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THE YALE EDITION

of the

GEORGE ELIOT LETTERS

In Six Volumes

I

THE

George Eliot Letters

EDITED BY Gordon S. Haight

Professor of English, Yale University



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1954

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To

MARY NETTLETON HAIGHT

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PREFACE

THE reaction against the Victorians has long since run its course. During the past thirty years, beginning with Trollope, one after another the great novelists have been revived. Though George Eliot was the last, the critical position of her novels in Great Britain is now pre-eminent and in America higher than that of any Victorian save Henry James. Modern literary historians look back with amazement at the opinions of the preceding generation. As late as 1934 Lord David Cecil could begin his lecture on George Eliot with the melancholy observation that one shrinks from reading her books; their very names are forbidding, he declared, "like the names in a graveyard." [1] His words were echoed by thousands who had been compelled to study *Silas Marner* as children, too young to appreciate its perfect form and quiet humor, and had naturally read no more of George Eliot. But today her novels are not unread. They are being reprinted constantly. On every newsstand in America one sees *Silas Marner* in the Pocket Book edition, and *Middlemarch* is among the hundred best sellers in Everyman's Library.

Fifty years ago it was fashionable to say that George Eliot was unread because she was so ponderously intellectual and didactic. This critical cliché sprang partly from efforts to magnify current favorites by depreciating the Victorian giants. Of *Middlemarch,* which is generally accepted today as one of the greatest novels of its time, Edmund Gosse could only say that it was a "remarkable instance of elaborate mental resources misapplied, and genius revolving, with tremendous machinery, like some great water-wheel, while no water is flowing underneath." [2] W. E. Henley professed himself uncertain whether George Eliot's books were novels disguised as treatises or treatises disguised as novels; and his mot that they seem to have been dictated "to a plain woman of genius by the ghost of David Hume" leaves us wondering which author he was more ignorant of.[3] In criticism like this the clever

1. *Early Victorian Novelists. Essays in Revaluation,* Indianapolis and New York, [1935], p. 291.

2. *Aspects and Impressions,* London, New York, Toronto, and Melbourne, Cassell, 1922, p. 14. Gosse's metaphor does not bear analysis.

3. *Views and Reviews,* 1890, p. 132.

epigram and the gibe at her horse-faced ugliness (rarely noticed by those who knew her) took the place of specific comment on her books, which obviously required more intellectual effort than those of Stevenson or Kipling.

After World War I, as the other Victorians were rediscovered, George Eliot remained in eclipse. Her insistence on moral principle in the universe bored a generation that had done with morality; her subtle analysis of temptation meant nothing where there was no such thing as sin. Youthful readers lost in admiration of *Antic Hay* and *The Green Hat* found her view of life mournful. Their new materialism denied the inevitable consequences that play so large a part in George Eliot's books; modern technology seemed fairly bent to control man's destiny, and he intended to shape the consequences to suit himself. The height of this confidence marked the low ebb of her reputation.

Today her concern with the intellectual and ethical no longer damns her as an artist. "It is precisely because she was a mind . . . that she interests us now," writes Mr. V. S. Pritchett.[4] And it is because of her moral insight that Dr. F. R. Leavis places her squarely at the center of *The Great Tradition,* which begins in his uncompromising style: "The great English novelists are Jane Austen, George Eliot, Henry James, and Joseph Conrad." He points out that James "did actually go to school to George Eliot," whose moral seriousness "qualified her for a kind of influence that neither Flaubert nor the admired Turgènev could have." [5] Professor Geoffrey Tillotson declares that one could overrate *Middlemarch* only "by saying that it was easily the best of the half-dozen best novels of the world." [6]

My interest in George Eliot, which began in 1920, is one of many debts I owe my first instructor at Yale, the late Professor Robert James Menner. In the spring of 1933 I came upon some 600 letters from George Eliot to the Brays and Sara Hennell, recently acquired by the Yale University Library. It was apparent at first glance that much of the best material had been omitted from the official *Life* by J. W. Cross, and I decided to spend the summer reading them and gathering material for a new biography. I soon realized that to explore the vast and massive intellect of George Eliot would be more than a holiday diversion. Her letters touch every facet of Victorian life. Her insatiable curiosity

4. *The Living Novel,* New York, Reynal and Hitchcock, [1947], p. 90.
5. *The Great Tradition,* New York, George W. Stewart, [1948], p. 15.
6. *Criticism and the Nineteenth Century,* Athlone Press, 1951, p. 7.

embraced all literature, social and political history, science, religion, Biblical criticism, and philosophy. She had translated Strauss and Feuerbach and the whole of Spinoza's *Ethics*. To edit her letters would be a formidable task, but until it was done properly the true picture of George Eliot could not be seen.

Meanwhile, thanks to the zealous interest of the Keeper of Rare Books Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker, the Yale collection was growing faster than I could add the letters to the text. Professor Tinker, who is himself a noted collector, generously set apart for my use his own rich store of George Eliot manuscripts, which he has since given to the Yale University Library. The collection now contains more than 800 George Eliot letters, her extant journals and diaries for all but one year, notebooks, commonplace books, the unpublished manuscript of her translation of the *Ethics,* and scores of letters to her and about her. Among them there are many letters of George Henry Lewes. In 1941 Yale was fortunate in securing from Mrs. Carrington Ouvry, Lewes's granddaughter, an extraordinary collection of his papers, including journals and diaries from 1856 to 1876, which, since they are usually more detailed than George Eliot's, have proved invaluable in preparing this edition. Among the related materials in the Yale collection were two diaries of John Chapman, in whose house George Eliot lived while editing the *Westminster Review*. They cast on this little-known period of her life a light so fresh and revealing that I published them as part of a separate study in 1940.[7]

As the scope of my project widened many other libraries were opened to me. With that kindhearted and delightful collector the late Morris L. Parrish, I spent some pleasant evenings at Dormy House, working over his George Eliot letters, now in the Princeton University Library. The Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, with which that of the late William T. H. Howe was later assimilated, became available soon after it was given to the New York Public Library. The Henry E. Huntington Library and those of Harvard and many other American institutions added smaller groups of letters.

In 1947 I spent part of a sabbatical year in Great Britain, where I secured material even more valuable. George Eliot's correspondence with the firm of Blackwood, including hundreds of letters bearing on the publication of her works, had recently been deposited in the National Library of Scotland. At the British Museum I collated the letters

7. *George Eliot and John Chapman. With Chapman's Diaries,* New Haven, Yale University Press, London, Oxford University Press, 1940.

to Elma Stuart. Though the Central Library at Coventry was almost completely destroyed by bombing, the George Eliot material had been saved, and here I also got a good deal of information about the Brays and Hennells. The members of the Evans family received me with the greatest kindness and let me copy the letters and other documents in their possession. Mrs. Ouvry graciously put at my disposal all her manuscripts of George Eliot and George Henry Lewes. Cross's niece Miss Elsie Druce kindly gave me copies of the letters remaining in her hands. Among other notable British collections of George Eliot I would also mention the letters to Mme Bodichon belonging to the Leigh-Smith family, of which I was allowed to have a microfilm made in 1943, and those to Mme Belloc, then belonging to her daughter the late Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.

This edition of *The George Eliot Letters* gathers in chronological sequence 2,760 items, 2,669 letters and 91 extracts from journals and diaries. Of these 1,918 are by George Eliot, 751 about her. While hard at work on a novel she wrote only brief and unavoidable notes; arrangements with her publishers and business matters of all kinds were handled by Lewes, whose letters often yield helpful information where her own are silent. It is also true that one sometimes learns more from the letters to her than from her replies. I have accordingly included 374 items by Lewes, 294 by the Blackwoods, and 83 by other correspondents. Of the 2,760, 1,452, more than half, are, so far as I know, entirely unpublished, and by a conservative estimate two-thirds of the text appears here for the first time.

The published letters of George Eliot are found for the most part in three books: (1) The official biography by her husband John Walter Cross, *George Eliot's Life as Related in Her Letters and Journals,* 3 vols., 1885; (2) *Letters from George Eliot to Elma Stuart 1872–1880,* edited by Roland Stuart, 1909; and (3) *George Eliot's Family Life and Letters,* edited by Arthur Paterson, 1928. Mrs. Stuart was the most effusive of those feminine disciples whose devotion Lewes encouraged to counteract George Eliot's morbid lack of confidence in the value of her work. Some of her gushing ardor lingers in George Eliot's replies, which are better read diluted with letters to less fervid correspondents. *George Eliot's Family Life and Letters,* the first important contribution to the biography since Cross but never so widely known as it deserves to be, revealed the affectionate, domestic side in her correspondence with Lewes's children. Though Mr. Paterson wrote the brief opening chapters, the transcript of the hundred letters which compose most of the

volume was made by Mrs. Ouvry, who also saw the book through the press after his death.

In the preface Cross explains his method of editing:

> With the materials in my hands I have endeavoured to form an *autobiography* (if the term may be permitted) of George Eliot. The life has been allowed to write itself in extracts from her letters and journals. Free from the obtrusion of any mind but her own, this method serves, I think, better than any other open to me, to show the development of her intellect and character. . . .
>
> By arranging all the letters and journals so as to form one connected whole, keeping the order of their dates, and with the least possible interruption of comment, I have endeavoured to combine a narrative of day-to-day life with the play of light and shade, which only letters, written in various moods, can give, and without which no portrait can be a good likeness. . . . I do not know that the particular method in which I have treated the letters has ever been adopted before. Each letter has been pruned of everything that seemed to me irrelevant to my purpose—of everything that I thought my wife would have wished to be omitted. Every sentence that remains, adds, in my judgment, something (however small it may be) to the means of forming a conclusion about her character. . . .
>
> Excepting a slight introductory sketch of the girlhood, up to the time when letters became available, and a few words here and there to elucidate the correspondence, I have confined myself to the work of selection and arrangement. . . . "All interpretations depend upon the interpreter," and I have judged it best to let George Eliot be her own interpreter, as far as possible.

It is an intelligent method first used effectively by William Mason in his *Memoirs of the Life of Gray* more than a century before. But in selections made by Cross George Eliot was hardly her own interpreter. Having known her only in the last decade of her life, in her "sibylline years," he naturally chose the more sententious passages and excluded the spontaneous, trivial, and humorous remarks. When she wrote "It is raining horribly here—raining blue devils," he pruned the "blue devils." She was not allowed to speak of "going to hell in order to learn to be contented." He cut out her description of a German performance of *Orpheus* with "Greek shades looking like butchers in chemises." He cut "I am as thin as a mediæval Christ." He could not permit her, even in jest, to say: "My hair is falling off; by next April I shall be quite bald and without money to buy a wig," a ridiculous and undignified remark no sibyl would make. She cannot urge Mrs. Bray to "nurse herself and treat her cold." When she exclaims over some misplaced proofs, "I would rather have lost one of my toes," Cross silently changed toes to fingers!

The disappointment voiced by the first readers of the *Life* sprang from a totally unwarranted expectation that they were to be treated to "revelations" of George Eliot's private life. "It is not a Life at all," exclaimed Gladstone. "It is a Reticence in three volumes." Those who had known her in the years before her fame noticed a curious slurring over of names which in their times were important landmarks in her history. But it was not reasonable to expect that the bereaved husband should publish anything to detract from his ideal image of George Eliot.

One part that he deliberately slurred over was her London life at John Chapman's house in the Strand. Soon after her death Chapman had called on him, probably to offer his letters for the proposed biography. Now, Chapman had a not undeserved reputation as a philanderer, and George Eliot's association with him in the 1850's had set malicious tongues wagging. Cross may have heard something of it, for he published none of her letters to Chapman in the *Life* and minimized their relationship by deleting nearly all the references to him. Chapman's name appears only a few times in a casual way; the index omits it altogether.

For this sort of distortion, which is inevitable when the biographer is so close to his subject, Cross must not be too harshly blamed. It is more difficult to forgive his treatment of the letters he did publish—or rather the extracts, for as he says, "no single letter is printed entire from the beginning to the end." [8] The order of George Eliot's sentences mattered little to him, and he did not hesitate to transpose passages or run together parts of entirely different letters. For example, consider a letter to Miss Hennell that he dates "Friday morning, July 2nd, 1852," and prints as a continuous paragraph. Consulting the manuscripts, one discovers that the first sentence is taken from an entirely different letter of that date, addressed not to Miss Hennell at all, but to Mrs. Bray. The remaining sentences (of which only two are consecutive) *are* addressed to her, but in a letter really dated "Tuesday morning" [29 June 1852].

The exact dating of letters also seemed unimportant to him. When George Eliot neglected it, as she frequently did, Miss Hennell sometimes noted the day a letter was received. Cross gives no indication of whether the date printed is actually a part of the letter, supplied by the recipient, or inserted as his own conjecture. For example, the letter to the Brays announcing the imminent death of George Eliot's father is dated simply "Wednesday Morning." Cross prints Miss Hennell's

8. Cross, I, 38.

penciled date, "May 31st, 1849," though a glance at the calendar would have shown that Wednesday was the 30th, the day before Mr. Evans died. In the same way George Eliot's farewell when she left for the Continent with Lewes, the much-quoted note, "Good-bye dear friends, all three," is dated merely "Wednesday Evening." Cross prints Miss Hennell's penciled date "July 20th, 1854," though here again the calendar would have shown that Wednesday was not the 20th but the 19th.

From George Eliot's Journal, which she began to keep at Geneva in 1849, all the pages written before she went abroad with Lewes in 1854 have been torn out. It has usually been assumed that she removed them herself. But a few stray passages quoted by Cross suggest that they were intact at the time he was writing. A single sentence for 1853: "Spent Christmas Day alone in Cambridge Street"—a familiar form of entry in the Journal—is published as the opening of a letter to Mrs. Bray where it does not occur. Though Cross may have destroyed those pages, Charles Lewes, who was her literary executor, doubtless approved of the act, for all his father's early journals have also disappeared; the first volume extant, beginning in January 1856, is numbered X.

To a scholar the loss of such manuscripts is more than tantalizing. But as a husband, intent only on commemorating an ideal, Cross was of course within his rights. We should be grateful for what his pious hand has spared. He lived on till 1924, when George Eliot's reputation had sunk almost to its lowest ebb. Did he ever suspect that his misguided devotion may have contributed to its decline? His book created a George Eliot who never really existed, a marmoreal image that could never have conceived of Mrs. Poyser or Mr. Brooke or the Gleggs and Pullets. The legend of lofty seriousness, fostered in the beginning by Lewes, became through Cross's efforts so firmly fixed that it colored her reputation as a novelist.

William Hale White, who lived in Chapman's house for two years while George Eliot was there, could not identify the woman he knew with the grave and ponderous heroine of the *Life*. He wrote to the *Athenæum* 28 November 1885

> to correct an impression which Mr. Cross's book may possibly produce on its readers. To put it very briefly, I think he has made her too "respectable." She was really one of the most sceptical, unusual creatures I ever knew, and it was this side of her character which to me was the most attractive. She told me that it was worth while to undertake all the labour of learning French if it resulted in nothing more than reading one book—Rousseau's "Confessions." That saying was perfectly symbolical of her, and reveals more completely

what she was, at any rate in 1852–54, than page after page of attempt on my part at critical analysis.

I can see her now, with her hair over her shoulders, the easy chair half sideways to the fire, her feet over the arms, and a proof in her hands, in that dark room at the back of No. 142, and I confess I hardly recognize her in the pages of Mr. Cross's—on many accounts—most interesting volumes. I do hope that in some future edition, or in some future work, the salt and spice will be restored to the records of George Eliot's entirely unconventional life. As the matter now stands she has not had full justice done to her, and she has been removed from the class—the great and noble church, if I may so call it—of the Insurgents, to one more genteel, but certainly not so interesting.

A century has passed since George Eliot sat there reading proof; today even Mr. Cross would not be shocked to see her with her hair down or her feet over the arm of the chair. I have dwelt on his shortcomings merely to point out the need for an authentic text of her letters. It is my hope that the Yale edition will restore some of the salt and spice, while it confirms her intellectual power and her profound moral view of life.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

In twenty years devoted to this edition I have naturally incurred a great many obligations. Since the list is so long I must for the most part record them in the notes to the letters. There are some persons, however, whose contributions deserve especial thanks. First among them I place the youngest granddaughter of George Henry Lewes, Mrs. Carrington Ouvry, in whom all the George Eliot copyrights are vested. I owe her far more than permission to publish these letters. She made available to me all her family's fine collection of Lewes and George Eliot manuscripts, and in our long and happy correspondence she has answered scores of perplexing queries. I value her friendship as the pleasantest thing the study of George Eliot has brought me.

I have already mentioned Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker's major part in assembling at Yale the manuscripts that form the heart of this book. Having worked in the light of his sympathetic interest since my undergraduate days, I shall not try to put my debt to him into words beyond saying that he has done more than anyone else to make me discontented with ignorance.

A great help in completing this edition was the fellowship granted by the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation in 1946 and generously renewed in 1953 to extend my personal search for letters to Great Britain and other countries. Among the members of George Eliot's family I was thus enabled to meet I would refer particularly to the late Miss Ethel Evans, Miss Dorothy Evans, Mr. Robert Holland Evans, Miss Edith Evans, Mrs. Michael Womersley, and Mr. Charles Evans, the Librarian of Charterhouse, all of whom received me with cordial hospitality and allowed me to use their George Eliot letters and other family papers. Miss Emily Cross and Miss Elsie Druce have helped me in the same way with their letters and explained many puzzling allusions to the Cross family. To the Rev. Michael Hennell my thanks are likewise due for information about the Hennell family.

I am grateful to the Countess of Iddesleigh for letting me copy George Eliot's letters to her grandmother Mme Belloc. It was also through her kindness that I enjoyed a delightful visit with her mother the late Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, who in a fascinating correspondence during the last seven years of her life gave me much important information

about the Victorians. No one, I think, would have read these volumes with keener interest than Mrs. Lowndes. Here too I should like to record my gratitude to her for help in securing a microfilm of George Eliot's letters to Mme Bodichon, and to Mr. Philip Leigh-Smith and his mother Mrs. Benjamin Leigh-Smith for permission to publish them.

The late Mr. James H. Blackwood of Edinburgh took a great deal of trouble to make accessible the records of George Eliot's dealings with the firm of William Blackwood and Sons. For permission to publish both sides of the correspondence and for many other courtesies I wish to thank his son Wing Commander George Douglas Blackwood. To the present head of the family of Frederic Harrison I am indebted for similar permission in the case of his letters. Mrs. G. L. Thirkell not only allowed me to use the nineteen George Eliot letters to her grandmother Lady Burne-Jones but with extraordinary generosity presented me with the manuscripts.

Though their contributions were less extensive, I am equally grateful to the following owners of manuscripts: Mrs. Helen Rossetti Angeli; Mr. J. H. Appleton; Mr. Alexander W. Armour; the late Mr. Oliver R. Barrett; Mr. Robert J. Barry; the late Miss Mary Cramp; Mr. David Crompton; Miss Vera M. Douie; James F. Drake, Inc.; Mr. Samuel L. Fuller; Col. Richard Gimbel; Goodspeed's Book Store, Inc.; Mr. D. Byrne Hackett; Mrs. Edward Hanson; Mrs. Arthur Helps; Mrs. Dorothy Hicks; Professor F. W. Hilles; Miss Mary Kirby; Mr. J. E. Kite; Kroch's Bookstores, Inc.; Mr. Wilmarth S. Lewis; Mr. Josiah K. Lilly, Jr.; Mr. W. M. Matthews; Dr. Eric Millar; Miss Virginia Moore; Sir John Murray; Mrs. Evelyn M. Murphy; Mrs. Robert Nuttall; the late Mr. Arthur Pforzheimer; Capt. Frank Lester Pleadwell; the late Sir John Ponsonby; Mrs. Sherburne Prescott; the late Dr. Herman T. Radin; Professor Gordon N. Ray; the late Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach; Mr. Sydney Ross; Miss K. C. Savage; Mr. O. K. Schram; Mrs. Lyman Beecher Stowe; Miss M. Tait; Mrs. Hennell Taylor; Mr. Robert H. Taylor; Mrs. Rosamond Crompton Tinayre; Mrs. Gilbert McCoy Troxell; Mr. Leo Weitz; Professor Carlton F. Wells; Miss Fanny West; and Mrs. William Hale White.

In my search for George Eliot letters I appealed to institutions on four continents and from them all received courteous cooperation. My primary obligation, of course, is to Yale University. I gratefully acknowledge the permission of its Librarian Mr. James T. Babb to publish the Yale manuscripts and offer my heartiest thanks to his whole staff, which for a generation has served me cheerfully and well. In particular

I would mention the late Miss Emily Hardy Hall, Librarian of the Rare Book Room, and her successor Miss Marjorie G. Wynne for their help and advice during the long labor of deciphering, transcribing, and collating the letters. But my debt to Yale goes far beyond the Library. I am profoundly grateful to the officers of the University, especially the Provost Edgar S. Furniss, and to the Department of English for the encouragement and generous support they have given my project. To the Yale University Press, which bravely adopted it and gave it their name in 1946 and has now brought it forth in such distinguished form, I can never adequately express my appreciation.

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Needless to say, no work of this scope could be done without frequent recourse to the Library of the British Museum. I am greatly obliged to the Trustees for permission to publish manuscripts in their charge and to the staff of the reading room for efficient service, even during the dislocation caused by war. For special kindnesses I am indebted to Dr. Eric Millar and Dr. Arundell Esdaile. At Coventry the whole staff of the City Libraries have given me the most cordial assistance. The Librarian Mr. Ernest Simpson not only granted permission to publish the manuscripts in the Coventry and Warwickshire Collection but solved for me many problems involving residents of the city a century ago. To him, to his predecessor Mr. Joseph Sidwell, and to Miss Alice Lynes I am happy to record my thanks. The George Eliot Collection of the Nuneaton Public Library also proved useful, and I am obliged to Mr. E. S. A. Bryant and his successor Mr. S. H. Barlow for their help. Of many other British institutions that supplied information I name here only the Manx Museum at Douglas, which since the destruction at Colindale has the only surviving file of the *Manx Sun,* from which its staff copied articles for me.

A great deal of space would be needed to recount all my obligations to libraries in the United States. At Princeton Mr. Alexander D. Wainwright, Curator of the Morris L. Parrish Collection, has carried on the liberal tradition of its founder in fostering scholarship. Miss Julie Hudson was also very helpful. At Harvard Mr. William A. Jackson

gave me permission to publish the letters in the Houghton Library, and there I also recall with pleasure the kindness of Miss Carolyn E. Jakeman and the open-handed bounty of Mr. Philip Hofer, who gave me some of Frederic Leighton's original drawings for *Romola*. Mr. Leslie E. Bliss, then Librarian, permitted me to include the letters in the Henry E. Huntington Library. At the New York Public Library Dr. John A. Gordan gave his consent to the publication of those in the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, where, thanks to him and his assistant Miss Adelaide M. Smith, I spent many profitable hours.

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The complete list of those who have helped me with various special problems would include most of my colleagues in several departments of the Yale faculty as well as many other friends. To one of the latter, Mrs. Norman Dodds of Chilvers Coton, most particular thanks are due. Since 1947 with indefatigable energy she has undertaken much laborious research into the local history connected with George Eliot's life in Warwickshire and has become a well-known authority on the subject.

To the following I wish to record my gratitude for favors too varied to specify: Sir Leigh Ashton; Dr. Dudley W. R. Bahlman; Mr. Henry J. Barclay; Mr. J. C. Bayliss, Librarian and Archivist of the General Post Office, London; Professor Heinz S. Bluhm; Professor Bradford A. Booth; Mr. H. E. Brown; Mr. Gerald Bullett; the Rev. Stephen L. Caiger; Mr. John Carter; Miss E. M. Chrystal, Librarian of Newnham College; Sir Sydney Cockerell; Professor W. Kenneth Cornell; Dr. James C. Corson; Mr. Henry C. Dickens; Mrs. E. Talbot Donaldson; Dr. John Farquhar Fulton; M. Bernard Gagnebin; Mr. Charles Howard Gibbs-Smith; Professor Samuel B. Hemingway; Mr. Gerald W. Henderson, Archivist of St. Paul's Cathedral; Professor G. Lincoln Hendrickson; Professor Kathryn B. Hildebran; Mr. T. W. Hill; Mr. Arthur M.

Hind; Professor and Mrs. Merle M. Hoover; Miss Annette B. Hopkins; Mr. A. Humphry House; Professor R. B. Hudson; Mr. Sheldon Kech; Professor Anna T. Kitchel; Mr. Cecil Y. Lang; the Rev. S. Levy; Mr. Herman W. Liebert; Professor W. W. Mackie; Miss H. I. McMorran, Librarian of Girton College; Dr. Archibald Malloch; Professor Leslie A. Marchand; Mr. John Martineau; Sir Owen Morshead, Librarian at Windsor Castle; Mrs. Nicholas Moseley; Mr. John Grey Murray; the Rev. R. T. Murray; Mr. J. R. D. Needham; Professor G. H. Nettleton; Professor Allardyce Nicoll; the late Mr. A. S. Oko; Professor Norman Holmes Pearson; Professor Henri Peyre; the late Professor John Marshall Phillips; Mr. Graham Pollard; Professor Charles T. Prouty; Professor Richard L. Purdy; Mr. Sydney Race; Miss Fannie B. Ratchford; Mr. Vernon Rendall; Mr. Diedrich Roll-Hansen; Professor R. L. Rusk; Mr. Michael Sadleir; Professor Carl F. Schreiber; Professor E. T. Silk; Miss Madeline E. Stanton; Mr. Francis Steegmuller; Mr. William R. Steinhoff; Mr. Irvin Stock; Professor Alan L. Strout; Miss Elizabeth Thomson; Mrs. Geoffrey Tillotson; Dr. J. A. Venn, President of Queens' College, Cambridge; the late Mr. H. J. Wackrill; Miss Dorothy Ward; the Duke of Wellington.

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Pierson College
Yale University
April 1954

A CHRONOLOGY OF GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE

1819 November 22	GE born Mary Anne Evans at South Farm, Arbury, Warwickshire.
1820	Moves to Griff.
1824	At Mrs. Moore's dame school.
1825–27	A boarder at Miss Lathom's school, Attleborough.
1828–32	A boarder at Mrs. Wallington's school, Nuneaton, where Maria Lewis was principal governess.
1832–35	A boarder at the Miss Franklins' school, Coventry.
1836 February 3	Mrs. Robert Evans dies.
1837 May 30	GE's sister Christiana married to Edward Clarke of Meriden. GE becomes her father's housekeeper.
1840 January	GE's poem "Farewell" published in the *Christian Observer.*
1841 March 17	GE moves to Foleshill.
June 8	GE's brother Isaac Evans marries Sarah Rawlins.
November	GE becomes acquainted with the Charles Brays. Reads Hennell's *Inquiry.*
1842 January	Refuses to go to church.
March 3	Robert Evans plans to leave Foleshill.
March 23	GE sent to stay with Isaac at Griff.
April	Returns.
May 15	Resumes going to church with her father.
December	Proposes the translation of Vinet.
1843 January	Reads Spinoza.
November 1	At Rufa Brabant's marriage to C. C. Hennell.
November 7	Visits Dr. Brabant at Devizes.
December 4	Returns to Foleshill.
1844 January	Begins translation of Strauss's *Das Leben Jesu.*
1845 March	GE engaged to a young picture restorer.
March 27	Breaks the engagement.
1846 June 15	*The Life of Jesus* published.

1846 December 4	Coventry *Herald* publishes introduction to GE's "Poetry and Prose from the Notebook of an Eccentric."
1847 September 27 —October 9	GE at Isle of Wight with her father.
1848 April	Robert Evans's ill health increases.
May 29 end of June	GE and her father at St. Leonard's.
July 13	GE meets Emerson.
1849 March 10	Begins to translate Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus.*
May 31	Robert Evans dies.
June 12	GE leaves for the Continent with the Brays.
July 25	The Brays return home, leaving GE at Plongeon.
October 9	GE moves to M. D'Albert-Durade's in Geneva.
1850 February	D'Albert-Durade paints GE's portrait.
March 18	Escorts her to London.
March 25–29	GE at Rosehill.
April	Visits at Griff and Meriden. Returns.
October	John Chapman and Robert Mackay come to Rosehill.
November 18	GE goes to visit at Chapman's, 142 Strand.
December 2	Returns.
1851 January	GE's review of Mackay's *The Progress of the Intellect* published in *Westminster Review.*
January 8	GE goes to live at 142 Strand.
March 24	Driven away by jealousy of Mrs. Chapman and Elisabeth Tilley; returns to Rosehill.
May	Chapman buys the *Westminster Review.*
June 2	GE writes the prospectus for him.
September 29	Returns to 142 Strand as assistant editor.
October	Meets Herbert Spencer and George Henry Lewes.
1852 January 1	GE's first number of the *Westminster Review* published.
June	Rumor that GE is engaged to Spencer.
July–August	GE at Broadstairs.
October	Visits the George Combes at Edinburgh and Harriet Martineau at Ambleside.
December 20	Edward Clarke dies.
1853 January 24	GE determines to leave 142 Strand.
June 18	GE's translation of Feuerbach is announced.

1853	*July–September*	GE at Tunbridge Wells and St. Leonard's.
	October 8–17	At Rosehill.
	October 17	Moves to 21 Cambridge St., Hyde Park; her intimacy with GHL begins.
1854	*January–May*	GE translating Feuerbach.
	July	*The Essence of Christianity* published.
	July 20	GE and GHL leave for Germany together.
	August 3	At Weimar: articles for *Westminster Review; Life of Goethe.*
	November 3	Go to Berlin. GE begins translation of Spinoza's *Ethics.*
1855	*March 11*	GE and GHL start for England.
	March 14	GE at 1 Sydney Place, Dover, translating *Ethics;* GHL in London.
	April 18	GE and GHL at 8 Victoria Grove Terrace, London.
	May 2	At East Sheen.
	September 19	At Worthing.
	October 3	Take lodgings at 8 Park Shot, Richmond, their home till 5 February 1859.
	October 30	GHL's *Life of Goethe* published.
	December 24–29	GE visits her sister at Attleborough.
1856	*February 19*	Finishes translation of the *Ethics.*
	May 8	GE and GHL go to Ilfracombe to collect materials for *Sea-Side Studies.*
	June 26	To Tenby.
	August 9	Return to Richmond.
	September 23	GE begins "Amos Barton."
	November 6	GHL sends it to Blackwood.
	December 25	GE begins "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story."
1857	*January 1*	Part I of "Amos Barton" published in *Blackwood's.*
	February 4	Pseudonym George Eliot assumed.
	March 1	Part I of "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story" published.
	March 15	GE and GHL start for Scilly Isles.
	May 11	Leave Scilly for Jersey.
	May 26	GE writes Isaac she has a husband; the family solicitor replies.
	June 2	*Scenes of Clerical Life* ascribed to Liggins.
	July 1	Part I of "Janet's Repentance" published.
	July 25	GE and GHL return to Richmond.
	October 22	*Adam Bede* begun.
1858	*January 5*	*Scenes of Clerical Life,* 2 vols., published.
	January 31	*Adam Bede,* ch. 8 finished.

1858	*February 28*	GE reveals her identity to John Blackwood.
	April 11 —*July 7*	GE and GHL at Munich.
	June 10	*Adam Bede,* ch. 21 finished.
	July 17 —*August 30*	GE and GHL at Dresden.
	September 2	Return to Richmond.
	September 8	GE sends Blackwood MS of *Adam Bede,* Vol. II.
	October 29	Sends *Adam Bede,* Vol. III, through p. 216.
	November 3	Blackwood offers £800 for copyright for 4 years.
	November 16	*Adam Bede* finished.
1859	*February 1*	*Adam Bede,* 3 vols., published.
	February 11	GE and GHL move to Holly Lodge, South Fields, Wandsworth.
	February 28	Become acquainted with the Richard Congreves.
	March 15	Mrs. Edward Clarke dies.
	March	*Adam Bede,* 2d ed., 3 vols.
	April 15	Letter in the *Times* declares Liggins author of *Adam Bede.*
	April 26	GE finishes "The Lifted Veil." Mme Bodichon recognizes GE as author of *Adam Bede.*
	April 27	GE resumes writing *The Mill on the Floss.*
	May	The Liggins myth grows.
	June 20	*Adam Bede,* 3d ed., 2 vols. GE reveals her authorship to the Brays and Sara Hennell.
	June 29	Resolves not to keep the secret any longer.
	July 1	"The Lifted Veil" published in *Blackwood's.*
	July 9–21	GE and GHL in Switzerland.
	July 29	Pug comes from Blackwood.
	August 25–31	GE and GHL go to Wales.
	September 5–10	Study mills in Dorsetshire.
	September 16	Return to Wandsworth.
	September 21	Blackwood offers £2000 for *The Mill on the Floss.*
	September 26–28	GE and GHL go to Newark and Gainsborough to study rivers.
	October 16	Vol. I of *The Mill on the Floss* finished.
	October 22	Newby advertises *Adam Bede, Jr. A Sequel.*
	November 14	Dickens and Lucas competing for GE's novel.
	November 21	GE and GHL sign their wills.

1859	*December 3*	*The Mill on the Floss,* Book III finished.
	December	GE and Blackwood agree on terms for *The Mill on the Floss.*
1860	*January 2*	Blackwood pays GE £800 additional royalty on *Adam Bede* and returns the copyright.
	January 12	*The Mill on the Floss* chosen as title.
	January 16	Vol. II finished.
	March 4	Samuel Laurence asks to take GE's portrait.
	March 21	*The Mill on the Floss* finished and sent to Edinburgh.
	March 23	GE reads final proof.
	March 24	GE and GHL start for Italy.
	April 1–28	At Rome.
	April 4	*The Mill on the Floss,* 3 vols., published.
	April 30—May 15	At Naples.
	May 17—June 1	At Florence. GHL suggests Savonarola as a subject.
	May	*The Mill on the Floss,* 3 vols., 3d impression.
	June 25	Charles Lewes joins GE and GHL at Hofwyl.
	June 26–28	They visit the D'Albert-Durades at Geneva.
	June 30	Return to Wandsworth.
	August	GE sits to Laurence for portrait. Writes "Brother Jacob."
	August 15	Charles Lewes appointed to General Post Office.
	August 28	GE tells Blackwood her plan for an Italian novel.
	September 24	GE and GHL move to 10 Harewood Square.
	September 30	GE begins *Silas Marner.*
	November 24	*The Mill on the Floss,* 2 vols., published.
	December 17	GE and GHL move to 16 Blandford Square.
1861	*February 15*	GE sends Blackwood 230 pp. of *Silas Marner.*
	April 2	*Silas Marner* published.
	April 8	Major William Blackwood dies.
	April 19	GE and GHL set out for Italy.
	May 4—June 7	At Florence. GE makes notes for *Romola.*
	June 3–6	Excursion to Camaldoli.
	June 14	Return to 16 Blandford Square.
	July–September	GE is "buried in the Middle Ages," studying for *Romola.*
	September 5–17	At Malvern.
	September 18–29	GE corrects her four books for new 1-vol. eds.
	October 7	Begins to write *Romola.*
	October 17	Declines to sell her copyrights.
	October 30	GE "utterly desponding" about *Romola.*

1861	*November 6*	Almost resolved to give it up.
	November 14	Goes to British Museum Reading Room for first time to make notes on costume.
	December 22	Talks of getting *Romola* started on New Year's Day.
1862	*January 1*	Begins *Romola* again.
	February 27	George Smith offers £10,000 for it.
	March 1	GE refuses to break it into 16 instalments.
	April 16—May 6	At Dorking.
	May 8	GHL agrees to act as consulting editor for the *Cornhill Magazine*.
	May 17	GE accepts £7000 for *Romola* in *Cornhill*. Leighton chosen as illustrator.
	July	*Romola* begins in *Cornhill*.
	July 17—August 2	GHL at Spa.
	September 4–23	GE and GHL at Littlehampton.
1863	*February 4*	Book x finished.
	April 25—May 6	GE and GHL at Dorking.
	May 16	Book xiii finished: "Killed Tito in great excitement."
	June 9	GE puts last stroke to *Romola*.
	June 16–29	Takes holiday on Isle of Wight.
	July 6	*Romola* published, 3 vols., Smith, Elder and Co.
	August	Book xiv concludes *Romola* in *Cornhill*.
	August 10–18	GE and GHL at Worthing.
	August 21	Buy the Priory, 21 North Bank, Regents Park.
	September 15–26	At Richmond.
	October 16	Thornton Lewes leaves for Natal.
	November 5	GE and GHL move into the Priory.
	November 24	Charles Lewes's 21st birthday party.
1864	*February 9*	GHL's stepfather Capt. John Willim dies.
	February 14	GE considers writing a play for Helen Faucit.
	May 4	GE and GHL start with F. W. Burton for Italy.
	June 20	Return to Priory. Charles Lewes engaged.
	June 29	GE begins to sit to Burton for portrait. Begins *The Spanish Gypsy* as a play.
	July	"Brother Jacob" published in *Cornhill*.
	September 13 —October 1	GE and GHL at Harrogate and Scarborough.
	October	GHL's work as consulting editor of *Cornhill* ends.
1865	*January 15–25*	Holiday in Paris.

1865	*January 28*	GE finishes "A Minor Prophet."
	February 21	GE ill; GHL takes her drama away.
	March 20	Charles Lewes marries Gertrude Hill.
	March 21	GHL accepts editorship of *Fortnightly.*
	March 29	GE begins *Felix Holt the Radical.*
	May 15	GE's article on Lecky's *Rationalism* in *Fortnightly.*
	July 22	Last sitting for Burton portrait.
	August 10 —*September 7*	Excursion in Normandy and Brittany.
	December 11	*Felix Holt* written through ch. 10.
1866	*January 5*	GE consults Frederic Harrison about law in *Felix Holt.*
	January 23 —*February 7*	At Tunbridge Wells.
	April 12	Vol. II of *Felix Holt* finished.
	April 25	GE accepts Blackwood's offer of £5000 for it.
	May 1–7	At Westcott, near Dorking.
	May 31	*Felix Holt* finished.
	June 7	GE and GHL start for Holland, Belgium, and Germany.
	June 15	*Felix Holt,* 3 vols., published.
	August 3	Return to London.
	August 30	GE takes up *The Spanish Gypsy* again.
	September 9	Herbert Lewes leaves to join Thornton in Natal.
	October 15	GE decides on new form for *The Spanish Gypsy.*
	December	GHL resigns editorship of the *Fortnightly.*
	December 27	GE and GHL start for Spain.
1867	*March 16*	Return to London.
	May 5	GE and GHL attend Congreve's first lecture on Positivism.
	June 26—July 10	At Niton, Isle of Wight.
	July 29 —*October 1*	In Germany; Ilmenau and Dresden. GE writes "O May I Join the Choir Invisible."
	October 16–18	GHL and Spencer meet Mrs. Cross at Weybridge.
	November 1	GE begins *The Spanish Gypsy,* Book II.
	November 22	Begins "Address to Working Men by Felix Holt" for *Blackwood's,* January 1868.
	December 27	GHL goes to Bonn and Heidelberg.
1868	*January 8*	Returns to London.
	February 25–26	GE and GHL at Cambridge.

1868	*March 19—April 16*	At Torquay. GE finishes Book IV.
	April 29	Finishes *The Spanish Gypsy.*
	May 25	*The Spanish Gypsy* published.
	May 26—July 23	GE and GHL in Germany and Switzerland.
	August	GHL attends British Medical Association meeting at Oxford.
	September 14–16	GE and GHL visit Dr. Allbutt at Leeds.
	November 4–11	At Sheffield and Matlock.
1869	*January 6*	GHL hears that Thornton is ill.
	January 23	GE finishes "Agatha."
	February 14	Finishes "How Lisa Loved the King."
	March 3	GE and GHL start for Italy.
	April 18	At Rome meet John Walter Cross for first time.
	May 5	Return to London. "How Lisa Loved the King" published in *Blackwood's.*
	May 8	Thornton arrives from Natal, "sadly wasted."
	July 31	GE finishes "Brother and Sister" sonnets.
	August	"Agatha" published in *Atlantic Monthly.*
	August 2	Begins *Middlemarch* (Featherstone and Vincy part.)
	August 8	Thornton has paraplegia.
	October 19	Thornton Lewes dies.
	October 23 —November 13	GE and GHL at Limpsfield.
1870	*January 13*	GE finishes "The Legend of Jubal."
	February 7	Meets Rossetti at Mme Bodichon's.
	March 14—May 6	GE and GHL in Germany and Austria.
	May	"The Legend of Jubal" published in *Macmillan's.*
	May 25–28	Visit Mark Pattison at Lincoln College, Oxford.
	June 15—July 31	At Cromer, Harrogate, and Whitby, where Mrs. Burne-Jones joins them.
	August 1	Return to London.
	August 8–29	At Limpsfield. Writes "Armgart," conceived at Whitby.
	November 22	GE's 51st birthday; GHL buys her a lock-up book for her autobiography.
	December 2	GE is experimenting with "Miss Brooke."
	December 4	Has changed plan for *Middlemarch.*
	December 10	GHL's mother Mrs. Willim dies.
	December 20–28	GE and GHL visit Mme Bodichon at Ryde.

1871	*February–March*	GE and GHL hunting for a country house.
	May 2—September 1	At Shottermill during alterations to the Priory.
	July	"Armgart" published in *Macmillan's.*
	August 26	Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson call on GE.
	September 1	GE and GHL return to London.
	September 16–20	GE acutely ill.
	September 26	Alexander Main proposes selections from GE's works.
	October 24–28	GE and GHL visit Mrs. Cross at Weybridge.
	December 1	*Middlemarch,* Book I published.
1872	*January*	*Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings* published.
	January 1–4	GE and GHL at Weybridge; GE ill.
	February	*Middlemarch,* Book II published; GE finishes Book IV.
		GE's correspondence with Elma Stuart begins.
	April 1	*Middlemarch,* Book III published.
	May 24—August 28	At Redhill.
	June	*Middlemarch,* Book IV published.
	July 18	Blanche Southwood Lewes born.
	August	*Middlemarch,* Book V published.
	September 13–16	GE and GHL visit Mr. W. H. B. Hall.
	September 17 —October 31	In Germany.
	October	*Middlemarch,* Book VI published.
	November	*Middlemarch,* Book VII published.
	December	*Middlemarch* concluded with Book VIII.
	December 24–28	GE and GHL visit Mrs. Cross at Weybridge. GE ill.
1873	*February–March*	A busy social season for GE and GHL.
	May 19–21	Visit F. W. H. Myers at Cambridge.
	June 7–9	Visit Benjamin Jowett at Oxford.
	June 24—August 23	Holiday in France and Germany. GE studying Jewish subjects.
	June 25	Thornton Leigh Hunt dies.
	September 5 —October 31	GE and GHL at Blackbrook, near Bickley.
	October 22	GE considering a new drama.
	November 11	GE is "simmering towards another book."
	November 19–20	GE and GHL go to Brighton to see Emily Clarke.
	December 9	Set up their own carriage.
	December 24–27	Visit Mrs. Cross at Weybridge.

1874	*February 3*	GE has first of severe attacks of kidney stone which recur at intervals till her death.
	March 30	Maud Southwood Lewes born.
	May	*The Legend of Jubal and Other Poems* published.
	June 2 —*September 25*	At Earlswood Common. Househunting.
	August 21–22	Lord Lytton comes to visit.
	September 28 —*October 1*	GE and GHL visit W. H. Hall at Six Mile Bottom.
	October 3–19	Holiday in France and Belgium.
	October 20–31	Two excursions in Wiltshire: Salisbury and Stonehenge; Devizes and Marlborough.
	November 20 and 22	Go to Russian church.
1875	*January*	Frederic Harrison advises on legal problems in *Daniel Deronda.*
	April 21	GE and GHL go to Portuguese Synagogue.
	May 1–3	Visit Jowett at Oxford.
	June 17 —*September 23*	At Rickmansworth working on *Daniel Deronda.*
	June 29	Herbert Lewes dies in Natal.
	July 8	GHL meets the Queen of Holland at Lady Airlie's.
	September 24 —*October 9*	Priory smelling of paint, GE and GHL go off to Wales.
	October 20	Publication of *Daniel Deronda* in 8 monthly parts decided on.
1876	*February 1*	*Daniel Deronda,* Book 1 published.
	February 6	GE ill again.
	March 13–24	At Halls' house at Weybridge, returning to the Priory for Sundays.
	March 31	GHL a founder of the Physiological Society.
	May 20–22	Visit Jowett at Oxford.
	May 31	GHL presented to the King of the Belgians at Lord Houghton's.
	June 8	*Daniel Deronda* finished.
	June 10	GE and GHL leave for France and Switzerland.
	September 1	Return to London. Last book of *Daniel Deronda* published.
	October 4–7	Visit Halls at Six Mile Bottom; go to Newmarket.
	December 6	Purchase the Heights at Witley.
	December 24–28	Visit the Crosses at Weybridge.

1877	*January 10*	GE and GHL call on W. B. Scott.
	February 19	GE severely ill again.
	March 30	GE and GHL give party to hear Tennyson read.
	May 3	Liszt writes introducing the Richard Wagners.
	May 15	GE and GHL dine at the Goschens' to meet the Princess Louise and the Marquess of Lorne.
	May 19–21	Visit Jowett at Oxford.
	May 31—June 4	Visit Henry Sidgwick at Cambridge.
	June 4 —October 25	At Witley; see much of Sir Henry and Lady Holland.
	June 24	Elinor Southwood Lewes born.
	August 28	Cross introduces GE to lawn tennis.
	September 17	GE and GHL at Tennyson's.
	October 25–29	Visit Halls at Six Mile Bottom.
	November 5	Cross introduces GE to badminton.
	November 10	GE refuses to do Shakespeare for English Men of Letters series.
	November 22	GHL a candidate for rectorship of St. Andrews.
	December	Main edits *The George Eliot Birthday Book.*
1878	*January–June*	Alterations at the Heights.
	March 21	GE and GHL see telephone demonstrated.
	April 18	GHL's 61st birthday.
	May 31	GE and GHL dine at the Goschens' to meet the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany.
	June	GHL suffering from cancer.
	June 8–10	GE and GHL visit Jowett at Oxford.
	June 21 —November 11	At Witley; GE writing *Impressions of Theophrastus Such.*
	July 1	"A College Breakfast Party" published in *Macmillan's.*
	August 12	Tennyson consults GHL about *Becket.*
	October	GHL's symptoms worse.
	October 21–24	GE and GHL visit Halls at Six Mile Bottom.
	November 11–14	At Brighton.
	November 14	Return to London. GHL alarmingly ill.
	November 21	GHL sends Blackwood the MS of *Theophrastus.*
	November 30	GHL dies.
	December 9	Mrs. William Cross dies.

