edition of *New Grub Street* which seems to have been previously unrecorded. A single octavo volume, pp. (i-)vi, (1)-470, the title-page reads: NEW GRUB STREET/A NOVEL/BY/GEORGE GISSING/AUTHOR OF ‘THE NETHER WORLD’ ‘DEMOS’ ETC./Colonial Edition/E. A. PETHERICK & Co./MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, AND ADELAIDE/1891. Neither J. A. Ferguson’s *Bibliography of Australia* (1941-1969) nor the *New Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature* (1969) nor any of the Gissing bibliographies listed by the *New Cambridge* records such an edition.

Advertisements on either end-paper are dated September 1891 (the 3-volume first edition was published in April 1891) and list, in addition to other volumes, some 91 novels by “favourite and approved authors for circulation in the colonies only.” Of these, *New Grub Street* is number 76.

The volume bears no printer’s or binder’s imprint, but has every appearance of having been

produced in England. The back cover has an elaborate black-stamped design showing Mercury and a sailing ship amidst a library, together with an elephant, a lion, a kangaroo and a beaver. This suggests to me that the volume was produced for distribution in India, British Africa, Australia and Canada, probably with end-papers and title-page appropriate to each colony. In this case there should exist other copies differing only in these respects. Can any further light be thrown on this?

Editor’s reply: Mr. Cantrell is to be congratulated on finding such a scarce item. The colonial editions of Gissing’s books are not easy to come by and their scarcity will at once be realized when it is said that some of them are not even to be found in any of the University Libraries of former British colonies. The most common titles seem to be the two that appeared in Methuen’s Colonial Library – *The Town Traveller* (1898) and *The Crown of Life* (1899). Now and then a Bell edition is offered in an antiquarian bookseller’s catalogue, but I have seen only one Petherick title offered in the last twelve years – a copy of *Born in Exile* in the same series as the book described by Mr.

Cantrell.

Scarce as the Petherick editions of Gissing's novels may be, they are not unrecorded. They are listed in various journals dealing with colonial publications, one of them being *The Colonial Book Circular*, the first number of which appeared in September 1887. Four Gissing titles were included in Petherick's Collection of Favourite and Approved Authors, *The Nether World* (no. 33) in 1890, *Thyrza* (no. 72) in 1891, *New Grub Street* (no. 76) also in 1891, and *Born in Exile* (no. 107). The series was published in two forms: limp cloth flush 2s.; cloth, flexible 2s. 6d. Petherick bought the novels in sheets from English publishers and had them bound especially. This was the normal practice at the time. The colonial editions of Gissing's books, whether issued by Petherick, Heinemann, Bell, Methuen, Constable or Fisher Unwin, have the same pagination as the one-volume editions available at the same period from English publishers. The sheets used for the 1891 Petherick edition of *New Grub Street* were printed simultaneously with those for the first British one-volume edition issued by Smith, Elder late in 1891.

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Further details will be given in the bibliography which John Spiers and I are preparing.

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Gissing in the New Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature

P. Coustillas

Cambridge University Press have at last brought out volume III of the *New Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*, edited by George Watson. The whole work will, when completed, supersede the previous bibliography which, despite its imperfections, has done service for a good many years. The columns devoted to Gissing (1000 to 1004) were compiled by the late Bradford A. Booth who, among a variety of other achievements, edited *Nineteenth-Century Fiction* for nearly a quarter of a century. The production of such a book being a complex enterprise, there is nothing surprising in the fact that the last year covered is 1966 – or at least part of it. The general plan adopted for each writer of some importance is as follows: 1) manuscript sources; 2) bibliographies; 3) list of the author's works, with a special section on "Letters and Papers"; 4) biographical and critical items, whether volumes or articles, presented in roughly chronological order.

I had awaited the appearance of this book with great curiosity and my first impression was that it was a decided improvement on the former edition and that it contained not a few entries which were sure to be new to most Gissing scholars. However, as my detailed examination of these three pages progressed I was more and more struck by the number of omissions, errors and inconsistencies it contains.

The location of the manuscripts of the novels is correctly identified in thirteen cases, and we are particularly glad to see it confirmed that *Workers in the Dawn* is at the University of Texas but, though the Carl H. Pforzheimer Library is mentioned, it is clear that no effort was made to state

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which novels are to be found there in manuscript. One is even more astonished not to be told that

the manuscript of *The Town Traveller* is held by Yale. Of the MSS of the non-fictional works like *Charles Dickens* and *By the Ionian Sea*, even of *Ryecroft*, not a word is said. Similarly, the short stories are completely ignored in this section, a lacuna which cannot be made light of if we recall that Gissing wrote over a hundred such stories.