1879	*January*	GE working at MS of GHL's *Problems of Life and Mind,* Vol. III.
	January 22	GE cannot see Cross yet.
	February	Recurrence of her illness.
	February 23	Sees Cross for first time since GHL's death.
	March 5	Sends corrected proofs of *Theophrastus Such.*
	April 28	Mrs. Herbert Lewes and children arrive from Natal.
	May 22	GE goes to Witley.
	July 1	GE's weight 7 st. 5½ [103½] lbs.
	September 2	GHL Studentship established at Cambridge.
	September 29 —October 2	Mme Bodichon stays at Witley.
	October 29	John Blackwood dies.
	October 31	GE spends night at the Crosses' on way to London.
	November 1	Returns to London. Sees Cross frequently.
	November 25	"Another turning point."
	November 28	GE goes to cemetery.
1880	*January 4*	Bret Harte introduced to GE.
	January 30	GE talks to Professor Robertson about disposition of library.
	February–March	Sees Cross constantly, visiting museums etc.
	March 28–30	Stays with the Crosses at Weybridge.
	April 9	GE and Cross decide to marry.
	April 10	To Chelsea to look at 4 Cheyne Walk.
	April 24–26	GE at Weybridge.
	May 5	Writes Blackwood, Mme Bodichon, Mrs. Bray, Mrs. Burne-Jones, and Mrs. Congreve.
	May 6	GE and Cross married; start for Continent.
	May 17	Isaac Evans writes GE first time since 1857.
	June 2–23	At Venice. Cross ill.
	July 26	Return to Witley.
	August–September 29 September —9 October	Family visits. At Brighton. GE unwell.
	October 17–27	Severe attacks.
	November 29	To London, Bailey's Hotel.
	December 3	Move to 4 Cheyne Walk.
	December 18	At Pop Concert at St. James's Hall.
	December 22	GE dies.
1902	*December 22*	Agnes Jervis Lewes dies.
1924	*November 3*	John Walter Cross dies.

THE TEXT

In editing these letters my principal concern has been the reader's convenience. To reproduce in type all the vagaries of manuscript is neither feasible nor desirable, and though I have tried to provide an accurate text, it is not an exact transcription. Such contractions and abbreviations as *sh*^{d}, *w*^{d}, *y*^{r}, *w*^{ch}, *&*, *&c.*, *thro'*, *altho'*, *ev*^{g}., *m*^{g}., *morn.*, *art.*, *chap.*, *vol.*, *no.* (except in addresses), *acc*^{t}, *rec*^{d}, *adv.*, and *fsc*^{p} have been expanded. The names of months and days, *Xmas*, *Xt*, and *Xtian* have been spelled out, but other proper names remain unchanged unless for clarity they have been expanded within brackets: e.g., W[estminster] R[eview], *Mr. C*[*hapman*].

No other spellings have been changed. All her life George Eliot used many old forms which are still current in America though no longer common in Britain. She wrote both *judgment* and *judgement*, *favor* as well as *favour*, and preferred *criticize*, *emphasize*, and *realize*. A few spellings like *burthen* and *sympathize*, which were archaic in her youth, she continued to use nearly to the end. But the Blackwood printing office had adopted the new style, and the compositors altered her spelling to conform to it. The original given here offers material for an interesting study of the influence of printers' style upon English spelling in the 19th century.

With punctuation I have dealt a little more freely, adding or deleting an occasional mark to save rereading. Quotation marks have proved puzzling, for George Eliot often uses both single and double in the same letter; I have left them as she wrote them except sometimes to supply a mark overlooked at the beginning or end of a quotation.

Economy of space has prompted some freedom in paragraphing the letters. All the closing forms but the one preceding the signature have been run into the final paragraph, and the headings put in one line with vertical rules to indicate the original spacing. Engraved headings have been printed in boldface type to distinguish them from manuscript.

Another economy has been made in cross references. Instead of citing page or note numbers I have referred only to dates of letters, leaving the reader to find the information within the few pages of text and notes; though there may occasionally be more than one letter of

the same date, he will never have to look far. When no place of publication is given, London is to be understood. Strict application of this rule would demand that all the books of George Eliot's publishers William Blackwood and Sons should appear as "Edinburgh and London." Since so many of them are mentioned in the letters I have, without intending a slight to that center of fine printing, usually omitted place of publication.

In the notes, which have been kept as brief as possible, I have tried to identify every person mentioned, usually at the first occurrence of the name. Persons of title are given the rank held at the time: thus the note on Frederic Leighton, who illustrated *Romola* in 1862, does not say that he was knighted in 1878 and raised to the peerage in 1896, the day before his death; in the index, however, he appears as Frederic Leighton, Baron Leighton of Stretton. Needless to say there are many names I have failed to identify, and I shall be grateful to readers for suggestions and corrections.

The sources of quotations and literary allusions have been given when possible. Even if they are quite familiar I have done this in order to gather them together in the index, which I hope will provide a useful guide to George Eliot's reading. The vexing problem of what to leave unexplained cannot be solved to the complete satisfaction of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Apple butter is familiar to most Americans, but damson cheese conveys not the slightest notion of plums or sweetness. A note on either will insult the intelligence of as many readers as it helps. In deciding whether to annotate or not I have tried to consider the general convenience.

ABBREVIATIONS

[ ]	Matter supplied by the editor.
< >	Overscored but recoverable.
Blackwood's	*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*
Boase	Frederic Boase, *Modern English Biography,* 6 vols., Truro, 1892–1921.
Bray, *Autobiography*	Charles Bray, *Phases of Opinion and Experience during a Long Life: An Autobiography,* Longmans, Green, London, [1885].
Bray-Hennell Extracts	Passages concerning George Eliot copied by Miss Sara Hennell from letters between Mrs. Bray and members of the Hennell family. (Tinker Collection, Yale University Library.)
CBEL	*The Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature,* ed. F. W. Bateson, 4 vols., New York, Macmillan, and Cambridge, the University Press, 1941.
Cornhill	*The Cornhill Magazine.*
Cross	*George Eliot's Life as Related in Her letters and Journals. Arranged and Edited by Her Husband J. W. Cross,* 3 vols., Edinburgh and London, William Blackwood and Sons, 1885.
Cross, New Edition	——— 1 vol., Edinburgh and London, William Blackwood and Sons, [1887]. This edition has been much revised by the addition of new material and the deletion of many pages from the 1885 ed.
DAB	*Dictionary of American Biography.*
DNB	*Dictionary of National Biography.*
GE	George Eliot bore an unusual number of names: Mary Anne, Mary Ann, Marian, Polly, and Pollian Evans, Marian Evans Lewes, and finally Mary Ann Cross. These are all represented by GE.
GE Journal	MS journal, [1849]–61. The first 46 pages were removed, probably by Cross; the extant portion begins 20 July 1854. (Yale.)

GE Journal	MS journal, Germany, 1858, and Italy, 1860. (Yale.)
	MS journal, 1861–77. (Tinker Collection, Yale.)
	MS journal, Italy, 1864, and France, 1865. (Tinker Collection, Yale.)
	MS journal, Spain, 1867. (Not traced.)
GE Diary	MS diary for 1879. (Berg Collection, New York Public Library.)
	MS diary for 1880. (Yale.)
George Eliot and John Chapman	Gordon S. Haight, *George Eliot and John Chapman. With Chapman's Diaries,* New Haven, Yale University Press, 1940.
GHL	George Henry Lewes. (Pronounced Lewis.)
GHL Journal	MS journals numbered X 24 July 1856—31 March 1859, XI 1 April 1859—1 January 1866, and XII 1 June 1866—6 May 1870. (Yale.)
GHL Diary	MS diaries for 1869–76. (Yale.)
	MS diary for 1877. (Mrs. Carrington Ouvry.)
	MS diary for 1878. (Mrs. Robert Nuttall.)
John Blackwood	Mrs. Gerald Porter, *John Blackwood,* Edinburgh and London, 1898. Volume III of *Annals of a Publishing House. William Blackwood and His Sons. Their Magazine and Friends,* Edinburgh and London, William Blackwood and Sons, 1897.
Kitchel	Anna Theresa Kitchel, *George Lewes and George Eliot. A Review of Records,* New York, John Day, [1933].
Mrs. Bray's Diary	Pages 190–[203] of Mrs. Bray's Commonplace Book have been lined in squares for each month in the years 1830–58. The entries are very brief but invaluable. (Coventry and Warwickshire Collection, Coventry City Libraries.)
NLS	National Library of Scotland.
NYPL	New York Public Library.
OED	*Oxford English Dictionary.*
Paterson	Arthur Paterson, *George Eliot's Family Life and Letters,* London, Selwyn and Blount, [1928].

Ray, *Thackeray Letters*	*The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray,* ed. Gordon N. Ray, 4 vols., Cambridge, Massachusetts, Harvard University Press, 1945–46.
Robert Evans's Journal	MS journals for 1823, 1826, 1835–37, 1839–42. (Mr. Charles Evans.) MS journals for 1831–32. (Mrs. Michael Womersley.)
Spencer, *Autobiography*	Herbert Spencer, *An Autobiography,* 2 vols., London, Williams and Norgate, 1904.
Stuart	*Letters from George Eliot to Elma Stuart 1872–1880,* ed. Roland Stuart, London, Simpkins, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, 1909.
TLS	*Times Literary Supplement,* London.
F. White, *Warwickshire,* 1850	Francis White and Co., *History, Gazetteer, and Directory, of Warwickshire,* Sheffield, 1850.
William Blackwood	Mrs. [Margaret] Oliphant, *Annals of a Publishing House. William Blackwood and His Sons. Their Magazine and Friends,* 2 vols., Edinburgh and London, William Blackwood and Sons, 1897.

GEORGE ELIOT AND HER CORRESPONDENTS

GEORGE ELIOT

George Eliot's letters are not like those of a Walpole or Chesterfield, planned and composed with care, revised perhaps and copied with an eye on posterity. They will be read less for their intrinsic literary qualities than for the light they cast on her life and books. They are good letters, however, and have been praised by discriminating critics. A French admirer calls them "un des joyaux de sa couronne." [1] The casual reader will find most entertainment in those written during the 1850's after she had thrown off her provincial awkwardness and before the burden of fame weighed her down. The humorist's satirical pen then ran unrestrained, catching to the life the affectations and absurdities of the varied circle of guests at Swiss pensions or 142 Strand. These letters are dotted with vivid thumbnail sketches: "The squinting Marquis is the most well-bred, harmless of men. He talks very little—every sentence seems a terrible gestation, and comes forth fortissimo." Mr. Atkinson "wrinkles up his forehead horizontally and draws in his lips." Dr. Brabant, seeing that Mr. Coningham was rather aristocratic, "turned out his right leg *à perfection,* and good Mr. Mackay put his pocket handkerchief to his mouth and talked in an unusually minor key." When Mrs. Locke observed to the "very rich, very smart, and very vulgar" Americans that she thought the health of young ladies in England was deteriorated by their habits, "Miss America" replied, "I have been to court and the young ladies looked very healthy there!!" "Oh," said Mrs. Locke, "I belong to the gentry—I know nothing about the nobility." Many a figure starts to life with a brief quoted phrase. Like every novelist George Eliot was interested in people. From girlhood she possessed a kind of sympathy that impelled them even on slight acquaintance to tell her all about themselves, and her keen mind stored up psychological observations, which are sometimes passed on to her friends. In her letters one sees the future novelist practicing.

After her career has begun, their main interest—apart from the

1. James Darmesteter, *Nouvelles études anglaises,* Paris, 1896, p. 159.

wonderful success story—lies in information about the writing and publication of the novels. Here will be found a wealth of material for compiling a bibliography of George Eliot, the only important Victorian for whom it has not yet been done. With the new Great Unknown we watch from behind the scenes as *Adam Bede* takes the world by storm; we follow her negotiations with the publishers and marvel at the large royalties she was paid. The interlude with Liggins, a half-cracked native of Nuneaton who refused to deny that he was the author of *Adam Bede,* is not without its comic side, though it annoyed the real author excessively. Finally, when she had taken her conspicuous place in the literary world, the letters inevitably grow a trifle self-conscious and guarded; she was weary and ill, always fearing the snub of some vulgar champion of the marriage convention. Yet even the later letters are seldom without distinction. The story they tell is fascinating. One must be singularly blasé and unimaginative to agree with Edmund Gosse that "to read her private letters is an affliction hardly to be borne." [2]

I suspect that Gosse's revulsion is accounted for by the intense Evangelicalism of George Eliot's younger days, which doubtless recalled unpleasant memories of his own childhood among the Plymouth Brethren. It is unfortunate that most of the early letters that survive were written to her old teacher Maria Lewis, who had inculcated this fervid piety. There must have been other correspondents like Martha Jackson with whom her lively sense of humor, her mimicry, her biting satire cropped out. The stilted diction Miss Lewis encouraged reminds one that George Eliot grew up speaking the Warwickshire dialect and only when she went away to boarding school learned standard English—Miss Pinkerton's English, formed by diligent application to the works of the Great Lexicographer. It must be conceded that the letters before 1842 are generally lacking in charm.

Yet the very faults that distress one most in this young George Eliot come undeniably close to the tone of the middle classes just at the peak of the Evangelical movement—the humanitarianism, the introspection, the profound earnestness, the serious study of scriptural text and commentary. "Probably no English writer of the time," says Professor Basil Willey, "and certainly no novelist, more fully epitomizes the century; her development is a paradigm, her intellectual biography a graph, of its most decided trend." [3] She is sensitive to all the important

2. Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse, *English Literature. An Illustrated Record,* 4 vols., London and New York, Macmillan, 1903–04, IV, 317.

3. *Nineteenth Century Studies. Coleridge to Matthew Arnold,* London, Chatto and Windus, 1949, pp. 204–205.

ideas stirring during her lifetime. Often she anticipates them, as in the case of Zionism, which she foreshadowed in *Daniel Deronda* (1876) when Theodor Herzl was only a boy. Without her intimate knowledge of the Evangelical mind George Eliot would have lacked part of the experience on which her wide sympathy was founded.

In the parish of Chilvers Coton where she was born the high and dry orthodoxy of the 18th century lingered unchanged. Though she never belonged to any religious sect but the Church of England, her experience illustrates the close understanding between Evangelicals and Dissenters. She knew an ardent, even fanatical Methodist in her aunt Mrs. Samuel Evans, whose practical piety is idealized in Dinah Morris. At the boarding school kept by Mary and Rebecca Franklin, daughters of the Baptist minister in Coventry, she got (besides a good education) an infusion of Calvinism gloomier, if possible, than Miss Lewis's. At Foleshill she was on familiar terms with the family of the Independent minister, the Rev. John Sibree. And here she also discovered that well-to-do Unitarians like the Brays and the Hennells could be intelligent and ethical despite their nonconformity.

The break with orthodox Christianity came about less abruptly than appears in the letters to Miss Lewis, from whom George Eliot naturally concealed as long as possible a change she knew would be painfully misunderstood. One can reconstruct it fairly well from the books she mentions. She was interested early in science and read many popular works like John Pringle Nichol's *A View of the Architecture of the Heavens* and *The Phenomena and Order of the Solar System.* Along with the usual lives of missionaries and pious devotional tracts there are occasional references to new books like Vernon Harcourt's *The Doctrine of the Deluge; Vindicating the Scriptural Account from the Doubts . . . Recently Cast upon It by Geological Speculations* and John Pye Smith's *Relation between the Holy Scripture and Some Parts of Geological Science,* to which George Eliot was led by her projected Chart of Ecclesiastical History. Long after the Chart was abandoned, however, she continued to read the early history of Christianity. She subscribed to Isaac Taylor's *Ancient Christianity and the Doctrines of the Oxford Tracts for the Times,* published in parts, and read his *Physical Theory of Another Life,* which she confessed excited thought and led speculation farther than its author would have intended. The name of Carlyle appears, and George Eliot begins to learn German. The Biblical allusions with which the early letters are fairly peppered point to an intensive study of the New Testament in 1841. We are told that she reread the whole Bible before beginning Charles Hen-

nell's *Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity,* which merely precipitated a revolution that had been long in preparation in her mind. And by 1843, when she came to Strauss's *Das Leben Jesu,* his ideas had been so thoroughly anticipated for her by Hennell that they made little further change in her views. Her excellent translation of this book, which occupied her for three and a half years, was instrumental in the development of 19th-century rationalism. With sure instinct for the significant she turned also at this time to Spinoza, whose *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus,* the true source of all the Higher Criticism, she translated in 1849.

Mr. and Mrs. Bray quickly drew George Eliot from extreme provincialism. His radicalism—the very antithesis of her father's solid Tory principles—introduced her at once to the great social and political movements seething in the wake of the Reform Bill—Chartism, Trades Unionism, Catholic Emancipation, Free Trade and the Anti-Corn Law League, Cooperatives, Robert Owen's Socialism, and sanitary reform. The rather crude determinism of Bray's *Philosophy of Necessity* could not long satisfy her keener intelligence, though it probably left some impression in her mind. By 1848 she was wholeheartedly on the side of revolution, ready to sympathize with Pierre Leroux and Louis Blanc, whom she was to meet at John Chapman's during their exile.

Chapman's house at 142 Strand, where she settled in 1851 as assistant editor of the *Westminster Review,* was a gathering place for liberals of all stripes—Utilitarians (Mill and Harriet Martineau), champions of women's rights (Barbara Leigh Smith and Bessie Rayner Parkes), scientists in the van of modern research (Richard Owen and Huxley), philosophers of various schools (Emerson and Spencer), and religious eccentrics (F. W. Newman and H. G. Atkinson)—as well as a steady stream of literary people of every description. In this teeming atmosphere George Eliot was at the focus of most of the new ideas that have shaped the modern world. One of them, everywhere in the air, was evolution. In 1852 Herbert Spencer, at this time George Eliot's constant companion, published in the *Leader* "The Development Hypothesis," which contains the germ of his whole system of philosophy, and in the *Westminster Review* "A Theory of Population," in which for the first time the development of species is linked with the survival of the fittest. Another much discussed subject was Positivism. W. M. W. Call and Harriet Martineau were both translating and abridging the *Cours de philosophie positive,* while George Henry Lewes's influential

articles on Comte's philosophy of the sciences were appearing in the *Leader.* A third group of ideas, also imported from the Continent, were those of the radical wing of the post-Hegelians. In the political and economic aspects they were represented by Karl Marx, who had just settled in London, where he had Engels send his *"important"* letters to the Bank of England in the care of a clerk in the Bullion Office named Andrew Johnson, at whose house Chapman met both Marx and Freiligrath. Some of the wealthy supporters of the *Westminster Review* at this time were thoroughly sympathetic with the class struggle and were raising funds for revolutionary parties on the Continent.

It was the post-Hegelian theology that interested George Eliot most. In her translation of Ludwig Feuerbach's *Das Wesen Christenthums* her radicalism reached its peak. Feuerbach resolves metaphysics into psychology: God exists only as the object of man's thought, so that "to deny man is to deny religion." But between them is a gap which only love can bridge: "Love makes man God, and God man"—"not a visionary, imaginary love—no! a real love, a love which has flesh and blood, which vibrates as an almighty force through all living." Marriage is therefore almost essential to the full development of human personality. But its "religious consecration is not first conferred by the blessing of the priest." It is "the free bond of love," sacred in itself by the very nature of the union; "for a marriage the bond of which is merely an external restriction, not the voluntary, contented self-restriction of love, in short, a marriage which is not spontaneously concluded, spontaneously willed, self-sufficing, is not a true marriage, and therefore not a truly moral marriage." [4]

George Eliot declared herself wholly in agreement with Feuerbach's doctrine, which was peculiarly relevant to the broken marriage of Lewes, with whom her intimacy grew as she was translating the book. A few days after it was published in 1854, the only one of her works to bear her real name Marian Evans on the title page, she went to Germany with him as his wife. Her decision had been long and seriously considered; it was based on his need as well as hers and was made only after she had ascertained that the first Mrs. Lewes and her family would not be injured by their action. While he wrote his biography of Goethe, in whose ideas George Eliot was naturally steeped at this time, she resumed the translation of Spinoza, completing the whole of *The*

4. Ludwig Feuerbach, *The Essence of Christianity,* translated by Marian Evans from the 2d German ed., London, John Chapman, 1854. The passages are quoted from pp. 43, 47, and 268.

Ethics. Spinoza's pantheism, more substantial than that of Wordsworth and Shelley, which had stirred her earlier, helped her balance the conflicting claims of soul and society, freedom and duty.

In the transformation of Marian Evans into a great novelist Lewes had a major part. He helped her most by maintaining her self-confidence, which even at the height of her fame required constant bolstering. The ostracism they knew would follow their deliberate violation of convention was hard for one of her nature to bear. Her closest friends failed to understand at first. "Light and easily broken ties," she wrote Mrs. Bray, "are what I neither desire theoretically nor could live for practically. Women who are satisfied with such ties do *not* act as I have done; they obtain what they desire and are still invited to dinner." George Eliot and Lewes had acted according to principle, and the world finally acknowledged it. In the 1870's invitations to their famous Sunday afternoons at the Priory were eagerly sought. Though there were usually more men than women, Mrs. Tennyson called, Mrs. Burne-Jones and Mrs. Ponsonby, the wife of Queen Victoria's private secretary, were regular visitors, and Lady Amberley and her sister Lady Airlie were often there. The lists of guests read like a mid-Victorian *Who's Who*. Even the Queen's daughters, Victoria, the Crown Princess of Germany, and the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, were delighted to meet George Eliot at dinner. Lewes's achievement of this degree of social acceptance is remarkable.

But it is a mistake to believe that George Eliot's mind was deeply influenced by him. Every main bias had been taken before they met, and they respected each other too much to desire uniformity of opinion. Their attitude toward Positivism is a good example. Lewes, one of its earliest English advocates, had no sympathy whatever for the religion later formulated by Comte. George Eliot, on the other hand, who yearned always for the old faith she had lost, clung for years to the hope of finding a substitute for it in the Religion of Humanity. But "I cannot submit my intellect or my soul to the guidance of Comte," she told Sara Hennell.[5]

Though she never returned to orthodox Christianity, George Eliot was deeply religious. No author of the 19th century had a loftier ethical influence. Lord Acton, a Catholic, regarded her as "far more impressive, more true, more elevated, than any but the very best of Christian writers, and capable of reaching those whom no Christian could possibly touch. . . . Atheism, as a teacher of Life, became, roughly speaking, the equal of Christianity in moral dignity when it became its rival

5. Mathilde Blind, *George Eliot*, 1883, p. 213.

in mental power." [6] Her novels, he added,[7] stand as the emblem of a generation distracted between the intense need of believing and the difficulty of belief. Tennyson spoke to the hearts of many whose faith was dry, reassuring them by his own conviction that God would not leave them in the dust. George Eliot, confronting the problem with all the resources of her trained intellect, could offer only the stern precept of duty in a world where moral justice prevailed. She felt no hostility to any sincere religion. Of Bessie Parkes's growing interest in the Catholic Church she wrote in 1860:

> As for the forms and ceremonies, I feel no regret that any should turn to them for comfort if they can find comfort in them; sympathetically I enjoy them myself. But I have faith in the working out of higher possibilities than the Catholic or any other Church has presented; and those who have strength to wait and endure are bound to accept no formula which their whole souls—their intellect as well as their emotions—do not embrace with entire reverence. The "highest calling and election" is to do without opium, and live through all our pain with conscious clear-eyed endurance.[8]

It was not the easy way. After Lewes's death the struggle between intellect and emotions is touchingly reflected in her diary, where she copied long passages from *In Memoriam*.

"Not only for the interest of a biography," wrote Cardinal Newman, "but for arriving at the inside of things, the publication of letters is the true method." [9] If George Eliot's letters offered nothing else they would be important for what they show of her inner life. The homely little touches that Cross too often omitted as beneath her dignity give occasional glimpses of the real George Eliot. She was a country girl at heart: only by remembering that can many curious contradictions in her life be understood. The yearning for blue sky, an orchard full of old trees and rough grass, for hedgerow paths among endless fields, haunted her always during thirty years of London life. Wherever she traveled she noted the slope of land, the quality of the soil and the harvest. "I am always made happier by seeing well-cultivated land," she wrote; in fact, she saw little beauty in any landscape that was not suitable for farming. Even in the French Alps her delight came from "the combination of rich, well-cultivated land, friendly to man, and the grand out-

6. *Selections from the Correspondence of the First Lord Acton,* ed. J. N. Figgis and R. V. Laurence, London, Longmans, Green, 1917, I, 291.

7. In his review of Cross, *Nineteenth Century,* 17 (March 1885), 485.

8. GE to Mme Bodichon, 26 December 1860.

9. *Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman,* ed. Anne Mozley, 2 vols., 1891, I, 1.

lines and atmospheric effects of mountains near and distant." Her comments on the weather are always conditioned by its effect on the crops: "How one would enjoy this continuous sunshine if the poor earth were not so thirsty!" And when the rain pours down her first thoughts are not of muddy pavements but of the laid corn in the fields of Warwickshire. At Newmarket she astonished a trainer by drawing attention to the fine points of Kisber, who had won both the Derby and the Grand Prix.

There is something of the country girl too in her scrupulous accounting of money. To Mme Bodichon she wrote 5 January 1869:

> Do you remember borrowing a shilling from Grace, to pay for your cab, when you brought me the hamper of pretty things in the summer? She told me of it the other day and she is so accurate about money matters that I have no doubt she is right.
>
> I forget such things myself, and therefore feel sure that you, like me, will be glad to be reminded. Will you, when you come again, just give Amelia the shilling when she opens the door and say what it is for?

There was no trace of stinginess in George Eliot; she had just given £50 "from the author of *Romola*" toward the establishment of Girton College. But this shilling represented a matter of moral principle bred deep in her nature by generations of Garths and Dodsons and Poysers.

From them she also derived the deeply ingrained conservatism that was always in conflict with her radical opinions. One of those sports of heredity which often produce a genius from simple stock (Shakespeare was born in a Warwickshire village not thirty miles away) had endowed George Eliot with both powerful affections and a remarkable mind. She could not follow her reason in refusing to go to church without suffering greatly for the pain it caused her father. Like Martin Poyser, "He and his father were simple-minded farmers, proud of their untarnished character, proud that they came of a family which had held up its head and paid its way as far as its name was in the parish register." [1] George Eliot shared these sentiments in her heart, but her intellect often compelled her to do things she knew would be misunderstood. Yet she always felt the need—however loudly her reason scorned it—to be understood and approved of. John Blackwood, as his letters show, was quick to grasp the secret. Lewes, recognizing its urgency, surrounded her with what sometimes impressed scoffers as excessive veneration at the Priory. And after his death the same urgent need undoubtedly played its part in her marriage to John Walter

1. *Adam Bede,* ch. 40.

Cross, twenty years her junior, which shocked many intellectuals who had defended her loyally during a quarter century of irregular union. They had underestimated the fundamental conservatism of her nature.

There is no question of Cross's devotion to George Eliot nor of her affection for him. Her diary gives brief glimpses of the sharp conflict between head and heart before her decision was made. Her heart won. In the victory it is impossible to believe there was not some unconscious realization that her marriage would satisfy the convention. Cross was a man even the Dodsons could approve of—a gentleman, a conservative, a banker. Her brother Isaac Evans, informed of her marriage by the same family solicitor whom he had directed in 1857 to reply to her letter announcing that she had a "husband," now availed himself "of the present opportunity to break the long silence which has existed between us" by offering his congratulations. The joy that wells up in her reply to this chilly note, assuring him that "our long silence has never broken the affection for you which began when we were little ones," confirms the psychological truth of Maggie's reconciliation with Tom Tulliver: "In their death they were not divided."

MARTHA JACKSON BARCLAY

Martha (or Patty) Jackson was for two years a schoolfellow of GE at the Miss Franklins' in Coventry. On leaving they determined to carry on their education at home and for several years corresponded regularly, exchanging comments on their reading and setting subjects for discussion in letters. In 1840 Martha discovered *The Language of Flowers,* a dictionary correlating plants with mental or moral qualities; from it she took for herself the name Ivy (constancy) and assigned Clematis (mental beauty) to GE, who in turn gave Veronica (fidelity in friendship) to Maria Lewis. These names are used in GE's letters for more than a year.

According to Martha's account in a letter to C. L. Lewes 3 June 1884 (Yale) GE "fell into infidelity" at Foleshill because of "certain enlightened friends," i.e., the Brays, and her mother Mrs. Jackson, quick to note the altered tone of the letters and "fearing that I should be injuriously influenced, expressed a wish that the correspondence should close." The break was not so definite as she suggests, however, for there are letters of 1844 and 1850 which show them still on affectionate terms. Sometime thereafter Martha became the wife of Henry Barclay (1812–84), a dentist, and went to live at Cape Town, South Africa, where his son, grandson, and great-grandson subsequently carried on the practice. The grandson, Mr. Henry Barclay, now of Phantom

Acres, Knysna, kindly put me in touch with members of the family in England, but no trace of the letters has been found.

When Cross wrote asking permission to include extracts from them in the biography, Mrs. Barclay refused on the curious ground that Cross probably did not share her Christian sentiments and therefore could not be trusted to make satisfactory extracts. She was planning to publish them herself, complete, to show that "modern education is too heterogeneous and irreligious," and if Charles Lewes, who inherited GE's copyrights, prohibited her, she would publish her reminiscences anyway. Unfortunately she never did. About 1886 she returned to England, bringing the letters with her. Extracts from them were published in the *Bookman,* 3 (1892–93), then edited by William Robertson Nicoll, and in an American periodical, *Poet-Lore,* 6 (1894), in a series of articles by William Giles Kingsland, to whom Mrs. Barclay had lent the letters. The extracts are reprinted here in proper sequence, so far as it can be determined. Though the homiletic tone is not absent, the letters are lighter than those to Miss Lewis, and it is regrettable that the originals have disappeared.

BESSIE PARKES BELLOC

Elizabeth or, as she was known from birth, Bessie Rayner Parkes (1829–1925) was the daughter of the Radical politician Joseph Parkes and his wife Eliza Priestley, granddaughter of Joseph Priestley, the "discoverer" of oxygen. From both parents she inherited a strong Unitarian tradition which was strengthened by her education at the school conducted by William Field at Leam House near Leamington. After the passage of the Reform Bill, of which Parkes was one of the leading supporters in Birmingham, he moved to London, where he was engaged as a Parliamentary solicitor. He was the principal contributor to the fund to publish GE's translation of Strauss's *Leben Jesu* and was one of the men John Chapman consulted about the *Westminster Review.*

In 1847 the illness of Parkes's son Priestley sent the family to Hastings, where they lived in a house belonging to Benjamin Leigh Smith, whose daughter Barbara became Bessie's close friend. On returning to London Bessie put together her first volume of poems, which Chapman published in 1852. GE became acquainted with her early in this year and was soon introduced to her friend Barbara Leigh Smith. All three were in a rebellious mood, eager for the overthrow of conventions that prevented the full expression of human nature, especially for women. In 1857 Bessie was writing for the *Waverley Journal,* and the following year she became co-editor with Matilda Hays of the *English Woman's*

Journal, championing education and employment for women as well as equal suffrage. Of her literary style GE had no high opinion and steadfastly refused to contribute to her periodicals or to *Victoria Regia,* a volume of miscellaneous verse and prose set in type by women compositors and edited by her friend Adelaide Procter in 1861.

Miss Procter had become a Roman Catholic ten years before, and it was probably she who first turned Bessie's mind toward religion; her actual conversion she owed to an Irishwoman, Sarah Atkinson. In 1867 when staying with Barbara at La Celle St. Cloud, Bessie determined to marry Louis Belloc, the invalid son of the lady from whom they rented their chalet. In spite of the initial opposition of Barbara and both families they were married 19 September 1867. They had two children, Marie Adelaide Belloc, later Mrs. Frederic Sawrey Lowndes (1868–1947), and Joseph Hilary Pierre (better known as Hilaire) Belloc (1870–1953). Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's account of her mother's marriage is absorbingly told in *"I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia,"* 1942.

GE's correspondence with Bessie was closest in the early years of their acquaintance. While approving of GE's joining her life to GHL's, she seems to have regarded it as a step toward the emancipation of woman rather than a marriage, and embarrassed GE by addressing letters to her, or when she called asking for her, as "Miss Evans." But they remained good friends to the end, and one of GE's last letters was written to Bessie.

THE BLACKWOODS

All GE's novels but *Romola* were published by William Blackwood and Sons of Edinburgh. William Blackwood (1776–1834), who established the firm in 1804, founded *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* in 1817. Four of his seven sons carried on the business. John, the sixth, was the one most closely associated with GE and GHL, and the correspondence, of which both sides are given, provides valuable new information about the writing and publication of their works.

John Blackwood (1818–79), born at Edinburgh and educated at the High School there, was attending classes at the University when his father died. His eldest brother Alexander, who suffered so severely from asthma that he was advised to seek a warmer climate, took John and a tutor abroad with him in 1836. During two years in France and Italy John learned the languages, read widely, and became something of a man of the world. On returning to Britain he was put by his brothers with Whittaker and Co. to learn bookselling before taking charge of the Blackwoods' London branch in Pall Mall. His sincerity and personal

charm soon won him many friends, among them Bulwer-Lytton, Thackeray, and John Thadeus Delane, editor of the *Times*.

When Alexander Blackwood died in 1845 Robert, the second son, who was chiefly concerned with the bookselling, called John home to Edinburgh to edit *Blackwood's Magazine*. This he did with conspicuous success, and after Robert's death in 1852 John assumed most of the responsibility for the books as well. His sound business principles combined with his good taste, imagination, and unusual tact in dealing with authors made the firm very prosperous. In 1854 he married Julia (d. 1899), youngest daughter of the Rev. Joseph Blandford of Spondon, Derbyshire. They had a daughter Mary, later Mrs. Gerald Porter (1855–1939), who wrote the life of her father, and a son John (1857–82), referred to in the letters as Jack.

GHL had been an occasional contributor to *Blackwood's* since 1843, and his *Sea-Side Studies* were appearing there serially in 1856 when GE began to write fiction. It was therefore natural to send "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton" to Blackwood, who published it in January and February 1857. He was quick to take GHL's hint about the effect of adverse criticism on GE's morbid sensitiveness, and his warmly expressed appreciation of her work played a vital part in maintaining the confidence without which she could not have continued writing fiction. In 1862 when she was tempted away from the firm by an offer of £10,000 for *Romola* John Blackwood behaved with admirable restraint, though other members of the firm took a dark view of her treachery. His integrity and the fine temper of his character show at their best in this affair. GE was happy to return to him with *Felix Holt* in 1866, and thereafter their cordial relations never wavered.

In politics the Blackwood family tradition was staunchly Conservative. Even in childhood John was called "the wee Tory" by his schoolmates, and under his hand *Blackwood's Magazine,* which had been founded to counteract the Whiggish influence of the *Edinburgh Review,* held fast to Conservative principles. For many years he spent the summers at Strathtyrum, a house not far from the links at St. Andrews. His letters have many allusions to his lifelong passion for golf, which he is said to have introduced on the Riviera in 1836.

In 1848 when Robert fell ill William Blackwood (1810–61), the third son, was called back from India to take his place. William had become a cadet in the 59th Native Infantry and gone out to Bengal at the age of 16. He was made a lieutenant in 1832, a captain in 1845, and after his retirement an honorary major. Though not trained for bookselling or editing, he had sound judgment, and John, the dominant

member of the firm, always consulted the Major on important matters. In 1834 William Blackwood had married at Lucknow Miss Emma Moore (1810–81), by whom he had ten children. Having come unscathed through the dangers of twenty years in India, he was attacked in the autumn of 1856 by smallpox; he fell ill again in 1860 and died after a long decline.

His eldest son, the third William Blackwood (1836–1912), known in the family as Willie, after studying at Paris and Heidelberg, entered the firm in 1859 and was made a partner in 1862. As his Uncle John's health declined he gradually took over the editorship of *Maga* and the publishing business. In the last years of her life GE's correspondence with the Blackwoods is addressed to him.

Two employees of the firm ought to be mentioned here: Joseph Munt Langford (1809–84), who had worked in the London office as early as 1840, was manager of the branch from 1845, when it moved to Paternoster Row, until he retired in 1881. According to Boase he was a dramatic critic of the *Observer* for many years and part author of several dramas produced at the Adelphi in the 1850's. George Simpson, another faithful and invaluable employee, was put in charge of the Edinburgh printing office when it was set up in 1846. A bachelor, he devoted his whole life to William Blackwood and Sons, serving for many years as John Blackwood's confidential clerk. He retired in 1878.

BARBARA LEIGH SMITH BODICHON

When Benjamin Smith (1783–1860) was a rich bachelor in his forties he fell in love with a pretty and attractive young woman named Anne Longden. Though they seem never to have married, she bore him five children before dying of consumption when Barbara (1827–91), the eldest, was only seven years old. The Smiths were a sturdily independent family; they had sympathized with the American revolutionists, advocated peace with France in 1793, and worked for the abolition of slavery, the removal of religious disabilities, and the repeal of the Corn Laws. Both Barbara and her cousin Florence Nightingale came honestly by the brave determination with which they supported unpopular reforms.

Mr. Smith was devoted to his children. They lived very comfortably in London at 5 Blandford Square or at their country house near Hastings. He held what we should now call "progressive" ideas about education; objecting to the schools of the time, he kept his children at home, providing them with the best masters for anything they cared to learn but leaving them free to develop their own interests. When the three

girls showed talent for drawing, he had William Hunt the elder give them lessons, and Barbara became a landscape painter of considerable note. One of Mr. Smith's liberal notions was that daughters should have equal provision with sons. When Barbara came of age in 1848 he gave her an allowance of £300 a year and after his death left her an ample fortune, of which she made good use supporting many worthy causes. As her niece Lady Stephen justly observed, "generosity was the keynote of her character." [1] In a poor neighborhood near the Edgware Road she established a nonsectarian school on modern principles; she fought vigorously to remove the legal disabilities that prevented married women from owning property; she was a key figure in starting the campaign for Women's Suffrage; she was one of the most practical and liberal of the group who founded Girton College. In an age of crinoline and ribbons she wore simple clothes without corsets. Unchaperoned she traveled about the Continent with Bessie Parkes; and it was Bessie who took her to John Chapman's house in 1852 and introduced her to GE, another unconventional and intelligent woman, then editing the *Westminster Review*. They were soon friends. Barbara was one of the few who wholly accepted GE's decision to live with GHL and soon after their return from Germany she spent most of a week [2] with them at Tenby.

In 1856 Barbara went with her family to spend the winter at Algiers. Here she met Dr. Eugène Bodichon (1810–86), a French army surgeon of strong Republican and humanitarian sympathies who had come to the colony twenty years before to practice among the natives. An attractive and romantic figure, tall, dark, and dignified, he shared many of her ideals. Within a few months she made up her mind, and they were married in London 2 July 1857. In August they dined with GE and GHL before setting out on a long journey through the United States, where Barbara painted picturesque scenes like Niagara and wrote penetrating observations on slavery in Georgia and Louisiana. Dr. Bodichon did not fit easily into her London circle, for he knew little English and disliked the cold wet climate. They had a house in Algiers where she spent the winters with him, coming to England in the spring for visits that grew to fill most of the year.

The sympathy between Barbara and GE was extraordinary. In Algiers when *Adam Bede* was published, merely from extracts quoted in reviews she knew by a kind of intuition that GE was the author and

1. Barbara Stephen, *Emily Davies and Girton College*, London, Constable, 1927, p. 34.

2. 12–16 July 1856.

wrote her a letter full of joy that the novel all the critics were praising was written by a *woman.* Barbara was one of the four or five friends to whom GE wrote the day before her marriage to Mr. Cross, and though the note was unfortunately locked in a drawer and not sent till months later, Barbara understood and sent her hearty good wishes at once. Her latest biographer sums up the contrast between them:

> George Eliot was introspective and addicted to melancholy. Barbara was by nature happy and optimistic. The one was full of noble intentions: the other of noble deeds. . . . George Eliot would write to Barbara at the end of a long day of composition, tired out and empty. . . . Barbara would also write at the end of a long day, but her letters are like the last spurts of a sunlit fountain. Barbara played L'Allegro to George Eliot's Il Penseroso. Very occasionally the rôles were reversed; and it was then that Barbara had her reward. . . . Magically the veil is drawn aside, and George Eliot the quiet, sad, understanding philosopher emerges—the woman and the genius wonderfully blended in Barbara's friend and comforter.[3]

THE BRAYS AND THE HENNELLS

Charles Bray (1811–84), son of a prosperous ribbon manufacturer at Coventry, grew up in an atmosphere of Evangelical Methodism which his rather indifferent schooling did little to broaden. He worked for a time in a London warehouse before returning to his father's firm. Through the influence of a Unitarian clergyman he began to question the orthodox religion of his youth, and the reading of Bentham and Jonathan Edwards turned him toward a rather crude determinism which regarded the mind as subject to fixed laws like those of the physical world. His theory was expounded in *The Philosophy of Necessity; or, the Law of Consequences as Applicable to Mental, Moral, and Social Science,* 1841. He found support for it in the then new "science" of phrenology, which correlated external bumps of the skull with the development of mental and moral functions, and his faith in this method of judging character never wavered. Though men cannot be blamed for what they are, Bray argued, society could be changed to conform with reality. So he agitated courageously for the humane treatment of the insane, secular education, the organization of trades unions and workers' cooperatives, extension of the franchise, and for everything tending toward toleration and freedom of speech.

On the death of his father in 1835 Bray took over the ribbon business, which the introduction of power looms had made increasingly lucrative. In 1836 he married Caroline Hennell. Their only child

3. Hester Burton, *Barbara Bodichon 1827–1891,* London, John Murray, [1949], p. 185.

Elinor Mary Bray (1845?–65) was apparently adopted, since her birth is not recorded under that name nor is there any indication of it in Mrs. Bray's Diary. In 1840 they bought Rosehill, a fine house overlooking Coventry, where they entertained many visiting celebrities, including Thackeray and Emerson. Mr. Bray's sister Elizabeth, the wife of Abijah Hill Pears, lived at Foleshill in a house adjoining the one taken by Robert Evans; through her GE was introduced to the Brays in November 1841.

James Hennell (1782–1816), a traveler for a London mercantile house, married in 1800 Elizabeth Marshall (1778–1858), by whom he had eight children:

1. Mary (1802–43).
2. Eliza (1803–42).
3. Harriet (1805–75).
4. Lucy (1807–14).
5. Charles Christian (1809–50).
6. James (1810–38).
7. Sara Sophia (1812–99).
8. Caroline (1814–1905).

Mr. and Mrs. Hennell were staunch Unitarians of the Priestley school, and their children grew up with deep reverence for their religion. After her marriage to Charles Bray, Caroline (or Cara, as she was always called) was so disturbed by her husband's rationalism that she appealed to her brother Charles, a man of sensitive discrimination and scholarly mind, to re-examine the New Testament for evidence to support her faith. After a serious study he came to the conclusion that no miracle or "deviation from the known laws of nature" was needed to account for the development of Christianity. The moderation with which he set forth the result in *An Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity,* 1838, enhanced its effect on GE, who had bought the second edition of the book (which appeared in August 1841) before she met the Brays. For some time her mind had been turning away from the Evangelicalism of her girlhood, and the reading of Hennell merely precipitated a reaction long in preparation.

Soon after the publication of the *Inquiry* Charles Hennell received a visit from Dr. R. H. Brabant (1781?–1866), a physician of Devizes, who not only shared his opinions on the origin of Christianity but had himself been engaged for years upon a great work intended to dispose once for all of the supernatural element in it—an unfinished work which certainly suggested Mr. Casaubon's Key to All Mythologies in *Middlemarch.* Dr. Brabant knew the German exponents of the Higher

Criticism, among them David Friedrich Strauss, author of *Das Leben Jesu,* 1835–36, which was being translated into English by his daughter Elizabeth Rebecca Brabant (1811–98), commonly called Rufa, a name given her by S. T. Coleridge because of her golden hair. Charles Hennell was invited to visit the Brabants. Within a week he proposed to Rufa; but because his lungs were unsound her father opposed the match, and they agreed not to see each other for a time. In 1843 while Charles was on a holiday with his sisters they met again, and they were married in London 1 November.

GE was one of the guests at the wedding, and afterward Dr. Brabant, who liked her extremely, invited her "to fill the place of his daughter." She went with him to Devizes 7 November 1843, planning to stay a month. According to Rufa's account recorded in Chapman's Diary, 27 June 1851, GE

> in the simplicity of her heart and her ignorance of (or incapability of practicing) the required conventionalisms gave the Doctor the utmost attention; they became very intimate, his Sister in law Miss S. Hughes became alarmed, made a great stir, excited the jealousy of Mrs. Brabant, Miss Evans left. Mrs. B. vowed she should never enter the house again, or that if she did, she Mrs. Brabant would instantly leave it. Mrs. Hennell says Dr. B. acted ungenerously and worse, towards Miss E. for though he was the chief cause of all that passed, he acted towards her as though the fault lay with her alone.

Chapman adds that Dr. Brabant's "unmanliness in the affair was condemned more by Mrs. Hennell than by Miss E. herself when she (a year ago) related the circumstances to me." [4]

Rufa's translation of Strauss, which had proceeded only through part of the first volume, was soon turned over to GE. Within two years she finished the work. Published anonymously by John Chapman in 1846, it became one of the dominant influences upon religious thought in 19th-century England.

In seeing it through the press GE had the advice and encouragement of Mrs. Bray's sister Sara Sophia Hennell (1812–99), for some years her most constant correspondent. Sara had been a governess 1832–42, latterly in the family of John Bonham Carter, M.P. Like all the Hennells she was seriously interested in religion. But she also loved music and painting and poetry; she had a lively sense of humor, and to GE she came as a most welcome change from the ponderous dullness of Maria Lewis. They first met at Rosehill in July 1842 and were soon on the friendliest terms. Sara gave GE the intellectual sympathy she

4. *George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 186.

always needed, widened her interests, and enlarged her social experience. As the translation of Strauss proceeded little notes went between Foleshill and London several times a week with packets of manuscript or proofs. About the time GE went to London to live in 1851 Sara and her mother moved to Coventry, and the letters continued to go back and forth, full of the varied news of life in the Strand and at Rosehill.

The only interruption came in 1854 when GE's union with GHL began. Charles Bray, who had given his blessing to the arrangement, continued to write, and Sara after a few months of stunned silence resumed her correspondence, feeling as if she were writing to someone in a book; but Mrs. Bray, after a single attempt at explanation, held her peace for five years in spite of loving messages in GE's letters to the others. GE did not see Cara or Sara again until June 1859, when she revealed to them that she was the author of *Adam Bede.*

Rufa, always consistent in her radicalism, did not allow the unconventional marriage with GHL to interfere with her friendship for GE; she was the first woman to call upon them after their return to England in 1855. Charles Hennell had died in 1850, leaving her with a son Frank Spenser Hennell (1846–1935). In 1857 she was married to Wathen Mark Wilks Call (1817–90), of St. John's College, Cambridge, one of the original editors of the *Cambridge Magazine,* who after fourteen years in the Church of England, had just renounced his orders.

Sara Hennell spent most of her life in theological speculation. Her *Thoughts in Aid of Faith,* 1860, made an earnest attempt to reconcile the Higher Criticism with her own variety of philosophic theism, which in *Present Religion as a Faith Owning Fellowship with Thought,* 1865, she tried to justify by a kind of Spencerian theory of evolution. Additional parts of this work published in 1873 and 1887 became increasingly obscure. With such vague lucubrations Charles Bray and GHL could not sympathize at all, and GE herself sometimes found it difficult. As Sara grew more querulous and "dim of apprehension for everything outside her," [5] the letters to her, which form the most important part of GE's correspondence from 1842 to 1854, dwindle into affectionate domestic notes.

Though Mrs. Bray was outwardly the most conventional of the group, GE's friendship was actually deeper for her than for Sara, being based more on affection than intellectual interests. Cara never changed. Even the period of coolness was genuine and characteristic. The easy intimacy did not quite come back, but GE never forgot the love she had known at Rosehill. When the Brays were in straitened circum-

5. GE to Mrs. Charles Bray, 18 March 1865.

stances because of unfortunate investments GE contrived to help by subsidizing the children's books that Cara wrote and left her by will a life annuity of £100.

THE BURNE-JONESES

The Burne-Joneses' friendship with GE and GHL began at the Priory one Sunday afternoon in February 1868, and their journals record frequent visits thereafter. Edward Coley Burne-Jones (1833–98) had matriculated at Oxford in 1852, intending to take orders in the Church of England. His real interests, however, lay in art and literature, and in 1857 he went up to London with his close friend William Morris to study painting. He had admired GE's early work and when he came to know her personally was astonished by her intellectual power. "Her knowledge is really deep," he wrote, "and her heart one of the most sympathetic to me I ever knew." [6]

In 1860 he married Georgiana (1840–1920), second daughter of the Rev. George Browne Macdonald, a Wesleyan minister. They had two children, Philip (1861–1926) and Margaret (1866–1953), later Mrs. J. W. Mackail. In July 1870 Mrs. Burne-Jones came to Whitby, where GE was staying. For nearly two weeks they saw each other every day and in long conversations established an affectionate intimacy. At this time Burne-Jones's work was little known. Before GE died it was acclaimed everywhere. Oxford made him an honorary D.C.L. and in 1894 Queen Victoria conferred upon him a baronetcy, to which his son succeeded in 1898. His daughter recalled GE and GHL as the ugliest couple she ever saw in her life.

JOHN CHAPMAN

John Chapman (1821–94) made GE's acquaintance in 1846, when he published her translation of Strauss's *Das Leben Jesu*. His business dealt principally with philosophical and religious books—"Liberalisms, 'Extinct Socinianisms,' " Carlyle called them.[7] In 1850 he was living at 142 Strand; on the ground floor were the offices of his bookselling and publishing business, while the rest of the house was occupied by his family, which consisted of his wife Susanna Brewitt Chapman (1808–92), two children, Beatrice (b. 1844) and Ernest (b. 1846),[8] and a governess named Elisabeth Tilley, who was also Chapman's mistress. The house,

6. Georgiana Burne-Jones, *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, 2 vols., New York and London, Macmillan, 1904, II, 4.

7. *Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling, and Robert Browning*, ed. Alexander Carlyle, [1923], p. 288.

8. A 2d son Walter (b. 1848), who was deaf and dumb, lived with an uncle. See Sydney Race, "John Chapman," *Notes and Queries*, 180 (26 April 1941), 293–295.

which stood on the site of the Turk's Head Coffee House, was very large, and Mrs. Chapman took in boarders, mostly literary people.

Here GE came to stay in January 1851. She had just written for the *Westminster Review* an excellent article on R. W. Mackay's *The Progress of the Intellect* and had come up to London to make her way as a free-lance journalist. The details of her life in this extraordinary household are to be found in Chapman's Diary for 1851. Soon after GE's arrival Elisabeth Tilley showed signs of jealousy, in which she was joined before long by Mrs. Chapman. Though no evidence exists of any serious misconduct on GE's part, her feelings were certainly deeply engaged by the magnetic Chapman, whose relations with Elisabeth she was then unaware of. After eleven weeks she returned to Coventry. "I accompanied her to the railway," Chapman wrote.

> She was very sad, and hence made me feel so.—She pressed me for some intimation of the state of my feelings,—<I told her that I felt great affection for her, but that I loved Elisabeth and Susanna also, though each in a different way.> At this avowal she burst into tears. I tried to comfort her, and reminded [her] of the dear friends and pleasant home she was returning to,—but the train whirled her away very very sad.—
>
> Susanna was much excited today and perplexed with her packing, she reproached me, and spoke very bitterly about Marian.[9]

In May Chapman was offered a chance to purchase the *Westminster Review* and urged GE to come back and help him edit it. On his telling her the exact state of his relations with Elisabeth, she was much grieved at the pain she had unwittingly caused and "put herself in my hands prepared to accept any arrangement I may make either for her return to the Strand or any house in London I may think suitable in October.—She agreed to write the article on foreign literature for each number of the Westminster which I am very glad of. Wrote the greater part of the Prospectus today, and then gave it to Marian to finish." [1] Many of her letters to him at this period deal with efforts to enlist support and secure articles for the *Westminster*. On the last day of September she returned to 142 Strand, where during the next two years she met many interesting people who lodged there or came to the Chapmans' evening parties.

GE served as editor of the *Westminster Review* from January 1852 to July 1854, when she left for the Continent with GHL. On their return Chapman, whose views of social convention were very liberal, was one of their first visitors, and the articles he commissioned provided the chief source of her income before she began to write fiction. Her

9. 24 March 1851. *George Eliot and John Chapman*, p. 147.

1. 29 May 1851. *George Eliot and John Chapman*, p. 172.

last contribution was "Worldliness and Other-Worldliness," a brilliant dissection of Edward Young, published in January 1857, when the first installment of *Scenes of Clerical Life* also appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Failing to persuade her to write again for him, as she had formerly been so eager to do, Chapman was quick to suspect GE as the author of *Clerical Scenes* and by shrewd questioning forced Herbert Spencer to reveal the secret. GE's annoyance at his indelicacy in this matter brought their relations to an end.

Chapman secured an M.D. degree from St. Andrews in 1857, and after separating from Susanna in 1864, established himself in Paris as a physician specializing in functional and nervous diseases of women, which he treated with a spinal ice bag. He continued, however, to edit the *Westminster Review* until his death in 1894. He is buried in Highgate Cemetery close to the grave of GE.

THE CONGREVES

In February 1859 when GE and GHL went to live at Holly Lodge, Wandsworth, their landlord assured them that they might be as isolated as they liked, citing the example of a Mr. Congreve in the neighborhood who visited no one. Born in Warwickshire, Richard Congreve (1818–99) was educated at Rugby, where he won a scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford. Taking his B.A. in 1840 with a first in *literae humaniores*, he was elected a fellow of his college in 1844. During a visit to Paris in 1848 he met Auguste Comte, whose influence was so strong that after careful study he adopted the whole Positivist system, including the religious cult. Resigning his fellowship in 1854, he went to London to found the Positivist community.

In 1856 Congreve married Maria Bury (d. 1915), daughter of John Bury, the surgeon at Coventry who attended GE's father during his last illness. Once, years before, Maria had met GE, who made a profound impression on her; she had often said to herself that if GE were still living near Coventry, she would have gone to her and told her her troubles; she had never felt that way toward anyone except, of course, her husband.[2] Now, thrown together by chance, they soon became intimate friends. When the Congreves went abroad in May 1859 Maria wrote frequently, and in July they met at Lucerne, where GE remained while GHL went to visit his sons at Hofwyl.

Congreve was one of the original partners in the *Leader*[3] and of

2. Mrs. Richard Congreve to GE, 1 May 1859. (Yale.)

3. The *London Gazette*, 10 June 1851, lists him among those withdrawing from partnership.

course knew GHL's writings on Comte, which antedated his own interest. Though GHL shared his enthusiasm for the scientific and sociological aspects of Positivism, he never accepted the Religion of Humanity. GE, having long outgrown the crude antagonism of Strauss and Feuerbach, yearned for some rational faith to replace the one she had lost. She was deeply impressed by Comte's *Catéchisme positive,* translated by Congreve in 1858, and discussed it earnestly with her new friends. The Religion of Humanity appealed strongly to her feelings, but she could never bring her reason to unqualified belief in it. When the Positivist Society was established in 1867 she and GHL attended Congreve's first lectures; till the end of her life she contributed £5 annually in support of the work.

Congreve's devotion to the new faith was ardent and even fanatical. His dictatorial attitude eventually split the English Positivists; in 1878 when Laffite was chosen titular head of the movement, Congreve declared himself independent and broke with Harrison and others of his original disciples. In these quarrels GE refused to take part, and though her sympathy lay with Harrison, her personal relations with the Congreves remained untroubled to the end. Her greatest anxiety when she married Cross was how Mrs. Congreve would receive the news.

Mrs. Congreve was "much pained, but bearing up," her husband told a young Positivist, who was indignant at GE's repudiation of perpetual widowhood. "Remember always that she is not nor ever has been more than by her acceptance of the general idea of Humanity a Positivist, so that she will not harm our cause as much as she might have done had she given a more complete assent. . . . You may state strongly that Mrs. Lewes never accepted the details of the system, never went beyond the central idea." [3a]

GE's letters to the Congreves are in the possession of Miss Emily Geddes, the only owner of GE letters who has declined to allow them to be included. The extracts published in Cross are reprinted here.

THE CROSS FAMILY

Anna Chalmers Wood Cross (1813–78) was the widow of William Cross of St. Michael's Mount, Aigburth, Liverpool, later of Champion Hill, Camberwell, by whom she had had ten children:

1. Elizabeth Dennistoun (1836–69), m. William Henry Bullock (later Hall).
2. William (1838–1916).

3a. Richard Congreve to Sophie Edger, 10 May 1880. (Wadham College, Oxford.)

3. John Walter (1840–1924) m. GE.
4. Anna Bowling Buchanan (1841–1921) m. Albert Druce.
5. Mary Finlay (1843–1902) referred to as Marly.
6. Richard James (1845–1917) m. (1) Matilda Redmond; (2) Annie Redmond.
7. Eleanor (1847–95) referred to as Nelly.
8. Emily Helen (1848–1907) m. Francis Otter.
9. Alexander (1851–65).
10. Florence Nightingale (1857–1915) m. Henry Weston Eve.

In October 1867, while they were on a walking trip in Surrey, Herbert Spencer introduced GHL to Mrs. Cross. She and her daughters, driven out of their house at Weybridge by a fire, had taken refuge at the Hand and Spear, where Spencer and GHL put up for the night.[4] They spent an interesting evening together, and Elizabeth Cross, who had just published *An Old Story, and Other Poems,* was invited to call on GE. She soon did so, but the intimacy between the families did not begin at that time. At Rome in April 1869 GE and GHL again met Elizabeth, now Mrs. Bullock, who was on her wedding trip, and they dined together and exchanged calls. A few days later Mrs. Cross arrived with her son John, who went with her to call on GE and GHL. Late in the summer when they had all returned to England GE and GHL went to lunch with the Crosses at Weybridge, and from then on they met frequently.

John Walter Cross after two years at Rugby had entered the family banking firm of Dennistoun, Cross and Co. in New York, whither his brother Richard eventually followed him. In 1869 he returned to carry on the business in London. He soon undertook GE's investments and handled them well. He was a frequent and welcome visitor on Sunday afternoons at the Priory. In their letters GE and GHL refer to him as "Nephew Johnnie." After GHL died in November 1878 Cross, whose mother had died just a week later, wrote GE sympathetic letters. "Some time, if I live, I shall be able to see you," she replied, "—perhaps sooner than any one else—but not yet." (22 January 1879.) A month later she received him for the first time. To her old friend Herbert Spencer, who called the same day, she was not at home. Thereafter Cross came often, at first to discuss investments, but soon more personal matters. When she moved to Witley they met every few days. They began to read Dante together. After ten months of widowhood, she begins a letter to him: "Best loved and loving one." In the following spring the decision was made. Cross's sisters and brothers welcomed her affectionately into

4. Mrs. E. M. Sellar, *Recollections and Impressions,* 1908, pp. 290–291.

the family, and they were married 6 May 1880 at St. George's, Hanover Square. GE was in her sixty-first year; Cross was thirty-nine.

FRANÇOIS D'ALBERT-DURADE

Alexandre Louis François D'Albert-Durade (1804–86) was a dwarf not more than four feet tall, with a deformed spine but a finely shaped head.[5] He was born at Lausanne, the son of Paul and Jeanne Louise Lombard D'Albert; they died when he was very young, and he was adopted by Mlle Jeanne Sara Durade of Geneva, who added her name to his own.[6] For a time he studied theology, intending to become an Evangelical minister, but gave up the plan in order to study painting with Joseph Hornung. Though he painted a few historical scenes, his work consists mostly of portraits, among them one of GE done in 1850. He was Curator of the Permanent Exhibition of the Athénée from 1857 until his death. In 1834 he married Julie Covelle (1800–80), by whom he had two sons. At their house, 107 Rue des Chanoines (now 18 Rue de la Pélisserie), GE lived from October 1849 to March 1850, when D'Albert accompanied her to England and made a brief visit to the Brays at Coventry.

A very sensitive person, he may have suggested some traits for Philip Wakem, the shy, deformed young lover of Maggie Tulliver in *The Mill on the Floss.* GE corresponded with him during the rest of her life. Most of the early letters were in French, and D'Albert-Durade told Cross he destroyed them because, GE having received Mme D'Albert's permission to *tutoyer* him, he was afraid that people might attach some malevolent significance to them after his death.[7] Later she wrote in English, and many of these letters he copied out for Cross to use in the New Edition of *George Eliot's Life.*

In 1859 when GE wrote to inquire about a Genevese who had asked permission to translate *Adam Bede* into French, he volunteered to undertake the task himself. It was published in 1861. Later he translated *The Mill on the Floss* (1863), *Silas Marner* (1863), *Romola* (1878), and *Scenes of Clerical Life* (1884).

THE EVANS FAMILY

George Evans (1740–1830), a carpenter of Norbury, Derbyshire, and his wife Mary Leech (1738–1803) had eight children:

I. Mary (b. 1765).

5. GE to Mr. and Mrs. Bray, 24 October 1849.
6. *Schweizerische Kunstler-Lexikon,* 3 vols., Frauenfeld, 1905–13, I, 18.
7. F. D'Albert-Durade to J. W. Cross, 23 February 1885. (Yale.)

II. George (b. 1766).

III. William (1769–1847), a carpenter and builder of Ellastone, Staffordshire, who had a son William.

IV. Thomas (1771–1847).

V. Robert (1773–1849), also bred to the carpenter's trade, became about 1799 agent at Kirk Hallam for Francis Parker Newdigate, who, having inherited a life interest in the Arbury estate of Sir Roger Newdigate in Warwickshire, took Robert Evans with him as agent. He married (1) in 1801 Harriet Poynton (d. 1809), by whom he had two children:

i. Robert (1802–64), who succeeded his father as agent at Kirk Hallam and married Jane Attenborough, by whom he had seven children:

1. Isaac; 2. Robert (1832–1911); 3. Harriette; 4. Mary; 5. Frances Lucy; 6. Sir Alfred Henry (1847–1936); 7. Walter Sacheverell.

ii. Frances Lucy (1805–82), who married Henry Houghton (d. 1864).

Robert Evans married (2) in 1813 Christiana Pearson (1788?–1836), by whom he had three children:

i. Christiana (1814–59), who married in 1837 Edward Clarke (1809–52), a surgeon of Meriden, Warwickshire. They had nine children:

1. Edward (b. 1838); 2. Robert Evans (1838–55), drowned at sea; 3. Mary Louisa (1841–42); 4. Clara Christiana (1842–49); 5. Emily Susannah (1814–1924); 6. Christopher Charles (1845–1912), emigrated to Australia; 7. Leonard (1847–48); 8. Fanny (1849–57); 9. Catherine (1851–60).

ii. Isaac Pearson (1816–90), who married in 1841 Sarah Rawlins (1806–81), by whom he had four children:

1. Edith, who married the Rev. William Griffiths; 2. the Rev. Frederic Rawlins (1842–1927), who married Charlotte Rotherham; 3. Walter Pearson (1846–1920), who married Grace Mackie; 4. Eleanor Mary (d. 1923).

iii. MARY ANNE [8] (1819–1880), the novelist GE, who married in 1880 John Walter Cross (1840–1924).

8. I give here the spelling used in the entry of GE's baptism in the Chilvers Coton parish register. Though she wrote it this way a few times, she and the members of her family commonly spelled it Mary Ann.

VI. Ann (1775–1860), who married William Green. They had six children:
  i. Mary.
  ii. Samuel.
  iii. Frances Louisa, who married Thomas Mottram.
  iv. Elizabeth, who married Thomas Oakden.
  v. George.
  vi. Harriet.

VII. Samuel (1777–1858), also a carpenter. At the age of eighteen he was converted to Methodism, despite the teasing of his brothers, and began to attend meetings of the sect. Elizabeth Tomlinson (1776–1849), employed as a lace mender at Nottingham, was also a recent convert. She had adopted a severe sort of Quaker costume and thrown herself with zeal into works of piety. In 1802 she visited Mary Voce, a convicted child murderer, in Nottingham Gaol and rode with her to the execution. This episode, which furnished the germ of *Adam Bede,* brought her a certain notoriety. In spite of the disapproval of the Wesleyan Conference, she went about preaching with great ardor. It was at one of her sermons that Samuel Evans first saw her. They were married in 1804 and had three children:
  i. Samuel.
  ii. Mary.
  iii. Elizabeth, who married ——— Walker of Wirksworth.

  In 1807 they moved to Derby, where Samuel practiced his trade as a carpenter and preached on the Methodist circuit until 1814, when he joined with two partners in establishing a tape manufactory at Wirksworth. Disagreement with the authorities about women as preachers led Mrs. Evans to withdraw for a few years from the Wesleyans and join the Arminian Methodists, among whom she had "full liberty of prophesying." [9]

VIII. Susannah (1781–1811).

Only one of GE's letters to her father has been found, the remarkable one describing her altered religious views [28 February 1842]. There are, however, a good many to her half sister Fanny (Mrs. Henry Houghton), a clever and intelligent woman who held some views as radical as GE's but was too prudent to make herself singular by discussing them openly. No letters to her sister Chrissey (Mrs. Edward

9. William Mottram, *The True Story of George Eliot in Relation to "Adam Bede,"* London, Francis Griffiths, 1905, p. 250.

Clarke) have been preserved, and only a few to her brother Isaac Evans. When she wrote him 26 May 1857 that she had a husband, he was so incensed that he had the family solicitor reply; and the silence between them was unbroken till he learned of her marriage to John Walter Cross twenty-four years later. But in the years of GE's fame Isaac's daughter Edith ventured to call at the Priory with her husband the Rev. William Griffiths. After the death of GE's half brother Robert, his son Robert established cordial relations with her and invited her and GHL to visit at Nottingham. The letters written to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Evans at the height of GE's Evangelical fervor are among the unhappiest examples of her epistolary style. The reader may hurry past with the consoling thought that without them we might not have had *Adam Bede.*

FREDERIC HARRISON

Frederic Harrison (1831–1923) first met GE at Richard Congreve's on New Year's Day 1860. The son of a prosperous London merchant, he had been an undergraduate at Wadham College, Oxford, 1849–53, when Congreve was tutor there and through him was strongly imbued with Positivism. After two years as a fellow, he went up to London to study law and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1858. He followed the profession for some time, but with little enthusiasm. His real interest lay in social reform: He taught at the Working Men's College, wrote indefatigably in behalf of many liberal causes, and served as a member of the Royal Commission on Trades Unions. He had been from its beginning a writer for the *Fortnightly Review,* of which GHL was editor, and it was probably his article on "Industrial Co-operatives" in 1866 that prompted GE to seek his advice on the intricate legal matters in *Felix Holt the Radical.* Their correspondence, both sides of which are given, throws new light on the composition of this novel.

In thanking her for a copy of the book Harrison suggested that GE write a poem embodying "the complete ideal of Comte." As an example he sketched a story laid in Normandy in the 19th century to illustrate "the possibility in real life of healthy moral control over societies." His letter evidently impelled her to return to *The Spanish Gypsy,* begun as a play in 1864 and put aside. Though Congreve spoke approvingly of it as a "mass of Positivism," it satisfied Harrison neither as propaganda nor as poetry. While working on *Daniel Deronda* GE appealed to him again for legal advice, which Harrison, though no longer actively practicing law, took pains to give.

He was a regular caller at the Priory both before and after his mar-

riage to his cousin Ethel Harrison in 1870. Having completely accepted the Religion of Humanity, he devoted much of his time to the services of the Positivist Society, for which in 1877 he tried to persuade GE to help write a liturgy. He was the leader of the group that remained loyal to Laffite when Congreve declared himself sole head of the English Positivists. Both Congreve and Harrison are listed among the mourners at GE's funeral, though they rode in different carriages.

THE LEWES FAMILY

George Henry Lewes (1817–78) was the youngest son of John Lee and Elizabeth Ashweek Lewes (1787–1870), later Mrs. John Willim. Little is known of his early life except that he "was at school in London, in Jersey, and in Brittany before being sent to Dr. [Charles Parr] Burney's once famous seminary at Greenwich. School-years over he was successively in a notary's office and a Russia merchant's counting-house, before, having walked the London hospitals for a time, he threw himself into London literature." [1] Wherever he got it, he had a good command of Latin and Greek; and a keen intellectual curiosity that never forsook him attracted about him a circle of young men interested in philosophy, science, and literature. When only seventeen he was sending tales and poems to the magazines and making the acquaintance of Dickens, John Stuart Mill, Leigh Hunt, and Bulwer-Lytton.

In the autumn of 1838 he went abroad, supporting himself by giving English lessons and sending articles to periodicals at home. He spent most of a year in Berlin, returning by way of Dresden, Vienna, and Strasbourg. In the spring of 1840 he went again for a shorter stay. It was probably as a tutor that he was introduced into the family of Swynfen Jervis, M.P., of Darlaston Hall, Chatcull, Staffordshire, whose eldest daughter Agnes (1822–1902) he married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, 18 February 1841. Agnes was intelligent as well as beautiful and for several years collaborated with him in translating Balzac and adapting articles from the French, which GHL disposed of to periodicals as his own. The circle of their friends included the families of Smith Williams, Samuel Laurence the painter, Thornton Leigh Hunt (1810–73), and several other young couples who shared their radical opinions. GHL and Hunt were the guiding spirits in establishing a new weekly paper, the *Leader,* Hunt being responsible for the politics and GHL for the literary and dramatic sections. Few men were more versatile than GHL. In drama, biography, journalism, philosophy, psychology, zool-

1. Francis Espinasse, *Literary Recollections and Sketches,* New York, Dodd Mead, 1893, p. 274.

ogy, and physiology he left his mark. His critical writing, always lucid and bright, is notably independent and extraordinary in range. George Bernard Shaw calls him "the most able and brilliant critic between Hazlitt and our own contemporaries." [2] Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff describes a conversation about GHL two weeks after his death: "Morley, I observed, put him very high as a philosopher, Huxley as a physiologist; Arnold thought him strongest as a dramatic critic. Both Morley and Harrison seemed to think that he would appear a more considerable person to posterity than he did to his contemporaries. I have always thought that it was the fashion to underrate him quite absurdly. I have certainly myself come across very few people who did so many different things so well. His appearance was that of a monkey; but I invariably found him a particularly agreeable and likeable person, both in his own house and out of it." [3]

The Leweses had four sons, who are noticed separately below. Then in April 1850, two weeks after the first number of the *Leader* appeared, Agnes Lewes gave birth to a fifth son, whose father was Thornton Hunt. A man of advanced views, GHL forgave the offense, had the child registered as Edmund Alfred Lewes, and continued on friendly terms with his wife and Hunt. In the *Leader* he described his family as consisting of "four boys and a human Rose in the shape of their mother." [4] But the offense was repeated; and after Mrs. Lewes bore Hunt a second child Rose Agnes, 21 October 1851, GHL ceased to regard her as his wife. Having once condoned her adultery, he was precluded from asking for a divorce. His home was hopelessly broken up, and he spoke of this as "a very dreary, *wasted* period of my life. I had given up all ambition whatever, lived from hand to mouth, and thought the evil of each day sufficient." [5] About this time he was introduced to GE, then editing the *Westminster Review* in London.

At first she was rather repelled by his ugly face, deeply scarred with smallpox—"a miniature Mirabeau," she called him. But she soon recognized the remarkable quality of his mind. Through references to him in the letters we trace the gradual change of her feelings toward him. He consulted her about contributions to the *Westminster Review;* they took long walks together or went to plays that he had to review for the *Leader.* He suffered from painful headaches which prevented him from

2. *The Collected Works of George Bernard Shaw,* 30 vols., 1930–31, xxv, 163.

3. Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant Duff, *Notes from a Diary, 1873–1881,* 2 vols., London, John Murray, 1898, II, 88.

4. *Leader,* 15 June 1850, p. 258.

5. GHL Journal, 28 January 1859.

working, sometimes for weeks; during these periods GE would correct his proofs or write reviews for his part of the *Leader*. In 1853 after she left the Chapmans' and went into lodgings at 21 Cambridge Street they saw each other almost daily. Here GHL poured out to her his unhappy story. She was convinced that his marriage to Agnes was ended for good; and after careful consideration of the social ostracism it would entail, she agreed to live with him as his wife, "quite prepared to accept the consequences . . . without irritation or bitterness." [6]

In July 1854 they went to Germany together, staying some months at Weimar while GHL collected material for the biography of Goethe, a pioneer work which long held its place as the standard life. Returning to England in 1855 they settled at Richmond. The following summer was spent at Ilfracombe, Tenby, the Scilly Isles, and Jersey, zoologizing for *Sea-Side Studies*, which after appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine* were reprinted in 1858.

Agnes kept GHL's sons until they were old enough to be sent to school in Switzerland. He remained on friendly terms with them all, contributing to the support of Agnes and her family as long as he lived; afterward GE continued the regular payments. Mrs. Lynn Linton, probably ignorant of the facts, tried to picture "that faithful and loving man, that loyal and devoted friend, Thornton Hunt" [7] as playing somehow the more honorable part in this curious triangle. She could hardly have known that Hunt was the father of two children by his own wife and two by Agnes born within weeks of each other: Rose Agnes Lewes (21 October 1851), Brian Courthope Leigh Hunt (6 January 1852), Ethel Isabella Lewes (9 October 1853), and Beatrice Mary Leigh Hunt (16 November 1853). His connection with Agnes continued as late as 21 May 1857, when Mildred Jane Lewes was born.

After the triumph of *Adam Bede* GHL devoted himself more and more to making GE's arrangements with publishers and protecting her from hostile criticism. He helped edit the *Cornhill Magazine*, 1862–64, the *Fortnightly Review*, 1865–66, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 1865–68, contributing copiously to them all. But his health was never strong enough to stand the rigors of editorship, and he resigned to spend the last years of his life fostering GE's genius and writing his *Problems of Life and Mind*. At the time of his death 30 November 1878 he was working on the third volume, which GE finished and published the following year.

6. GE to Charles Bray, [23 October 1854].

7. Eliza Lynn Linton, *The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland*, 3 vols., 1885, I, 278.

Charles Lee Lewes (1842–91) was educated at the Hofwyl School near Berne. In 1860 he returned to England and entered the Post Office service as a clerk in the Secretary's Office, of which he rose to become Principal Clerk in 1880. He resigned in 1886. He married 20 March 1865 Gertrude Hill, granddaughter of Dr. Southwood Smith and sister of the social reformer Octavia Hill. They had three daughters: Blanche Southwood Lewes, Mrs. Edward Hanson (b. 1872); Maud Southwood Lewes, Mrs. John Rowland Hopwood (1874–1931); and Elinor Southwood Lewes, Mrs. Ernest Carrington Ouvry (b. 1877). Inheriting something of his father's intellectual interests and literary talent, he published several translations from the German. He died at Luxor, Egypt, 26 April 1891.

Thornton Arnott Lewes (1844–69) left Hofwyl in 1860 to go to the High School at Edinburgh to be prepared for the Indian examinations. Perhaps more than any of the other children he had his father's humor and rare charm. He was less apt at books than Charles, however, his only literary work being a pamphlet *Forged Stamps: How to Detect Them,* published in collaboration with E. L. Pemberton at Edinburgh in 1863. Apparently he gave more time to this pursuit than to Sanscrit. After failing the examinations he was dissuaded with difficulty from going off to fight the Russians in Poland. In 1863 his father sent him out to Natal, where he secured a grant of land on the Orange River and started farming. In 1868 he contracted tuberculosis of the spine. Returning to London he died 19 October 1869.

Herbert Arthur Lewes (1846–75) after six years at Hofwyl learned farming in Scotland and England before joining Thornton in Natal in 1866. In 1871 he married Miss Eliza Stevenson Harrison, whose family had been established in the colony for some years. They had two children, Marian Lewes (b. 1872) and George Herbert Lewes (b. 1875). His agricultural ventures did not prosper, and his health also declined. He died 29 June 1875. In 1879 Eliza and her two children came to England, where GE arranged for their support, setting up in her will a trust fund of £12,500 to be divided equally between the children after Eliza's death or remarriage.

St. Vincent Arthy Lewes (11 May 1848–23 March 1850) was born at 26 Bedford Place, Kensington, and died there of "Hooping Cough and Measles, 3 weeks, Oppressed Brain and Convulsions, 6 days."

MARIA LEWIS

The most important early influence on GE was that of her teacher Maria Lewis (1800?–87). A native of Ireland, she was principal governess at Mrs. Wallington's [8] school at Nuneaton when GE was sent there at the age of eight or nine. She seems to have taken an immediate interest in the bright but unprepossessing-looking child, and the affectionate relationship between them remained untroubled until GE was twenty-two. Her father's journal records his going to the school "for Mary Ann, it being her [tenth] birthday. Miss Lewis came with her to Coton Church and dined with us." [9]

Onto the Midland dialect spoken by the Evans family Miss Lewis grafted a pedantic Johnsonian English from which GE did not escape for many years. She also inculcated in the impressionable young girl a most painful form of Evangelical piety that frowned on every kind of worldly amusement. So earnest was Miss Lewis in her convictions that she would not accept a much-needed position with a nonconformist family.

Even after GE had gone on to the Miss Franklins' school at Coventry in her thirteenth year she kept up her friendship with Miss Lewis, who left Nuneaton to become governess in the family of the Rev. Latimer Harper (now spelled Harpur) at Burton Latimer. There GE's earliest extant letters are addressed to her. Though suffering the indignities that were a governess's usual lot in the 19th century, she remained till the end of 1841. In the following January she was staying with GE while waiting to take possession of a boarding school of her own in Chilvers Coton. Miss Lewis's influence declined as GE began to lose her Evangelical ardor. The break became definite in 1841 after GE moved to Foleshill. Though they were hopelessly separated intellectually, their old affection survived, and Miss Lewis still came to spend part of her holidays with her favorite pupil. "Mary Ann . . . is

8. Mrs. Nancy Wallington (1766?–1838) was the widow of John Wallington (d. 1805) of Charlcote. Her daughter Nancy (1803–40) was married 5 July 1825 to James Williams Buchanan and could not have been managing the school when GE went there in 1827. M. J. West's directory lists her in 1830 simply as "N. Wallington, ladies boarding school, Church lane." Cross, I, 21, is the first to give the name as *Miss* Wallington. But Robert Evans's entry in his Journal, 4 February 1832, seems conclusive: "Paid Mrs. Wallington's Bill for Mary Ann's schooling 23.3.0." She is probably alluded to in the notes for characters that GE jotted down on the back of a calendar for January 1876: "Widow supporting herself by keeping a school: imperfectly instructed: domineered over by her head teacher." (Yale.)

9. Robert Evans's Journal, 22 November 1829. Extract in Tinker Collection, Yale.

going to have a stupid Miss Lewis visitor for a fortnight, which will keep her at home," wrote Mrs. Bray in January 1847. It was perhaps their last meeting.

Miss Lewis saved GE's letters, which constitute the chief record of her early life. The last one we have is dated [27 May 1842]. Then for many years there was silence between them. Miss Lewis, who had retired to Leamington to live on her meager savings, read GE's novels avidly and took just pride in the achievements of a mind she had been one of the first to recognize as remarkable. At length in September 1874 GE learned of her whereabouts and wrote, sending £10 as a token of remembrance. "What a divergence there has been in our different careers!" exclaimed Miss Lewis. "As 'George Eliot' I have traced you as far as possible and with an interest which few could feel; not many knew you as intimately as I once did, though we have been necessarily separated for so long. My heart has ever yearned after you, and pleasant it is truly in the evening of life to find the old love still existing." [1] Each year about this season GE sent her £10.

She survived GE by seven years, long enough to read Cross's biography. "Such memories!" she wrote him. "Your work has marvellously brought out the doings and changes of the thirty years of silence between us, and the end almost unhinged me, bringing back the old sadness. What it must have been to you to pen it all!" [2]

ALEXANDER MAIN

Alexander Main (1841–1918) of Arbroath went to Glasgow University intending to study for the ministry. For some reason he changed his mind and, going back to Arbroath, served as a pupil-teacher, living with his mother, who apparently had some means. He is described as "a little fellow, dark with bright clear-looking eyes"; [3] and though he "used his knife in a dangerous manner at lunch," all the ladies were taken with him.[4] A number of anecdotes record his notable lack of tact.

He wrote GE 31 July 1871 inquiring about the pronunciation of *Romola,* which he praised extravagantly. The correspondence thus begun was fostered by GHL, who welcomed every help in overcoming GE's morbid depression and self-distrust. Before the year was out Main had written them more than twenty long, rhapsodic letters. In September he asked permission to prepare a volume of extracts from GE's

1. Maria Lewis to GE, 20 September 1874. (Yale.)
2. Maria Lewis to J. W. Cross, [1885]. (Yale.)
3. John Blackwood to GE, 26 October 1871. (NLS.)
4. John Blackwood to William Blackwood, [24 October 1871]. (NLS.)

works, which was at once granted, and GHL wrote Blackwood asking him to publish it. Though somewhat amused at "the Worshipper of Genius" (or "the Gusher," as he called him privately), Blackwood agreed, and the *Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings of George Eliot* appeared in December 1871. A second edition in 1872 added "sayings" from *Middlemarch.*

GHL next suggested that Main abridge Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* volunteering to contribute a preface. This book, published by Chapman and Hall in 1874, proved less successful, and the harsh reviews are said to have soured Main against further literary ventures. He lived quietly with his mother and sisters at Arbroath, enjoying a modest local reputation as a lecturer and literary critic. His correspondence with GE and GHL gradually dwindled away. About sixty of his letters to them are in the National Library of Scotland, but of those they wrote him only a few have come to light, though copies he made exist.

THE SIBREES

Among GE's first acquaintances at Foleshill in 1841 were the family of the Rev. John Sibree (pronounced Sighbree), Minister of the Independent Chapel in Vicar Lane, Coventry. His two children John (1823–1909) and Mary (1824–95) were already manifesting an inquiring spirit that made them peculiarly interesting to GE. John obligingly gave GE Greek lessons, while she volunteered to teach Mary German, reading the *Faust* with her.

In 1842–43 John studied under Tholuck at Halle, Germany, where he imbibed the Higher Criticism. For a time after his return to England he taught at Spring Hill College, Birmingham. GE's letters addressed to him there in 1848 are among the liveliest she ever wrote. He translated Hegel's *Lectures on the Philosophy of History* in 1849. The following year he married Anna (b. 1823), daughter of Joseph Cash of Coventry and settled at Stroud, Gloucestershire as a teacher.

Mary Sibree was married in 1852 to Anna's brother John Cash (1822–80); they had a son John and a daughter Mary. In 1857 they moved to Rosehill, which they had purchased from the Brays. Though Mrs. Cash corresponded occasionally with GE and called at the Priory a few times in latter years, they were not on very intimate terms after GE left Foleshill. Mrs. Cash's reminiscences of GE's life in Foleshill, contributed to the second edition of Cross, are among the most valuable materials for a biography.

HERBERT SPENCER

Herbert Spencer (1820–1903) corresponded with GE for twenty-seven years, but the letters between them, which were extant after his death, have disappeared. When GE came to London to live he was subeditor of the *Economist* just across the Strand from Chapman's, where they used to meet. They had many interests in common. To a friend he described her as "the most admirable woman, mentally, that I ever met," [5] and they were seen so much together that before long every one was setting them down as engaged. But Spencer, who was to die a bachelor at the age of eighty-three, had no intention of marrying GE, who soon wrote the Brays: "We have agreed that we are not in love with each other and that there is no reason why we should not have as much of each other's society as we like." [6]

After GE's death Spencer refused to let Cross use her letters in the *Life,* and, when invited to contribute a sketch of her, replied that he had already written one but was saving it for his own *Autobiography.* When he learned from newspaper gossip of a generally believed rumor that he had been engaged to GE only to be jilted when GHL came upon the scene, he was greatly perturbed and sent Cross a note of contradiction to be inserted in the *Life:* "The intimacy naturally led to rumours. It was said that Mr. Spencer was in love with her. This however was not true. I have the best possible warrant for saying that his feeling did not pass the limits of friendship." [7] The sensitive widower, finding this "jarring," suggested a version of his own. "Much better no note at all than the one you propose," Spencer replied. Cross took him at his word; and in the final proofs he deleted from GE's letter the words "that we are not in love with each other" so that the sentence was reduced to the harmless: "We have agreed that there is no reason why we should not have as much of each other's society as we like." [8]

About the time GE and GHL went abroad together Spencer began to develop vague functional symptoms that made him more or less a nervous invalid for fifty years. Imagining that he had heart disease, he would stop in the midst of company to feel his pulse, or if he thought the conversation too exciting, close his ears with stoppers. He

5. Herbert Spencer to Francis Edward Lott, 23 April 1852. Spencer, *Autobiography,* I, 394.

6. GE to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray, [27 April 1852].

7. Spencer's letters to Cross, from which this and the following quotation are taken, are at Yale.

8. The deletion was made after the proofs had gone to Harpers for the American ed., which includes the whole sentence.

suffered from insomnia and sometimes slept with his head wrapped in cloths soaked in cold salt water. He was morbidly sensitive about the priority of his ideas, asserting his claims with jealous animosity. GE was the first to note the habit opponents often charged him with of forcing facts to fit his hypotheses; she describes a walk they took to Kew to test a theory about plants—a "proof-hunting expedition," she calls it, "for if the flowers don't fit his theories, tant pis pour les fleurs." [9]

Except for a brief coolness caused by his unintentional betrayal of the secret that GE was the author of *Adam Bede* and a later dispute over GHL's suggestion that his system owed something to Comte's, they remained good friends to the end. As his *Synthetic Philosophy* took form, the difference between their minds grew more apparent. He was always seeking a simple formula to explain the multiform complexity of human life; GE, no less critical, more powerful in intellect, tempered her judgment with deep human sympathy, finding in the dullest and most perverse an individual spirit to be respected.

ELMA FRASER STUART

Elvorinda Eliza Maria (commonly called Elma) Fraser Stuart (1837?–1903) was the youngest daughter of William James and May Anne Cumming Fraser of Ladhope, Roxburghshire. She was married in 1860 to John Glass Gordon Stuart, a lieutenant in the Black Watch, of whom little is known beyond what can be found in *Hart's Army List.* He first appears as ensign 1 June 1855 and lieutenant (by purchase) 1 May 1857. He was serving in India 1 January 1858 but three months later exchanged with Lieutenant Mitchell of the St. Helena regiment. He retired 23 September 1862, having sold his commission. Soon after, according to his son Roland, Stuart died, leaving his wife "with a small pittance on which to live and educate her son." [1] But in 1878 under the will of her step-father Sir James Coxe of Kinellan she received life-rent of a substantial fortune.[2]

In 1870 when Mrs. Stuart and her son were living at Dinan she learned wood carving from craftsmen driven out of Paris by the Franco-Prussian War. Having conceived a great admiration for GE's works, Mrs. Stuart made a book-slide and sent it in care of the Messrs. Blackwood with a note begging its acceptance. It was the first of many such gifts and began a rather fervid correspondence that lasted until GE's death. Mrs. Stuart was one of the most conspicuous examples of

9. GE to Sara Sophia Hennell, [29 June 1852].

1. Stuart, p. viii.

2. The will of Sir James Coxe of Kinellan, Scottish Record Office, Edinburgh.

GE's strong influence on women. After her death at Mentone, her body was brought to London and buried at Highgate Cemetery in the grave next to GE's. Her tombstone bears no dates nor even the Christian names of her husband: "Elma Stuart, née Fraser, of Ladhope, Roxburghshire, whom for 8½ blessed years George Eliot called by the sweet name of 'Daughter.' She was pioneer in England of the Salisbury system of prevention and cure of diseases and author of 'What Must I Do to Get Well? and How Can I Keep So?' . . ." GE's letters to her were edited by Roland Stuart, *Letters from George Eliot to Elma Stuart 1872–1880,* 1909. They are printed here from the original manuscripts in the British Museum.

LETTERS 1836-1851

Griff

1819 November 22	GE born Mary Anne Evans at South Farm, Arbury, Warwickshire.
1820 March	Moves to Griff.
1824	At Mrs. Moore's dame school.
1825–27	A boarder at Miss Lathom's school, Attleborough.
1828–32	A boarder at Mrs. Wallington's school, Nuneaton, where Maria Lewis was principal governess.
1832–35	A boarder at the Miss Franklins' school, Coventry.
1836 February 3	Mrs. Robert Evans dies.
1837 May 30	GE's sister Christiana Evans married to Edward Clarke of Meriden. GE becomes her father's housekeeper.
1840 January	GE's poem "Farewell" published in the *Christian Observer.*
1841 January 15	Robert Evans takes a house at Foleshill.
1841 March 17	GE moves to Foleshill.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS,[1] GRIFF, 6 JANUARY 1836

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Address:* Revd L. Harper | Burton Latimer | Northamptonshire. | Miss Lewis. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | JA 7 | 1836. *Published:* B. C. Williams, *George Eliot,* New York, Macmillan, 1936, pp. 24–26, with a facsimile of the first page; brief extract, Cross, I, 29–30.

Griff Wednesday | January 6. / 36.

My dear Miss Lewis,

I am grieved and ashamed that we should have appeared so unmindful of your kindly expressed desire to hear from us respecting our dear Mother's health. I will not say that our silence was altogether unavoidable, for had we borne in mind our promise we had many opportunities of forwarding a note to you previous to your departure from Nuneaton; but I trust that the entire occupation of our minds on other and painful subjects will be a sufficient plea for our seeming neglect. Since we saw you at Griff, [my][2] dear Mother has suffered a great increase of pain, and though she has for the last few days been much relieved, we dare not hope that there will be a permanent improvement. Our anxieties on her account though so great have been since Thursday almost lost sight of in the more sudden and consequently more severe trial which we have been called to endure in the alarming illness of my dear Father. For four days we had no cessation of our anxiety, but I am thankful to say that he is now considered out of danger, though very much reduced by frequent bleeding and very powerful medicines.[3]

My Mother and Sister unite with me in love to you, and my Brother[4] begs me to present his kind regards. We all hope that your health is established by change of air and scene. I need scarcely apologize for the disgraceful untidiness of my note, as you may well imagine that neither my hand nor my head is in a very favourable state for writing; but I must tell you that I am compelled to send you this paper that looks so poverty-stricken in consequence of Mr. Bucknill's[5] having drawn on my stock till it is quite exhausted.

1. See Introduction.

2. Partly torn out with the seal.

3. Robert Evans's Journal, 31 December 1835, describes his illness as "inflamation upon the kidneys." 1 January 1836: "Mr. Bucknill attended me night and day." 3 January: "Dr. Mellor attended me as well as Mr. Bucknill three days."

4. Christiana Evans (1814–59), Isaac Pearson Evans (1816–90), and Mary Anne Evans (1819–80) were the children of Robert Evans by his second wife, Christiana Pearson (1785–3 February 1836).

5. William Bucknill, surgeon at Nuneaton, is said to be the original of Mr. Pilgrim in *Scenes of Clerical Life.* See I. G. Mudge and M. E. Sears, *A George Eliot Dictionary,* 1924, p. 176.

Again begging you to accept my love and best wishes, I remain, my dear Miss Lewis

Yours very affectionately
Mary Anne Evans

We shall be glad to hear from you.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 26 MAY 1838

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | Northamptonshire. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | MY 27 | 1838. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Griff May 26th 1838. | Saturday Evening.

My dear Miss Lewis /

I have in vain waited for an opportunity of reminding you of myself in a more modest way than that I am adopting, and to which I have been enticed by hearing Miss Ball say that you meditate a trip to Nuneaton at Midsummer. Can I persuade you to devote to me, or rather, let me devote to you a part of those holidays? You know my circumstances, which I feel to be most inattractive, especially to one who has visited my home in brighter days; indeed it seems to savour of vanity to invite a friend when I have no society but my own to offer, and no amusement farther than a book, a walk, and a dialogue, things that may be had elsewhere of a much better kind. All I can say is will you come, and will it be any relaxation to you to spend I will not say how long, as long a time as you can with me? If so I assure you I shall be truly pleased to have you, and I am sure I may say the same of my father and brother.