The bibliographies listed range from that by Temple Scott in his edition of Gissing's *Critical Studies of the Works of Charles Dickens* (New York, 1924) to that compiled by Paul Goetsch and I on writings about Gissing in foreign journals (*English Literature in Transition*, 1964). Here one can regret the absence of names such as W. L. Courtney (*The English Illustrated Magazine*, November 1903), Danielson and Schwartz, but the omissions are only of very minor importance if compared with those in the next part. Why only three contributions to periodical literature ("Notes on Social Democracy," "The New Censorship of Literature," and "Why I don't Write Plays") were named out of about thirty is a mystery which cannot be the outcome of ignorance, since Jacob Korg's critical biography recorded most of these thirty contributions. For each book, an attempt was made to give all the editions that appeared in England and America until 1966, but the results leave one with an impression of arbitrariness. For instance, it is common knowledge that Sidgwick & Jackson reprinted in 1911 the eight titles that were on the list of Lawrence & Bullen in the nineties; yet the Cambridge Bibliography overlooks the 1911 reprints of *The Odd Women* and *Human Odds and Ends*, whereas that of *Eve's Ransom* is misdated 1912. Another example of inconsistency is afforded by the novels of which we have two versions. If the 1895 edition of *The Unclassed* is adequately described as a revised edition, the 1891 edition of *Thyrza* is not even mentioned, and nothing indicates that the 1893 edition of *The Emancipated* differs from that of 1890. Again, if one trusted the entry for *Thyrza*, one would be led to believe that the novel was never published in America. As a compensation, hitherto little-known translations are recorded: *Demos*, *Thyrza*, *A Life's Morning* and *New Grub Street* in Russian, but why not *The Nether World* and *Eve's Ransom*? One duly finds the French *Demos*, but not the French *New Grub Street* and *Eve's Ransom*. Of

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Ryecroft six translations are listed (Dutch, Japanese, Swedish, Chinese, Korean, French), but the Italian translation is omitted.

Some errors can be attributed to unjustified reliance on *The English Catalogue*, which occasionally announced projected editions that never achieved publication, but most of them can be imputed to the compiler's carelessness: thus, Gissing published three articles on Social Democracy in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, not two; no English edition of *Demos* is known to have appeared in 1914 (there is a confusion with the Wayfarer's edition issued in 1915); *New Grub Street* was included in the *World's Classics* in 1958, not in 1959; and only six, instead of nine, Dickens titles were published by Methuen with introductions by Gissing (this could have been checked by consulting Matz's introduction to *The Immortal Dickens*, 1925). Only seven English editions of *Ryecroft* are listed, but one of them is purely mythical. A little further, one marvels that the scarcest reprint of *Veranilda* (Constable, 1905) should be mentioned, but disappointment quickly follows when the next line would have us believe that all the editions of this book have the preface by Frederic Harrison.

Of the list of biographical and critical items which opens with Miss Sichel's article in *Murray's Magazine* (1888) and ends with Oswald H. Davis's posthumous book, there is little to say. It is a serviceable selection which includes such an out-of-the-way contribution as Masanobu Oda's booklet published in Tokyo in 1933. For this part, the author's task was easy enough as he had the annual bibliographies issued by *PMLA* and *Victorian Studies* in particular to guide him.

On the whole, this new compilation will be useful if used discriminately. The weakest part is

that describing the works: here both collector and scholar might be dupes. To look for a three-volume *Denzil Quarrier* is a waste of time; so is the quest for reviews of the American edition of *The Whirlpool* in the New York dailies for 1897. Let us hope that the stars of the first magnitude in the literary firmament have received more adequate treatment in this bibliography – the signature D. H. L. at the bottom of the last column devoted to Henry James dispels all apprehensions – but, as regards those writers who have never received any serious bibliographical attention, the *New*

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Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature will probably prove an awkward tool for scholars to handle.

Recent Publications

Volume

Un'Ispirazione ed altre novelle, selected, introduced and translated by Francesco Badolato (Schisano, Via Geremia, 31 – 22100 Como). There have been two editions of this book, dated July and October 1970, with different covers. The front cover of the first edition reproduces “Ragazza al balcone,” by A. Trifoglio; the cover of the second edition is the work of E. Negroni. Dr. Badolato’s selection consists of “An Inspiration,” “A Victim of Circumstances,” “The Justice and the Vagabond,” “A Daughter of the Lodge,” “A Charming Family,” “The Scrupulous Father,” “One Way of Happiness” and “The Foolish Virgin.”

Articles, references in books, etc.

(in chronological order)

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- Sporn, Paul, “Gissing’s *Demos*: Late Victorian Values and the Displacement of Conjugal Love,” *Studies in the Novel*, vol. I, no. 3, Fall 1969, pp. 334-46.
- Howard Hill, T. H., *Bibliography of British Literary Bibliographies*, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1969. The entries concerning Gissing are on pp. 339-40.
- Jump, John D., “Victorian Studies,” *Notes and Queries*, January 1970. Comments on the controversy about *Demos* in *Victorian Studies*.

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- Adams, Elsie B., “Gissing’s Allegorical ‘House of Cobwebs,’” *Studies in Short Fiction*, Spring 1970, pp. 324-26.
- Keating, P. J., “The State of Gissing Studies,” *Victorian Studies*, June 1970, pp. 393-96. A review

of *Notes on Social Democracy* (ed. Jacob Korg, Enitharmon Press); *Gissing's Writings on Dickens* and *George Gissing at Alderley Edge*, both by P. Coustillas (Enitharmon Press); the Harvester edition of *Isabel Clarendon* and *George Gissing: Essays and Fiction* (The Johns Hopkins Press), edited by P. Coustillas.

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