By the bye you have not seen my dear sister since she has been *doubled* and now she is tripled![6] Yes, I assure you I am a very important personage, I am aunt to a very handsome boy! It is now nearly a month since he was presented to me, and his Christening is to take place next Thursday. I know you will be glad to hear that Chrissey is wonderfully well, a blessing that calls for much gratitude. Truly may change be called our only certainty; may our experience of the fact lead us feelingly to join in that beautiful collect[7] which closes with

6. Christiana Evans was married at Chilvers Coton 30 May 1837 to Edward Clarke, fifth son of Robert Clarke, Esq., of Brooksby Hall, Leicestershire. In the *British Medical Directory*, 1853, he is listed as Member of the Royal College of Surgeons and Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries, 1831. He was medical officer of the Union Workhouse at Meriden, where he lived. (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 193 [February 1853], 218.) His first child, Edward, was born 23 April 1838.

7. For the fourth Sunday after Easter.

praying that amidst all the changes of this transitory life, our hearts may *surely* there be fixed, where true joys are to be found. You have had a change of a trying nature since we met, the loss of a dear friend, but I trust you may safely apply the comfort the apostle gives to those whose friends sleep in Jesus, and that you have real warranty for not sorrowing as without hope.

I have written in the midst of interruptions, and a headache makes me feel quite incapable of filling my sheet, indeed if I could not improve on my style I think you would rather I said good bye at once. I have been mentally while writing making a parody on two lines of Young's—

> Tutors and governesses are awful names
> Whoever wear them challenge our devoir.[8]

My letter does not look as if I felt this, it is so sadly untidy, but what I have told you must excuse it.

Hoping to have a letter telling me when to expect you, I beg you to believe me, My dear Miss Lewis,

Yours very affectionately,
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, [18 AUGUST 1838]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Aug. 18. 1838. *Address:* Miss Lewis | Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | Northamptonshire. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | AU 18 | 1838. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 39–42.

Griff | Saturday Night.

My dear Friend /

My night thoughts are generally even more misty than my day thoughts; I would not therefore have inflicted them on you without good reason, especially as my letter writing is, like my chess playing, unpremeditated and quite at random, and so dependent on the immediate circumstances in which I write; but when I tell you that I have been to London, that neither my ménage nor my head is quite restored to order and quietude, that I have two correspondents besides yourself to whom I am anxious soon to reply, and a dozen other things of various kinds that *must* be done and that all require time, you will forgive me if of two evils I have chosen to write now at the risk of appearing extraordinarily stupid, rather than by delay to appear ungrateful for your kind remembrance of me.

8. Cf. Edward Young, *Night Thoughts,* VI, 291–292: "Monarchs and ministers are awful names!"

I really feel for you, sacrificing as you are your own tastes and comforts to the pleasure of others, and that in a manner the most trying to rebellious flesh and blood, for I verily believe that in most cases it requires more of a martyr's spirit to endure with patience and cheerfulness daily crossings and interruptions of our petty desires and pursuits, and to rejoice in them if they can be made to conduce to God's glory and our own sanctification, than even to lay down our lives for the truth.

I trust that the expected union may ultimately issue in the spiritual benefit of both parties; for my part when I hear of the marrying and giving in marriage that is constantly being transacted I can only sigh for those who are multiplying earthly ties which though powerful enough to detach their heart and thoughts from heaven, are so brittle as to be liable to be snapped asunder at every breeze. You will think I need nothing but a tub for my habitation to make me a perfect female Diogenes, and I plead guilty to occasional misanthropical thoughts, but not to the indulgence of them; still I must believe that those are happiest who are not fermenting themselves by engaging in projects for earthly bliss, who are considering this life merely a pilgrimage, a scene calling for diligence and watchfulness, not for repose and amusement. I do not deny that there may be many who can partake with a high degree of zest of all the lawful enjoyments the world can offer and yet live in near communion with their God; who can warmly love the creature, and yet be careful that the Creator maintains His supremity in their hearts; but I confess that in my short experience and narrow sphere of action I have never been able to attain this; I find, as Dr. Johnson said respecting his wine, total abstinence much easier than moderation.[9] But I am as usual becoming egotistical, and you by the bye have naughtily encouraged the habit. I am in danger of imitating the frog in the fable vainly imagining herself a rival for the ox, and such pride generally has a similar catastrophe to hers.

You must let me tell you though that I was not at all delighted with "the stir of the great Babel," [1] and the less so probably owing to the circumstances attending my visit thither. Isaac and I went alone (that seems rather Irish) and staid only a week, every day of which we worked hard at seeing sights. I think Greenwich Hospital interested me more than anything else. We heard on Sunday morning a very animated and experimental sermon from the Revd T. Dale [2] of whom

9. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, ed. G. B. Hill, rev. and enlarged by L. F. Powell, 6 vols., Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1934–50, II, 435.

1. William Cowper, *The Task*, IV, 87–88.

2. Thomas Dale (1797–1870) became Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet St. in 1835.

you may have heard. In the afternoon we went to St. Paul's where I grieve to say my strongest feeling was that of indignation (I mean during the sermon) towards the surpliced personages, chapters I think they are, who performed the chanting, for it appears with them a mere performance, their behaviour being that of schoolboys, glad of an opportunity to titter unreproved. If I am not mistaken we did not hear Mr. Craig [3] to advantage—it was the common swing of Goliah's arm, and I have no doubt would only enable us to *guess* the real force of the giant. I do not wonder you are pleased with Pascal; his thoughts may be returned to the palate again and again with increasing rather than diminished relish. I have highly enjoyed Hannah More's letters; the contemplation of so blessed a character as hers is very salutary.[4] "That ye be not slothful but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises," [5] is a valuable admonition. I was once told that there was nothing out of myself to prevent my becoming as eminently holy as St. Paul, and though I think that is too sweeping an assertion, yet it is very certain we are generally too low in our aims, more anxious for safety than sanctity, for place than purity, forgetting that each involves the other, and that as Doddridge tells us to rest satisfied with any attainments in religion is a fearful proof that we are ignorant of the very first principles of it. O that we could live only for Eternity, that we could realize its nearness! I know you do not love quotations so I will not give you one but if you do not distinctly remember it, do turn to the passage in Young's "Infidel reclaimed" beginning O vain vain vain all else, Eternity! [6] and do love the lines for my sake.

I heard a few days ago from dear Miss Rebecca Franklin who is now in her turn indisposed. Miss Franklin [7] is in her old station again but not with equal strength for its duties; so that these dear friends as well as others are for a time "in heaviness." [8] My dear Sister is tolerably well and our dear baby still fatter than when you saw him. Isaac presumes to say that I must send his love to you. And now, last not least,

3. Edward Craig, son of William Craig of Manchester, matriculated at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, in 1810, aged 21; B.A. 1814, M.A. 1818. He was Curate of Burton Latimer and tutor to the Harper children. Mr. Gerald W. Henderson, Sublibrarian and Archivist of St. Paul's Cathedral, who kindly searched the list of preachers, assures me that Craig could not have preached there. It is likely that GE heard him at Chilvers Coton.

4. This opinion of Hannah More was later completely reversed. See [11 February 1848].

5. Hebrews 6:12.

6. *Night Thoughts,* VI, 570.

7. Mary and Rebecca Franklin, daughters of the Rev. Francis Franklin, Baptist minister in Coventry, conducted the school which GE attended 1832–35.

8. I Peter 1:6.

for we save, you know, the choicest morsel till last, you tell me nothing about your own health which I fear is suffering from the confusion you describe. I beg you will not forget this when you write again, if I can hope that you will be magnanimous enough to forgive the trouble I fear my almost undecipherable letter will give you. Do not, pray write neatly to me, for I cannot undertake to correspond with any one who will not allow me to scribble, though this precious sheet has I think an extra portion of untidiness owing to my being from a cause I need not mention in a degree of perturbation that prevents my either thinking or writing as I should like. Men speak of the inequalities of this world, but I confess I think happiness very equally distributed. I speak of course of happiness as connected with externals, for those who have the Lord for their portion enjoy satisfaction utterly unknown to those without hope and without God in the world.[9] I feel unable to write more, and can only beg you to believe me

Your truly obliged and affectionate
Polly.

I beg you to believe that I *know* which way a letter should be directed, but that as in many more important cases I have failed to put my theory in practice.[10]

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON,[1] GRIFF, [4] SEPTEMBER 1838

Text: Bookman, 3 (October 1892), 19. The date is given as 9th, but Tuesday was the 4th. The MS was once in the possession of Mr. W. A. White of New York. See Leslie Stephen, *George Eliot,* 1902, p. 13.

Griff, Tuesday evening, September 9th, 1838.

My dear Friend

I pursue the same plan with my letter as I used when a little child with my pudding, that of dispatching the part for which I had the least relish first, and therefore I will dispose of such dry crust-like subjects as my reasons for not responding sooner to your welcome and undeservedly kind proof of your remembrance of me, and of my inability now to do so in a way that would satisfy my gratitude, as speedily as possible, that we may discuss without interruption the little sweetmeat my ill-furnished store-room may afford. I am at all times, as you conjecture, an important personage at home, but especially now, from a

9. Ephesians 2:12.

10. The address is identical with that of the preceding letter; others may have intervened with an incorrect address.

1. See Introduction: Martha Jackson Barclay.

cause you are probably not able to guess, as I fancy the custom of changing servants at Michaelmas is confined to Warwickshire. This one circumstance, added to your charity, which makes you look through green spectacles at the glaring defects of others, will serve to account for and excuse both my silence and my worthless mode of breaking it.

Many thanks for your warm and, I am certain, sincere invitations to G——. I hope it may not always be impossible to me to avail myself of them; at present my apparently harsh but doubtless well-meaning mistress Duty says, Stay at home. But you are under no such restriction, and therefore I may hope that you will have a little interval before spring summons you and the birds to migrate where you may have a permanent nest, in which you will be so denuded of allurements and obligations as to expend your ability of giving pleasure on me. I spent nearly three days with my Coventry friends last week, and I had the Miss Franklins successively at Griff to fill up a very short parenthesis in their half-year's engagements. . . .

On the last day I went with Miss Rebecca to an Oratorio at St. Michael's Church, where we heard Braham, Phillips, Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Knyvett,[2] and where, I think, I said farewell to all such expenditures of time and money. I think nothing can justify the using of an intensely interesting and solemn passage of Scripture, as a rope-dancer uses her rope, or as a sculptor the pedestal on which he places the statue, that is alone intended to elicit admiration. I think, too, that it is the duty of Christians individually to throw their weight, however dust-like, into that scale which as Christians they must profess to wish to preponderate; not to take the low ground of considering things merely with relation to existing circumstances, and graduating their scale of holiness to the temperature of the world; but to aim as perseveringly at perfection as if they believed it to be soon attainable. And if so, I ask myself can it be desirable, and would it be consistent with millenial holiness for a human being to devote the time and energies that are barely sufficient for real exigencies on acquiring expertness in trills, cadences, etc.? The only argument that seems to me to have any speciousness in favour of such exhibitions of skill is, that without them we should never have an opportunity of appreciating the beautiful powers of the human voice when carried to their highest point of improveability. But by once admitting such reasoning we disarm our-

2. John Braham (1774–1856), tenor; Henry Phillips (1801–76), bass; Mary Postans Shaw (1814–76), contralto, who had sung at many festivals, including that at Birmingham in 1837; and Deborah Travis Knyvett (d. 1876), soprano, wife of the composer and singer William Knyvett.

selves of every weapon against opera dancing, horse racing, nay, even against intemperance, which I have heard justified on the plea that since Providence has sent luxuries we are contemning them by abstinence.

But I am running on very selfishly with my own thoughts, without regarding the trouble I am giving you in expecting you to read what I dare say neither your theory nor your practice needs. I do know full well the variableness of mind and affection of which you speak; it is suited to humble and distress us, but may also quicken us to an increased ardour of exertion during our wakeful hours when eternity is realised by us in its awful nearness and importance; if such be the effect we shall have the joy of finding that as persons of riper years gradually lose that soundness and excess of sleep observable in growing children, so our intervals of spiritual drowsiness will decrease in duration and frequency. . . .

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 6–8 NOVEMBER 1838

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | Northamptonshire. *Postmarks:* COVENTRY | NO 9 | 1838. NORTHAMPTON | NO 10 | 1838. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 42–44.

Griff | November 6th 1838.

My very dear Friend,

Vain as I am I did not imagine that I had such a claim on your remembrance as to entitle me to an earlier proof of it than the welcome one I received yesterday; indeed had I not felt that quantity is scarcely a compensation for inferiority of quality I should have endeavoured (although not oppressed with leisure) to send you a second sheetful of scribble long ago. Your over exertion and consequent illness are no more than my fears had pictured; but I can hardly repress a sort of indignation towards second causes—that your time and energies should be expended in ministering to the petty interests of those far beneath you in all that is really elevating is about as biensćant as that I should set fire to a goodly volume to light a match by. Shall you spend Christmas solely with Mrs. Russel? [3] You know how glad we shall be to have you at any time. I always think that friendship would be much disencumbered if such feelings were made mere et ceteras to it, taken for granted and acted on without being expressed.

I have had a very unsettled life lately—Michaelmas with its onerous duties and anxieties, much company (for us), and little reading, so

3. Mrs. Edward Russell, of Eathorpe, Warwickshire, with whom Miss Lewis was staying in January 1841. See F. White, *Warwickshire,* 1850, p. 703.

that I am ill prepared for corresponding with profit or pleasure. I am generally in the same predicament with books as a glutton with his feast, hurrying through one course that I may be in time for the next and so not relishing or digesting either; not a very elegant illustration, but the best my organs of ideality and comparison [4] will furnish just now, it is partly owing to this mismanagement that I have not read Mr. Craig's lectures on Jacob [5] farther than the first of them, and I think I must even give them up and send them to you as soon as I possibly can, for I am now in the midst of Archbishop Leighton's Commentary on St. Peter,[6] a work by the bye that you would I am sure enjoy if you have not enjoyed it already.

November 7. I am obliged to take up my letter at any odd moment so you must excuse its being rather a patchwork, or to try to appear learned a tesselated or mosaic affair. I am obliged too to put down the thoughts that happen to be in view for if I staid long to meditate the opportunity would be past. Do you know a sweet hymn of Dr. Ryland's on those words of the Psalmist "All my times are in thy hand"? [7] I have felt this morning a kind of awe in reflecting after reading the sixteenth Psalm, that the exact place and time of my faith, temporal condition and spiritual advantages were and are the appointment of God. It seems to me the resort of those who say to the Almighty, "Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy ways," [8] rather than the fruit of a humble spirit, to consider our insignificance as mere atoms in the universe a reason for not daring to believe that we are the objects of the special and particular care of our Maker. I cannot help thinking that the chief design of the Almighty in creating those microscopic objects whose delicate and complicated conformations so astonish us was to leave us no plea for entertaining what are really dishonouring, low, and narrow ideas of God, though they assume an opposite character.

Are you fond of the study of unfulfilled prophecy? The vagaries of the Irvingites [9] and the blasphemies of Joanna Southcote [1] together

4. GE's earliest reference to phrenology.

5. Edward Craig, *Jacob; or, Patriarchal Piety. A Series of Discourses Delivered in St. James's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh*, 1822; 3d ed., 1830.

6. Robert Leighton, *A Practical Commentary upon the Two First Chapters of the First Epistle of St. Peter*, 1693. A new edition appeared in 1819.

7. Psalms 31:15. The hymn is quoted in full by GE in 27 February 1839.

8. Job 21:14.

9. The followers of Edward Irving (1792–1834), whose prophecy of the second coming of Christ to occur 11 August 1835 had aroused much excitement.

1. Joanna Southcote or Southcott (1750–1814) left a sealed box of "prophecies," which, when opened in 1927, was found to contain nothing of interest.

with the fanciful interpretations of more respectable names have been regarded as beacons, and have caused many persons to hold all diving into the future plans of Providence as the boldest presumption; but I do think that a sober and prayerful consideration of the mighty revolutions ere long to take place in our world would by God's blessing serve to make us less grovelling, more devoted and energetic in the service of God. Of course I mean only such study as pigmies like myself in intellect and acquirement are able to prosecute; the perusal and comparison of Scripture and the works of pious and judicious men on the subject. I wonder if you have read Mr. Williams's account of his missionary enterprises in the South Seas.[2] It is deeply interesting; truly the "isles are submitting to the Lord" and literally "wailing for His law" for in many islands the parting request of the inhabitants was "Do send us a teacher." If you have not seen the book and have an opportunity of choosing one for your society I think I may venture to say that it could not fail to interest any person of taste to say nothing of religion. Mr. W. is a dissenter but the B[isho]p of Chester [3] highly commended his work in a speech at a meeting of the Bible Society and it has since been purchased by all denominations. If you have any bigots near you there could not be a better book for them.

I have just begun the Life of Wilberforce [4] and I am expecting a rich treat from it. There is a similarity, if I may compare myself with such a man, between his temptations or rather besetments and my own that makes his experience very interesting to me. O that I might be made as useful in my lowly and obscure station as he was in the exalted one assigned to him. I feel myself to be a mere cumberer of the ground. May the Lord gi[ve] me such an insight into what is truly good and su[ch] realizing views of an approaching eternity, that I may not rest contented with making Christianity a mere addendum to my pursuits, or with tacking it as a fringe to my garments. May I seek to be sanctified wholly. My nineteenth birthday will soon be here (the 22d) an awakening signal! My mind has been much clogged lately by languor of body, to which I am prone to give way and for the removal of which I shall feel thankful.

If egotism be at any time excusable it is in writing to a friend, and to the charity of so kind a friend as yourself I dare trust for the pardon

2. John Williams (1796–1839), *A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands . . .*, 1838.

3. John Bird Sumner (1780–1862) was Bishop of Chester from 1828 to 1848, when he became Archbishop of Canterbury.

4. Robert Isaac and Samuel Wilberforce, *The Life of William Wilberforce*, 5 vols., 1838.

of all that is tedious and impertinent in this careless letter. After all it is an unspeakable mercy to have our souls at all occupied on our eternal interests, to have commenced in however small a degree to commune with our own hearts. A dear friend said to me the other day and the words made a deep impression on me "A little grace is an inestimable treasure; we should beware of rejecting or refusing to acknowledge what we have because it is so little."

My writing takes up so much room owing to its untidiness [5] that I have no room to answer all your kind enquiries. My dear Sister is quite well and so is her baby. I am not aware that there is any truth in the report you have heard of another member of our family. Dear Father is as well as usual.

We have had an oratorio at Coventry lately, Braham, Phillips, Mrs. Knyvett and Mrs. Shaw, the last I think I shall attend. I am not fitted to decide on the question of the propriety or lawfulness of such exhibitions of talent and so forth because I have no soul for music. "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth" [6] but for my part I humbly conceive it to be little less than blasphemy for such words as "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ" [7] to be taken on the lips of such a man as Braham (a Jew too!). I am a tasteless person but it would not cost me any regrets if the only music heard in our land were that of strict worship, nor can I think a pleasure that involves the devotion of all the time and powers of an immortal being to the acquirement of an expertness in so useless (at least in ninety nine cases out of a hundred) an accomplishment can be quite pure or elevating in its tendency. Thanks, you will say to the lack of room that prevents this everlasting prate-apace from annoying me farther.

And peace say I to the man whose thought devised a feather bed for it is now nearly 11 o'clock. Good night, my dear Friend. Love and remember

Your affectionate
Mary Ann Evans.

I am dismayed this morning to find many parts of my letter so illegible.

5. Though written rather close, this letter is not untidy.

6. Romans 14:22.

7. II Corinthians 5:20.

GE TO MRS. SAMUEL EVANS,[8] GRIFF, 6 FEBRUARY 1839

MS: Yale. *Address:* Mrs. Samuel Evans Senr | Tape Manufactory | Wirksworth | near Matlock | Derbyshire. *Postmark:* Illegible. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 45–47.

Griff February 6th 1839.

My dear Aunt,

I am so unwilling to believe that you can forget a promise, or to entertain fears respecting your health that I persuade myself I must have mistaken the terms of the agreement between us, and that *I* ought to have sent *you* a letter before I considered myself entitled to one from Wirksworth. However this may be, I feel so anxious to hear of your well-being in every way that I can no longer rest satisfied without using my only means of obtaining tidings of you. My dear Father is not at home to-night or I should probably have a message of remembrance to give you from him in addition to the good news that he is as well as he has been for the last two years, and even I think better, except that he feels more fatigue after exertion of mind or body than formerly. How are you, my dear Aunt? I venture to say, though they are rather authoritative words, that you *must* write and tell me, if no more, how you and Uncle do. I should like also to know how my Cousins are situated, and whether any changes have occurred amongst them since I parted from you. If you are able to fill a sheet I am sure both Uncle and you would in doing so be complying with the precept, "Lift up the hands that hang down and strengthen the feeble knees." [9] I need not tell you that this is a dry and thirsty land,[1] and I shall be as grateful to you for a draught from your fresh springs, as the traveller in the eastern deserts is to the unknown hand that digs a well for him. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel" [2] seems to be my character, instead of that regular progress from strength to strength that marks even in this world of mistakes the people that shall in the heavenly Zion stand before God. I shall not only suffer, but be delighted to receive the word of exhortation,[3] and I beg you not to withhold it.

I will not say I hope, for I feel confident that whatever may be the aspect of outward circumstances towards you, your trial is accurately "squared to your proportioned strength." If I did not know how little you need human help I should regret that my ignorance and want of deep feeling in spiritual things prevent me from suggesting profitable or refreshing thoughts, but I dare say I took care to tell you that my

8. See Introduction.
9. Hebrews 12:12.
1. Psalms 63:1.
2. Genesis 49:4.
3. Cf. Hebrews 13:22.

desire for correspondence with you was quite one of self-interest. I have written hastily and have made less use of my paper than I could wish to have done, but I hope, shabby as my letter is, it will suffice to draw from you an account of you and all yours.

I am thankful to tell you that my dear friends here are all well. Little Edward [4] grows more and more interesting, and is acquiring his teeth with less suffering and peevishness than is usual with infants. I have a *faint* hope that the pleasure and profit I have felt in your society may be repeated in the summer; there is no place I would rather visit than Wirksworth, or the inhabitants of which have a stronger hold on my affections. I should desire you to give a special message of love to my Uncle, only that I intend all I have said to you equally for him. The Lord will bless you and keep you my dear Aunt. Remember to pray for your affectionate niece

Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 27 FEBRUARY 1839

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | at the Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Northampton. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | FE 27 | 1839. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Griff | February 27th 1839.

My dear Friend,

I have long meditated writing to you, and the news I have heard of you from Mrs. Buchanan [5] this morning has determined me to do so without delay. She tells me you are in trouble, and though owing to the constant working of the mines of consolation since the hour of the primeval curse "In sorrow shalt thou eat" [6] they are well-nigh exhausted, and one cannot hope to offer any with the recommendation "See, this is new," [7] yet I am inclined to believe that as a sick person will relish food better from the hand of a beloved attendant than from that of another, so even old truths when suggested by a friend may possess a fresh virtue, at all events to your affectionate and kindly judging heart they will not be unwelcome. I set so high a value on "the sweet uses of adversity" [8] that I am in danger of failing in

4. Edward Clarke, Jr.

5. Nancy Wallington Buchanan, wife of J. W. Buchanan of Church St., Nuneaton, is said to be the original of Janet Dempster in "Janet's Repentance." See William Andrews, *Bygone Warwickshire,* Hull, 1893, p. 275. Miss Lewis had been a governess at the school conducted by Mrs. Buchanan's mother Mrs. Nancy Wallington (1766?–1838), which GE attended 1827–32.

6. Genesis 3:17.

7. Ecclesiastes 1:10.

8. *As You Like It,* II, i, 12.

sympathy for those who are experiencing it, and yet the word of God is not more express on any point than on the inevitable endurance of suffering to the Christian more peculiarly than to the worldling and on the special blessings derived from that endurance. Texts crowd on my recollection that I doubt not have been "sweet morsels" to you. Those referring to the process of refining metals are particularly striking.[9] I doubt not you are acquainted with an anecdote that some time ago was often seen in print, the cream of which was that a lady, after making many enquiries respecting the purifying of gold and silver with a view to the complete understanding of all scriptural allusions to it, was told that then only was the metal considered to be free from dross, when it perfectly reflected the image of the refiner. How meager do all our feelings look when put by the side of such declarations as that of the apostle "We joy, nay, we glory in tribulations"! [1] and why should they be so? We have the same bank to draw upon as he. "Let us have grace" says St. Peter.[2] All the obstacles to our possessing more lie in ourselves. That little hymn of Dr. Ryland's [3] I mentioned to you will I think be so acceptable to you just now that I will try to make my sheet contain it.

1

"Sovereign ruler of the skies!
Ever gracious, ever wise;
All my times are in thy hand
All events at thy command.

2

His decree who form'd the earth
Fix'd my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by him.

3

He that formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

9. e.g., Zechariah 13:9.
1. Romans 5:3.
2. Rather St. Paul: Hebrews 12:28.
3. John Ryland (1753–1825), Baptist minister, was a popular hymn writer.

4

Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief

5

Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come and last and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

6

Plagues and death around me fly,
Till he bids I cannot die:
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.

7

O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,
In thy hands my life I trust:
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.

8

May I always own thy hand,
Still to the surrender stand;
Know that thou art God alone,
I and mine are all thy own.

9

Thee at all times will I bless;
Having thee I all possess:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee?"

Of course you know that sweet one of Cowper's in the Olney hymns beginning "Tis my happiness below."[4] I think there are few who know much of mental conflict that would not choose external trial in preference to it; and they are seldom united, for God generally makes up to His people for the loss of earthly comforts by an increased grant of joy and peace in believing. I have very little title to take on

4. *The Poetical Works of William Cowper*, ed. R. Southey, 2 vols., 1854, I, 66. This hymn is entitled "Welcome Cross."

me the office of a comforter, for all my draughts have been from shallow waters, but I trust I have not felt an undue confidence in myself while writing if I have appeared to do so. I should at any time be glad to hear from you, but do not coerce your feelings in order to gratify mine as I shall have many ways of accounting for your silence without surprise I have written in great haste, but I need not apologize to a friend. All that belong to me are I am thankful to tell you well. I hope your health is not worse than usual I conjecture from all I have heard that there will be another union with which you are not wholly unconnected soon.[5] Believe me with much affection,

Your sincere Friend
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO MRS. SAMUEL EVANS, GRIFF, 5 MARCH 1839

MS Yale *Address* Mrs Evans | Tape Manufactory | Wirksworth | near Matlock | Derbyshire *Postmarks* COVENTRY [*date illegible*], Missent | to | Birmingham, BIRMINGHAM | MR 7 | 1839 | A *Extracts published* Cross, I, 47–49.

Griff March 5th 1839

My dear Aunt,

My dear Father is just now so plunged in business and that of a fatiguing kind, that I should put your confidence in my love and gratitude to an unreasonably severe trial if I waited until he had leisure to unite with me in filling a sheet and thanking you for your beautiful stockings and still more welcome and valuable letters I must tell you, by the way, that you have managed exactly to measure Father's leg. You were very kind to remember my wish to see Mrs. Fletcher's life,[6] I only desire such a spiritual digestion as has enabled *you* to derive so much benefit from its perusal.

I am truly glad to hear that you are less embarrassed with respect to your congregation etc, than you were when we saw you, I should think that if you have evidence of a blessing on your present labours,[7]

5 The marriage of Harriet Harper, sister of the Rev Latimer Harper, to Thomas Bull See 1 September 1839

6 *The Life of Mrs Mary Fletcher . of Madeley*, 2 vols, 1817, by the Rev Henry Moore, biographer of John Wesley Mrs Fletcher is mentioned in *Adam Bede*, chs 8 and 51

7 Like her husband, Mrs Samuel Evans was a Methodist preacher Because of objections to women preachers, the Evanses had seceded from the Wesleyans of Derby before removing in 1814 to Wirksworth, where they founded the Arminian Methodist Chapel They reunited with the Methodist Association in 1835, when Elizabeth seems to have discontinued preaching See W Mottram, *The True Story of George Eliot in Relation to "Adam Bede,"* 1905, pp 249–253

you must be in your proper sphere, but the anointing of which you partake will teach you in this as in other things. I must protest against your making apologies for speaking of yourself, for nothing that relates to you can be uninteresting to me.

The unprofitableness you lament in yourself during your visit to us had its true cause, not in your lukewarmness, but in the little improvement I sought to derive from your society and in my lack of humility and Christian simplicity that makes me willing to obtain credit for greater knowledge and deeper feeling than I really possess Instead of putting my light under a bushel, I am in danger of ostentatiously displaying a false one. You have much too high an opinion my dear Aunt, of my spiritual condition and of my personal and circumstantial advantages. My soul seems for weeks together completely benumbed, and when I am aroused from this torpid state, the intervals of activity are comparatively short. I am ever finding excuses for this in the deprivation of outward excitement and the small scope I have for the application of my principles, instead of feeling self-abasement under the consciousness that I abuse precious hours of retirement which would be eagerly employed in spiritual exercises by many a devoted servant of God who is struggling with worldly cares and occupations I feel that my besetting sin is the one of all others most destroying, as it is the fruitful parent of them all, Ambition, a desire insatiable for the esteem of my fellow creatures. This seems the centre whence all my actions proceed. This seems the great stumbling block in my path Zion-ward [8] But you will perhaps remember my dear Aunt that I do not attach much value to a disclosure of religious feelings, owing probably to the dominant corruption I have just been speaking of, which "turns the milk of my good purpose all to curd." I make the most humiliating and appalling confessions with little or no corresponding feeling.

Since I wrote to you Sarah the housemaid whom you probably remember has left us on account of illness and her place is not yet filled up, but I expect a substitute for her on Saturday I am grieved to hear of the poor health of two of my cousins I trust that Samuel's,[9] so important to his family, may be soon restored I can sincerely send them all my love and best wishes though all are unknown to me. I hope this will be no longer the case after the next six months, but I

8 Cross omits this sentence

9 Samuel Evans, Jr, was the proprietor of a draper's shop in Wirksworth Market Place (Mottram, p 219) A tradition that GE stayed here a week in 1842 (S Parkinson, *Scenes from the "George Eliot" Country*, Leeds, 1888, p 112) is apocryphal, for GE's account of her relations with her aunt and cousins see 7 October 1859.

am quite prepared to be disappointed in all my schemes of visiting Wirksworth, as nothing but business will take Father on so long a journey, and *that* I do not think he at present foresees. Instead of telling you your faults, my dear Aunt, I must beg of you not to speak to me of the excellencies which your charity has led you to imagine you have seen in me. If I did not know you to abhor flattery, I should suspect you of being guilty of offering me that noxious draught, which is too apt to intoxicate me. Once more I must thank you for all the contents of your parcel, and I am sure I may beg you to thank Uncle on my Father's behalf for his kind letter. I wish I could repay you in kind for the excellent instruction your letter affords me, but I am sure in this instance as in many others "it is more blessed to you to give than to receive." [1]

Poor Aunt and Uncle Evarard [2] seem to sink under the weight of years and sickness—they were glad to hear of you. All our other friends are well. You know how it will delight me to see your handwriting whenever you feel able to bestow a little time on me. Much love to my dear Uncle and to yourself. Believe me

Your affectionate Niece
Mary Ann Evans.

You have possibly heard from Ellaston [3] of the afflictions that have befallen Mr. Hake's [4] (our clergyman's) family. When he was only just pronounced likely to recover from Typhus fever, his mother suddenly died. Since then his sister has been seized with typhus at Coton and we have heard that Mrs. H. Hake [5] who had accompanied her husband to his mother's funeral, has the same alarming disease at Ellaston. I am fearful my hasty writing will be troublesome for you to read.

1. Acts 20:35.

2. Mary Pearson Evarard (1771?–1844), wife of John Evarard of Attleborough, was a sister of GE's mother. She is said to be the original of Aunt Glegg in *The Mill on the Floss*. Her portrait, now in the possession of Mrs. Michael Womersley, is reproduced in Charles S. Olcott, *George Eliot. Scenes and People in Her Novels*, 1911, facing p. 94. Mr. Evarard died 17 December 1839.

3. Robert Evans's brother William (1769–1847) was a builder at Ellaston, Staffordshire.

4. George Hake (1784–1848), Vicar of Chilvers Coton 1829–41, and of Ellaston 1830–48. For further information about him see [3 October 1859].

5. Henry Hake (1803–88), Vicar of Chilvers Coton 1844–58, was a brother of George.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 16 [MARCH 1839]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | Northamptonshire. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | M 18 | 1839. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 49–54.

Griff February [6] 16.

My dear Friend,

My thoughts are as apt to slip from my grasp as certain lubricous little inhabitants of fresh water that I need not name so I will commit them to paper immediately on their suggestion, not out of fear lest you should sustain a weighty loss by my forgetting them, but lest they should suddenly refuse to come a second time at my incantations because I suffered them to vanish without using them at their first appearance, and so leave me without a word today in answer to a question you have been so kind as to put to me. I am this morning hardly myself owing to the insuppressible rising of my animal spirits on a deliverance from sick head ache. I dare say therefore I shall scribble much nonsense but remember our letters were to be mere conversation, and if you were chatting with a silly girl of nineteen you would think yourself bound to excuse a considerable deal of froth.

In trying to guess as to the expedience of reading works of fiction I put out of the question all books of persons of perceptions so quick, memories so eclectic and retentive, and minds so comprehensive, that nothing less than omnivorous reading as Southey calls it can satisfy their intellectual maw, for (if I may parody the words of Scripture without profaneness), they will gather to themselves all facts and heap unto themselves all ideas.[7] For such persons we cannot legislate. Again I would put out of the question standard works whose contents are matter of constant reference, and the names of whose heroes and heroines briefly and therefore conveniently describe characters and ideas. Such are Don Quixote, Butler's Hudibras, Robinson Crusoe, Gil Blas, Byron's Poetical romances, Southey's do. etc. Such too are Walter Scott's novels and poems. Such allusions as "He is a perfect Dominie Sampson," "He is as industrious in finding out antiquities and about as successful as Jonathan Oldbuck," [8] are likely to become

6. The postmark proves this a mistake for March.

7. Habakkuk 2:5: "gathereth unto him all nations, and heapeth unto him all people."

8. In *Guy Mannering* and *The Antiquary*, respectively. With the opinion of Scott expressed in this letter it is interesting to compare Mrs. Cash's statement that "to the inquiry of a friend in after-years, as to what influence she attributed the first unsettlement of her orthodox views, she quickly made answer: 'Oh, Walter Scott's.'" (Cross, New Edition, p. 48.)

so common in books and conversation that *always providing our leisure is not circumscribed* by duty within narrow bounds, we should I think qualify ourselves to understand. Shakespeare has a higher claim than this on our attention but we have need of as nice a power of distillation as the bee to suck nothing but honey from his pages. However as in life we must be exposed to malign influences from intercourse with others if we would reap the advantages designed for us by making us social beings, so in books.

Having cleared our way of what would otherwise have encumbered us, I would ask why is one engaged in the instruction of youth to read as purely conscientious and self denying performance of duty, works, whose value to others is allowed to be doubtful? I can only imagine two shadows of reasons. Either that she may be able experimentally to decide on their desirableness for her pupils, or else that there is a certain power exerted by them on the mind that would render her a more efficient tutress by their perusal. I would not depreciate the disinterestedness of those who will make trial of the effect on themselves of a cup suspected poisonous, that they may deter another from risking life, but it appears to me a work of supererogation, since there are enough witnesses to its baneful effects on themselves already to put an end to all strife on the matter. The Scriptural declaration, "As face answereth to face in a glass, so the heart of man to man,"[9] will exonerate me from the charge of uncharitableness or too high an estimation of myself if I venture to believe that the same causes which exist in my own breast to render novels and romances pernicious have their counterpart in that of every fellow-creature.

I am I confess not an impartial member of a jury in this case for I owe the culprits a grudge for injuries inflicted on myself. I shall carry to my grave the mental diseases with which they have contaminated me.[1] When I was quite a little child I could not be satisfied with the things around me; I was constantly living in a world of my own creation, and was quite contented to have no companions that I might be left to my own musings and imagine scenes in which I was chief actress. Conceive what a character novels would give to these Utopias. I was early supplied with them by those who kindly sought to gratify my appetite for reading and of course I made use of the materials they supplied for building my castles in the air.[2] But it may be said, "No

9. Cf. Proverbs 27:19.

1. Cross omits this sentence.

2. About 1827 a copy of *Waverley*, lent to her sister, was returned before GE had finished it; she began to write out the story for herself. See Edith Simcox, *Nineteenth Century*, 9 (1881), 779. Cf. the sonnet epigraph to ch. 57 of *Middlemarch*, which probably colored Miss Simcox's report.

one ever dreamed of recommending children to read them; all this does not apply to persons come to years of discretion, whose judgments are in some degree matured." I answer that men and women are but children of a larger growth; they are still imitative beings. We cannot, at least those who ever read to any purpose at all, we cannot I say help being modified by the ideas that pass through our minds. We hardly wish to lay claim to such elasticity as retains no impress. We are active beings too. We are each one of the Dramatis personæ in some play on the stage of life—hence our actions have their share in the effects of our reading.

As to the discipline our minds receive from the perusal of fictions I can conceive none that is beneficial but may be attained by that of history. It is the merit of fictions to come within the orbit of probability; if unnatural they would no longer please. If it be said that the mind must have relaxation, "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction." When a person has exhausted the wonders of truth, there is no other resort than fiction; till then I cannot imagine how the adventures of some phantom conjured up by fancy can be more entertaining than the transactions of real specimens of human nature, from which we may safely draw inferences. I dare say Mr. James's Huguenot [3] would be recommended as giving an idea of the times of which he writes, but as well may one be recommended to look at landscapes for an idea of English scenery. The real secret of the relaxation talked of is one that would not generally be avowed; but an appetite that wants seasoning of a certain kind cannot be indicative of health. Religious novels are more hateful to me than merely worldly ones. They are a sort of Centaur or Mermaid and like other monsters that we do not know how to class should be destroyed for the public good as soon as born. The weapons of the Christian warfare were never sharpened at the forge of romance. Domestic fictions as they come more within the range of imitation seem more dangerous. For my part I am ready to sit down and weep at the impossibility of my understanding or barely knowing even a fraction of the sum of objects that present themselves for our contemplation in books and in life. Have I then any time to spend on things that never existed?

I have written at random and have not said all I wanted to say. I hope the frequent use of the personal pronoun will not lead you to think that I suppose it to confer any weight on what I have said. I used it to prevent circumlocution and waste of time. I am ashamed to send a letter like this as if I thought more highly of myself than I

3. G. P. R. James, *The Huguenot: A Tale of the French Protestants*, 3 vols., 1839.

ought to think, which is alas! too true. I long for Midsummer that I may see you. Do not talk of glimpses. I am grieved that your poor head is a frequent sufferer. Pardon all I ought not to have said and believe me

Your very affectionate and sincere
Mary Ann Evans.

In reading my letter I find difficulties in understanding my scribble that I fear are hopelessly insurmountable for another. Sir Walter Scott's life,[4] of which I have read the 1st volume and here and there some pages of the succeeding ones, conveys some sad and useful lessons. The spiritual sleep of that man was awful; he does not at least betray if he felt any thing like a pang of conscience. All biography is interesting and instructive. Sir W.S. himself is the best commentary on the effect of romances and novels. He sacrificed almost his integrity for the sake of acting out the character of the Scotch Laird, which he had so often depicted. J'attends une réponse. Some persons are so provokingly phlegmatic that perhaps they should have stimulants.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 20 MAY [1839]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | Northamptonshire. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | MY 21 | 1839. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 54–57.

Griff May 20.

My dear Friend,

The self-deceptive practice of substituting confession for amendment is not peculiar to the disciples of the Pope—I am continually detecting myself in its commission, and even now, I am doing something very like it when I tell you that my writing to you just now is an act of unmixed selfishness, undertaken as a délassement after a day of disagreeable bustle in preparing for a party met to celebrate Isaac's twenty third birthday. There is a species of frankness and candor very inconsiderately lauded, which often has its source in either a proud indifference to censure, a deadness to moral distinctions, or still more frequently an ostentatious affectation of humility. This for myself. No one ought to wince more under the application of that probe than myself. While I think of it I must advise you that I do not write on this shabby paper out of economy as the poet Pope [5] would have done,

4. J. G. Lockhart, *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*, 7 vols., Edinburgh, 1837; 10 vols., 1839.

5. "Paper-sparing Pope," his friend Swift called him.

but because my own store is exhausted and I am reduced to pilfer from another's.

You allude to the religious or rather irreligious contentions that form so prominent a feature in the aspect of public affairs,[6] a subject, you will perhaps be surprised to hear me say, full of interest to me, and on which I am unable to shape an opinion for the satisfaction of my mind. I think no one feels more difficulty in coming to a decision on controverted matters than myself. I do not mean that I have not preferences, but however congruous a theory may be with my notions, I cannot find that comfortable repose that others appear to possess after having made their election of a class of sentiments. The other day Montaigne's motto came to my mind (it is mentioned by Pascal) [7] as an appropriate one for me: "Que sais je?" beneath a pair of balances —though by the bye it is an ambiguous one, and may be taken in a sense that I desire to reprobate, as well as in a Scriptural one to which I do not refer—I use it in a limited sense, as a representation of my oscillating judgment. On no subject do I veer to all points of the compass more frequently than on the nature of the *visible* church. I am powerfully attracted in a certain direction but when I am about to settle there, counter assertions shake me from my position. I cannot enter into details but when we are together I will tell you all my difficulties, that is if you will be kind enough to listen.

I have been reading the new prize essay on Schism by Professor Hoppus,[8] and Milner's Church History [9] since I last wrote to you. The former ably expresses the tenets of those who deny that any form of Church government is so clearly dictated in Scripture as to possess a Divine right, and consequently to be binding on Christians. The latter you know exhibits the views of a moderate evangelical episcopalian on the inferences to be drawn from ecclesiastical remains; he equally repudiates the loud assertion of a jus divinum, to the exclusion of all separatists from the visible church, though he calmly maintains the superiority of the evidence in favour of episcopacy of a moderate kind

6. The *Tracts for the Times* were reaching the height of their popularity, and the Puseyite propaganda was rousing much opposition. According to Cross, I, 32, GE's brother Isaac Evans, after leaving school at Coventry, "went to a private tutor's at Birmingham where he imbibed strong High Church views." He was naturally impatient of his sister's Evangelical fervor.

7. GE's acquaintance with Pascal began when the *Pensées* were given to her as a school prize in 1833. See 26 January 1878.

8. John Hoppus (1789–1875), Independent minister, Professor of Philosophy and Logic at University College, London, *Schism as Opposed to Unity of the Church*, 1839.

9. Joseph Milner, *The History of the Church of Christ*, 1794–97, was probably known to GE in the Christian's Family Library, ed. Edward Bickersteth (1786–1850).

both in power and extent of diocese, as well as the benefit of a national establishment. I have been skimming the "Portrait of an English Churchman" by the Rev. W. Gresley.[1] This contains an outline of the system of those who exclaim of the Anglican church as the Jews did of their sacred building, (that they do it in as reprehensible a spirit, I will not be the judge) "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are exclusively these," [2] while the authors of the Oxford Tracts go a step farther and evince by their compliments to Rome, as a dear though erring Sister, and their attempts to give a romish colour to our ordinances, with a very confused and unscriptural statement of the great doctrine of justification, a disposition rather to fraternize with the members of a church carrying on her brow the prophetical epithets applied by St. John to the Scarlet beast, the Mystery of iniquity,[3] than with pious non-conformists. It is true they disclaim all this, and that their opinions are seconded by the extensive learning, the laborious zeal, and the deep devotion of those who propagate them, but a reference to facts will convince us that such has generally been the character of heretical teachers. Satan is too crafty to commit his cause into the hands of those who have nothing to recommend them to approbation. According to their dogmas the Scotch church and the foreign Protestant churches as well as the non-episcopalians of our own land are wanting in the essentials of existence as part of the Church.

But I am scribbling very unprofitably, forgetting that I want room to ask you when I shall see you. I beg you will not keep this letter longer than will suffice you to read it, for it has been written without much though[t] and is very open to quizzism if you were inclined to make use of it. I hope I shall hear that your health is as good as you can expect after six months' confinement to teaching.

With sincere love I am your unworthy friend,

Polly.

Mrs. B.[4] told me you intended to spend some time with Mrs. Farebrother, at which I was selfish enough to be disappointed for I hoped to have you for a longer time this year than last; but I have no doubt you will enjoy such a change. Do if possible scribble a few lines to me before your holidays begin, that I may not miss you by ignorance of your intentions.

From what I see of a certain person, I fear evil habits are too rooted for marriage to cause their permanent disappearance.

1. William Gresley (1801–76) published it in 1838. See [18 May 1840].
2. Jeremiah 7:4.
3. Revelation 17:3; II Thessalonians 2:7.
4. Buchanan.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, [17 JULY 1839]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | at Mr. Burbage's | Kenilworth. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | JY 17 | 1839. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 57–59.

Griff Wednesday Morning.

My dear Friend,

I thank you very heartily for your kind note, and I send you in return some doggrel lines, the crude fruit of a lonely walk last evening, when the words of one of our martyrs occurred to me. You must be acquainted with the idiosyncrasy of my authorship, which is that my effusions, once committed to paper, are like the laws of the Medes and Persians that alter not.[6] My attempt at poetry will serve to amuse you, if no more, and you love a laugh so well that it would be ungenerous to withhold the occasion of one.

I have a second little nephew![7] A new call to thankfulness. Had Mr. Bull[8] gone to Kenilworth again before your departure I would have sent your book, which had my blood a "moral flow" I could not mention without blushing. May health and peace, the only earthly image of heaven, attend you wherever you may go! With much love,

Your sincere
Mary Ann Evans

"Knowing that shortly I must put off this tabernacle"—2 Pet. 1. 16.[9]

As o'er the fields by evening's light I stray,
I hear a still, small whisper—"Come away!
Thou must to this bright, lovely world soon say
Farewell!"

The mandate I'd obey, my lamp prepare,
Gird up my garments, give my soul to pray'r,
And say to earth and all that breathe earth's air
Farewell!

6. Daniel 6:8.

7. Robert Clarke, baptized 22 August 1839 at Meriden.

8. Thomas Bull, son of William Bull, banker, of Nuneaton was engaged to Harriet Frances Harper, who was living in Kenilworth.

9. A slip for 14, which reads "this my tabernacle." Cross omits stanzas 6 and 9 in his text. Dimly recollecting GE's telling him that the poem had been printed somewhere, he searched until he found it in the *Christian Observer,* 40 (January 1840), 38. In comparing the text with his proof, he forgot his abridgment and appended the deleted stanzas as "additional verses." There are a number of minor variants in the *Christian Observer* version. It is signed M.A.E.

Thou sun, to whose parental beam I owe
All that has gladden'd me while here below,—
Moon, stars, and covenant confirming bow,
Farewell!

Ye verdant meads, fair blossoms, stately trees,
Sweet song of birds, and soothing hum of bees,
Refreshing odours, wafted on the breeze,
Farewell!

Ye patient servants of creation's lord
Whose mighty strength is govern'd by his word,
Who raiment, food and help in toil afford,
Farewell!

Ye feebler, freer tribes, that people air,
Fairy like insects, making buds your lair,
Ye that in water shine, and frolic there,
Farewell!

Books that have been to me as chests of gold,
Which, miser like, I secretly have told,
And for them love, health, friendship, peace have sold,
Farewell!

Blest volume! whose clear truth-writ page, once known,
Fades not before heaven's sunshine or hell's moan,
To thee I say not, of earth's gifts alone,
Farewell! [1]

Dear kindred, whom the Lord to me has given,
Must the dear tie that binds us, now be riven?
No! say I *only* till we meet in heaven,
Farewell!

There shall my newborn senses find new joy,
New sounds, new sights my eyes and ears employ,
Nor fear that word that here brings sad alloy,
Farewell!

1. The editor of the *Christian Observer* adds a note to remind M.A.E. that there will be no need of a Bible in the New Jerusalem.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 4 SEPTEMBER 1839

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering. *Postmark:* COVENTRY [date illegible]. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 59–60.

Griff September 4th 1839.

My dear Friend,

I certainly do not come under the same class with Boz's "matter of fact young lady" or I should seize yesterday's wedding [2] and my disappointment of an opportunity of sending your book (which will soon be *mine* by prescriptive right) as welcome subjects with which to fill my sheet; as it is I can only tell you that the very staid, fatherly and dignified Mr. Isaac Evans gave the bride away, and that should my memory for once serve me à point nommé I will prevail on some charitable visitor at Burton to convey your property thither. It would be convenient for me if there were an epistolary Muse that I might lay the onus of my dulness on her neglect, for my wits are so irretrievably scattered to-night that it must be a burning glass equal to the lens of Herschel's fabled telescope [3] which would collect them in a focus. I have lately led so unsettled a life and have been so desultory in my employments, that my mind, never of the most highly organized genus, is more than usually chaotic, or rather it is like a stratum of conglomerated fragments that shews here a jaw and rib of some ponderous quadruped, there a delicate alto-relievo of some fernlike plant, tiny shells, and mysterious nondescripts, encrusted and united with some unvaried and uninteresting but useful stone.[4] My mind presents just such an assemblage of disjointed specimens of history, ancient and modern, scraps of poetry picked up from Shakspeare, Cowper, Wordsworth, and Milton, newspaper topics, morsels of Addison and Bacon, Latin verbs, geometry entomology and chemistry, reviews and metaphysics, all arrested and petrified and smothered by the fast thickening every day accession of actual events, relative anxieties, and household cares and vexations. May I hope that some pure metallic veins have been interjected, that some spiritual desires have been sent up, and spiritual experience gained? I hope it may be so found, but I am giving no

2. Thomas Bull of Haunchworth House, near Nuneaton, and Harriet Frances, second daughter of the late Joseph Harper, Esq., of Chilvers Coton, were married at Kenilworth 3 September 1839. Isaac Evans and Sophia Bull signed as witnesses. (Kenilworth Parish Register.)

3. In 1789 Sir Frederick William Herschel (1738–1822) constructed the forty-foot reflecting telescope with which he made many of his great discoveries.

4. Passages like this confute the erroneous belief that the scientific bent of GE's mind was derived from GHL.

proof of it by spending my own time and stealing yours for the sake of writing nonsense. How deplorably and unaccountably evanescent are our frames of mind, as various as the forms and hues of the summer clouds. A single word is sometimes enough to give an entirely new mould to our thoughts; at least I find myself so constituted, and therefore to me it is pre-eminently important to be anchored within the veil, so that outward things may only act as winds to agitating sails, and be unable to send me adrift.

It was very kind of you to remember my requests about Phrenology and the Commemoration. I have not at this moment any Phrenological thoughts but when I have I will endeavor to tell you fully all I have been able to opine on the matter. To prevent myself from saying anything still more discreditable to my head and heart I will send you a something between poetry and prose expressive of an idea that has often been before my mind's eye. For want of an humbler title I will call it a

Sonnet

Oft, when a child, while wand'ring far alone,
That none might rouse me from my waking dream,
And visions with which fancy still would teem
Scare by a disenchanting earthly tone;
If, haply, conscious of the present scene,
I've marked before me some untraversed spot
The setting sunbeams had forsaken not,
Whose turf appeared more velvet-like and green
Than that I walked and fitter for repose:
But ever, at the wished-for place arrived,
I've found it of those seeming charms deprived
Which from the mellowing power of distance rose:
To my poor thought, an apt though simple trope
Of life's dull path and earth's deceitful hope.

Why did you think I did any other than envy your vivacity; instead of ironically blaming it I only desire to catch a portion of your mercury to render my character more malleable. I cannot interpret your hints about certain persons. Very glad I am to hear that your health is tolerably good; mine about which you so kindly enquire is nearly in statu quo.

Do indulge yourself with the Pocket edition of the Eng[lis]h Ver-

sion of Bagster's Polyglott Bible.[5] You will find it invaluable. Do not quite discard me for this silly letter, and write to me as soon as you can. Remember Michaelmas is coming and I shall be engaged in matters so nauseating to me[6] that it will be a charity to console me; to reprove and advise me no less.

Flaws of the least evil that disfigure my letter are those of ink, but they need a pardon.

Your affectionate
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 30 OCTOBER 1839

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | Northamptonshire. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | OC 30 | 1839. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Griff October 30th 1839.

My very dear Friend,

An interview I had with Mrs. Buchanan this morning has given a spur to my desire of convincing you that in my profession, at least as much was meant as met the ear, though I have given you reason to suspect the contrary. If you knew the clouds and meteors that have appeared above my little horizon since I had your letter you would not be surprized that my attention has been wholly occupied by them. Though I have fetched a metaphor from the sky I confess that my troubles referred to have been of a very grovelling nature, but for that very reason they constitute the discipline most suitable for me and best fitted to elicit my manifold conceptions. "Any cross but this," we generally are tempted to say, forgetting that the irritability we are exhibiting is a clear proof that no other trial would answer the purpose, the merciful purpose of the Great Lord of the Vineyard, who digs about his choice plants, and loosens the earth from around their roots that the breezes of heaven may be more effective with them. What a curse would it prove for us to have our own way, even in the fruit of our best efforts, those in which we are in a measure seeking the glory of God, still more in the regulation of our worldly circumstances. If I were truly spiritually minded I should rather delight in an occasion

5. *The English Version of the Polyglott Bible*, ed. Samuel Lee, was published by Samuel Bagster in 1831.

6. The Harvest Home festivities. Gaiety of any sort seems to have been repugnant to GE at this time, but the account of the harvest supper in *Adam Bede*, ch. 53, with the ceremony of the drinking song may suggest why.

of proving to myself the genuineness of my religious experience and of exercising a cheerful submission to the will of my Saviour, instead of acting as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, murmuring at the slightest opposition to my taste, the slightest mortification of my fleshly mind. I want to feel what St. Paul so strikingly expresses: "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all then were all dead, and that He died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again." [7] Here is the all-powerful lever or rather the magnet that can alone lift our souls heavenward or quicken our steps in the paths of righteousness; it is for want of this, of a continual "looking to Jesus" as my "wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption" [8] that makes my character and conduct so chequered, and my mind a stranger to the continuous enjoyment of that peace that no man can take from its possessors.

You, too, my dear Friend, are just now undergoing some chastisement of a far more severe and real kind than mine. Would that I were one of those well instructed scribes that can bring from their treasure things old and new, and offer to others the same comfort wherewith they themselves have been comforted of God. As it is I know no better way of counteracting such troubles as I fear are yours than just that of looking out of ourselves to the approaching changes that are coming over the scene of things throughout the world, realizing our situation as one of a multitude that no man can number, whom God, if we are His children, is rescuing at an inconceivable expense (if I may so speak,) of Providential agency as well as redeeming and sanctifying Grace, from the common mass of corruption, humbly seeking for a fellowship in design with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ, and by taking an enlarged view of material and immaterial existences, representing to ourselves our insignificance among them while we remember that this does not hinder even the hairs of our head from being numbered,[9] nor cause us to be so overlooked as to be without the chastisement of which all the true offspring of God are partakers. Again it is, as I have no doubt you have found it, good to look within at the aggravated evils that lurk there and seek for utter prostration of spirit.

Both Mrs. Buchanan and Mrs. T. Bull have begged me to send their kind love to you; the former is in her usual style busy preparing for the reception of Queen Adelaide.[1] The latter has nothing in par-

7. II Corinthians 5:14–15.

8. I Corinthians 1:30.

9. Matthew 10:30. In a note on this passage Miss Hennell wrote, "Notice the root here of true Positivism." (Yale.)

1. Queen Adelaide (1792–1849), the widow of William IV, passed through Nuneaton on her progress from Gopsall

ticular to say and therefore will not write at present but Mrs. Buchanan will do so as soon as her bustle is over. Will you not give me the parings of your time at Christmas? I shall try to be offended with you if you do not. Badly written as my former letters have been I am inclined to think this will carry off the palm and be pronounced preeminent in illegibility. I have truly written fast and with a disagreeable pen: I want you to make me some of your good ones. With much love

Yours faithfully

Mary Ann Evans.

Hardened as I am by evil habits I positively cannot look at my letter now that candles are come in without shame. I will not tax you thus again.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 22 NOVEMBER 1839

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Northampton. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | NO 24 | 1839. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 61.

Griff November 22d 1839.

My dear Friend,

As I have a trip to London for a week in prospect I am induced to allot the residue of an unfavourable evening to you, lest the accumulation of little matters of business consequent on such an absence from home duties should deprive me of the pleasure of writing to you for some time after my return. I have emerged from the slough of domestic troubles, or rather to speak quite clearly, malheurs de cuisine, and am beginning to take a deep breath in my own element, though with a mortifying consciousness that my faculties have become superlatively

Hall to Warwick Castle. The warm demonstrations inspired by the Conservatives excited bitter comment in the organs of the Whigs, with whom she was unpopular. The Conservative *Standard* of Nuneaton reported 8 November 1839, p. 4: "Owing to a misunderstanding on the part of Earl Howe, in regard to time, the inhabitants of this place were after much preparation on Friday [1 November 1839] disappointed by the Queen Dowager passing through some considerable time before she was expected." A committee waited on Lords Howe and Denbigh, who promptly acceded to the request that the town have an opportunity to express its feeling toward the Queen. On her return to Gopsall on Tuesday, 5 November, she was met at Griff by C. N. Newdegate, Esq., and a long line of tenantry on horseback, and at Coton by "a most respectable party of gentlemen from Nuneaton," who escorted her through the town. "The National Anthem was sung in the Market-place by the children of the different schools, and the bells rang a right merry peal." The singing was probably a part of Mrs. Buchanan's responsibility. GE's father Robert Evans, who rode with Mr. Newdegate's tenants, recorded in his Journal that the Queen "passed by Griff about half past 12 o'clock and we esscorted her through Nuneaton to the Turn to Weddington we went very fast to Nuneaton faster then I liked to ride."

obtuse during my banishment from it. I am surrounded with unread books and like Addison's ass between two bundles of hay, I am held in suspense by two equally alluring bonnes bouches and so taste neither. I have just swallowed without much mastication "The Doctrine of the deluge," by the Revd V. Harcourt,[2]—a work containing much information though too allusive and elliptical to be appreciated by those who have not previously trodden the path of which it notes only prominent objects and characteristics. After tracing the image of the Ark and Mt. Ararat through the faded tapestries that line the temple of mythological history, until one is ready to fancy one sees the first in a linen chest and the last in Vandyke's frills, just as objects in which we have long gazed remain on the retina when we would fain be rid of them, the author deduces from the doctrine of the deluge that of baptismal regeneration and I humbly opine supports or rather shakes a weak position by weak arguments.

I have been so self-indulgent as to possess myself of Wordsworth at full length, and I thoroughly like much of the contents of the first three volumes which I fancy are only the low vestibule to the three remaining ones.[3] What I could wish to have added to many of my favorite morceaux is an indication of less satisfaction in terrene objects, a more frequent upturning of the soul's eye. I never before met with so many of my own feelings, expressed just as I could <wish> like them.

Have you seen a nice little book, especially for boys, entitled the Autobiography of Thomas Platter,[4] a schoolmaster in the sixteenth century? I shall be quite grateful if you will introduce me to the famed knight errant,[5] and I need not tell you I shall be heartily glad if any of my little stock of books will be acceptable to you as a loan. Before I quit the subject of books I should like to direct your attention to Ward's Library of Standard Divinity, and another series of publications on the same plan called the Christian Library,[6] (the publisher of this I have forgotten). I have just received Archb[isho]p Leighton's

2. Leveson Vernon Harcourt, *The Doctrine of the Deluge; Vindicating the Scriptural Account from the Doubts . . . Recently Cast upon It by Geological Speculations*, 2 vols., 1838.

3. *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, a New Edition*, 6 vols., London, E. Moxon, 1836–37.

4. Translated from the German by Elizabeth Anne McCaul, 1839.

5. *Don Quixote*. See [20 July 1840].

6. A list of the works published in these two series may be found in *The English Catalogue, 1835–1862*, pp. 901, 881. The Christian's Family Library commenced publication in 1837; among the more than 40 volumes are found Milner's *History of the Church of Christ*, *Thoughts on Religion* by Blaise Pascal, *The Christian Fathers of the First Two Centuries*, and *Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah More*.

Theological lectures,[7] one of the former set and am charmed with the perfection of the type and paper and last, not least, the moderate price. Only sixteen pence, to adopt a well known style, only sixteen pence for 60 pages of theology more precious than the gold of Ophir! O to find it like Jonathan's honey! [8]

The distress of the lower classes in our neighbourhood is daily increasing from the scarcity of employment for weavers, and I seem sadly to have handcuffed myself by unnecessary expenditure; a sad reflection, and yet often unproductive of wisdom and self denial when the gratification of our own desires decks itself in the part of consideration for others. May I obtain that spiritual mind that judgeth all things and that needs not the check strings of rules and systems of my own originating. I beg you once more to overlook the flaws in a hasty letter, written between 9 and 10, and among others the wretched paper which is almost an insult to you. Only let the impression left by my scribble be that I am still as erst

Your sincerely affectionate
Mary Ann Evans.

To day is my twentieth birthday.

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, GRIFF, 14 JANUARY [1840]

Text: Composite from *Bookman,* 3 (October 1892), 19–20, and *Poet-Lore,* 6 (1894), 181–185.

Griff, | January 14th, 10 o'clock p.m.

My dear Classical Friend,

"Deeds not words" [1]—that motto is so rapidly rising in my estimation that I am likely to begin to wish life a mere pantomime. I am inclined to calculate the weight of feeling inversely to that of expression, and lest you should have adopted the same mathematics, I will secure myself against the suspicion of indifference to you by not once telling you that I was glad to see your delegate this morning, and by liquidating my debt to you "incontinent," as Knox would say, prove that I am desirous to have further traffic with you. It is true that all my cash is just now copper, and the payment is likely to prove both to you and me a heavy one; but if I waited till I could send you gold, you might confidently book mine as a bad debt. As I write after my faculties have done their day's work, I must make this sheet my

7. Robert Leighton (1611–84), Archbishop of Glasgow. The edition mentioned was published in 1839.

8. See I Samuel 14.

1. Samuel Butler, *Hudibras,* I, 1, 867.

diary, or I shall sit gazing on vacuity for lack of thoughts that "will not come when I do call for them." [2]

My mind today has been an excellent match to the atmosphere, very hazy and cheerless, and my pace in my studies about equal to that of my feet through the mud. Now for an inventory of the additional goods and chattels that have gained admission through the windows of my house to-day—for you must know that the two portals in most frequent use in other dwellings have in mine well-nigh lost the power of completely opening for want of employment. Item: a fragment of Milton's Ode on the Nativity, learned while dressing. You of course know that beautiful Ode, if not get an introduction to it. Item: a work on Baptism, on which, as I think my classical friend is no controversialist, I will not dilate further than to observe that I studied it after the peripatetic system. Item: a book by Mrs. Jameson, entitled 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada,' [3] a lively book, by a clever authoress, but I fear of no fixed religious principles, if I may judge from an apparent affectation of a liberalising, philosophising manner of speaking about religion and morals. *Voilà tout!* To save my character, if I have any worth preserving, I must assure you that all my days pass not so "fuliginously" as Dr. Young [4] has taught me to say; as well as that my morning was nearly engrossed by filial and domestic duties, and a large portion of my afternoon by a visit received and one paid. I am rather aghast to find myself nearly in the third page of my letter without having written a word worth reading.

I read about a week ago Moore's 'Prosaic Epicurean,' [5] and was so epicurean myself as to make a single meal of the philosopher, preserved as he is in spirits after Moore's patent. I was enchanted as completely as if I had been in the clutches of the Egyptian Priests. Enough of nonsense. I am right glad to read of your enjoyments, past, present, and prospective, and of your determination to study, though, by the bye, it is hardly fair of you to trench on my field; I shall have you publishing metaphysics before my work is ready, a result of the superior development of a certain region of your brain over that of my poor snailship. I begin to despair of mending my ways, but there is a moral in all things, and that of my letter is very clearly "Begin well" and trust not the false adage "All is well that ends well." Well, my dear Martha, two serious thoughts I have lingered over to-day; two which, albeit obvious to all, can never be too trite to repeat. I have re-

2. *I Henry IV*, III, i, 54.

3. Anna Brownell Murphy Jameson, 3 vols., 1838.

4. *Night Thoughts*, II, 321.

5. Thomas Moore, *The Epicurean. A Tale*, went through 3 eds. in 1827 and was often reprinted. It is not in verse.

flected on the duty of perfect contentment with such things as we have, whether gifts of nature or fortune, to use current but rather heathenish language, of the frequent injunctions concerning it, and ensamples of it in Scripture, and the blessedness, the calm sunshine it sheds on the soul. To my restless, ambitious spirit it seems of very difficult exercise—but so are all graces to the natural man. We must stretch out the hand for this and all other spiritual wealth to Him from whom cometh every good gift. . . .

Your heartily affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, [13 FEBRUARY 1840]

MS: Yale. On inside of envelope. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering | Northamptonshire. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | FE 13 | 1840. *Published:* Cross, I, 81.

I have been reading the 3 volumes of the Life and Times of Louis the Fourteenth [6] and am as eagerly waiting for the 4th and last as any voracious novel reader for Bulwer's last. I am afraid I am getting quite martial in my spirit, and in the warmth of my sympathy for Turenne and Condé losing my hatred of war. Such a conflict between *individual* and *moral* influence is no novelty. But certainly war though the heaviest scourge with which the Divine wrath against sin is manifested in Time, has been a necessary vent for impurities and a channel for tempestuous passions that must have otherwise made the whole earth like the land of the devoted Canaanites to vomit forth the inhabitants thereof; [7] awful as such a sentiment appears it seems to me that in the present condition of man, and I do not mean this in the sense that Cowper does, such a purgation of the body politic is very likely essential to its health.[8] A foreign war would soon put an end to our national humours that are growing to so alarming a head.—What do you think of the Progress of Architecture as a subject for Poetry?

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, GRIFF, [FEBRUARY 1840]

Text: Bookman, 3 (December 1892), 82–83.

Griff, | February, 1840.

Does my mental scent deceive me when it tells me that my merry little Martha's finely rounded compliment is strongly impregnated with

6. G. P. R. James, *The Life and Times of Louis XIV,* 4 vols., 1838.
7. Leviticus 18:25.
8. William Cowper, *The Task,* IV, 619–622.

the satire that she is continually, even though unconsciously, breathing out? Well, be it so; notwithstanding the paucity of my cerebrum in a certain part, I will not allow you to-night to disturb my self-complacency, but will answer your application with all gravity and importance. The word classics has a very soaring air, but alas! we must crawl for some time up a rugged steep before we can catch a glimpse of the desired summit. We must get a Latin Grammar and tax our memories with every word of it. This is all I have attempted at present, with the exception of reading some of Esop with Taylor's literal translation. I have a series of elementary Latin books after Locke's method, published by Taylor and Walton; [1] the set cost one guinea.

As you are so spirited in determining to see every book that is mentioned to you, I will tell you the modern ones I have read since I last wrote. Three volumes of G. P. R. James's Life and Times of Louis Quatorze; there is a fourth and last, which I shall, I hope, soon have. His reign, you know, was a focus on which were blended the brightest rays of France's military and literary glory. I devour it as a romance. I have now the life of Sir Richard Hill,[2] by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, and Scrope on Deer Stalking in the Highlands,[3] which last, you may fancy, can be a book only for sportsmen and Amazons, but I rather think it is interesting. I intend, if spared, to be busy with a chart which I am anxious to complete, and if I succeed, to print it for a certain object. It gives a chronological view of Ecclesiastical History, and has not that I know of been forestalled. I have seen charts of profane history innumerable, or rather I should say secular history, but never one of Church history. Have you?

I have a faint hope that Mr. Brezzi [4] will be able to give me some time next month, and if I am not disappointed I shall begin German with him and continue Italian; this I ardently long for. . . .

Our dear J[essie]'s [5] letters are always full of spiritual feeling, and

1. Locke's System of Classical Instruction, a series of 12mo volumes in French, German, Greek, and Latin with interlinear translations. The Latin volumes include Phaedrus's *Fables of Aesop*, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book I, Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book I, and Caesar's *Invasion of Britain*. Jefferys Taylor of Ongar, *Aesop in Rhyme, with Some Originals*, 1820.

2. Sir Richard Hill (1732–1808), champion of the Calvinistic Methodists and the Evangelicals. It was published in 1839.

3. William Scrope, *Days and Nights of Deer Stalking*, 1839.

4. Joseph Henry Brezzi is listed in F. White, *Warwickshire*, 1850, p. 636, as a teacher of languages at Leamington.

5. Jessie Barclay (1822–96), daughter of James Barclay, who conducted the business in patent medicines at 95 Farringdon St., London, which still bears his name. She had been a pupil at the Miss Franklins' school in Coventry when GE and Martha Jackson were there. She married John Dickenson Jackson and in 1858 went to New Zealand.

I rejoice that you share the same benefit as myself in being one of her correspondents. I am just now perturbed by circumstances that have called forth much emotion of a kind not favourable to the progress of the soul, either in earthly or heavenly acquirements. May I one day be a more useful friend!

GE TO SAMUEL EVANS, GRIFF, 26 FEBRUARY 1840

MS: Yale. *Address:* Mr. S. Evans | The Mill Houses | Wirksworth | Derbyshire. *Postmark:* Illegible. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Griff February 26th 1840.

My dear Uncle,

I beg you will not consider my tardiness in answering your kind letter a representation of my feelings towards you and my Aunt; these would have led me much earlier to tell you how welcome news of you was to me and my Father, but circumstances have so occupied my body and mind that I have not before been at liberty to write to you. I grieve for my dear Aunt's illness more on your account than on her own, for a spirit so well fortified as hers will sustain bodily infirmity, and even enable her to glory in that tribulation which is calculated to work an increase of patience, experience and hope. Yet I should rejoice to know that her weak frame has ceased for the present to be tried by pain and exhaustion, and that she is able to be again your cheerful companion, busying herself as usual for the good of souls.

Why do you suspect me, my dear Uncle of being inclined to blame the self-denying exertions of one whom I ought to yearn to imitate, in *spirit* at least, if not in the particular practices by which that spirit discovers itself?

Death appears to have made sad breeches in your circle of Christian friends. Mrs. Joinson [6] looked like a very healthy person when at Griff, to human observation unlikely so soon to be summoned. The little intercourse I had with her gave me such an idea of her character as led me to expect that her end would be peace.

I am very glad Mary is so comfortably situated and almost within an easy walk to you. I hope Elizabeth [7] is well and happy. My dear

6. Mary Wright, baptized 24 August 1798 at Wirksworth, Derbyshire, was married 13 May 1819 to Joseph Joynson, hop merchant, of Handsworth, Staffordshire, who died the next year. A memorial tablet in Wirksworth Church gives the date of her death as 24 January 1840.

7. Mary Evans, later Mrs. Marston, was at this time away from home in service as a maid at a Mrs. Strut's. See facsimile of a page of a letter from Mrs. Samuel Evans, 30 January 1840, in W.

Father is quite as well as usual and desires me to send you his love. I cannot give you a hopeful account of my spiritual state, for of late I have been much exposed to temptation from contact with worldly persons, and that traitor within, the love of human praise, has opened the door to too many compliances with what is likely to make me less hungry for heavenly blessings, by enabling me to derive a temporary enjoyment from what is merely earthly. I have great need of your prayers, and I fear not that I shall be denied them. We had your letter after the receipt of the box. To my dear Aunt and yourself I offer my kindest love and thanks for your remembrance of me. May it continue and soon be moved to do so by sending me another letter. With love to my Cousins I am, my dear Uncle,

Your sincerely affectionate
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, [13 MARCH 1840]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 62, under date 2 May 1840.

Griff Friday Evening.

My very dear Friend,

This is a business letter and will be written in business-like haste. I could not bear to send you such a one in return for your last which will be one of my treasured remembrances of an era in my existence but that I know you will be glad to think of me as thoroughly employed, as indeed I am to an extent that makes me fear I shall not be able to accomplish anything well. I have engaged if possible to complete the Chart,[8] the plan of which I sketched out last year, by November next, and I am encouraged to believe that it will answer my purpose to print it. The profits arising from its sale, if any, will go partly to Attleborough Church [9] and partly to a favorite object of my own. Mrs. Newdegate [1] is very anxious that I should do thus and she permits me to visit her library when I please in search of any books that may

Mottram, *The True Story of George Eliot in Relation to "Adam Bede,"* 1905, p. [173]. Elizabeth Evans was married to a Mr. Walker and lived on the Market Place, Wirksworth.

8. Of ecclesiastical history. See [30 March 1840].

9. Chapel of the Holy Trinity, completed in 1842 at a cost of £3000, raised by subscription.

1. Maria Boucherett Newdegate, mother of Charles Newdigate Newdegate (1816–87), Conservative M.P. for North Warwickshire, who came into possession of the Arbury estates upon the death of his uncle Francis (Parker) Newdigate in 1835. See Burke, *Landed Gentry,* 2 vols., 1875, II, 982.

assist me. Now what I want to beg of you is that you will, if you have an opportunity, *pump* Mr. Craig on the subject, and obtain his opinion on the utility, feasibility for *me,* and best mode of executing the work. Will you ask him what he considers the best authority for the date of the apostolical writings? I should like to carry the chart down to the Reformation, if my time and resources will enable me to do so.

We are going to have a Clothing Club, the arrangement and starting of which are left to me. Naughty Mrs. Newdegate promised to send me rules which she has forgotten. I am ashamed to run the risk of troubling you, but I should be very grateful if you could send me an abstract of the rules by which yours is regulated. Now I hope I have done with self of which both you and I have reason to be weary. I do not tell you the cause of my silence after your permission that I should write again within last week, as that would lead me to subjects on which I cannot trust myself; I have felt grieved that I have not been able to entitle myself to a bulletin respecting your bodily and mental health. One circumstance connected with the trial you mentioned in your last was gratifying to me, namely that it gave occasion for the triumph of Christian friendship over a regard to your own comfort, for I am sure it must have been a task for you to write with your eyes and heart both sore. I am anxious to know that your persecutor [2] has had a thorough castigation for her own sake as well as yours.

Mrs. T. Bull has entrusted me with a message of love to you and this reminds me to tell you that I was invited to a party at her house last week. You know I had causes for anything but high spirits beforehand, and when I had been there some time the conviction that I was not in a situation to maintain the *Protestant* character of the true Christian, together with the oppressive noise that formed the accompaniment to the dancing, the sole amusement, produced first headache and then that most wretched and unpitied of afflictions, hysteria, so that I regularly disgraced myself.[3] Mrs. Bull was extremely kind. One good effect of a temporary annoyance and indisposition will be to render me more decided in rejecting all invitations of a dubious character.

2. Perhaps Miss Lewis's pupil Augusta Harper (1828–1900) or her mother Anne Ebdell Harper, daughter of the Rev. Bernard Gilpin Ebdell of Chilvers Coton, the original of the hero of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story."

3. The Yale Collection contains the following note in Miss Sara Hennell's hand: "Miss Shaw says she remembers Mary Anne at a children's party at her mother's—about 9 or 10 years old, she thinks. M.A. sat apart from the rest, and Mrs. Shaw went to her and said, 'My dear, you do not seem happy; are you enjoying yourself?' 'No, I am not,' said M.A. 'I don't like to play with children; I like to talk to grown-up people.' "

You see I have rolled again on the centre to which I invariably gravitate. I wish I could make you amends for nearly four sides of uninteresting matter by sending you something worth reading before I say good bye. Perhaps something I wrote this morning to my useful little pocket-book (Brown's patent with a metallic pencil the marks of which are indelible) will amuse you. Wretched doggrel as the lines are, I would the sentiment they convey though obscurely were graven with an iron pen and lead in the too rocky heart within me. I will put them on the envelope.[4] I beseech you to pardon my trifling, my egotism, and much more that is perceptibly offensive to others though not to myself. I have not referred to realities that I desire to have nearest my heart, for several reasons. I hope soon to write a little more tolerably to you. I shall *hug* a letter from you, and I assure you I need one as much as ever. Tell me all about your dear self. I think you will be pleased to hear that Isaac is determinately busy, and altogether improving. It is time I came to an end for you see I forget even my nominative case.[5] Never, you will say when it is in the first person, and to this charge I plead guilty but have great confidence in the clemency of the court. Love and pray for your grateful and affectionate

Mary Ann.

I promise to write again very soon if that will be the least bait to you.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 23 MARCH 1840

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | Kettering. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | M 23 | 1840. *Nine words published:* Cross, I, 61.

Griff March 23d 1840.

My very dear Friend,

Do you not know that fear is like some pseudo-prophecies, bringing to pass the very event it forbodes? I fear that I am going to send you another shabby selfish letter, and I dare to say my dread will deprive me of the little ability I might otherwise have to make the best of a bad season for writing. I really meant to give myself the treat of scribbling a long letter to you this week but I am obliged to send you one to-night that I may if possible obtain from you the full name, style and title of Dr. Pearson's Essay,[6] with that of its publisher, for Mr. Short [7] who seldom succeeds in getting me the right thing, having

4. This envelope has not been found.

5. "Isaac" has been inserted later.

6. John Norman Pearson (1787–1865), *Critical Essay on the Ninth Book of Warburton's Divine Legation of Moses,* Hatchard, 1808.

7. Edward William Short, bookseller, Market Place, Nuneaton.

apparently a *pendant* to himself in London not at all inferior in stolidity, has sent me word that he cannot find out the birthplace of the work, and I am consequently losing a little time that might be more effectively employed, if I knew whether my ground had been preoccupied or not.

Many thanks for the rules, which I felt conscience-stricken to receive from you, knowing how precious is your modicum of leisure. I have just received my second lesson in German [8] and while I think of it I will rectify a mistake that I remember imparting to you when we were together, respecting the *Sch.* In German these letters united are invariably pronounced as the sh in our *she,* so that Schiller is *Shiller.* Goethe, the German way of spelling which is Göthe, is pronounced as though the former vowel were the French eu in peu. The final e is not open, but like the common English pronunciation of er, when the *r* is not heard. Ch without the s varies according to its junction with certain vowels or consonants. Ei is pron[ounced] like i in *fine,* so that Freischutz is Frishutz.

I am rejoiced to hear even of constrained civility to you, as we well know that necessity becomes habit, and habit sometimes strikes out the roots of principle. It is to be hoped that such will be the case here. Satan's sentiments "Evil be thou my good," [9] is by no means peculiar to the Monarch of iniquity—it is shared in various degrees by all his subjects.

I am grieved to tell you that our dear Chrissey is in a very weak state from a kind of affliction second only to a confinement. I have not your letter at hand and am too hurried to fetch it, though I have an impression that it contains something I should like to notice, more than my memory furnishes to me. You remember hearing me speak of a dear Methodist Aunt in Derbyshire. She is now awaiting in peace and joy the summons that shall call her to be ever with the Lord. O to be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises! [1] And what promises! while we inflate ourselves with wind, and refuse the feast of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined [2] that the Saviour has placed within our reach.

Much love and promises of amendment from

Your own
Polly.

8. From Joseph Henry Brezzi.
9. *Paradise Lost,* IV, 110.
1. Hebrews 6:12.
2. Isaiah 25:6.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, [30 MARCH 1840]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | M 31 | 1840. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 62–65.

Griff Monday Evening.

My very dear Friend,

If you go on conferring favours on me I shall be so hopelessly distanced in the race, that I must e'en as I have heard some grateful people systematically do, quarrel with my Friend to be quit of the sense of obligation. Seriously I do fully estimate your kind sacrifice of precious time to my gratification and I heartily wish I could give you a kiss with my thanks at this moment, though by the bye I am forgetting that our house is now, and will be for the next two months miserably noisy and disorderly with the musical operations of masons carpenters and painters. You know how abhorrent all this is to my tastes and feelings, taking all the spice out of my favorite little epithet "This working day world": [3] I can no longer use it figuratively. How impressive must the gradual rise of Solomon's Temple have been! Each prepared mass of virgin marble laid in reverential silence. I fancy Heber has compared it to the growth of a Palm.[4]

Your nice miniature chart which I shall carefully treasure up has quite satisfied me that Dr. Pearson at least has not realized my conceptions, though it has left me still dubious as to my own power of doing so. I will just (if you can bear to hear more of the matter) give you an idea of the plan, which may have partly faded from your memory. The series of perpendicular columns will successively contain, the Roman Emperors with their dates, the political and religious state of the Jews, the bishops, remarkable men and events in the several churches, a column being devoted to each of the chief ones, the aspect of heathenism and Judaism toward Christianity, the chronology of the Apos[tolical] and Patristical writings, schisms and heresies, General Councils, eras of corruption, under which head the remarks would be general, and I thought possibly an application of the Apocalyptic prophecies, which would merely require a few figures and not take up room. I think there must be a break in the chart after the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the Empire, and I have come to a determination not to carry it beyond the first acknowledgment

3. *As You Like It*, I, iii, 12. GE uses it again 17 September 1840 and in *Adam Bede*, ch. 50 (Cabinet ed., II, 303.)

4. Reginald Heber (1783–1826), *Palestine, a Prize Poem*, Oxford, 1807: "Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung."

of the supremacy of the Pope, by Phocas [5] in 606 when Mahommedanism became a besom of destruction in the hand of the Lord, and completely altered the aspect of Ecclesiastical Hist[or]y. So much for this, at present, airy project, about which I hope never to teaze you more.

Mr. Harper [6] lent me a little time ago a work by the Revd W. Gresley, begging me to read it, as he thought it was calculated to make me a proselyte to the opinions it advocates. I had skimmed the book before ("Portrait of An English Churchman") but I read it attentively a second time and was pleased with the spirit of piety that breathes throughout. His last work is one in a similar style, "The English Citizen," [7] which I have cursorily read, and as they are both likely to be seen by you, I want to know your opinion of them. Mine is this: that they are sure to have a powerful influence on the minds of small readers and shallow thinkers, as, from the simplicity and clearness with which the author, by his beau idéal characters, enunciates his sentiments they furnish a magazine of easily wielded weapons for *morning calling* and *evening party* controversialists, as well as that really honest minds will be inclined to think they have found a resting-place amid the foot-balling of religious parties. But it appears to me that there is unfairness in arbitrarily selecting a train of circumstances, and a set of characters as a development of a class of opinions. In this way we might make atheism appear wonderfully calculated to promote social happiness. I remember, as I dare say you do, a very amiable atheist depicted by Bulwer in Devereux,[8] and for some time after the perusal of that book, which I read 7 or 8 years ago, I was considerably shaken by the impression that religion was not a requisite to moral excellence.

Have you not alternating seasons of mental stagnation and activity? Just such as the political economists say there must be in a nation's pecuniary condition—all one's precious specie, time, going out to procure a stock of commodities while one's own manufactures

5. Emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire, 602–10.

6. Henry Richard Harper (1798–1870) of Chilvers Coton, elder brother of the Rev. Latimer Harper. He is said to be the original of Mr. Farquhar in "Amos Barton," though Farquhar has a wife and two daughters, while Mr. Harper died unmarried.

7. William Gresley (1801–76), one of the staunchest exponents of the Tractarian Movement, published his *Portrait of an English Churchman* in 1838. *Clement Walton; or the English Citizen,* which had just appeared, was the first in a series of tales called the Englishman's Library, which ran to 31 vols.

8. In Bulwer Lytton's *Devereux,* 1829, the hero meets an Italian named Bezoni who "was a believer in the dark doctrine which teaches that man is dust," but who nevertheless lived virtuously and "lost his life in attending the victims of a fearful and contagious disease." (Book v, ch. 6.)

are too paltry to be worth vending. I am just in that condition, partly I think owing to my not having met with any steel to sharpen my edge against for the last three weeks. I am going to read a volume of the Oxford Tracts and the Lyra Apostolica; [9] the former I almost shrink from the labour of conning, but the other I confess I am attracted towards by some highly poetical extracts that I have picked up in various quarters. I have just bought Mr. Keble's Christian Year,[1] a volume of sweet poetry that perhaps you know; if not it is a dish both in ingredients and cooking that would suit you. Not more than 2/6 or 3s. The fields of poesy look more lovely than ever now I have hedged myself in the geometrical regions of fact, where I can do nothing but *draw* parallels and measure differences in a double sense. I shall soon hate heretics as vehemently as any papist can desire, for both their wide uniformity and their narrow differences are as Chrissey would say, *pestering.* Certain divines enjoin us to consult ecclesiastical records for the settling of our faith, a result the very opposite to what they appear likely to produce, in my humble and narrow apprehension. I was struck yesterday with Mr. Hake's text, 2. Hosea 6 and 7 verses. They appeared partly an exact description of some of my experience. How exquisite the succeeding chapter is, the 3d I fancy, in which the Almighty covenants to bestow on His people all blessings for time and eternity! "I will betroth thee unto me" etc. Why do we yearn after a fellow mortal but because we do not live and delight in conscious union with Him who condescends to say, "Ye shall no more call me Baali or Lord, but ye shall call me Ishi,[2] my husband." Our Lord's words, "Henceforth I call you not servants but friends," [3] etc. seem to be an allusion to this text.

With respect to my own state of soul of which I have said nothing for some time, I fear that my sins or rather one particular manifestation of them, have forsaken me instead of my forsaking and abhorring them. I feel that a sight of one being whom I have not beheld except passingly since the interview I last described to you would *probably* upset *all;* but as it is, the image now seldom arises in consequence of entire occupation and, I trust in some degree, desire and prayer to be free from rebelling against Him whose I am by right, whose I would be by adoption. I endeavoured to pray for the beloved object to whom I have alluded, I must still a little while say *beloved,* last night and

9. The *Lyra Apostolica,* 1836, like the *Tracts for the Times,* were written by Newman, Keble, and others.

1. John Keble's *The Christian Year,* published anonymously, 2 vols., Oxford, 1827, and often reprinted.

2. Hosea 2:16.

3. John 15:15.

felt soothingly melted in thinking that if mine be really prayers my acquaintance with him has probably caused the *first* to be offered up specially in his behalf. But all this I ought not to have permitted to slip from my pen.[4]

I am quite angry with those around you for letting your life be uninterrupted monotony, when they have the power of pleasantly varying it. Why does not Mr. Craig shew his superiority to the childishness and narrowness, that shew themselves in wayward jealousy on one side and stiff assumption on the other? You do not say anything of your health, hence I conclude you are tolerably well. Dear Chrissey has been staying at Warwick, a fact that will describe her state of health better than my rhetoric. Poor Mrs. Buchanan has been in anxiety about her little Anney,[5] who has been very ill. She desired me to tell you that Mrs. MacDonell has a son! The Attlebro Bazaar will take place in November next; but if you work for it, I shall blush. It is now twelve o'clock, and the obtuseness of my faculties has reached its climax. I would ask you to forgive all the nonsense and bad English I have scribbled, but that you have interdicted all such appeals. The sooner I see your handwriting the better for

Your affectionate
Polly.

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, GRIFF, [6? APRIL 1840]

Text: Composite from *Bookman,* 3 (December 1892), 83, and *Poet-Lore,* 6 (January 1894), 4–5.

Griff, Monday evening.

My dear Patty . . .

Pity the sorrows of a poor young housekeeper, and determine to make the very best use of your present freedom *therefrom.* I do you to wit that you are to expect nothing very solid, still less anything brilliant, from one of my calibre. My very studies have a tendency to make me non-*impartitive.* I must coin a word, and plead the possibility of my becoming important enough to do so, though obliged to confess undue assumption now. I take too much mental food to digest without more of the exercise of conversation. This reminds me that I think you are quite right in questioning the wisdom of spending your time in learning what your time and resources would enable you to acquire of

4. Nothing more is known of this early romance.

5. Anne Whateley Buchanan, daughter of James Williams and Nancy Wallington Buchanan, was baptized at Nuneaton 24 May 1832.

Latin. We need leisure for contemplation . . . and though God is best served by diligence in occupations that His providence points out or permits, still the first of His requirements, and that which gives value to what would otherwise be a series of ciphers, is the giving up of the heart to him, not at one particular epoch, but daily, hourly, as a living sacrifice and oblation. I am conscious of having straitened myself by the adoption of a too varied and laborious set of studies, having so many social duties; otherwise circumstanced I might easily compass them all.

I dilate on this mistake of mine, not out of a desire to meditate on anything belonging to myself, for I am very glad to take my *congé* of that importunate companion, but because I think it possible that a knowledge of my experience on this head may be of some use to you. I am delighted with the little compact chronological table, the more so that it trenches not on my ground. Who is its author or authoress? and whose is the scheme of prophetic interpretation? [6] I have read some portions of 'The Doctor,' [7] and have long intended to read the work thoroughly, but I am waiting for a season that I can conscientiously devote to a light work, which is a sort of effervescent medicine that my torpid constitution occasionally needs. You will polish and sharpen me, will you not? Alas! I need melting and remoulding.

I am going to make a proposition, dear Patty, that would, I think, if carried out, make our correspondence more effective. Tell me if it would be agreeable to you. It is that we should have an assigned subject for our correspondence, not, of course, restricted to any particular number of letters. I should like you always to choose and start the bone we are to pick together without contention. Suppose you begin this plan in your next letter—any subject that may appear above your horizon I will trail [treat?] with pleasure on your pointing it out to me, whether it be planet or meteor, substantial or gaseous. Do you know Keble's 'Christian Year'? A little volume of poems adapted to the Sundays and Holy Days according to our Prayer Book arrangement. . . .

I should like, as you conjecture, to know the sweet girl who, though deaf to our gross earthly sounds, yet "hears the Muses in a ring, aye round about Jove's altar sing." [8] Tell her from me that Cupid listens to

6. Edward Bickersteth, *A Practical Guide to the Prophecies, with Reference to Their Interpretation and Fulfilment . . .*, 4th ed., London, Seeley and Burnside, 1835; 6th ed., 1839. The Table of Chronology GE refers to is Appendix II.

7. Robert Southey's prose compilation had appeared in 5 vols., 1834–39; the last two were published in 1847.

8. *Il Penseroso*, lines 47–48.

no entreaties, that we must deal with him as an enemy, either boldly parry his shafts or flee.

I have had four lessons in German, and I like the language extremely. . . .

Your sincerely affectionate
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO EDITH HARRIET KITTERMASTER, GRIFF, [10 APRIL 1840]

MS: British Museum. *Published:* Minoru Toyoda, *Studies in the Mental Development of George Eliot in Relation to the Science, Philosophy, and Theology of Her Day,* Tokyo, 1931, pp. 265–266.

May I, my dear Miss Kittermaster, as one possessing some knowledge of her from whom you have been so lately separated,[9] and consequently partaking, in however slight a proportion, of your feelings under her loss, express that sympathy, without offending against the delicacy with which so sacred a thing as sorrow ought to be approached?

There is a stage of grief when the really smitten heart shrinks from the tenderest mortal touch, necessarily ceases from man,[1] whose image only reminds it of the possibility of multiplying its present pangs, and feels that the balm it needs must have no material conveyance but come directly from Him who has seen it requisite unwillingly to wound. And this is the season when trial if not futile, operates according to God's gracious design on the soul; the curtain is drawn before the glare that in worldly peace deceives the mental eye, and we see things in their true colour and relations, we no longer "walk in a vain show," we are awakened as by a minute bell at night to a consciousness of our real position, that of beings whose eternal weal or woe is pending, and may be decided in a moment. There is a degree of satisfaction even amidst this grief and anxiety, to which thoughtless freedom from pain can offer nothing equal; it is the satisfaction of having partially set our feet on the firm foundation of truth, and it is a law of our nature that peace should be experienced in proportion as we steadily grasp eternal truth and walk by its guidance.

How blessed that we are not left like the heathen to grope our way

9. Jane Catherine Kittermaster, a daughter of Dr. James Kittermaster of Meriden, Warwickshire, was buried there 7 April 1840, aged 21. For this information I am indebted to Mr. F. J. Kittermaster of Rugby. Dr. Kittermaster (1790?–1877) took his M.D. degree at Glasgow in 1826. See *London and Provincial Medical Directory,* 1852.

1. Isaiah 2:22.

to a twilight of knowledge, but may be at once introduced to the clear sunshine of the full assurance of understanding of the study of Divine revelation. Here is the inexhaustible fountain of comfort under every class of sufferings, infinitely varied as they are, the armoury whence we may draw weapons against every enemy, not excepting the worst, our own corruptions. I would that I could more experimentally speak of its blessed influences, more earnestly desire that every fresh admonition of the vanity of all attainments brilliant and attractive though they be, but such as are subsidiary to saving wisdom, to quicken my own diligence and that of all in whom I am interested in the pursuit of durable riches and righteousness. That this may be the effect of your present bereavement on yourself and your whole family, I have attempted to pray.

I beg you to present my kindest regards to Dr. and Mrs. Kittermaster, to forgive me if I have unduly trespassed on your feelings, and to believe, my dear Miss Kittermaster, that I am

Your sincere Friend,
Mary Ann Evans.

Griff Friday.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 2[8] MAY 1840

MS: Yale. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 66–67. Thursday was 28 May.

Griff May 26th 1840.

My dear Friend,

If you are in health it is well. I am also well.[2] I am so tired of *artful* simplicity, in modern vogue, that I have a mind to return to the antique fashion of simple formality. What if I should send you a matter of fact letter? Would you doubt the integrity of my signature? I have much that I could tell you and should like to convey to your *ear,* but I forbear to put down on paper, prospects that may yet after all pass by as the scenery of a Diorama. I will only hint that there seems a probability of my being an unoccupied damsel,[3] of my being severed from all the ties that have hitherto given my existence the semblance of a usefulness beyond that of making up the requisite quantum of animal matter in the universe. A second important intimation respecting my worthy self is one that I confess I impart without one

2. *Si vales, bene est; ego valeo.* GE perhaps came across it in Cicero, *Epistulae,* XIV, 11, etc.

3. The engagement of her brother Isaac brought the prospect of a sister-in-law who would supersede GE as housekeeper at Griff.

sigh though perhaps you will think my callousness discreditable. It is that Seeley and Burnside have just published a Chart of Ecclesiastical History, doubtless giving to my airy vision a local habitation and a name. I console all my little regrets by thinking that what is thus evidenced to be a desideratum has been executed much better than if left to my slow fingers and slower head.

So you intend to cheat us by migrating in any direction rather than ours? I cannot be so selfish as not to wish that you should go where you can have the most invigorating breeze and the loveliest novelty, and I heartily echo your kind wish that we should be "like Juno's swans" [4] coupled together, though Brighton is not a name of stirring association with me. Give me a cliff that no tools have violated from whence to view the great deep, not a crowded splendid pier. My knowledge, conferred by my own pupillage, of the nearness of your holiday's commencement, has induced me to write you a hasty letter to-night, that I may have to expect a notification of your plans before your departure from Burton. I did hope to have the benefit of a little unfettered intercourse with you to have all those little plans and feelings to which recent circumstances have given birth passed through the crucible of your judgment, but it is good to see future disappointments in a camera obscura.

My dear Sister is in charming health with her darlings great and small. Can you imagine me domiciled at Meriden? Think you my elements are such as are likely to disturb the serenity of that atmosphere? or rather do you not think I shall be a stunted shrub? I desire to imitate my beloved father's calm endurance and humble gratitude and be quite free from anxiety respecting my destination. To be faithful to my theme, I fear I am laboriously doing nothing, for I am beguiled by the fascinations that the study of languages has for my capricious mind, and could e'en give myself up to making discoveries in the world of words. My pilot too is anything but uninteresting, all external grace and mental power, but "Cease ye from man" [5] is engraven on my amulet. And to tell you the truth I begin to feel involuntarily isolated, and without being humble, to have such a consciousness that I am a negation of all that finds love and esteem as makes me anticipate for myself—no matter what; I shall have countless undeserved enemies if my life be prolonged, wherever my lot may be cast, and I need rigid discipline, which I have never yet had. Byron in his Childe Harold (which I have just begun the second time) checks

4. Juno's birds are not swans, but peacocks.

5. Isaiah 2:22.

reflections on individual and personal sorrows by reminding himself of the revolutions and woes beneath which the shores of the Mediterranean have groaned.[6] We may with more effectual comparison think of the dangers of the Great Ark of the Church in these latter times of the deluge of sin. I have written an almost unpardonably egotistical letter to say nothing of its other blemishes, but I believe you are *the* person that loves me well enough to bear with me. Send me word soon how you are and whither going, and think of me as your true and affectionate

Mary Ann.

Thursday Evening

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 10 JUNE [1840]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | 25. Gurnault Place | near Myddleton Street | Spa Fields | London. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | JU | 1840. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 67.

Griff Whitwednesday.

My own dear Friend,

I have very sufficient reason savoir mauvais gré towards myself for giving you reason to ruminate two moments on your supposed satire which was nothing more than a playful "mighty" attached to my labours. I will make use of the dernier report of non-eloquent people and tell you that the state of our house "transcends description"—'tis at the very climax of dirt and confusion, consequently it must now needs turn round and grow better. I do hope that in a fortnight we shall have a tolerable degree of tranquility, and I do beg, as a proof of your affection, that you will once more visit Griff while I am its mistress. The last sentence was not written for Doctor Johnson, who had a particular inveteracy against a certain little superfluous auxiliary that figures therein,[7] but for my friend, who will pity my little troubles when I tell her that in addition to already detailed perplexities, I have had Dr. Kittermaster[8] two days to amuse, and have been far from well since Saturday. I shall have I hope a little trip with my Father next week into Derbyshire, and this 'lark' will probably be beneficial to me, so that do not imagine I am inviting you to come and hear moaning, when you need all attainable relaxation. I assure you I am exhilarated by my prospects in many points of view, though I seem to need chastise-

6. The opening stanzas of Canto IV.

7. In "A Grammar of the English Tongue" prefixed to his *Dictionary* Dr. Johnson says: "*I do* is sometimes used superfluously, as *I* do *love, I* did *love;* simply for *I love* or *I loved;* but this is considered as a vitious mode of speech."

8. See [10 April 1840].

ment so much as almost to anticipate its introduction by a change of circumstances.

So you are in London! a fact which I have happily recalled at this moment, for though in full possession of the contents of your letter I am so stultified as to be unable to use my knowledge, and was on the point of directing to you at Burton. May the London air be blest to the refreshment of your body and may you possess that peace which no exterior tumult can disturb! If you have not met with a little book called "Hours of Thought," by W. McCombie [9] and should happen to do so, make an effort if necessary to peruse it. It is well worth it. Please to offer my love to Mrs. Buchanan,[1] to imagine all excuses for this letter, so little worthy of you, and to believe me as ever,

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

May I trouble you with a commission? It is to procure for me an Italian book recommended by Mr. Brezzi—or probably I had better send you his list which he gave me to select from that I might have something containing familiar Italian. If you can get it I should like the first, Silvio Pellico, Le mie prigioni; if not, Storia d'Italia.[2] If they are cheap I should like both. I beg of you not to endeavor to procure the books unless you can do so quite easily and agreeably.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 23 JUNE 1840

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | Duke's Head | Margate. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | JU 23 | 1840. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 67–69.

Griff | June 23d 1840.

My very dear Friend,

Your letter greeted me last night on my arrival from Staffordshire,[3] and it is my first employment this morning after arranging sundry

9. William McCombie, *Hours of Thought,* 2d ed., [1839].

1. Miss Lewis had probably accompanied Mrs. J. W. Buchanan to London; the address given is that of George Adam Buchanan, surgeon.

2. Silvio Pellico (1788–1854) describes his imprisonment for membership in the Carbonari in *Le mie prigioni,* 1833. Carlo Giuseppe Guglielmo Botta (1766–1837) published many historical works; *Storia d'Italia, continuata da quella della Guicciardini sino al 1789* and *Storia d'Italia dal 1789 al 1814* were both available in several editions. On the edge of the letter Miss Lewis has written "Botta Storia d'Italia dal 1534 al 1814."

3. GE and her father reached Wirksworth 18 June, where they spent the night with Samuel Evans; the next day they went to Ellaston, where they stayed with William Evans until 22 June; Robert Evans's Diary says: "myself and Mary Ann left Ellaston this morning for home we stoped at Lichfield we went and looked over the Cathedral and stopd and dined at the George Inn got home a little after 6 o'clock."

household matters to prepare such a representative of myself for tonight's post as my rather dissipated brain will allow. If my affection for you did not lead me to dwell chiefly on your trial in being despoiled of your only season of refreshment, I should feel more deeply for the almost desolate sufferer [4] to whom Providence has made you a ministering angel. I hear this morning that Mr. B. is journeying to or has arrived at Margate, the latter I hope is fact. I will hope that what you have regarded as a stormy petrel may prove a halcyon and that after all I shall once more give you a bonâ fide kiss. Having thus put on my spectacles couleur de rose, as Mrs. Jameson says, I shall write as cheerfully as I can. If I had not almost lost that "constant hectic of a fool," [5] wishing, I should wish myself in the noose of matrimony solely for your dear sake. I would not then hear of comfortable establishments for governesses near London. As it is, alas, I must be content to feel that I can offer you no refuge that would be an equivalent to such a one as you describe. Only I must protest against your segregating yourself so completely that your friends can never get a sight of you. As long as I am here you know well that my dear Father will be delighted to welcome you as *my* friend, in addition to his respect for you, and should I migrate to Meriden our meeting will be facilitated in every way.

The prospectus of Mr. Henslowe's work [6] is as marvellous to my ignorant conceptions as a prophecy of the wonders of the steam engine would have been to some British worthy in the days of Caractacus; I can only gape as he would probably have done. I hope Mr. H. has not imitated certain showkeepers who give so exaggerated a representation of their giantess on the outside that the spectators have disappointment for their cash within. Whichever arrangement as to for-

4. Miss Lewis accompanied Mrs. J. W. Buchanan to Margate, where she died 19 July 1840.

5. *Night Thoughts*, IV, 77.

6. William Henry Henslowe (1802–90), son of Capt. Edward Prentice, B.A. Cambridge 1827, M.A. 1830. He was Curate of West Tilbury, Essex, 1827–33, when his license was revoked, apparently because of offensive attacks on military life in his sermons in the barrack chapel at Woolwich. In 1844 he was before the Court of Arches for refusing to bury the child of Primitive Methodists. His writings include such works as *The Bishop Blighted; The Moral of the Beard, or Shaving Denounced;* and *No Hope for the Church of England as by Law "Perverted!"* The book alluded to here, a complex system of phonetics using symbols of his own devising, is entitled *The Phonarthron. Or, Natural System of Sounds of Speech; a Test of Pronunciation for All Languages: Also the Phonarithmon, and the Phonodion. To Which Is Added, a Practical Application of the Phonarthron to English and French Pronunciation; and to the Reading of Hebrew . . .*, 1840. Among the subscribers listed (pp. 121–122) is "Miss Evans, Burton-Latimer, Northamptonshire." Henslowe had been Curate of Burton Latimer 1834–37. (J. A. Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses.*)

warding the book will be in your opinion best will suit me. If I do not see you how shall I send the money and your Don Quixote which I hope soon to finish? I have been sadly interrupted by other books that have taken its scanty allowance of time or I should have made better haste with it. Many thanks for the trouble you have taken to get me Silvio Pellico; I will not have the other at present, but if your passage through town be altogether such as to allow of a little shopping, will you try to get me Spenser's Faery Queen? The cheapest edition with a glossary, which is quite indispensable, together with a clear and correct type. This book is of no importance whatever, so do not burden yourself with a straw's weight of inconvenience on its account. My only reason for mentioning it to you is that if I order it of Mr. Short I am almost certain to have either an inferior or a very expensive edition.

I should like to know what sights you were allowed in London. I have had some treats on my little excursion, not the least of which was the gazing on some, albeit the smallest, of "the everlasting hills" and on those noblest children of the earth, fine healthy trees, as independent in their beauty as virtue; set them where you will, they adorn and need not adornment. Father indulged me with a sight of Ashborne Church,[7] the finest mere parish church in the Kingdom—in the *interior,* of Alton Gardens,[8] where I saw actually what I have so often seen mentally, the breadfruit tree, the fan palm, and the papyrus, and last of Lichfield Cathedral, where, besides the exquisite architectural beauties both external and internal, I saw Chantrey's famous monument of the sleeping children.[9] There is a tasteless monument to the learned and brilliant female pedant of Lichfield Miss Seward, with a poor epitaph by Sir Walter Scott.[1] In the town we saw a large monument erected [2] to Johnson's memory, showing his Titanic body in a sitting posture on the summit of a pedestal which is ornamented with bas reliefs of three passages in his life. His penance in Uttoxeter Market, his chairing on the shoulders of his schoolmates, and his listening to the preaching of Sacheverel.[3] The statue is opposite the house in

7. i.e., Ashbourne; the spire is 212 ft. high.

8. Alton Towers was the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

9. Sir Francis Legatt Chantrey (1781–1841). This monument to the daughters of Mrs. Robinson is his most famous work.

1. Anna Seward (1747–1809), the "Swan of Lichfield," erected this monument to her father, who had been a canon of the Cathedral. After her death the inscription by Scott, to whom she bequeathed all her literary remains, was added.

2. In 1838 in the Market Place.

3. According to the story Johnson was only three years old when, perched on his father's shoulders, he heard the famous Tory preacher, Dr. Henry Sacheverell (1674?–1724).

which Johnson was born. Altogether inferior to that in St. Paul's, which shook me almost as much as a real glance from the literary monarch.

I send you a little burst of feeling of my own, which would not be fit to send you if you were not in trouble, and even now it is not applicable fully to any but myself. I am ashamed to send you so many ill-clothed nothings. My excuse shall be a state of head that calls for four leeches before I can attack Mrs. Somerville's Connection of the Physical Sciences.[4] I promise to write better English next time. I am thoroughly dissatisfied with my letter but it is dinner time and I must think of my Father's mind and body. My love to poor Mrs. Buchanan, when she is able to receive it. I will pray as well as my earth-bound spirit may for an abundant harvest of joy after this seed-time of tears, to you and her. The latter will last just as long as your All-wise and Tender Parent sees necessary—it is but part of the dower to which you are entitled as one of His family. Blessed, is it not, to belong to that family in heaven and in earth which is as much superior to the rest of this "corner of the universe" as Pascal argues man to be compared with all matter.[5] Man is greater than what destroys him because he *knows* the destructive agent. He alone possesses reasoning consciousness. So the Christian is greater than others in that he knows the object, the end of all his chastisements, the state to which he is tending, and while all mankind beside are either dizzy with intoxication, locked in the stupor of indifference, or shuddering at the spectre of despair, he alone walks calmly and wakefully, and with an eye freed from the film of pride, prejudice and discontent he sees all things in Nature and in Providence in those soul gladdening hues with which the great Fountain of Light has clothed them. I say good bye very reluctantly.

Your own affectionate
Polly.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, [6 JULY 1840]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | 12. Buenos Ayres | <Ramsgate.> | Try Margate. *Postmarks:* COVENTRY | JY 7 | 1840; RAMSGATE | JY 8 | 1840. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 70.

Griff Monday Evening.

My very dear Friend,

In this vestibule to life's theatre we must be content to accomplish all our projects and realize all our hopes imperfectly. I am go-

4. Mary Fairfax Somerville, *On the Connection of the Physical Sciences,* 1834.

5. *Pensées,* ch. 10.

ing to give you a new illustration of this trite dictum by replying *promptly* indeed to your Saturday's letter, (and this part of my wishes my affection and sympathy will not let me forego) but with little of the composure and still less of the leisure that are required to speak of those subjects which alone are asbestian [6] and retain any substance in the fire of tribulation. I am afraid to imagine what may now be your circumstances. I can only renew my prayer that you may have the assurance that "your Father is at the helm" and find *that* an adequate support. I am a little tried, in *my style* of trial just now, but I need it.

I know you like to hear of the state of my thermometer, so I will tell you that though I am not in *hot* water I am in some that is slightly troublous. I believe it is decided that Father and I should leave Griff [7] and take up our residence somewhere in the neighbourhood of Coventry, if we can obtain a suitable house and this is at present a matter of anxiety. So you see I am likely still to have a home where I can independently welcome you. I am really so plunged in an abyss of books, preserves and sundry *important trivialities* that I must send you this bare proof that I have not cast the remembrance of you to a dusty corner of my heart. I beg you, if possible, to send me a bulletin by the earliest post. I promise to write more if it will be acceptable. Ever believe that "my heart is as thy heart" that you may rely on me as a second self, and that I shall with my usual selfishness lose no opportunity of gratifying my duplicate. Basta, you say, and I obey. Good bye.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, [20 JULY 1840]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 1840. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 69–70.

Griff Monday Morning.

My very dear Friend,

Twice before I have written an exordium for a letter to you, but as I generally let my feelings flow to the end of my pen as soon as I begin to write to you, I am obliged to reject both, as no longer containing a true representation of myself. Bodily debility has of late made me a slave to a train of morbid fancies—from these I trust I am emerging, and I can this morning write to you with something of the calmness and cheerfulness that are the proper result of mercies more than I can even number. I have said thus much to account for my not sending you a letter as soon as I had reason to believe that you were

6. This form of the word does not appear in the *OED.*

7. When her brother Isaac should be married.

settled at Burton. My heart has lately been with you more than ever and had I any magic at command it would certainly be used in transporting me to Burton for one day. My last accounts of the poor sufferer at Nuneaton [8] were favourable; but you will probably receive more regular and trustworthy information concerning him than I. I cherish hopes concerning the result of this scourging should God see fit in His immeasurable longsuffering, to uphold his life under such excruciating pain as he must endure. I long to know Mrs. B's spiritual state. It is an inexpressible mercy, enough to absorb our finite gratitude and leave none for other gifts, to feel that the "Lord God hath opened our ear" [9] to His voice, which is to be heard in every note of the scale to which His dealings in the Kingdom of Grace and of Providence are set; from the still and gently drawing whispers of His Spirit in the soul to the deep-toned and almost stunning thunder of his power when whole nations, while falling a sacrifice on the shrine of His incensed justice, subserve at the same time the designs of His compassion by putting others in fear that they may know themselves to be but men. We may so far agree with the Quietists [1] as to exercise that constant waiting on God for instruction and comfort which they make the sum total of religion but which we would unite with that active obedience that reasonable service, so prominently set forth in precept both figurative and literal and embodied in the conduct of God's saints, throughout the "lively oracles" [2] that have been committed to us. Our poor bodies are in league with our spiritual enemies within and without to make us weary in well doing,[3] we get troubled by reason of the way and we sit down weeping in the camp at the prospect of encountering the terrific giants [4] that stand between us and our promised Canaan, after all the trials of the traversed wilderness. What is the remedy in this case? Surely more of the grace that has subdued king-

8. "J. W. Buchanan, Esq., solicitor, of Nuneaton, met with a severe accident last week. While driving towards Coventry, one of the wheels of his carriage came off, near the second milestone, and in dismounting he fell, and the vehicle passed over his legs, one of which sustained a compound fracture, and the other was severely lacerated. Mr. Ball, surgeon, of Foleshill, set the broken limb, and he was removed home, where he lies in a very precarious state. The circumstance is rendered more distressing by the decease of Mrs. Buchanan, who died after a short illness at Margate, on Sunday last. She will be a serious loss to her poorer townsfolk, to whom her kindness and charity were unlimited." (Coventry *Standard*, 24 July 1840.) She was 37 years old. She married 5 July 1825 James Williams Buchanan (1792–1846), by whom she had two daughters, Anne Whateley, b. 1832, and Jane Margaret Helen, b. 1834.

9. Isaiah 50:5.

1. Followers of Miguel de Molinos (1640–97).

2. Acts 7:38.

3. II Thessalonians 3:13.

4. Numbers 13:33.

doms wrought righteousness stopped the mouths of lions, *out of weakness* has *produced strength,* waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.[5] How replete with meaning for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness is the historical part of Scripture. Is it not clear that strong faith in the promises, real appropriation of them, must be a fountain ever sending forth streams of love and joy? The greater our assurance of pardon, the more lively and active our gratitude. While enjoying the light of God's countenance and feeding on the supplies that His Spirit imparts through the word and works of God we shall scarcely miss inferior comforts when withdrawn. Blessed state! O that I could attain it—and why not? Because I am straitened not in Christ but in my own bowels.[6] We are like poor creatures of whom I have read, who, for some cause or other, having been thrust out of a ship by their companions, try to grasp first one part of the vessel then another for support, until by the successive lashes that are given to make them loose their hold, they have no fingers left by which to venture another hopeless experiment on pitiless hearts. So we, having *voluntarily* caused ourselves to be cast out as evil by the world, are continually indicating a vacillation in our choice by trying to lean on some part of it within reach, and it is mercy that orders the lashing of our disobedient fingers, even though for a time we be faint and bleeding from the correction.

Do you not think that sufficient consideration will be felt towards you to make a short cessation from your occupations attainable some time during the half year? I really fear for your health, and I wonder some plan was not contrived to give you a rather longer respite, your circumstances being known.

I write with a very tremulous hand as you will perceive; both this and many other defects in my letter are attributable to a very mighty cause—no other than the boiling of currant jelly. I have had much of this kind of occupation lately, and I grieve to say I have not gone through it so cheerfully as the character of a Christian who professes to do *all* even the most trifling duty as to the Lord[7] demands. My mind is consequently run all wild and bears nothing but *dog roses.*

I am truly obliged to you for getting me Spenser, amid all your anxieties. I have not yet received it. How shall I send to you Don

5. Hebrews 11:33–34.

6. II Corinthians 6:12.

7. By omitting "to" Cross loses GE's allusion to Colossians 3:23 and lays her open to Basil Willey's remark: "The currant jelly, she says, has made her hand 'tremulous': hence, no doubt, the defective construction of the above-quoted sentence." (*Nineteenth Century Studies,* London, Chatto and Windus, 1949, p. 209.)

Quixote which I have quite finished? It is a charming passe-temps (a word by the bye that I ought to have outlawed long ago) full of philosophical wit. Isaac is in Paris! There has been a mist of suspense thrown round our prospects lately. My brother's marriage is at present uncertain, so I know not what will be our situation. Chrissey is very well and happy and the darlings healthy. Forgive all that needs forgiveness in my letter. Write soon, if only to tell me how you do.

Ever your affectionate
Mary Ann.

You will think my common sense has begged a furlough, that I should so badly manage my paper.

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, GRIFF, 30 JULY 1840

Text: Bookman, 3 (December 1892), 83, and *Poet-Lore,* 6 (January 1894), 2–3.

The Bower of Clematis,[8] | July 30th, 1840.

My dear Ivy,

If you knew how the tendrils of your Clematis have been twisted out of their natural *inclination,* you would not wonder that she should concentrate all her sap for her own support under this rack-like process, and thus become stunted instead of stretching out a branch to clasp even her Ivy. At length, however, she invites her fellow creeper (rather humbling by the bye that they must both be called *parasitic* plants) to try whether the same soil and air will suit the constitution of each. Without all travesty, dear Patty, if you can venture an experiment on Griff and its presiding nymph I shall be glad to welcome you hither on Wednesday week.

There is an enchanting air of mystery about your note, dear Ivy; you thought, I suppose, that you had shrouded your secret in the fashion of a Turkish lady, but I can tell you that it wore only the thin gauze that tempts one to pry more closely. So some lord of the forest, some giant oak or elm, has discovered that Ivy has just the qualifications to make wedded bliss more than a dream! I perfectly agree with his oakship—for what should a wife be if not faithful, devoted, clinging to the last, even when the rich boughs that made the oak's beauty in the eyes of all beside, are leafless and withered? And what moreover if not of vigorous and fibrous mental contexture, conjoined with apparent fragility, lightness, and elegance? Shall I not do to write your

8. In *The Language of Flowers* Clematis, the name Martha Jackson bestowed on GE, signified mental beauty, Ivy, constancy.

epithalamium? . . . Come and blow on me, and wrench the sorrowful weeds that nearly choke my stream. Send me that honeyed word yes, and you will gladden your drooping

Clematis.

GE TO SAMUEL EVANS, GRIFF, 10 AUGUST 1840

MS: Yale. *Address:* Mr. Evans | Mill Houses | Wirksworth | Derbyshire. *Postmark:* Illegible. *Mostly published:* W. Mottram, *The True Story of George Eliot in Relation to "Adam Bede,"* 1905, pp. 133–134.

Griff August 10th 1840.

My dear Uncle,

Remembering the Apostle's declaration that "to be absent from the body is (for redeemed souls) to be present with the Lord," [1] I cannot for her own sake regret that my dear Aunt is so near the very brink of Jordan; [2] I would only pray that her Heavenly Father may, out of His tender consideration for His creatures, who "are but dust," lighten her weight of bodily suffering as far as may consist with His designs of mercy to her soul. Give to my dear Aunt if she should be able to receive it an assurance from me of my warm affection for her, and tell her I humbly resolve in the strength of the Lord to "seek his face evermore," that we may sing together a new song before His throne. For you, my dear Uncle, both my Father and myself truly feel, and I have endeavoured to pray that you may be powerfully sustained under a trial that will indeed bereave you of one who has been as the apple of your eye; but is it not to this end? "That God may be all in all" with you, and that having no earthly prop, you may walk entirely by faith? My Father bids me give his love to you, and tell you that you are passing through what he has already experienced.

We are glad that my Uncle William [3] is able to be at hand to offer you comfort. I trust his health is at least as good as when we were with him. The books belonging to my Aunt which she kindly lent me, I will send the next time I write, as I wish this letter to reach you as soon as possible. It will be a satisfaction to me to hear of your state, and probably one of my cousins will be so good as to write me word concerning you, should you feel unequal to the task. I doubt not,

1. How thoroughly GE was steeped in the Bible appears in the quotations and allusions of this letter: II Corinthians 5:8; Joshua 3:8; Genesis 18:27; Psalms 105:4; Revelation 11:3; Psalms 17:8; II Corinthians 5:7 and 7:4; Isaiah 24:15; Philippians 4:4; Matthew 27:51; Psalms 46:4; Revelation 3:21 and 7:17. There are doubtless others.

2. Mrs. Evans recovered, however, and lived till 9 May 1849.

3. William Evans, elder brother of Robert and Samuel.

my dear Uncle, that you will evidence the possession of what belongs only to the Christian, "joy in tribulation," and that you will thus glorify the Lord God of Israel even in the fires. Truly the commandments of God are not grievous, for the Apostle sums them up by a "Rejoice in the Lord, and *again* I say rejoice," and though *this* may seem a great difficulty when the heart is bowed down and rent in twain by the loss of our earthly gourds, in *reality* that is the very time when we can best relish the waters that make glad the city of God. "Trials make the promise sweet," such promises as these, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit on my throne," and "the Lamb that is before the throne shall feed them, and God himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

I am fearful of not being ready for the post so I must say good bye.

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 12 AUGUST 1840

MS: Yale. *Address:* The Revd L. Harper | Burton Latimer | near Kettering | For *Miss Lewis. Postmark:* COVENTRY | AU 13 | 1840. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 70–71.

Griff | August 12th 1840.

My very dear Friend,

Although you seem to intimate that my parcel will be detained some time before it reaches you, I will enclose my letter in it, first, because its trivialities will offer themselves to you with a better grace in this more modest way of conveyance, and secondly, because I am expecting a young friend (Martha Jackson) to join me on Monday next, and it is therefore probable that the desire to render her stay with me agreeable, may, in addition to ordinary occupations, quite engross me. Although I could wish to hear that you are *quite* well, I will look at the right end of the beam, and be only glad that you are "getting better."

I have received "The Faerie Queen," and am trebly pleased with it, first for its clear type, next for its cheapness, and last, not least, for the tacit witness it gives to your anxiety to gratify my little wishes in the midst of your own far weightier anxieties. I am able to destroy your claims to vaticination by telling you that I am so well as to find both rest and labour sweet, and that I would pass several days of languor to behold some of those guileless wearers of purple and scarlet, which

the Germans call summer birds,[4] but which have not justified that name in our country lately. I mean, moths and butterflies, yea and dragon flies. I have since last I wrote to you, been blessed with an unusual placidity of mind, partly perhaps attributable, though I hope in a slight degree, to those physical sensations by which a beneficent Creator shews kindness even to the unthankful and the evil; chiefly I trust I may assign my feelings to the far more precious rills of mercy that flow to the willing soul not only through the appointed channels which we are commanded diligently to keep open, but by an infinity of passages too narrow for the natural eye to discern.

Did you read Mr. Keble's hymn for the Sunday before last? That sweetly describes the way in which Jesus' love "can turn earth's worst and least, into a conqueror's royal feast." [5] Mr. Finney in his Lectures on Revivals [6] (a powerful book but to be read with broad views of the differences in national character) says that the whole of religion is, simply to submit to God. The phrase is common enough but I doubt whether the *idea,* still less the act be fully comprehended and carried out by the majority even of professing Christians. The confession "we are not our own" is readily made but where is the vivid consciousness of it that can alone conform us to His image who sought not His own will? It is this that makes dwelling in God and He in us. The Christian realizes the apparent paradox of glorying in the possession of the very summit of honour, honour inconceivable until revealed, with the lowest self-abasement. With *this* man will I *dwell,* even with him who is of an humble and a contrite spirit and that trembleth at my word. "I send you the Comforter that He may *abide* with you forever. He *dwelleth* with you and shall be *in* you." [7]

The Epistle to the Colossians is preeminently rich in the colouring with which it portrays the Divine fulness contained in the Saviour contrasted with the beggarly elements that a spirit of self-righteousness would in some way mingle with the light of life, the filthy rags it would tack round the "fine raiment" of His righteousness. I have been reading it in connexion with a train of thought suggested by the reading of "Ancient Christianity and the Oxford Tracts," by Isaac Taylor,[8]

4. *Sommervogel.*

5. From the last stanza of "The Seventh Sunday after Trinity," *The Christian Year.*

6. Charles Grandison Finney (1792–1875), revivalist and President of Oberlin College 1852–66. His *Lectures on Revivals of Religion,* New York, 1835, appeared in a 9th ed., London, 1839.

7. Isaiah 57:15 and 66:2; John 14:16–17.

8. Isaac Taylor (1787–1865), *Ancient Christianity, and the Doctrines of the Oxford Tracts for the Times,* was published in eight parts, 1839–40. Taylor argues that the church of the 4th century upon which the Tractarians sought to graft the institutions of the English

one of the most eloquent, acute, and pious of writers. Five numbers only have yet appeared. Have you seen them? If not I should like to send you an abstract of his argument. I have gulped it (pardon my coarseness) in a most reptile-like fashion; I must *chew* it thoroughly to facilitate its assimilation with my mental frame. You will think me interminably loquacious, and still worse you will be ready to compare my scribbled sheet to the walls of an Egyptian tomb for mystery, and determine not to imitate certain wise antiquaries or antiquarian wiseacres who "waste their precious years, how soon to fail?" in deciphering information which has only the lichen and moss of age to make it more valuable than the facts graphically conveyed by an upholsterer's pattern book.

When your pupils can relish Church History I venture to recommend the Chart lately published by Seeley and Burnside, only 7s. far superior in conception to mine, as being more compendious, yet answering the purpose of presenting epochs as nuclei round which less important events instinctively cluster. Much, much love and a request that you will write as soon as you can do so comfortably, from

Your affectionate
Polly.

Am I right in the sum I have sent? 12.6?

I was disappointed in my expectation of forwarding this letter with the parcel, I therefore send it with all its imperfections on its head to prevent your probable surprise at my silence. May Aaron's blessing which involves the sum total of human bliss be ever with you and your

Polly.

church was already corrupted with superstition. Mrs. John Cash, daughter of the Rev. John Sibree, Nonconformist minister at Coventry, wrote Mr. Cross about Taylor's influence on GE: "In her first conversations with my father and mother, they were much interested in learning in what high estimation she held the writings of Isaac Taylor. My father *thought* she was a little disappointed on hearing that he was a Dissenter. She particularly enjoyed his 'Saturday Evening,' and spoke in years after to me of his 'Physical Theory of Another Life,' as exciting thought and leading speculation further than he would have desired. When his 'Ancient Christianity' was published in numbers, Miss Evans took it in, and kindly forwarded the numbers to us. From the impression made on my own mind by unfavourable facts about 'The Fathers,' and from her own subsequent references to this work, I am inclined to think it had its influence in unsettling her views of Christianity." (Cross, I, 71–72.)

Taylor was not a Dissenter, having joined the Anglican communion at an early stage in his career; but he always remained on the best of terms with the Nonconformists.

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, GRIFF, [AUGUST? 1840]

Text: Poet-Lore, 6 (January 1894), 3.

Griff, | 1840.

My dear Ivy,

Our proposed meetings and adjournments threaten to be as interminable as those on Tithe Commutation, but I cannot regret for your sake that my pleasure is deferred, unless it be from the fear that the sight of a triad of beautiful places, with the excitement of much company may put you in danger of the *Tic douloureux,* not in the face, but lower down, when you are reduced to simple Griff and its rustic mistress for your amusement. However, I will hope that, after so many spices, a draught of water may be taken with a gust, and I shall expect and receive you with all joy. . . .

Your own affectionate
Clematis.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 17 SEPTEMBER 1840

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering | Northamptonshire. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | SE 17 | 1840. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 72–73.

Griff | September 17th 1840.

My very dear Friend,

I believe it is Woman's privilege to give no reason for her actions and by parity of reasoning for her omissions, but I will not avail myself of this article of our Charter to one of my own sex. I will tell you that the cause of my silence has been partly excess of occupation, partly absence from home,[9] and, as the *base* part of the triangle a little sloth for I will not say that by better management it would have been *impossible* for me to write to you. I *can* say however that my thoughts have been more frequently with you than any of my absent female friends, and this the rather that my folly, to give it the mildest name, has placed me à la portée of certain dangerous powers, from whose injuries I have to be thankful that I have so early escaped. I have thought of you as *the* one who has ever shewn herself so capable of consideration for my weakness and sympathy in my warm and easily fastened affections. My imagination is an enemy that must be cast down ere I can enjoy peace or exhibit uniformity of character. I know not which of

9. Robert Evans's Journal, 12 September 1840: "Took Mary Ann to Attleborough to see Mrs. Evarard."

its caprices I have most to dread—that which incites it to spread sackcloth "above, below, around," or that which makes it "cheat my eye with blear illusion,[1] and beget strange dreams" of excellence and beauty in beings and things of only "working day" price. There is but one remedy—and blessed thought! it is in the hands of One who, at least while we are willing to receive it is waiting to bestow it on us. The beautiful heavens that we have lately enjoyed awaken in me an indescribable sensation of exultation in existence and aspiration after all that is suited to engage our immaterial nature; but I feel that this is not pure, not chastened, and therefore not to be indulged. So much for self of which I believe you wish me to speak and so I will not even ask pardon. While I think of it the chart we have on the tapis is thus called: "A Chart of Ecclesiastical History from the commencement of the Christian Era to the present time," published by Seeley and Burnside.

I have not read very many of Mr. W. Bucknill's [2] poems, nor any with much attention. To waste one's time in conning such productions is like choosing to be *fanned* indoors when one can have the breath of Eolus and all his children for less exertion. I do not mean to be satirical, or affect the critic to which character I have not a shadow of right. I simply declare my determination not to feed on the broth of literature when I can get strong soup, such for instance as Shelley's Cloud, the five or six stanzas of which contain more poetic metal than is beat out in all Mr. B' pages. By the bye do recommend to all your married friends "Woman's Mission" [3] a 3.6d book and one you would like to read; the most philosophical and masterly on the subject I ever read or glanced over.

Mr. Harpur [4] told me you looked well when he was at Burton but

1. Milton, *Comus*, line 155.

2. William Samuel Bucknill (1810–73), son of William Bucknill, the Nuneaton surgeon, B.A. Trinity College, Cambridge, 1834. He was Vicar of Burton Hastings, near Nuneaton, 1844–50, and Headmaster of King Edward's School. I am unable to find any trace of his poems. He is said to be the original of Mr. Furness in *Amos Barton:* "a tall young man, with blond hair and whiskers, who was plucked at Cambridge entirely owing to his genius; at least I know that he soon afterwards published a volume of poems, which were considered remarkably beautiful by many young ladies of his acquaintance. Mr Furness preached his own sermons, as any one of tolerable critical acumen might have certified by comparing them with his poems: in both, there was an exuberance of metaphor and simile entirely original, and not in the least borrowed from any resemblance in the things compared." (Ch. 6.)

3. An anonymous work, published in 1839, freely adapted from Louis Aimé-Martin, *De l'éducation des mères de famille, ou la civilisation du genre humain par les femmes*, 2 vols., Paris, 1834.

4. Richard Henry Harpur had been visiting his brother at Burton Latimer. He lived at Coton House, Chilvers Coton. The name at this time is spelled variously. It appears in the *Rugby School Regis-*

I cannot trust his eyes and you do not tell me anything about your health. All is in statu quo here. I think it probably will be so till spring—*then* most probably I shall be transplanted, and that to Meriden.[5] This letter is only fit to be the avant courier of another, but in all simplicity its faults are like those of the Irishman's Horse, unavoidable misfortunes—for my hand and mind are wearied with writing four pages of German and a letter of business. If you can scribble me a few lines before I am able to write again I shall be grateful. You must know I have had bestowed on me the very pretty cognomen of Clematis, which in the Floral language, means Mental Beauty. I cannot find in my heart to refuse it, though like many other appellations it has rather the appearance of a satire than a compliment. Addio!

Ever yours
Clematis.

I will send your Floral name in my next, when I have received my Dictionary.

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, [GRIFF SEPTEMBER 1840?]

Text: Poet-Lore, 9 (February 1894), 60.

I am not one to forget that two of my friends pleased themselves in talking of me together, and I venture to say that if I had a person near me that knew and loved them as well as I, their ears (if our childish superstition be not defunct as all pretty superstitions are fast becoming) would be ever and anon crimson. I will not pretend to sit in so exalted a region of philosophy, or Christian unearthliness as to wish that you should value me according to my bare worth; it would deprive you as well as me of pleasure to tear off me the interesting masquerade dress that your imagination bedecks my commonplace self in; and I do not know that we should be the wiser or better if I were to denude myself of the pearls and brilliants and purple you have given me.

ter, Alumni Cantabrigienses, and the directories of Warwickshire as Harper; but Burke's *Landed Gentry* spells it consistently Harpur. GE usually spells it Harper, as in the address of her letters to Miss Lewis.

5. Where her sister Mrs. Edward Clarke lived.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 1 OCTOBER 1840

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd R. [*sic*] Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering | Northamptonshire. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | OC 2 | 1840. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 73–76.

Griff | October 1st 1840.

My dear Veronica, which being interpreted, is 'fidelity in friendship,' when I remember that there was an enquiry at the close of your last letter concerning the fate of your books, which are yet in my keeping, I feel some anxiety as to the effect of my silence of nearly a fortnight —possibly it has been that of putting a troublesome mote, however minute, in your mind's eye; but without any prolix shewing of causes I beg of you to pardon an error which is not without mitigation from the variety of little matters that Michaelmas presents for my attention. Last week I was absent from home from Wednesday to Saturday, in quest of the "coy maiden" Pleasure—at least nominally so, the real motive being rather to gratify another's feelings.[6] I heard the Messiah on Thursday morning at Birmingham and some beautiful selections from other oratorios of Handel and Haydn on Friday. With a stupid, drowsy sensation produced by standing sentinel over damson cheese [7] and a warm stove I cannot do better than ask you to read if accessible Wordsworth's short poem on the Power of Sound [8] with which I have just been delighted.

My prospects have been long fluctuating so as to make it unsafe for me to mention them; *now* I believe I may say that I am not to be dislodged from my present pedestal or resign my sceptre. The secession has devolved on another and the *flutterer* is to leave the nest—that nest that will still have its most downy nook ready to receive *you.* I am as oriental in my style as if I were under the perpendicular darts of Apollo, you will think, in the land of the morning. I am really sorry to send you profitless babil such as my late letters have been filled with; however "les plus courtes erreurs sont toujours les meilleures" [9] and I hope to become more methodical once again in my occupations.

6. GE had gone to Edgbaston, Birmingham, to visit Isaac Evans's fiancée Miss Sarah Rawlins (1806–81).

7. "An inspissated conserve of damsons and sugar." (*OED.*) Plum jam.

8. Stanzas 13 and 14 representing all sounds as thanksgiving to the Creator must have appealed particularly to GE.

9. Molière, *L'Étourdi,* IV, iv; but GE more likely found it in her French reader.

I have made an alteration in my plans with Mr. Brezzi, and shall henceforward take Italian and German alternately so that I shall not be liable to the consciousness of having imperative employment for every interstice of time. There seems a greater affinity between German and my mind than Italian, though less new to me, possesses. I am reading Schiller's Maria Stuart and Tasso. I was pleased with a little poem I learnt a week or two ago in German, and as I want you to like it I have just put the idea it contains into English doggrel which quite fails to represent the beautiful simplicity and nature of the original, but yet I hope will give you sufficiently its sense to screen the odiousness of the translation. Eccola:

Question and Answer.

"Where blooms, O my Father, a thornless rose?"
"That can I not tell thee, my child;
Not one on the bosom of earth e'er grows,
But wounds whom its charms have beguiled."

"Would I'd a rose on my bosom to lie!
But I shrink from the piercing thorn;
I long, but I dare not its point defy,
I long, and I gaze forlorn."

"Not so, O my child, round the stem again
Thy resolute fingers entwine—
Forego not the joy for its sister pain,
Let the rose, the sweet rose, be thine!"

I was this morning deeply struck by a figure in I think the 31 chapter of Isaiah [1] where a picture is given of a young lion tearing the flock and fearlessly continuing his work of destruction though a multitude of shepherds be assembled against him—this to shadow forth the works that God doeth, the desolations He maketh in the earth, unobstructed by all the mustered array of human power and skill. I must prepare for bed. Forgive my desultory nothings. Write as soon as you can and believe me

Your own
Clematis.

Would not a parcel reach you by railway?

1. Isaiah 31:4.

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, GRIFF, 20 OCTOBER 1840

Text: Bookman, 3 (December 1892), 83.

Griff, October 20th, 1840.

Have I really a friend Martha still, or is she become only a "bead of memory's rosary"? I can ill spare her, I confess, for I am not rich in friends. . . .

I am very far from well to-night, and quite in an unfit state to conciliate or recover a weary correspondent, but my desire to know the worst of you and the expectation of having my time and thoughts occupied by visitors [2] influence me under every disadvantage to try the effect of importunity on your *durissimo cor.* . . .

Every day's experience seems to deepen the voice of foreboding that has long been telling me, "The bliss of reciprocated affection is not allotted to you under any form. Your heart must be widowed in this manner from the world, or you will never seek a better portion; a consciousness of possessing the fervent love of any human being would soon become your heaven, therefore it would be your curse." . . .

I was electrified a little while ago by an observation of Aimé Martin's, "I was resolved to be neither a Frenchman, a Russian, nor a Turk, but to be a man!" [3] May I unceasingly aspire to unclothe all around me of its conventional, human, temporary dress, to look at it in its essence and in its relation to eternity, and thus in perhaps rather a different sense from Wordsworth's "breath[e] the spirit of the universe." [4]

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 27 OCTOBER 1840

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering | Northamptonshire. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | OC 28 | 1840. *Extracts published:* Cross, 1, 76–79.

Griff | October 27th 1840.

My dear Veronica,

My only reason for writing on an evening that finds me with a mindful of the accumulated scum of continued intercourse with the herd (I do not write superciliously) and with a head having a sore sensation as if from long pressure, is that I may obtain from you a

2. Robert Evans's Journal, 17 October 1840: "Mr. and Mrs. Kempson and their son Thomas came to stop a few days with us."

3. Louis Aimé-Martin, *De l'éducation des mères de famille, ou de la civilisation du genre humain par les femmes,* 2 vols., Brussels, 1837, 1, 294.

4. Cf. *Prelude,* 1, 401.

timely promise that you will spend your holidays chiefly with me, that we may once more meet among scenes which now I am called on to leave them, I find to have *grown in* to my affections. Chrissey has commissioned me to request a week of your society for herself, and as the word 'No' is the offspring of sin and error I doubt not you will treat it as you would its parent unless it can establish a real claim to patronage.

Carlyle says [5] that to the artisans of Glasgow the world is not one of blue skies and a green carpet, but a world of copperas-fumes, low cellars, hard wages, 'striking,' and gin; and if the recollection of this picture did not remind me that gratitude should be my reservoir of feeling, that into which all that comes from above or around should be received as a source of fertilization for my soul, I should give a lachrymose parody of the said description and tell you all seriously what I now tell you playfully that mine is too often a world such as Wilkie [6] can so well paint, a *walled-in* world, furnished with all the details which he remembers so accurately, and the least interesting part thereof is often what I suppose must be designated the intelligent; but I deny that it has even a comparative claim to the appellation for give me a three-legged stool and it will call up associations moral, poetical, mathematical if I do but ask it, while some human beings have the odious power of contaminating the very images that are enshrined as our soul's arcana, their baleful touch has the same effect as would a uniformity in the rays of light—it turns all objects to pale lead colour. O how lusciously joyous to have the wind of heaven blow on one after being *stived* [7] in a human atmosphere, to feel one's 'heart leap up' [8] after the pressure that Shakspeare so admirably describes, "When a man's wit is not seconded by the forward child understanding it strikes a man as dead as a large reckoning in a small room." [9] The poor Clown's distress that his Audrey was not poetical is a type that is reacted daily under a thousand circumstances.

But it is time I check this Byronic invective, and in doing so I am reminded of Corinne's or rather Oswald's reproof, La vie est un *combat,* pas un *hymne.* We should aim to be like plants in the chamber of sickness, dispensing purifying air even in a region that turns all pale its verdure and cramps its instinctive propensity to expand. Society is a wide nursery of plants where the hundred decompose to nourish the

5. In *Chartism,* 1839, the final paragraph of ch. 4.

6. David Wilkie (1785–1841).

7. Variant of "stew," to shut up in a close hot place. (*OED.*)

8. Wordsworth, "My Heart Leaps Up."

9. *As You Like It,* III, iii, 15.

future ten, after giving collateral benefits to their contemporaries destined for a fairer garden. An awful thought! one so heavy that if our souls could once sustain its whole weight, or rather if its whole weight were once to drop on them, they would break and burst their tenements. How long will this continue? The cry of the martyrs heard by St. John finds an echo in every heart that like Solomon's groans under the "outrage and oppression with which the earth is filled." Events are now so momentous, and the elements of society in so chemically critical a state that a drop seems enough to change its whole form. After expending the imagination in questions as to the mode in which the great transmutation of the kingdoms of this world into the kingdoms of our Lord will be effected we are reduced to the state of pausation in which the inhabitants of heaven are described to be held, before the outpouring of the Vials.[1] After all is the moral chaos of the world more fearful or naturally unreducible to order than the heart of an individual sinner? The Spirit that can cleanse the walls of *that* temple from its idolatrous images, hurl down the altars of sacrifice and incense to Self, and become Himself its hallowed Sheckinah, can by a multiplication of this miracle cause the whole *speaking* creation with one mind and one mouth to glorify their Maker.

I am reading Harris's Great Teacher,[2] and am "innig bewegt" as a German would say by its stirring eloquence which leaves you no time or strength for a cold estimate of the writer's strict merits. I wish I could read some extracts to you. Isaac Taylor's work is not yet complete. When it is so, I hope to reperuse it and then will either write or *talk* to you of it. Since I wrote to you I have had Aimé Martin's work, L'Education des Mères lent to me, and I have found it to be the real Greece whence Woman's Mission has only imported to us a few marbles—but! Martin is a soi-distant 'rational' Christian, if I mistake him not. I will send you an epitaph which he mentions and which I fancy is not translated into Woman's Mission. It is on a tomb in Paris, that of a mother: "Dors en paix O ma mère, ton fils t'obéira toujours."[3] I am reading *eclectically* Mrs. Hemans's poems, and venture to recommend to your perusal if unknown to you, one of her longest poems, "The Forest Sanctuary."[4] I can give it my pet adjective, exquisite! I meant to write more; perhaps it is happy for you that

1. See Revelation 16.

2. John Harris (1802–56), Independent preacher, published this book in 1835. See GE's changed opinion of him 5 August 1849.

3. Louis Aimé-Martin, *De l'éducation des mères de famille,* 2 vols., Brussels, 1837, I, 64.

4. Felicia Dorothea Browne Hemans (1793–1835). "The Forest Sanctuary," first published in 1825, was its author's favorite.

I am constrained to close my extra-ordinarily illegible letter. I am going out early tomorrow morning. 'Tis now eight in the evening and my Daddy has laid by his papers.

Your true
Clematis.

I have adopted as my motto, "Certum pete finem," [5] seek a sure end.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL EVANS, GRIFF, 5 DECEMBER 1840

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Griff December 5, 1840.

My dear Uncle and Aunt,

You have I dare say thought me very slow in replying to a letter which it gave me real pleasure to receive; and unless you had been eye-witnesses of my circumstances for the last four or five weeks I could not hope to make you understand the reason of my long silence; so I will trust your ample kindness of judgment to pardon me, and only assure you that I am *not* less than ever your faithfully affectionate Niece. I am thankful to tell you that my dear Father is enjoying his usual good health and spirits—but this news you may probably have heard from my Uncle William's family, as my Father was there, that is at Ellaston, about a fortnight ago. You kindly invite me to talk of myself and I am always but too ready to comply with such a request, notwithstanding I sometimes enter my protest against the practice. It certainly is a rich blessing to have friends like-minded with whom to share one's joys and trials. I am just now experiencing a weariness of body and spirit that I am led to hope may have a useful tendency, but which I yet desire to be freed from, lest it should render me inactive for those whose welfare and comfort I am chiefly called to seek. I desire to be entirely submissive and without care for the morrow, to be so intent on the improvement of present time and present blessings as to allow myself no leisure for dreaming about my *worldly* future; but nevertheless I find an increased uncertainty respecting that future to unhinge my mind a little. I earnestly desire a spirit of childlike humility that shall make me willing to be lightly esteemed among men; [6] this is the opposite of my besetting sin, which is an ever struggling ambition.

5. After 5 December 1840 the seal on GE's letters bears these words from Horace, *Epistles*, I, ii, 56: "certum voto pete finem." Cross notes, I, 79: "By a curious coincidence, when she became Mrs Cross, this actually was her motto." Burke gives it as one of the mottoes of the Earl of Wicklow. (*Peerage*, 1880, p. 1293.)

6. Cf. I Samuel 18:23.

But "He giveth more Grace," [7] and I feel that I am the subject of so great and so many mercies that I should mourn for nothing but my sins. "They shall be all taught of God. He therefore that hath heard and learned of the Father cometh unto me," [8] saith the Saviour, and these blessed words give us the sum of eternal life, the knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. What a portion for sinful man! To be called, justified, sanctified and in due time glorified, according to the sweet promise "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off." [9] A striking contrast this to the prospect of those who have chosen idols, and say, "after them will we go." "They shall be ashamed of the oak they have desired and confounded for the gardens they have chosen." [1] I have always the comfort when thinking of you my dear Aunt and Uncle, that your path is that which will assuredly like that of our glorious, cheering sun shine more and more unto the perfect day. I fear you are sometimes cast down by the infirmities of the heavy, ailing body, and parental anxieties, but you are quickly reminded where lies your treasure, and that being oppressed, God will undertake for you,[2] carry you through the sea-like troubles of life and death dry shod, and order the circumstances of all belonging to you according to His Infinite wisdom, and therefore better than you know how to desire. I hope I shall have a cheerful account of your health soon, though I do not deserve it. Believe me with love to my Cousins,

Your truly affectionate Niece
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 5 DECEMBER 1840

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering | Northamptonshire. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | DE 5 | 1840. *Extracts published.* Cross, I, 79.

Griff | December 5. 1840.

My dear Veronica,

You have thought me long I conjecture in sending a reply to your question as to the time you should commence your 'progress' according to the style of yore, flight in these our days, when nothing is slow but virtuous emotion. Come when you would best like to do so—if my heart beat at all at the time, it will be with a more rapid motion than

7. James 4:6.
8. John 6:45.
9. Isaiah 33:17.
1. Isaiah 1:29.
2. Isaiah 38:14.

the general from the joy of seeing you. I cannot promise you more than calmness when that flush is past, for I am aweary, aweary—longing for rest, which seems to fly from my very anticipations. But this wrought up sensitiveness which makes me shrink from all contact, is I know not for communication or sympathy, and is from that very character a kind of trial best suited for me. I doubt not you have *imbibed* Mr. Keble's sweet hymn beginning 'Why should we faint' etc.[3] and the one preceding. They are just what I would have them, and seem prophetically adapted to my wants. Those purifying fires that burn within, unseen, and misapprehended, if described—those are the most effective, and while they gradually purge the spirit from its dross, wear out its earthly tabernacle.[4] I cannot refrain from writing some lines of Mrs. Hemans's, very pet lines of mine.

> The dead!
> The only beautiful who change no more!
> The only loved! The dwellers on the shore
> Of spring fulfilled. The dead! whom call we so?
> They that breathe purer air, that feel, that know
> Things wrapt from us! Away! within me pent
> That which is barr'd from its own element
> Still droops or struggles—but the hour *will* come;
> Over the deep the free bird finds its home,
> And the stream lingers mid the rocks, but greets
> The sea at last—and the wing'd flower seed meets
> A soil to rest in—shall not *I* too be [5]
> . . . up home.

But these lines beautiful as they are, have not the living power of the promise "Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off." [6] In proportion as the things present and tangible are the guide of men's actions they are pronounced wise in their generation by the children of this world; [7] in proportion as the things impalpable to sense, but possessing substance to the perceptions of faith are at once the basis of our life and its sustenance, we shall take our rank among those wise ones who shall shine as the sun.[8] Whatever tends to render us ill contented with ourselves and more earnest as-

3. "Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity," *The Christian Year.*

4. "Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity": "But first, by many a stern and fiery blast | The world's rude furnace must thy blood refine."

5. "A Spirit's Return," the first poem in Mrs. Hemans's *Songs of the Affections,* 1830.

6. Isaiah 33:17.

7. Cf. Luke 16:8.

8. Matthew 17:2.

pirants after perfect truth and goodness is gold, though it come to us all molten and burning, and we know not our treasure until we have had long smarting. Who would not take to sea in an open boat and endure all the tossings and the gusts rather than remain in a lightning struck ship, however splendid, soon to be utterly consumed?

The Bazaar by the bye will it is *said* take place in January. Thank you for the pretty anecdote you sent me. Write to me soon and tell me when I shall see you. I am overtaken by twilight and must say goodbye.

Ever your affectionate
Clematis.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 21 DECEMBER 1840

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | DE 21 | 1840. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 79–80.

Griff December 21st 1840.

My very dear Veronica,

If it were any but what some of our continental neighbours call 'the bad season' I should say 'would I were a faery.' What snug retreats I could offer you in acorn cups, what downy beds of green moss under shelter of some overhanging stone or in the hollow of a father oak, what draughts of fresh dew from the petals of the wild rose and what dancings to the tuneful whisperings of the leaves by the light of the 'orbed maiden with white fire laden,'[9] for the use of all who are ethereal enough to make use of it! But alas! it is impossible (to me at least) to be poetical in cold weather. I understand the Icelanders have much national poetry, but I guess it was written in the neighbourhood of the boiling springs.

As matters stand I am unpoetically grateful to have a warm fireside and all the gross comfort of English cheer to share with you and I hope you will come to claim your part on Saturday.[1] I am dispirited to hear of your recent illness, and before receiving your letter this morning was meditating the writing of an enquiry as to the reason of your silence. I am not one of those people with whom others seem to get fat and ruddy; rather I fear their catching the infection of my *pallid* mind, but I will promise to be as cheerful and as Christmas-like as my rickety body and chameleon-like spirits will allow, and I do trust that our meeting will not be unfraught with benefit either to Clematis or

9. Shelley, "The Cloud," line 45.

1. Saturday was December 26; but she arrived sooner, for Robert Evans's Journal for Christmas Day reads: "went to Coton church this morning we had a sacrament Miss Lewis was with us."

her Veronica. Pray bring Phonarthron—speech-sound is a boon that I often need—I shall expect from it no less than a key to the classic Oriental and Sclavonic tongues in all their dialects.

I am about to commence the making of mince pies, with all the interesting sensations characterising young enterprise or effort. Would that I could shield the medley of my feelings under so even and uniform a covering as that of the said pies! Had I not better assemble my friends at some Runnymede, that they may give me a Parva Charta ensuring to me the privilege of being silly or sillissima whenever I please? Forgive my assumption of the right without such Charta and believe me ever

Your *clinging*
Clematis.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 27 JANUARY [1841]

MS: Yale. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 80.

Griff January 27th 1840 [2]

My dear Veronica,

Thrice worthy are you of the name, for what friend but one faithful and eke speedy [3] would so soon have delivered me from the thraldom of doubt in which I must necessarily be held as to the strength of the cohesive properties of your frame under the trial of some hours' concussions? Happily the moody, melancholy temperament has some counterbalancing advantages to those of the sanguine; it *does* sometimes meet with results more favourable than it expected, and by its nack of imagining the *pessimus,* cheats the world of its power to disappoint. The very worm-like originator of this 'coil' of sentiment, is the fact that you write more cheerfully of yourself than I had been thinking of you and that ergo, I am pleased.

Now for my own doings. You must know, my Veronica, that as a trailing plant should be expected to do I relieved the turnpike of a little of its unimaginable, unfathomable mud on Monday by wending my way to the College alias the 'dustry,[4] and there I found poor Mrs. Kelley in her bedroom, as comfortable as in her afflicted state she can be made. She tells me she has been a great sufferer for some months, and does not anticipate recovery. A walk to Nuneaton under such circumstances is of course impossible to her. I ascertained *quite* to my *satisfaction* that Mrs. Buchanan had the little deposit, permitting her to

2. An obvious slip for 1841.

3. The vulgar name of the genus *Veronica* is speedwell.

4. The House of Industry, part of the Nicholas Chamberlaine Hospital, an almshouse at Bedworth, about 2 miles from Griff.

mention the sum before I named it. The poor woman seemed not eagerly solicitous about the sovereign, merely saying that it would now be a comfort to her as she could with it purchase little cordials, recommended to her. She is aware of Mr. B's liability to find filthy lucre adhesive to his pocket, and seems to think there may be difficulties in the way of obtaining the sovereign. Thus I have acted the part of your plenipotentiary and await further advices.

I have read the 'Life book of a Labourer,' [5] and can recommend it to you as wholesome food. It is a book I should choose to put in the hands of a young or a careless person as likely to benefit without disgusting.

I hope to send to you again before you leave Eathorpe [6] so I can the more easily reconcile myself to this short and slatternly letter. I am in debt to Jessie and Martha [7] at last, and I must be niggardly or become embarassed, to which participle as I am no fashionable I desire not to lay claim. By the bye, an' you talk of exertion, what think you of walking to Mrs. Carter's yesterday, along the Colliery lane, so soft that to describe it I must be reduced to the Warwickshire positive-comparative and say as soft as soft, unless I say as soft as brains—take the latter either figuratively or literally. This I did and not this alone, but I actually sustained a fall in the *sludge* which took out the lustre from my lustre frock (how soon tarnished is earthly sheen!) with the coolness of a stoic and the resignation of a St. Agatha [8] or any other in the calendar.

Thinking I have written sillily, I would retrieve the injury done you by such a drainage from the golden sands of your time, but there is something beside a fair woman without discretion that may be typified by a jewel of gold in a swine's snout,[9] so I will not put silk patches on trumpery gauze.

Good bye, dear Veronica. Remember

Your true and affectionate
Clematis.

5. Erskine Neale, *The Life-Book of a Labourer: By a Working Clergyman,* 1839.

6. Eathorpe, a hamlet 6 miles south of Coventry. Miss Lewis may have been staying with Mrs. Edward Russell, wife of a farmer there. See 6 November 1838.

7. Jessie Barclay and Martha Jackson.

8. St. Agatha is far from resigned in the legend of her martyrdom but talks back boldly to her Sicilian persecutor.

9. Proverbs 11:22.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 11 FEBRUARY 1841

MS: Yale. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 80.

Griff | February 11. 1841.

My dear Veronica,

There are three accidents of mortality very grievous to me, yea four from which my soul shrinketh—a freezing northeast wind, *foraging* for that unsatisfiable animal, man, the din of his revelry, and—bad writing tackle.[1] My condition at this moment is the product of enduring these evils either retrospectively, actually or prospectively, and I do you to wit that my letter will be matter-of-fact, as undiluted as after a progress through my unhappily transmutative brain any matter may be.

Imprimis—I have a niece![2] a healthy little baby, with its dear mamma preserved through her sufferings and as comfortable as ever she has been after her confinements. Here is matter for much thankfulness. I had the pleasure of delivering your nice present into Chrissey's hand last week, and was commissioned to tell you that they are just her desideratum and to tender to you her love and thanks. The baby's name will I think be Mary Louisa owing partly to my denunciation of everyday names before the plebeian monosyllabic surname to which her star has made her inheritor.

On Monday and Tuesday my Father and I were occupied with the sale of furniture at our new house[3]—it is probable that we shall migrate thither in a month. It is not true that my Father has had much trouble about the Spon Street house.[4] I shall be incessantly hurried until and after our departure, but at present I have to be grateful for a smooth passage through contemplated difficulties. Sewing is my staple article of commerce with the hard trader Time—now the wind has veered to the south I hope to do much more and that with greater zest than I have done for many months; I mean of all kinds.

My sister Fanny sent me word this morning that a head is wanted for the Baginton school,[5] which is managed entirely by a female. The

1. Cf. Proverbs 30:18–19.

2. Mary Louisa, daughter of Edward and Christiana Clarke, was baptized at Meriden 25 March 1841.

3. Robert Evans refers in his Journal 8–9 February 1841, to attending a sale of furniture on the Foleshill Road and buying goods to the value of £41.3.10 and £55.5.9.

4. A street in the center of Coventry. I cannot explain the allusion.

5. The Baginton School was endowed in 1814 by Mrs. Lucy Price "for the benefit of the sons and daughters of the poorest inhabitants of Baginton, not exceeding sixty in all; not to be admitted under the age of six years; to be taught on Dr. Bell's system: the children to be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; and the girls knitting, and useful plain work." (F. White, *Warwickshire,* 1850, p. 600.) In 1850 the salary of the mistress was still £60. GE's half-sister Mrs. Henry Houghton lived at Baginton.

salary is now £60 per annum and will be 80 at the death of the old schoolmistress, and as coals, brooms etc. are supplied as well as a pleasant and comfortable residence, my sister thinks the remuneration equivalent to a hundred. The number of children does not exceed 30 at the highest calculation, probably not more than 20. It is a situation that offers a permanent home as nothing but misconduct or death would occasion removal, and Fanny surmises that permission would be given to receive boarders. I send you an account of all this because you may probably know some one to whom such a situation would be a rich boon from its possessing the three blessings to which the letter p has the honour of being the initial, plenty, peace and permanence.

Dick has just returned from a journey in quest of R. Whadcock, whose wife gave birth to a triad of babes,[6] and who says that he had the parcel containing pinafores and stockings, but he asserts that there was no R. in the direction and that he therefore did not know whether the parcel was really meant for him. When Dick called at the house to leave the package R. Whadcock was not at home, but he delivered it to an elderly man who was in the house and promised to give it to Whadcock. It appears that he did so and I know not the reason that the sender of the parcel believes it to have miscarried. I should say, by the bye, that Dick found Whadcock had removed from the Coton Road into Abbey St.

My head is but poorly today and I am altogether in so low and flat a key that I fear I have committed treason against the Queen's English, but provided you can tell what my sentences should have been, it is enough. The words of one of Dr. Watts' sweet little hymns have been much in my mind today—"Twill please us to look back and see, That our whole lives were thine." [7] Such a retrospect is indeed blissful, but how sad to look back on imperfectly used.[8]

6. Richard Whadcock, a ribbon weaver of Nuneaton, and his wife Harriet were the parents of these triplets, baptized 10 December 1840 Faith, Hope, and Charity. The first two lived only a few weeks; Charity was buried 4 December 1845. (Nuneaton Parish Register.)

7. "The Advantages of Early Religion," Song 12 in *Divine Songs for Children.* (*The Poetical Works of Isaac Watts, D.D.*, ed. Samuel Johnson, 1807, III, 67–68.)

8. No more of this letter has been found. The last lines are not crowded. The conclusion may have been written on the flap of the envelope or on a half-sheet added for cover.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 17 FEBRUARY 1841

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | FE 17 | 1841. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Griff | February 17th 1841.

My dear Veronica,

By answering your first enquiry I preclude the necessity of entering farther into the pros and cons of the Baginton situation—boys *are* included, the number of children I suppose, causing it to be thought unnecessary to divide the labour of instruction. We will therefore dismiss the matter from our letters and our minds, and wait and watch for a more propitious opening.

I tremble lest you should allow your feelings, so suddenly shaken by a change of prospect, to operate unfavourably on your weak frame, but I am sure your confidence in Divine Guidance and protection, and your well-tried elasticity of spirits will cause you to resist that tendency. Probably this projected transportation may be to a Cape of Good Hope instead of a Siberia, and it is a real comfort to have sufficient time coolly to weigh all that presents itself.

Mrs. T. Bull is staying with me and requests me to say that Mrs. King's direction is Cheetham Hill, Manchester.[9] She also wishes me to ask that you will say to Miss Harper with her love, that she will write to her in a few days.

I am obliged to curtail my letter out of politeness to my visitor, but I hope to write again soon, though my power to do so is necessarily dubious.

Much love from your true
Clematis.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 8 MARCH 1841

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | at the Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | MA 8 | 1841. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 81–82.

Griff March 8th 1840.[1]

My very dear Veronica,

I had written a note to you and enclosed it in a parcel which Mr. T. Bull had offered to convey to you next week, but the perusal of

9. William H. King, Vicar of Nuneaton, left in 1839 to become Perpetual Curate of St. Luke's, Cheetham, Manchester.

1. An obvious slip.

your letter to Mr. Houghton, given to me this morning, induces me to quash, with some reluctance, the product of half an hour, and send you a letter as the herald of my parcel, instead of its pursuivant or its page. I am just about to set out on a purchasing expedition to Coventry—you may therefore conceive that I am full of little plans and anxieties, and will understand why I should be brief. I feel relieved by an acquaintance with your decision but I wish a more unexceptionable niche might offer itself for your acceptance as near me as Baginton. I hope by the close of next week that we and our effects shall be deposited at Foleshill, and until then and afterwards I shall be fully occupied so that I am sure you will not expect to hear from me for the next six weeks—one little bit of unreasonableness you must grant me, the request for a letter from yourself within that time.

I have a very short allowance of time for preparation this morning, and must therefore content myself with assuring you of my continued love, and with asking your prayers that my spirit may not become warped by intercourse with earthly trifles and considerations of worldly interest, but may rather be urged to cling closely to heavenly hopes.

May we both in our diverse but I trust converging paths be upheld and guided by the staff of Divine consolation and the light of Divine Wisdom. How beautiful is the 63d Psalm. 'Because Thy loving kindness is better than life my lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live, I will lift up my hands in thy name, my soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips' etc.[2] I feel strongly reproved by this picture of entire satisfaction in God as a portion. What folly to wish and long for what may after all be as the quails to the lusting Israelites![3]

Ever your affectionate
Clematis.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL EVANS, GRIFF, 9 MARCH 1841

MS: Yale. *Address:* Mr. Evans | at the Mill Houses | Wirksworth | Derbyshire. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | MA 8 | 1841. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Griff March 9th[4] 1841.

My dear Aunt and Uncle /

Your charity has been put to a long trial by my silence and I even doubt whether it has sufficed to form excuses quite satisfactory for my

2. Psalms 63:3–5.
3. Numbers 11:31–34.
4. Either GE or the postmaster was mistaken.

apparent forgetfulness of you, but when I tell you that Father and I are on the eve of departure from Griff to a new dwelling, and that I have been long expecting the change and preparing for it, you will grant me a full pardon. Our future residence is a very pleasantly situated and good house within five minutes' walk of Coventry. I am thankful to say that my dear Father looks forward to removal with satisfaction, and this relieves me of my chief anxiety. I trust I shall hear that you are both sufficiently well to feel benefitted by the return of mild weather and to enjoy the delicious air that is given us. I hope my Uncle's rheumatism is quite frightened away by our beaming sun, and that my Aunt is able to walk out.

I have heard indirectly by a person from Uttoxeter that my Cousin William of Ellaston is married; [5] I should be glad to have a confirmation of this from you, as well as that my Uncle's health is as good as usual. You will imagine that we are undergoing considerable family changes, and have much to remind us that this is not our rest. Unhappily the hurry and little cares attending our circumstances have a tendency to engross the mind so as to make me lose the [sense of profita]ble med[it]ation, [but soon] the bustle will be past, and I shall ha[il] the return of quiet most joyfully.

Is my Cousin Samuel still at Wirksworth, or has he moved to Belsser? Is Mary still with you? I should like to know these matters, as well as whether it fares well with all belonging to you.

I ha[ve] a little niece in addition to my other possessi[ons]—she was born about six weeks ago, and was very gladly welcomed. I acknowledge that I am not giving good measure according to my dear Uncle's desire, but I have so very many things claiming my time and so much sewing just now that I must *promise* instead of give what he asks. Believe me ever, my dear Uncle and Aunt

Your affectionate Niece
Mary Ann Evans.

I expect [to] depart [from Griff next?] week, if therefore you write after next [Wednesday?] please to direct to me. Foleshill Road, near Coventry.

5. William Evans, described as an architect and builder, the son of William Evans, builder, of Ellastone, married 2 February 1841 Mary Bradley, daughter of John Bradley, farmer, of Mayfield, Staffordshire. (Somerset House.)

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, GRIFF, 11 MARCH 1841

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Your letter this morning, my Veronica, was sweet to me as the early incense of the Jasmine, and sent a thrill from my heart to my finger ends that impels them at the risk of indigestion, to employ the half hour after dinner, being the only one at liberty, to thank you for the affection that same letter breathes. As well I am anxious to tell you that you have my young and poor judgment now entirely with you in your decision respecting Baginton. I was from the first tremulously alive to the contra of the matter, and was guided solely by what I imagined to be my duty to her whose welfare I have in my heart of hearts.

Thank you, my dear Veronica, for your admonition that I should spare my worthless self. It is true that I am weak, chiefly I believe from a cause that existed when you were with me and continues still, but which I fancy will in the end be beneficial, and must not therefore be checked. I have had considerable bodily exertion of late but I am now favoured with a short breathing time before our departure. My spirits are not exactly low, but my mind is nauseated by feeding on material trifles, and I even find my habit of *immersing* myself in a pursuit accompany me in engagements naturally repulsive. This is blameworthy, for I ought not to suppose a necessity under any possible circumstances for mere earthliness. I have to be grateful for the disappearance of some little black clouds that seemed to be steering their course towards me, and on the whole our family prospect is comfortable as it respects this nether stage.

Mrs. T. Bull won on my affections during her little stay with me, and I feel much interest in her happiness.

I am expecting four visitors to spend the afternoon with me! I must therefore put myself in company guise and say good bye to you, my Veronica, assuring you that I am as ever

Your affectionate,
Clematis.

Griff March 11th 1841.

GE TO [MARTHA JACKSON?], GRIFF, [MARCH 1841]

MS: Tinker Collection, Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Letters from a Town Mouse to a Country Mouse.[6]

Dearest Rusticus.

Your proposition that I should write my journal in the form of letters to you, smiles upon me invitingly. You say that scraps of thought and knowledge are hardly ever edifying to you except when they come to you associated with a personality, and that you shall get wiser on my scraps than by reading whole books of dead men who have neither face nor voice for you. That will stimulate me to write down the day's gatherings with more completeness than I have ever had resolution to do in the stiff sort of soliloquy that belongs to ordinary journal writing. In gloomy weather I shall fancy you with your feet on your fender, your double eye-glass over your nose, looking at me with friendly scrutiny as I tell you of my little affairs, or recall the impressions of my day's thought and reading. In fair weather, I shall fancy that we are strolling together round your five acres, which you contrive to expand into a large farm by elaboration of thought and handiwork, throwing as much soul into your indignant spudding of a single thistle as any ordinary Ofellus [7] would spend over a crop large enough to seed the worlds in the Milky Way. I, your companion, pause mechanically where you pause—look at a cow when you look at her—watch the flight of a straw which you toss aside with your leisurely spud, and all the while chatter egoistically about my own thoughts and doings, complacently reflecting now and then, how very useful I am to you by keeping up your sympathy with a world where language is at a more sophisticated stage than Ba-a!

Towzer's nose pushes itself against my fingers, and then my fingers wander about his rough coat as I write. I am in the country, without the trouble of packing up: I see the autumn berries, I snuff the peculiar freshness of the autumn air between the hedge rows in the green lane, and the new soil the plough is turning over in the next field; or I wrap my cloak round me and enjoy the December hoar frost that defines every lingering brown leaf on the brambles or the young oaks; or I

6. GE proposed [6 April 1840] that Miss Jackson should set subjects for their correspondence, and from the allusion to her in this letter I believe it was addressed to her. The descriptive writing in the second paragraph shows for the first time in the letters a sensitive observation and firm control that foreshadow the mature GE.

7. Horace's farmer-philosopher who praises simple living. (*Satires,* II, ii.)

please myself in detecting the very earliest spring buds, and the delicate hints of colour on the bough tips; or I hear the swirl of the scythe as I watch the delicate grasses trembling under the eager flight and restless alighting of the humming insects; or I stand entranced before the glory of form and colour in the ripe full-eared corn field.

You will almost accuse me of valuing you as I do some painters' figures—for the sake of the landscape in which you are placed. Well! I suppose we are all loved (or despised) a little for the sake of our circumstances as well as for our qualities. The most heroic grocer would be under some disadvantage from the fact that you imagine him in company with pyramidal parcels of sugar, bladders of lard, and a general odour of tallow and the coating of cheese. And the most impudent thieving gipsy has the charm of the furzy common about her. What extrinsic charm have *I*, to make people care for me a little more than my qualities might deserve? Certainly none from the landscape about me, and as little from the carpets and curtains and other recommendations of an elegant interior which have often helped to fix a man's choice of his partner for life—(for who will pretend that a woman who is reached through a spacious entrance hall with Indian matting can appear as utterly commonplace as Miss Jackson seen through the open parlour-door as you enter the passage?). A little obloquy and a little celebrity are the two points of attraction in me beyond my personal qualities: apart from these I should be thrown back for the impression I make, on the sense or humour there might be in my conversation, or on the moral dispositions that might manifest themselves in my looks, voice and actions. Heaven help us! The reasons why we should be loved shrivel up frightfully when we have to consider ourselves without any adjuncts—stripped before we are weighed. I don't think my celebrity gives me any additional attraction for *you*, but I do think I owe some of your interest in me to my obloquy, which has been useful to me in many other ways, as I will demonstrate to you some day.

At present I am disinclined to journal-writing, for we are undergoing one of the chief among the minor disagreeables of life—that of moving.[8] To me it is a deeply painful incident—it is like dying to one stage of existence, henceforth nothing will have the charm of old use and wont which makes the days pass so easily—at least until novelty has merged once again into habit.[9]

8. GE moved from Griff 17 March 1841.

9. The MS ends on the 2d line of the 3d sheet.

Foleshill

1841 March 17	GE moves from Griff to Foleshill.
1841 June 8	GE's brother Isaac Evans marries Sarah Rawlins.
1841 November	GE becomes acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray. Reads Hennell's *Inquiry*.
1842 January	Refuses to go to church.
1842 March 3	Robert Evans plans to leave Foleshill.
1842 March 23	GE sent to stay with Isaac at Griff.
1842 April	Returns.
1842 May 15	Resumes going to church with her father.
1842 December	Proposes the translation of Vinet.
1843 January	Reads Spinoza.
1843 November 1	Attends Rufa Brabant's marriage to C. C. Hennell.
1843 November 7	Goes to visit Dr. Brabant at Devizes.
1843 December 4	Returns to Foleshill.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, 28 APRIL 1841

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | A 28 | 1841. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 87–88.

Foleshill Road, | April 28th 1841.

My dear Veronica,

No errors are strictly speaking retrievable, but those of omission more frequently appear to be so than the actual class—if we have let the early seed time pass unimproved, we *may* have a late crop by relenting diligence, but when shall we cleanse our ground if we sow tares? After the proposition and illustration comes the practical application, namely that by a prompt reply to your kindly anxious enquiry I may possibly obtain your pardon, and repair the loss of speculating energy which my leaving you in doubt as to my health etc. has occasioned you. I have to be grateful for a greater degree of bodily strength than I had enjoyed for many months previous to my leaving Griff,[1] and this blessing I attribute to copious doses of Quinine as an instrument. Why then you will say did you not spend some of your newly acquired strength in thanking an affectionate friend for her letter and dissipating her undeserved fears? One of the penalties women must pay for modern deference to their intellect is I suppose that they must give reasons for their conduct after the fashion of men. The days are past for pleading a *woman's* reason. Well then my dear Veronica the truth is that the hindrances to my writing have been like the little waves of the brooks that look so lovely just now—they have arisen one after another close to my side, but when I have looked back I have found the ripples too insignificant to be marked in the distance. My Father's longer séjours at home than formerly and multiplied acquaintances and engagements are really valid excuses for me hitherto, but I do not intend to need them in future; I hope to be a "snapper up of unconsidered" [2] moments.

I have just been interrupted by a visit from a lass of 14 who has despoiled me of half an hour, and I am going out to dinner, so that I cannot follow the famous advice 'Hasten slowly.' I suppose you framed your note on the principle that a sharp and sudden sound is the most

1. According to his Journal Robert Evans first spent the night in the Foleshill Road house Friday, 19 March 1841, "but Mary Ann came on Wednesday last with the Furniture and Isaac came with her in the Gig it was a rough day for them but they got in before the storm and had unloaded the Furniture."

2. *The Winter's Tale,* IV, ii, 26.

rousing, but there are addenda about yourself that I want to know though I dare not ask for them. I do not feel settled enough to write more at present—this worthless sheet I send to assure you my dear Veronica that I am well and not less than ever

Your true and affectionate
Clematis.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, [20 MAY 1841]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | MA 20 | 1841. *One sentence published:* Cross, I, 85.

Foleshill Road | Coventry | Thursday.

'Is there no quiet lane in my Clematis's vicinity whose banks rival the intensest sapphire of the firmament from the luxuriance of my emblems, admonishing her to emulate the fidelity of which their name and colour are the representatives?' Yes, my Veronica, there is such a lane, and I have not only gazed at and gathered your bewitching namesakes, but I have talked of you more than, considering one's friends are multiplicands of self, an honest eschewing of egotism would allow. Last evening I mentioned you to my neighbour [3] who is growing into the more precious character of a friend, and she told me that Mrs. Sibley Whittem [4] want*ed* some little time ago a governess—I presume for her whole family, consisting, I believe, of 3 or 4 boys and girls. She is not certain that such is the case now but that can be ascertained. The said lady is one of no common intellectual and moral worth. I should say the prima donna of Coventry in these respects, and I believe, a Christian, but—O this ill-omened precursor, portending more disastrous facts than ever did croak and screech of owl or raven—her husband is an ultra-liberal, a man who has never kept rank and file, a lecturer for the Mechanics' Institute, an ardent lover of science, an amiable being as to his fellowmen, the frequent description, strange to say, of one who, from orthodox profession, has apostatized, first to Socinianism, next to an ism that assumes itself competent and commissioned to supply the deficiencies of the Bible if not to supersede it. The whole family are dissenters—Mr. Whittem's father, a *holy* man. Of course in

3. Mrs. Elizabeth Bray Pears (1807–81). The third daughter of Jonathan Bray, she was married 20 May 1834 to Abijah Hill Pears (1799–1895), a prosperous ribbon manufacturer of Coventry. They lived next to the Evanses at Foleshill.

4. James Sibley Whittem, a currier, lived at Coundon, about a mile from the center of Coventry. (F. White, *Warwickshire,* 1850, p. 547.)

Mr. W's family perfect freedom of thought and action in religious matters would be understood as an unquestioned right, but as education, to be such, implies aggression on supposed error of every kind and incubation of truth it is probable you would not choose to put yourself in a position apparently requiring the anomalous conditions of neutrality and command. It is folly to talk of educating children without giving their opinions a bias. This is always given whether weak or strong, not always nor perhaps in a large proportion of cases, a permanent one, but one instrumental in determining their point of repose. So much on this head which I fear I am dilating unnecessarily.

With respect to your idea of putting on the responsibilities and anxieties of an independent housekeeper, I confess, little able as I am to judge on the subject I cannot consent to put it in the balance—I feel utterly averse to it. It is invariably our feeling that precisely those things we have not are the very desiderata for our happiness, and I can fully understand your yearning for divi foci of your own, but just imagine an inventory of concomitants that might be drawn up—rent, taxes, bad debts, servants untrustworthy, scarlet fever, panic of parents, imposing tradesmen, mortifying conjunctions with et ceteras all at present experimentally unknown to you. I have been let into a few secrets as to the trials of schoolkeeping of late and my inference is that it is one of the most fluctuating, dubious occupations beneath the changing moon.

I have not received a call from any of Mr. Stephenson's family,[5] though we have met and spoken on our way from church, when they have expressed the hope of seeing me often, *whence* I infer that they expect me to invert the common order of things and call on them. This I did not intend, young ladies being the animals that would possess the minimum of attraction for me in a menagerie of the varieties of the human race, and you know there are two in their family—were there none but the two senior members I should certainly preserve their acquaintance, but if I can satisfy the coolest wish you possess by talking to them concerning Coventry openings, why, "my dearest dear, therefore it shall be done." [6] I spoke of you as a dear friend whom I was anxious to see comfortably situated to Mr. Brezzi and he in the tantalizing mode of words and things here below, immediately said that he had known shortly before of a situation just—Alas whither shall I go to scribble further? crossing [7] would be death to the sense or

5. William Stephenson, a ribbon manufacturer, who lived in Spon St., Coventry.

6. Cf. "my dearest Thisbe dear." (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, i, 87.)

7. Here begins a new page.

nonsense of my letter and with this half sheet I shall make the packet heavy. Well Mr. B. had heard of a situation just suitable for you but in ignorance of your existence he had obtained it for another. He has kindly promised to bear you in mind, I hope to some purpose. But you have many more efficient friends than I or any one to whom I can apply. Mr. and Mrs. Henslowe I should think are likely to be serviceable.

I do not say come hither at Midsummer; you know that my bosom shall always be a leaning place for you while the heart beneath it beats. I can only say in accordance with your own view, go in the most useful direction. I have a world more to say, and am very fertile in thoughts that like many greater productions are born to die in unregretted obscurity, but I really think even your affection will not make the task of deciphering my letter easy. How is it that Erasmus could write volumes on volumes and multitudinous letters besides, while I whose labours hold about the same relation to his as an anthill to a pyramid or a drop of dew to the ocean seem too busy to write a few? A most posing query! Solved, after due thought by the very recondite fact that your poor friend is considerably inferior in mental profundity, power and fertility to the said Erasmus.

Adieu my dear Veronica. Write me a scrap when you have time and then you shall hear again from your

Clematis.

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, FOLESHILL, 21 MAY 1841

MS: Berg Collection, New York Public Library. *Brief extract published:* W. R. Nicoll and T. J. Wise, *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, 2 vols., 1895, II, 473–474.

Foleshill Road Coventry | May 21st 1841.

My very dear Martha

Being at length quite naturalized in this our adopted country, and at liberty to stretch the wings of thought and memory beyond my own nest and bush, I am determined to remind you of my existence and to enlighten you, as the metaphysicians say, concerning its modes. But the desire for similar information about you is paramount in persuading me to write, and I have as many queries rising to my lips as, if you were here to have them orally delivered, would make you wish, like Rosalind, that the answers were corked up in you like wine in a bottle,[8] so as to pop forth one after another involuntarily. I want to know that your tottering health has gained a firm and even gait,

8. *As You Like It*, III, ii, 211–213.

that you are at length set free from dyspepsia, influenza (a visitor by the bye of mine) and all the other acquaintances that, as is usual with the pests of society, are obliged to adopt an alias to pass through it. This is my first anxiety, but beyond this knowledge I shall be glad to receive all you can impart about yourself and your family. I imagine an interesting event must be approaching amongst you similar to one we expect soon to enter on *our* family chronicles, no other, as you will guess, than the marriage of my brother, which I hope will occur on the 8th of June.

Your undeserved affection will, I think, cause you to rejoice with me in the rich blessings that are continued and superadded to me in our new abode; you remember that I had forebodings as to the influence of a change on my dear Father. These are all dissipated, and I can decidedly say that I never before saw him so happy as he apparently is at present. Our next neighbours are Mr. and Mrs. Pears, gradually growing into friends, and I think valuable ones. If it were permissible to express a regret amid so many unmerited mercies, I should mention my lack of a free range for walking which I so enjoyed at Griff, with the deprivation of that 'prolixity of shade' [9] of which I am a not less ardent lover than Cowper himself. I find too what I did not fully anticipate, a considerable disturbance of the usual flow of thought and feeling on being severed from the objects so long accustomed to call it forth. There is the same cope, imperial in its beauty, above me, the clouds are not less majestic or fleecy, the verdure of this month is even deeper and more luxuriant than any I have ever before seen, but I have never yet enjoyed that communion with them, viewed from my present position, that long familiarity rendered spontaneous in my early home.

Leaving this fruitless subject, I will not omit to tell you that you have instrumentally furnished me with the best soother under a rather severe attack of influenza in 'The physical theory of another life' [1] which I had lent to a friend without reading it myself until about a month ago, when I nestled in my father's armchair and forgot headache cough and all their et ceteras in the rapture this precious book caused me, as intense as that of any school girl over her first novel. My chief trouble here ought to be my uselessness for I seem to have nothing to do but seek gratification, but to the willing spirit there is in every situation "room to deny ourselves, a road to bring us daily nearer God." After all this positive egotism, I will pass to what is only com-

9. W. Cowper, *The Task*, I, 265.

1. Isaac Taylor, *Physical Theory of Another Life*, 1836, anticipates in a future world a scheme of duties adapted to the assumed expansion of man's powers after death.

parative, and speak of a friend dear to us both—of Jessie,[2] who I fear is under a cloud. I wrote rather sillily to her the other week and have not since heard any tidings of her. My immediate spur to write then was a report of her having been indisposed since her departure from Coventry. She had much to try her health and spirits here. It is the prerogative of friendship to dignify the gift even of a few hairs and I question whether, from a bald friend, we should not cherish the paring of a nail as a relic—hence I draw an inference favourable to the prospects of my worthless letter, which I venture to hope you will receive with pleasure as a proof of the remembrance and affection of your true

Clematis.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, [4 JUNE 1841]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 86–87.

Foleshill Road | Friday Morning.

My very dear Veronica,

The whole of last week was devoted to a bridesmaid's duties, and each day of this has been partially occupied in paying or receiving visits.[3] Hence I have been unable earlier to acknowledge your affectionate attention, and even now I must write to you immediately after a meal with a hurry that my feelings towards you would always lead me, if possible, to avoid. I am inclined in my ignorance and impatience to grieve that want of health and other causes have detained you at Burton so long after the usual commencement of your holidays, but I doubt not that there is a wise purpose to be effected by the continued discipline through which you are passing. I hope to pray earnestly for you not only that your worldly prospects may assume a definite and promising shape but that as 'the fining pot is to silver and the furnace to gold,'[4] even so may your trials be to you, that you may be more evidently a vessel fit for your Master's use.[5] I have no doubt that you have taken the wisest course that presented itself, and indeed you could hardly have chosen one that so united the means of bodily renovation with probabilities of profiting by the assistance of able and extensively connected persons.

Believe me my Veronica that prolonged separation from you will

2. Jessie Barclay, a former pupil at the Miss Franklins' school.

3. Robert Evans took GE and Mrs. Clarke to Baginton 3 June 1841 to see their half-sister Mrs. Houghton. (Robert Evans's Journal.)

4. Proverbs 17:3.

5. II Timothy 2:21.

not diminish my love, which I trust will rather grow in intensity of colour than fade, as long as this tabernacle confines its exercise and limits its activity, and I beg you to pray with me that it may be purified and established in a world where kindred spirits will communicate without misunderstanding, and associate only to further their eternal progress in the knowledge adoration and performance of the will works and attributes of their common Father.[6]

My dear Sister is tried even more than yourself—her domestic life is one continued endurance. You remember Charles Clarke—he is in a rapid consumption which seems to have reached a late stage and is under Edward's care, in his house. His father has not yet visited him. This is just now almost my only external trouble. I have a calm in sea and sky that I doubt not will ere long be interrupted. This is not our rest, if we are among those for whom there *'remaineth* one,' and to pass through life without tribulation, or as Jeremy Taylor beautifully says with only such a measure of it as may be compared to an artificial discord in music which nurses the ear for the returning harmony, would leave us destitute of one of the marks that invariably accompany salvation, and of that fellowship in the sufferings of the Redeemer which can alone work in us a resemblance to one of the most prominent parts of His Divinely perfect character, and enable us to obey the injunction, 'In patience possess your souls.'[7] I have often observed how in secular things active occupation in procuring the necessaries of life renders the character indifferent to trials not affecting that one object. There is an analogous influence produced in the Christian by a vigorous pursuit of duty, a determination to work while it is day. Write my dear Veronica when you reach Margate and you shall hear again if she still live from

Your faithful and affectionate
Clematis.

6. Cf. I. Taylor, *Physical Theory of Another Life*, 1836, ch. 8, esp. pp. 109–112.

7. Luke 21:19.

GE TO EDITH HARRIET KITTERMASTER, FOLESHILL, [14 June 1841?] [8]

MS: Facsimile in Minoru Toyoda, *Studies in the Mental Development of George Eliot,* Tokyo, 1931.

My dear Miss Kittermaster,

Your kindness is like your own roses—it buds and blooms maugre the chill winds that are always blowing in these nether regions. I know of no libation worthy of it but a flood of tears, for strange to say that is the best demonstration of joy and gratitude: I suppose because we feel like an exile from some sunny eastern clime beholding a picture of his own bright home, when we receive such exotic favours as those of purely affectionate attention.

According to an approved method of expressing thanks, may you never want such lovely 'germs of things unperishing' as you have supplied me with, and as a very trifling return accept a name for which I have searched among my floral emblems—namely Honeysuckle which being interpreted is 'bond of love,' because it very gently winds and winds about us till we cannot detach it nor would we when we have found out all the agrémens it brings us. Give my kind remembrances to all of yours that I know and believe me

Yours very truly
Mary Ann Evans.

Foleshill Road Monday Morning.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, 18 JUNE 1841

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill Road | Coventry | June 18th 1841.

My very dear Veronica

Somnophilus was rowing his bark down the bosom of a glassy stream and saw in the distance a fair garden on its banks whose edge presented all manner of bright flowers and luscious fruits as if for the

8. In an article in *Studies in English Literature,* 9 (April 1929), 300–302, kindly translated for me by Mr. Warren M. Tsuneishi, Toyoda argues that this letter was probably written late in 1841 or early in 1842. The watermark is 1839. I am inclined to date it in June, when roses bloom, and on the second Monday, which came after a full week when the temperature ranged between 48° and 56°. (*Gentleman's Magazine.*) According to Robert Evans's Journal GE went 9 June to visit her sister at Meriden, where the Kittermasters lived.

acceptance of the river nymphs. Suddenly his eye sparkled in the anticipation of gathering a rich store of these beauties, that seemed to have none of the coyness of earth, and he almost forgot his oars, as he gazed and dreamed till time and distance vanished and imagination seemed like actual enjoyment—when lo! his neglected bark struck against the shore and roused the visionary—where is the fair garden? lost in the distance behind him, and the ground he touches is but a marsh bordered with flags!

The conclusion to which this air balloon is to carry you is that while writing talking and thinking of the holidays I had as usual no definite idea of their *when,* and I am now alarmed lest you should depart from Burton without apprizing me of your destination. The object of this hasty scribbling before dinner is to beg that you will let me hear from you as soon as possible. How glad I should be to *hear you!*

By the bye I have not yet told you that Isaac is married,[9] that I officiated as a bridesmaid and that the pair are now in Scotland after visiting the lakes with most propitious weather. I already love my sister for her own sake as well as Isaac's and I trust she will make him a valuable partner.

I am particularly anxious to know *all* you can tell me of your plans and prospects, and if there be one recommendation of Foleshill as a place to visit pray put it in the scale and give it a fair trial before you decide not to come hither.

This is not a letter—therefore do not mistake its attributes for faults—it is a hybrid between that and a note and is half folly and half feeling with a little matter of fact and so a good type of its parent.

May Heaven bless you my Veronica as well as

Your own affectionate
Clematis.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, [21 JUNE 1841]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill Road, | Coventry, | Monday.

My very dear Veronica,

I write impromptu on rising from the breakfast table lest new arrivals in the antechamber of intention should elbow out this first comer. You tell me that you have arrived at a decision respecting the situation described by Mr. Henslowe so that I will not by venturing a

9. Isaac Pearson Evans and Sarah Rawlins were married at Edgbaston, Birmingham, 8 June 1841.

crude opinion check the confidence you may now have in the views of far more experienced judges. I strongly feel, myself, the difficulty of rejecting what has the appearance of a Providential offer, and the quality of fruit is so little to be judged of by the rind, that apparent disadvantages are not always a counterpoising argument. A week's visit can do you no mischief and will give you firm ground for a determination.

I am quite obliged to you for sending me Mr. Henslowe's letters—they have an individuality that makes them worth preserving. His is evidently a character made up of natural crystallization, instead of one turned out of a mould. You remember Mr. Villiers [10] of Kenilworth —he is leaving with his excellent curate, and we yesterday heard him preach his last Missionary sermon, a very inspiriting one. In the afternoon I heard a very valuable sermon on a subject dear to all Christians but to none more than those who for the time are in heaviness, 'Ask and it shall be given you.' [1] Mary Jane Graham published a very ingenious and pious little work called the Test of Truth,[2] for the use of Spanish refugees who she learned were in the dreary plains of infidelity. Her argument is this—Jesus has said 'Ask and it shall be given you'—here then is a test of His divinity—if God, His promise will be fulfilled, if not you have demonstrated the contrary and impartially used the conditions—but until you have asked sincerely and importunately you have no right to decide on the question. Do you know this little book? It is 6 years since I read it but I think from what I remember it would be invaluable as a present to sceptical persons. How blessed that we have not to obey this command hypothetically! Well might the Apostle say 'All things are yours' [3] and we cannot escape the logical inference from this invitation and promise that every deficiency is in one sense voluntarily chosen by us! As my jewel Isaac Taylor says, The most exemplary and advanced Christians have only become such by allowing their full weight to motives that are involved in the profession of the weakest.

I am expecting the Bride and Bridegroom to return by the railway this evening.[4] They have had a delightful excursion amongst the

10. Henry Montagu Villiers (1813–61), B. A. Christ Church, Oxford, 1834, became Vicar of Kenilworth 25 January 1837 and was inducted as Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, London, 9 July 1841. An extreme Low Churchman, he was welcomed even by some of the Dissenters in his parish. He became a canon of St. Paul's in 1847, Bishop of Carlisle in 1856, and Bishop of Durham in 1860.

1. Matthew 7:7.

2. First published 1831; 7th ed., 1841.

3. I Corinthians 3.21.

4. The date of this letter is fixed by an entry in Robert Evans's Journal the following Saturday, 26 June 1841: "Dined with I. P. Evans and his wife for the first time."

lakes and in Scotland. Did I tell you that I have some rose-leaves from Wordsworth's garden? But why do I say anything about self. I am chiefly anxious to let you know my warm sympathy and affection towards you. In reply to the query at the close of your letter I give an unhesitating No! unless very rare conditions be annexed. Your feelings on the subject are such as God approves. A full reliance on His Wisdom and love and a firm faith that if really for our *ultimate* good such a protector as His laws will permit us to accept will be given is the state of mind I seek to obtain. I am convinced that every desire that relaxes this limitation is an inordinate one and will be an incubus checking the aspirations of the spiritual life. I have the firm belief that He who sits at the Helm is your Father and that your last anchorage will be in the shallows of an ocean of peace and bliss whence you shall plunge into a deep that knows no storm nor death nor danger.

In haste your own
Clematis.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, [21 JULY 1841]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My very dear Veronica,

The contents of the letter bag had been a subject of interest and disappointment to me for several mornings previous to this on which I have just received your welcome little note. I think I see some advantage connected with your being driven to the apparently repulsive measure of advertising. The possession of friends able privately to serve you might have caused you to accept a settlement less propitious than perhaps may be presented in the wider range taken by an advertisement. My own natural aversion to the machinery of society, to that intercourse with my fellow creatures, whom I would fain regard as pictures from the hand of a Divine Artist, however torn and soiled, which makes one calculate about them as so much canvas and paint with a certain value of frame, united with my love for you, gives me a full comprehension and lively conception of all the little mortifications and disgusts that you have had and will have to endure in this trying stage of your education. Yes my Veronica your education, that cheering word refreshes I am sure your willingness to undergo all that the 'Only Wise' sees to be a furtherance of your 'growing up to Him in all things, who is the Head' [5]—glorious portion! To feel the

5. Ephesians 4:15.

roots of faith strengthened by every blast, daily giving nourishment to the fair and joy-giving fruits of Love, Hope and Patience. That this is your experience is my 'consolation in all my prayers for you.'

My beloved sister has gone through the trials incident to the rather sudden death of poor Charles [6] since I wrote to you. His interment took place yesterday. My two little nephews are with me.

Do you remember Cowper's Hymn beginning 'I was a grovelling creature once.' [7] It is lovely and rich as the pomegranate and the vine. And the collect for last Sunday [8]—was not that beautiful? Truly the night of sorrow brings to the ear "the sound of many fountains musical by day unheard," and in blessed freedom from troubles of my own I find those of my loved ones a sweet monitor to keep up my contemplation of that part of the Divine character expressed in the appellative "the Comforter." [9] Alas I need monitors and I need chastisement—and God will send them in His own good time. May they never be in vain!

'God and good angels guard you,' [10] my Veronica.

Your affectionate
Clematis.

Foleshill. | Wednesday.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, 31 JULY–2 AUGUST 1841

MS: Yale. *Brief extract:* Cross, I, 89.

Foleshill Road | July 31st 1841.

My beloved Veronica,

Among all my queries I have never yet asked what is your destination after your holidays supposing you do not meet with a settled home. Are you to return to Burton? I am very anxious to know the answer

6. "Died: On Tuesday, the 13th inst., at Meriden, at the house of his brother Mr. Edward Clarke, surgeon, Charles, seventh son of Robert Clarke, Esq., formerly of Brooksby Hall, Leicestershire." (Coventry *Standard*, 16 July 1841.) The entry of his death at Somerset House gives his age as 26 and describes him as an attorney.

7. *The Poetical Works of William Cowper*, ed. R. Southey, 2 vols., 1854, I, 78.

8. The collect for the Sixth Sunday after Trinity: "O God, who hast prepared for them that love thee such good things as pass man's understanding; Pour into our hearts such love toward thee, that we, loving thee above all things, may obtain thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire."

9. John 14:16.

10. Cf. *Henry V*, I, ii, 7, and *Richard III*, v, iii, 156.

to this question and I hope your poor eyes will by the time you receive this be free from tears, that writing may not be a grievance. Your tempting allusion to the half bed and your items of description would be a powerful loadstone if I were not already firmly fixed by a still mightier one. I am beginning to be interlaced with multiplying ties of duty and affection that, while they render my new home happier, forbid me to leave it on a pleasure-seeking expedition. I think indeed that both my heart and my limbs would leap to behold the 'great and wide sea' [1] that old Ocean on which man can leave no trace; [2] but the emotions created by soul-stirring sights are more healthful and commonly stronger when duty leads us *by* them than when we go *to* them. You my Veronica have been thus led and I trust the breezes may invigorate your body while a more precious wind may blow on your soul's garden and call the spices forth.[3] I am instigated just now to increased—

4 o'clock. This letter my Veronica is written in odds and ends of time, and the thoughts will be equally fragmentary. I have forgotten or at least lost zest for the idea I was going to pursue, so I will take up another, in which I am very desirous that you should 'jump with me.' It is a proposal that we should endeavour to think of each other and if possible lift up an ejaculation to our common Father on each other's behalf at Curfew time and that if no impediment exist we should take a glance at the firmament. I do not tax you with a long meditation on my worthless self; two minutes will suffice for my object. And will you choose one of the books of Scripture that we may each take the same morsel morning by morning, a verse at a time until we have reached the end?

If you return to town and make a prolongued stay there I really shall beg you to execute some commissions for me of the same kind as those you so nicely performed before. I can enclose the money in a letter as I should be rather extravagant if I had the opportunity. This is altogether a selfish letter, written to gratify my curiosity and obtain my own wishes. I shall so far persist in my self pleasing as to beg you to write me an answer as quickly as possible. Should a work, now I believe out of print entitled 'Thoughts preparative or persuasive to private devotion' by John Sheppard [4] fall in your way, read it—it is a sweet booklet of pious meditation adapted to accompany the Christian in all the windings of his experience. I am sorry to send you a letter that

1. Psalms 104:25.
2. Cf. Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, IV, 179.
3. Song of Solomon 4:16.
4. First published in 1824.

breathes no fragrance my Veronica but you will believe me when I tell you that I have much business for body and mind. Lebe wohl—

Your Clematis.

August 2d.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, [12 AUGUST 1841]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 88–89.

Foleshill | Thursday Morning.

My very dear Veronica,

Do not, I beseech you, think of crowding your half day in London with my 'levities' and 'ponderosities.' I am ashamed to have asked so much and certainly should not have done it had I supposed you would have taken such a bird's flight through London. I shall not be disappointed but rather relieved if you send me word that you have rested after sailing from Margate, instead of spending nerve and muscle for me. If however you determine to make some purchases for me the plan you mention for conveying them would be decidedly the best. I had some similarly conveyed last year.

How should I love to join you at Margate now that you are alone! A few days of conversation would I believe set my crazy body right. In consequence of its slight ailments I have of late felt a depression that has disordered the vision of my mind's eye, and made me *alive* to what is certainly a *fact* though my imagination when I am in health is an adept at concealing it, that I am *alone* in the world. I do not mean to be so sinful as to say that I have not friends *most* undeservedly kind and tender and disposed to form a far too favorable estimate of me, but I mean that I have no one who enters into my pleasures or my griefs, no one with whom I can pour out my soul, no one with the same yearnings the same temptations the same delights as myself. This I do not murmur under—I am too conscious of utter unworthiness to be otherwise than astonished at the multitude of my blessings, but I merely mention it as the impression that obtrudes itself when my body tramples on its keeper (a metaphor borrowed from a menagerie of wild beasts, if it should happen to puzzle you). Mysterious 'connexion exquisite of distant worlds'[5] that we present! A few drops of steel[6] will perhaps make me laugh at the simple objects that in gloom and mist I conjure into stalking apparitions.

But my Veronica I would not speak of such feelings with a self-compassionating spirit. With sins to confess, and graces to implore,

5. *Night Thoughts*, I, 73.

6. Chalybeate; iron given medicinally.

and duties to be done, I have no time for sentimental sorrows, and I ought not to admit them. Neither do I like to see that I have scribbled so much about myself—a self so bountifully provided for [compared] to you, my dearest friend, who have substantial difficulties wherewith to combat. Pray regard all I have written as cancelled in my own mind. Yes we will be cheerful in the contemplation of all but sin in ourselves and our fellow beings. I would reserve all my grief for my transgressions, and continually remember that *all but* these come from God. I have lately been much impressed with the truth that *in* Him we live and move and have our being [7]—that He is the primal source of glory, holiness, beauty—the final [8] cause (words often uttered and written but not fathomed) of all in the worlds of matter and mind. Our text today 'Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?' [9] is rich in association, from the company of apostolic Christians into whom it breathed moral courage to the last anticipated contest between good and evil. What words could we, on whom the ends of the world are come, select as a better description of the persecutions of avowedly heathen Rome, the virtually heathen Papacy, or the wilfully heathen conspirators of infidelity, whose motto was 'Ecrasez l'Infame,' [1] than those which the holy Seer, a thousand years before the signal was given for Satan's mightiest, despairing efforts, uttered under the inspiration of that Spirit 'who shews things to come.' It is time I ceased to tax your patience my Veronica and I will do so. May you be enriched with heavenly blessings and if it please God with a greater degree of earthly peace than hitherto.

Ever your true
Clematis.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, 20 AUGUST [1841]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill Road | August 20.

My very dear Veronica,

I received your note containing a receipt, but have not yet had the books; what can detain them I am unable to imagine.

I thank you warmly for this new proof of affection and only wish

7. Acts 17:28.

8. GE means "first." See 20 August [1841].

9. Psalms 2:1. In response to GE's suggestion, Miss Lewis chose Psalms for their meditations; since this is the 7th verse from the beginning of the book, the arrangement cannot have continued for more than a week.

1. Voltaire uses the phrase in a letter to d'Alembert, 28 November 1762.

that I had an opportunity of shewing you that even my more sluggish body may become active under the influence of affection.

Have you never noticed the possession of a sort of intellectual conscience, that affrights one all of a sudden with the recollection of some crime against sense or syntax, quite unconsciously committed. I am convicted by this same monitor of having written in my last letter, '*final* cause' instead of '*first* cause,' thus doing innocently what is often done voluntarily, saying just the opposite to what I was thinking. I may be doing so now for I am in a hurry, but not so great that I cannot feel and say that I am ever my dear Veronica (and certainly *Speedwell*)

Your true and affectionate,
Clematis.

How did you get to Burton and how is your health?
Have you seen Mr. Henslowe?

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, [21 AUGUST 1841]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My very dear Veronica,

My precious books arrived last night, and I hasten to prevent your feeling the least anxiety about what has been too troublesome already. They are all beautiful—just what I wished, and Rivingtons have very liberally allowed 15s/ discount, so that I have 6 volumes of Chalmer's Sermons.[2] How shall I ever repay you? I will make you some delicious extracts, if you are not intimate with Coleridge, or any of the other books. Tell me. I have now said enough about myself for many months to come—I want to talk and hear of you. Write, write, write. Keep a sheet by you and scribble down thoughts as they occur. I have been reading 1 Pet. 5 this morning (the 2d lesson). You know the sweet, the elevating comfort it contains. I was impressed with the mode in which the Apostle speaks of the reversionary possessions of the Christian. 'When the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.' 'That He may exalt you in due time.' 'The God of all grace hath *called you to His eternal glory* by Christ Jesus.'[3] Let us call up the image of the Grecian games—the concourse of spectators, the noblest and most intelligent of the sons of the land. The ambition of those who strove for the mastery, an efficient motive

2. Thomas Chalmers (1780–1847), who in 1843 led the separation of the Free Church from the Church of Scotland.

3. I Peter 5:4, 6, 10, at this time in the second lesson for Evening Prayer, 20 August.

for rigid discipline and strenuous agonizing exertion, their *perseverance* until the reaching of the goal and the bestowal of the crown amid the acclamations of the multitude. Here is a type that by its analogy illustrates, but by its infinite inferiority serves to exalt our conceptions of the arduousness of the spiritual race, the dignity of the cloud-like host of witnesses, and the transcendent glory the inappreciable value of the 'crown' reserved for those who have finished the course and kept the faith.[4]

Forgive hurry and almost incoherency—believe me my beloved Veronica,

Your faithful,
Clematis.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL,
3[–4] SEPTEMBER 1841

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | SE 4 | 1841. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 89–92.

Foleshill | September 3d 1841.

My beloved Veronica,

I have had many compunctious visitings for the reiteration of the word 'write' in my last contribution to the revenue in the shape of a note to you. I was tickled the other day by a witty account of a statesman's and general's efforts to convince others that he was undismayed by certain untoward events. Since says the writer, to *say* 'I am fearless' was equivalent to nothing he set about teaching the fact by way of induction, putting on airs of determination and authority, and a corresponding fierceness of action. Now I suppose I am in a similar situation as to the question of my selfishness and inconsideration. To say 'I am really generous and would not have my Veronica spend her precious moments of leisure on me' is of little avail, so I must prove all this "per modo d'induzione." There is another truth I would have you enter on your creed which does not seem yet to be there—viz. that to receive the mere *outpouring of feeling* from you is my chief consolation under inability to assist you more validly. Ergo *never* apologize for details about yourself, they being the gold dust for which I barter my large sheet of *rag*. And, anah,[5] my honey, why talk you in voice as hollow as that of a half-starved hermit, about plans

4. II Timothy 4:7–8.
5. A Hebrew word meaning "respond" or "answer."

for the future, their deceptiveness, impossibility etc. etc.? Know you not, you recreant daughter of the green isle, that you owe a debt to a friend who will not allow you to have the benefit of 'habeas corpus' for next Christmas? Here you have infamously put off payment for a year and presume to have other thoughts in your head than that of honestly bringing her principal and interest when you will really have the means! I vow I will change your name for some brand of treachery,[6] if you do not quickly impetrate my mercy. I must now happily for you go to pay a morning visit to my poor dear neighbor[7] who has long been seriously ill. *Of course* my mood will be set to a different key when I begin to write again. — —

I thought the other day that a mode of studying Scripture very beneficial to adults might be made equally so to your pupils. It is that of taking the parables or other portions of the New Testament for analyzation—writing in words other than those of Scripture the general truths contained or implied in the passage. For a hasty example, the familiar but impressive parable of the Sower[8] might yield the following heads for reflection and perhaps many more. 1. Satan is watchfully active in counteracting the effects of the preached word. 2. A semblance of conversion is frequently produced under the means of grace which has not its foundation in principle. 3. The cares, pleasures, and riches of the world are essentially opposed to the heavenward progress of the soul. 4. There is a connection between the affections and the understanding causing the corruption of the one to issue in the perversion of the other. They who understand the word are said to receive it into an honest and good heart. 5. The saving reception of the word is invariably marked by strong effort on the part of the recipient to 'hold fast' what he has heard. "Having heard the word, *keep it.*" 6. There are different degrees of holiness even among those born again of the incorruptible seed. 7. The obedience of Christ involves circumstances calling for patience. The frequent and indeed constant use of this plan would I am convinced give a clearness and comprehensiveness to our knowledge of Scripture truths that I have not found common, and the lack of which I am earnestly desirous to supply in myself. Perhaps you have already used this or a superior method, but if I were conversing with you vivâ voce I should say all this, and you know my rule for letterwriting.

I have been revelling in Nichol's Architecture of the heavens and

6. Veronica in the "language of flowers" signified "fidelity in friendship."

7. Mrs. Pears.

8. Matthew 13.

Phenomena of the Solar system [9] and have been in imagination winging my flight from system to system, from universe to universe, trying to conceive myself in such a position and with such a visual faculty as would enable me to enjoy what Young enumerates among the novelties of the 'stranger' man when he burst the shell, to

> Behold an infinite of floating worlds
> Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,
> In endless voyage without port.[1]

"Hospitable infinity"! Nichol beautifully says.[2] How should I love to have a thoroughgoing student with me that we might read together! We might each alternately employ the voice and the fingers and thus achieve just twice as much as a poor solitary. I am more impressed than ever with a truth beautifully expressed in 'Woman's Mission.' "Learning is only so far valuable as it serves to enlarge and enlighten the bounds of conscience." [3] This I believe it eminently does when pursued humbly and piously and from a belief that it is a solemn duty to cultivate every faculty of our nature so far as primary obligations allow. There is an exhortation of St. Paul's that I should love to take as my motto. Finally my brethren whatsoever things are honest (you know the continuation)—if there be *any virtue* and if there be any praise think on these things.[4]

I have had to lament lately my Veronica that mine is not a *hard working* mind—that it requires frequent rests. How has your body served you in this particular? Have you been pretty well at Burton? I am violently in love with the Italian fashion of repeating an adjective or adverb and even noun to give force to expression. There is so much more fire in it than in our circumlocutory phrases, our dull verys and exceedinglys and extremelys. I strongly recommend Hallam [5] to you. I shall read it again if I live. When a sort of haziness comes over the mind making one feel weary of articulated or written signs of ideas does not the notion of a less laborious mode of communication, of a perception approaching more nearly to intuition seem attractive? Nathless I love words; they are the quoits, the bows, the staves that

9. John Pringle Nichol, *View of the Architecture of the Heavens* and *The Phenomena and Order of the Solar System*, published separately in Edinburgh, 1838.

1. *Night Thoughts*, VI, 178–180.

2. J. P. Nichol, *The Architecture of the Heavens*, 9th ed., 1851, p. 299, "hospitable Infinitude."

3. Quoted with variations from the 3d paragraph of ch. 3.

4. Philippians 4:8.

5. Henry Hallam, *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, 4 vols., 1837–39.

furnish the gymnasium of the mind. Without them in our present condition, our intellectual strength would have no implements. I have been rather humbled in thinking that if I were thrown on an uncivilised island and had to form a literature for its inhabitants from my own mental stock how very fragmentary would be the information with which I could furnish them. It would be a good mode of testing one's knowledge, to set one's self the task of writing sketches of all subjects that have entered into one's studies, entirely from the chronicles of memory.

I shall weary you out of your last infinites[i]mal of patience my Veronica, and I can fancy you shaking your head and saying to yourself 'This poor girl's brain is fast losing its little specific gravity and is flying off to Milton's Limbo to keep company with all "the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand, abortive monstrous or unkindly mixed." '[6] Well, my own I will spare you all further ground for solicitude, the rather as my father is just come in. Indeed dear Veronica my affections are not so easily evaporated as my wits, and my love to you grows by *accretion* not by expansion.

Ever your true
Clematis.

I have reopened my letter, my dear friend, conscious that it was written in an evening's delirium to which I am subject, and which this 'sober-suited morn'[7] has dissipated. Indeed it is not a representative of the serious, earnest sympathy with which I think of you, nor do I attach more importance to my own vagaries than to the labouring yet onward steps of your pilgrimage.

I believe however that there is not at present reason for discouragement—I feel assured that you will be guided towards some suitable provision. I perceive a reason for all this discipline when I read the sweet expression of your trust and submission. Once again let me thank you for all the trouble you have taken so generously for my sake. When you think of me remember Solomon's mode of characterizing a true friend, 'born for adversity.'[8] Yes, I firmly believe our love is of a nature not to be changed by place or time, and though my path on earth should lie between the tropics and yours should still remain among these bleak latitudes, I humbly hope and pray that when the poor modicum of three score years and ten or far less is consumed we shall enter on a condition whose moral elements are all congenial

6. *Paradise Lost*, III, 455–456.
7. *Il Penseroso*, line 122, has "civil-suited."
8. Proverbs 17:17.

to love, when having left all the reptile behind us, we shall mount up with wings like eagles, we shall run and not be weary, we shall walk and not faint. Glorious prospect of *activity!* In the meanwhile we will be mindful that this is promised to those "who wait on the Lord." [9]

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, FOLESHILL, [SEPTEMBER 1841]

Text: Poet-Lore, 6 (February 1894), 58–59.

Foleshill Road, Coventry, 1841.

My dear Ivy,

. . . And now, child of life's sunny clime that you are, . . . shall I begin after Dr. Young's fashion "Thou happy wretch, by kindness thou art blest" [1] etc., etc., and as many others have done clothe envy in a garb of philosophy? No, my Patty, I delight in your happiness, and am more than all rejoiced to believe that you can make our sweet Mrs. Hemans' language your own.

> "Blessed God of love!
> I thank Thee for these gifts, the precious links
> Whereby my spirit unto Thee is drawn.
> I thank thee that the loveliness of earth
> Higher than earth can raise me." [2]

I too have many such blessings to acknowledge: Leisure and self-direction to an extent that involves fearful responsibility, and health in general such as enables me actively to employ these advantages. May I be daily progressing in the wisdom that discerns the right and the expedient, and in the dispositions that render them the will's election. Here are the main objects of life, and that they are attainable should furnish a fund of adoring gratitude to Him who is the Donor of the dignifying faculties that discover and appropriate Truth, and of that spiritual influence that turneth the affections as rivers of water are turned.

Thank you, dear Ivy, for inquiring about me: That touching monosyllable—which by the bye a process of logic like the Eton youth's might demonstrate a Polly's-syllable. . . . In these school days of ours even our holidays must only be times of preparation for return to

9. The phrases quoted in the last sentences are from Isaiah 40:31.

1. *Night Thoughts,* I, 314.

2. From "Flowers and Music in a Room of Sickness." *The Works of Mrs. Hemans,* ed. L. H. Sigourney, 7 vols., Philadelphia, 1840, VII, 148.

duty—enjoyment beyond that obtained in active service must be reserved for the period of our establishment at *home*. But am I not implying a false estimate of that home? I firmly believe that activity in obedience, even attended with a degree of arduousness in the exercise of virtue will be among the circumstancials of future bliss. Rest there will be—but it will be rest from the assaults and tyrannizing efforts of inherent sin, not the rest of indolence; and the idea is a powerful incentive to the forming rigorously holy habits of feeling and action. Do you know Nichol's works on astronomy? if not you would find them a rich treat. I have just read Dr. P. Smith's work on the connexion between Scripture and Geology; [3] there is very much that is valuable in it, and the main subject of the work, the interpretation of the Mosaic records, is fully satisfactory to me: but the author is much too encyclopædic in his matter; he touches on too great a variety of topics. . . .

Ever your affectionate
Clematis.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, 1 OCTOBER 1841

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | OC 1 | 1841. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 92.

Foleshill | October 1st 1841.

My very dear Veronica,

It seems a weary while since I indulged myself with sending you some scantlings of my thoughts and feelings, but I should not, to tell truth, have done it this afternoon but that I feel rather sad, and just as on a sultry day one thinks of the greenest, coolest nook one has ever enjoyed, I turn to the recollection of you for comfort. I wish to have good news of your prospects and if I cannot have these yet I wish to know the actual state of affairs with you. I am afraid of teazing you with letters, but as our new Ministry is thought likely to alter the postage [4] we ought to make use of our scribbling privilege while we have it. By the bye however poor a figure a paragraph about slippers

3. John Pye Smith (1774–1851), D.D. Yale College, 1807, Nonconformist divine and tutor at Homerton College, "did more than any other British theologian of his day to bring the exegesis of Genesis into accord with geological fact." (*DNB.*) His *Relation between the Holy Scripture and Some Parts of Geological Science,* 1839, was commended by Whewell, Herschel, Sedgwick, and Baden Powell.

4. Rowland Hill's penny postage was established 10 January 1840. Sir Robert Peel, who became Prime Minister when the Whigs were defeated in August 1841, was hostile to the new plan. In September 1842 he dismissed Hill from office, but the penny rate was not altered until 1918.

may make on my first page I am determined to tell you while the matter is present with me that your plaid slippers worked for the Leamington bazaar have been in my care for more than 6 months, Mrs. Newdegate having returned them with other unsold things. What shall I do with them? Save them for an approaching Bazaar for the erection of Schools in our parish?

I want a letter from you all about yourself with a retraction of a very ambiguous reply to my statement of accounts between us. You do not really mean to refuse me a visit at least at Christmas? I am really quite unfit to write this afternoon, but as I expect full occupation, (fearing among other things a change of servants) I am afraid lest procrastination should deprive me another week of some information about you. My head and heart are both so sadly that I am reduced to copying to fill my sheet. Do you know these 3 little verses.

What if the little rain should say
So poor a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields
I'll tarry in the sky?

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain drop help to give
The cool refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to form
And beautify the flower? [5]

Is not this a true autumn day? Just the still melancholy that I love —that makes life and nature harmonize. The birds are all consulting about their migrations, the trees are putting on the hectic or the pallid hues of decay, and begin to strew the ground that one's very footsteps may not disturb the repose of earth and air, while they give us a scent that is a perfect anodyne to the restless spirit. Delicious Autumn! my very soul is wedded to it, and if I were a bird I would fly about the earth seeking the successive autumns.

Sweet day, so calm, so pure, so bright
The bridal of the earth and sky

5. The author of these verses is unknown.

The dew will weep thy fall tonight
For thou alas! must die! [6]

"Pleasant is the joy of grief! It is like the shower of spring, when it softens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf rears its green head." I shall sicken you or infect you, either of which is undesirable, so dearest Veronica, I will assure you that you are continually sharing my warmest love and deliver you by a good bye from more of this trash.

Your
Clematis.

GE TO SAMUEL EVANS, FOLESHILL, 2 OCTOBER 1841

MS: Yale. *Address:* Mr. Evans | The Mill Houses | Wirksworth | Derbyshire. *Postmarks:* COVENTRY | OC 2 | 1841. WIRKSWORTH | OC | 1841. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill October 2d 1841.

My very dear Uncle,

I have quite enjoyed your letter, and am determined to prove that I have done so by writing in return immediately. I had been for some time expecting to hear from you, and should have done so by my Father, who intended to visit you the last time he was in Derbyshire but that he was detained at Hallam by the election. I am glad to hear a good account of my Aunt's health, and to conclude from your silence about your own that you are free from your old enemy, the rheumatism. I am thankful to tell you that my Father is quite well and appears very comfortable under his change of situation, indeed I feel the ordering of our outward circumstances a special call for gratitude.

My Brother Isaac about whom you kindly enquire seems to have a very suitable partner as far as similarity of taste and domestic habits are concerned, and I think we have reason to hope for his worldly prosperity. You justly observe, my dear Uncle, that this alone is insufficient to give peace. I feel increasingly that nothing but the enjoyment of God's favour, walking in the light of His countenance, and daily progressing in fitness for His presence and the companionship of the saints in light, can give real satisfaction. Our earthly friends disappoint us and often wound us by coldness, and there is in every cup enough of bitterness to make him who drinks it feel the need of patience, faith, and hope.

You ask me about my own state and express a hope that I am run-

6. George Herbert, "Virtue," stanza 1. "Alas!" is GE's interpolation.

ning the way of God's commandments. I must answer that I am often, very often stumbling, but I have been encouraged to believe that the mode of action most acceptable to God, is not to sit still desponding, but to rise and pursue my way. I have often occasion to use David's words, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep, yet seek thy servant for I do not forget thy commandments." [7] He who condescends to *seek* the lost, will not I trust cast them away from his presence when they go to him in the spirit of Job. "What I know not teach Thou me; if I have done iniquity, I will do so no more." [8]

I shall look forward to a letter from my dear Aunt, and pray tell her that if there is anything which it is in my power to send her that will be of any use I shall be pleased if she will mention it. We had not heard from my Uncle William of his recent attack although my Brother Robert has just been with us. Pray give my love to my Cousins and tell Samuel and Mary that I hope their little Joseph will prove as rich a treasure as he after whom they have named him. We are not greatly favoured in our Minister [9]—though we hear the truth, yet it is not recommended by the mode of its delivery. But there may be as much profit reaped by humble endeavours to derive good under disadvantages, as from the highest privileges, and I would rather narrowly examine my own state of feeling than complain of the lack of outward helps. With my best love to Aunt, believe me my dear Uncle

Your affectionate Niece
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, 4 OCTOBER 1841

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | OC 4 | 1841. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill | October 4th 1841.

My beloved Friend,

To me, who am continually having to fear that I live in vain it was no 'meagre' comfort to receive an assurance that with respect to *you* at least this is not the case. But my pleasure in this thought is much tarnished by the recollection of the silly nothings I sent you the other day when you must have been ill prepared to overlook their worthlessness. The use of the pen is even a more responsible possession than

7. Psalms 119:176.
8. Cf. Job 34:32.
9. John Howells, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Coventry, since 1837. He held the lease on the Foleshill house where the Evanses were living. See Robert Evans's Journal, 29 January 1841.

that of the tongue and I ought to blush when I remember my own defalcations as a steward of both these trusts.

Thank you for the real treat Mr. Henslowe's letters have given me. They deserve transcription, and have won for him my love and respect maugre a pre-existing distaste. The introduction to Mrs. Sumner [1] is a promising boon and such a person is likely to seize indications of integral character in your letter that will render the paucity of adjuncts a minor consideration. What has that coarse man of books [2] done to wound you? I have never liked that you should put yourself in the position of a recipient of favours from him, and quite agree with you that the absence of his testimony is a "breach" more honourable than an "observance" [3] at least to you. I shall this morning take an opportunity of lodging in my dear Friend Mrs. Pears's hands as good a description of your Gouvernante character as I am capable of giving (I hope you will not be angry with me for venturing to do so) that she may forward it to Miss Crump [4] of London, who has a flourishing school and has often been successful in obtaining situations for others.

You are not the only dear friend who is suffering. The Miss Franklins have been and are enduring a complication of trials. The refiner and purifier of silver [5] must see His own likeness in the metal ere he ceases the purging process. He will then make you glad according to the years wherein you have known adversity.[6] You will think it is a strange application of a text when I tell you that I have often used for comfort a passage in Joel when conscious of the desolating effects of back-sliding on my heart. "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the canker worm, the caterpillar and the palmerworm." [7] It will be a less strained interpretation of the words to make them symbolic of the power and intention (as I think we generally see it to be) of God to make the tearful sowing a prelude even to a rich harvest of peace and comfort on earth.

How joyful will it be to put my arms round you at Christmas! let us pray that our meeting may be fraught with much profit. I fear you will have some difficulty in reading this letter, but I know you will have none in believing that I am still though an unworthy yet a sincere,

1. Richard Sumner, Puttenham Priory, Guildford, Surrey, is listed among the subscribers to Henslowe's *Phonarthron*, 1840.
2. Edward Craig.
3. *Hamlet*, I, iv, 16.
4. Mary Crump, daughter of James Crump of Birmingham, was married in 1834 to William Smith (1813–93), the lexicographer. In 1842 Mrs. Smith's Ladies' Academy was at 33 Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood. Miss Crump, her sister, helped with the school.
5. Malachi 3:3.
6. Psalms 90:15.
7. Joel 2:25.

loving and I trust constant friend. If you can do so I should be glad if you would send me a few lines when you hear from Mrs. Sumner.

Your
Clematis.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, 16 OCTOBER 1841

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | OC | 1841. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill October 16th 1841.

My very dear Veronica,

The exhaustion following last night's unusually severe headache, renders writing to you a very pleasant remove from 'rien faire,' and I am glad of the incitement Mrs. Pears has just given me to do so. She has forwarded my deposition concerning you to Miss Crump, who writes in return that she should be very happy to use her interest on your behalf. This interest, however, though unexceptionable in other respects to the most fastidious, lies among dissenters, and she is just now aware of a desirable situation in a family, which was vacant about a week ago, and for which she appears to think you suitable. But she proposes the question whether *liberal spirited* nonconformity would be an obstacle to your approval. I had mentioned that you were an attached member of the Establishment. Will you send me the reply by return of post?

I was very glad of your last little note—only remember it was a little one. Mr. C[raig]'s expressions surpass in grossness all the conceptions my severity had formed about them. Why such behaviour in the days of chivalry would have been enough to bring upon him all the valour of all the Knights errant in existence. Whatever might be his opinion respecting you, the fact that this rendered him unable to accede to your request ought to have called up every particle of delicacy and tenderness he possessed to frame a reply not calculated to wound. But we must forgive and pity him. The immense superiority that endurance gives over the inflicter of a wound makes the sufferer well afford to pardon. But this is the heathen's motive—the Christian's is far higher. I am strongly of opinion that a family in the most cultivated class of middle life would be the one where you would find most comfort (for a Governess among the aristocracy there is none) and the most profitable circulation of intelligence. Salary is the only thing that would be inferior. How large a one should you expect? These are all ugly ac-

companiments of our mundane existence, the very dross of life, but without this dross the gold of moral discipline is not to be found.

The prevalence of misery and want in this boasted nation of prosperity and glory is appalling, and really seems to call us away from mental luxury. O to be doing some little toward the regeneration of this groaning travailing creation![8] I am supine and stupid, overfed with favours, while the haggard looks and piercing glance of want and conscious hopelessness are to be seen in the streets. Goodbye, dear Veronica. I fear this is almost unreadable. (I am tired of illegible). Write on Monday and believe me ever

Your true
Clematis.

May I call you Maria? I feel our friendship too serious a thing to endure even an artificial name. And restore to me Mary Ann.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, [23 OCTOBER 1841]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 85–86.

Foleshill Saturday Evening.

You are veritably an overreaching friend, my dear Maria, not content with my scribbling a couple of sheets to every quarter of the moon, you even insist on dictating the subjects of the same, and the one you now impose on me is at once so sterile, so incomprehensible and so unfascinating that I should be quite justified in refusing to descant *thereon.* If you complain that my letters become increasingly illegible, just take into consideration the necessary effect of having to write a few pages almost daily. This has been the case with me of late, and I am likely to be more and more busy, if I succeed in a project that is just now occupying my thoughts and feelings. There is no request of yours that I would deny on selfish grounds, therefore my dearest dear, albeit I would rather not reduce myself to the unhappy condition of certain writers of billets, who sit like Hamlet gazing apparently on vacancy[1] out of sheer destitution of matter, I will even do so for the sake of satisfying your ill deserved anxiety about me.

Your fears about my health I feel that I have been culpable in raising from a foolish habit both in writing and discourse of saying *all* the truth. What mortal has not occasionally headaches? and if there are exceptions in this case, I am sure there are none who have not sometimes heartaches. Both are salutary for us while we tread "this

8. Cf. Romans 8:22.

1. *Hamlet,* III, iv, 115.

spacious globe" [2] and like ipecacuanha and juleps, though not good in se are often invaluable in their effects. In fine, my dear Veronica, I have seriously to be thankful for far better health than I have possessed I think for years, and I am imperatively called on to trade diligently with this same talent. I seem to be tried in a contrary mode to that in which most of my dearest friends are being tutored—tried in the most dangerous way—by prosperity. Solomon says in the day of prosperity be joyful but in the day of adversity consider [3]—it seems to me that a transposition vice versa of the admonitions would be equally salutary and just. Truly as the prophet of Selwyn has told us "Heaven is formidable in its favours." [4] Not that a wise and grateful reception of blessings obliges us to stretch our faces to the length of one of Cromwell's 'Barebones,' nor to shun that joyous bird-like enjoyment of things (which though perishable as to their actual existence will be embalmed to eternity in the precious spices of gratitude) that is distinct from levity and voluptuousness.

On referring to Mr. Brezzi's accompts I find that he has hitherto charged 3 guineas for 10 lessons of German and two for the same number in Italian—whether his terms will continue to be the same I cannot tell. 7/6 seems to me an exorbitant charge for French. I know that such persons charge variously according to the rank etc. of the pupils. I wrote to Miss Crump immediately on receiving your letter but have not yet had any tidings from her.

I will write better to you, dearest, if I can by and bye, but I am really crowded with engagements just now, and I have added one to the number of my correspondents. I know you will judge indulgently and will rather have such letters as this, which really resembles the tree growing on Fair Rosamond's tomb, apparently full of nuts to crack, but lo! empty, than none at all. Please to remember I have just as longing a desire for regular despatches from you. My dear Sister is rather an object of solicitude on many accounts—the troubles of married life seem more conspicuously the ordinance of God, in the case of one so meek and passive than in that of women who may fairly be suspected of creating half their own difficulties. Adieu, my very dear Maria, in the etymological sense of the word. Love and *practically* remember

Your affectionate
Mary Ann

2. Cf. *Night Thoughts*, IX, 611.
3. Ecclesiastes 7:14.
4. *Night Thoughts*, I, 328–329. GE wrote "Selwyn"; but Young was Rector of Welwyn, Hertfordshire, where he wrote the poem.

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, FOLESHILL, [OCTOBER 1841]

Text: Poet-Lore, 6 (April 1894), 183.

Coventry, 1841.

My very dear Ivy,

On reading your letter just now as a preparative to an answer I find sundry little ebullitions of suspicious feeling, indicating some distrust of my fidelity, and of my professing sufficient largeness of heart to form new attachments, and thus set up new images in the sculpture gallery of my affections without displacing those who have hitherto had an honourable niche there. I could play the interesting part of an injured person under all this injustice, but calmness and cordial forgiveness are the best proofs of innocence, and so these I will give you, begging you to accept as a memento of this same magnanimity of mine the little present that I entrust to the post. I am indeed, my dear Patty, much engaged. . . .

I have been reading the little memoir of Mrs. Rowton,[5] a person not probably unknown to you, and am shamestricken in having brought to my remembrance my own opportunities of benefitting others by conversation, writing, and the powerful eloquence of tacit obedience to the Divine precepts, and contrasting my use of them with that *she* made of every similar occasion. Much is said about the love of the beautiful, and the idea of perfection as a characteristic of the refined mind, and as being the spring of all high attainment in the triple sisterhood, painting, poetry, and music. But there is a more important application of the terms, a moral one, which I trust we shall ever have before our mind's eye—the love of the beauty of holiness, and a continual yearning after a conformity to it, an habitual contemplation of Moral Perfection, and a dissatisfaction with all that falls short of that standard. These are sentiments that will issue in high attainments, in the best mode of exercising our imitative faculties; they will make us in some degree exemplars of whatsoever things are honest, pure, lovely, and of good report.[6] Let us never hear of or behold what is virtuous and holy without being stirred to new energy in its imitation; let us not be satisfied with a negative character, but seek to double the talents our Master has given us, remembering the great love wherewith He hath loved us, and the honour He has conferred on us by

5. *Priscilla the Helper: A Memoir of Mrs. [Anne] Rowton,* 1841. The Appendix contains a selection of her letters.

6. Philippians 4:8.

making us recipients of His treasures, that we may advance his glory in freely communicating what we have so freely received. . . .

Your affectionate
Clematis.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, [2 NOVEMBER 1841]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | near Kettering. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | NO 2 | 1841. *One sentence published:* Cross, I, 92.

Foleshill | Tuesday Morning.

Like a true friend, my ain dearie, I am delighted to plunge you in blushes for not writing to me on Saturday by sending you a second packet within the week. This morning has brought the enclosed note and advertisement from Miss Crump—they will explain themselves. You know better than I the importance of promptness in these matters, and except the proviso about furnishing pupils, there seems to be no obstacle to your obtaining the situation if that promptness be used. This to be sure is something like saying that a mountain might be climbed if it were not too steep, but impossibility is the only insurmountable barrier to human effort and that does not here exist. Effort! 'tis the very sound of the inspiriting trumpet, the hand that draws out all the rich tones from the lyre of human life.

Tell me what you think of the matter to-morrow, if possible and also tell me that you forgive my—something between brusquerie and confusion in my last letter. The present one will not indeed compensate for its predecessor's faults, but must ask for the benefit of the same indemnity. I sat down after pork pie and coffee with the single intention to send you Miss C's prettily proffered aid, and though I cannot bear to send you one empty side of the sheet I seem just now not to have a peg in my mind on which to hang another idea. Not all the wonders of flood, fire, earth or air can avail me at this unpropitious hour. I might certainly moralize at some length on the 'destructive conflagration' at the Tower,[7] or poetize on the loud laugh that the spirits of the elements are having at man's mimicry of power, or *politically economize* on the magic potency of law shewn in the conduct

7. Saturday, 31 October 1841, fire broke out in the Tower of London; "on the arrival of the first four engines belonging to the precincts of the Tower they found the western gate completely barricaded, and the officer in command for some time refused them admission, having no orders." (*Examiner*, 6 November 1841, p. 715.)

of the sentry—the newspaper having furnished me with this ready change for the day, in common with other luckless mortals whose conversation purse needs such replenishment—but I spare you the pains of doing what by others is often self-inflictingly done, unawares —reading whole pages full of their own thoughts in another's livery.

I am going I hope to-day to effect a breach in the thick wall of indifference behind which the denizens of Coventry seem inclined to entrench themselves, but I fear I shall fail.[8] Hope in one scale, fear in the other, alternately preponderating—such is the description of our microcosm within, to speak learnedly and sentimentally as it behooves a young lady *what* reads.

When my dear Maria, one's physical forces are occupied in digestion, it is obviously impossible according to the laws of matter that they should at the same time be ministering to the action of one's brain. Hence my folly—and the enduring of this must have been a capital object in your unwise bargain to adopt as a friend

Your
Mary Ann.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL,
[13 NOVEMBER 1841]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Lewis | The Revd L. Harper's | Burton Latimer | Kettering. *Postmark:* COVENTRY | NO 13 | 1841. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 103.

Foleshill | Saturday.

My very dear Friend,

I fear you have thought me tardy in seeking further information about your prospects—at least if your goodness have not permitted this, my own wish to know them has made me fancy the eight or nine days that have elapsed since I had your letter unusually long. My whole soul has been engrossed in the most interesting of all enquiries for the last few days, and to what result my thoughts may lead I know not —possibly to one that will startle you, but my only desire is to know

8. Relying on Sara Hennell's note on this passage Cross says that it "probably refers to the first visit paid by Miss Evans to Mr and Mrs Bray at their house. They had met in the previous May at Mrs Pears's; but although they were at once mutually attracted, the acquaintance does not seem to have been immediately prosecuted further. Now, however, any time lost in the beginning was quickly made up, and it is astonishing how rapidly the most intimate relations were formed." (I, 92–93.) For Charles Bray's account of their acquaintance see his *Autobiography*, p. 76.

the truth, my only fear to cling to error.[9] I think Miss Chandler writes like a sincere, well-meaning person, and the situation she offers would very likely accord with your habits and feelings better than your present one; but are the Fates really to take you to the southernmost verge of the land? Eh bien! There are various preservatives for substances, vinegar, sugar, alcohol, a vacuum, and other things known to the scientific—and so for love, ours I venture to say will not decompose under the influence of separation, unless you excommunicate me for differing from you in opinion. I was amused with your sharp remarks on the advertisement—milksop as I am, I immediately perceived them to be vraisemblable. My dear Father has just returned rather sooner than I expected and has limited my allowance of time for writing.

Think—is there any *conceivable* alteration in me that would prevent your coming to me at Christmas? I long to have a friend such as you are I think I may say alone to me, to unburthen every thought and difficulty—for I am still a solitary, though near a city. But we have the universe to talk with, infinity in which to stretch the gaze of hope, and an all-bountiful, all-wise Creator in whom to confide—He who has given us the untold delights of which our reason, our emotion, our sensations are the ever-springing sources. Hurry and darkness—so goodbye dear one. Why may we not talk without so much circumlocution, 'tis a very great compliment to the understanding of one's hearers to speak elliptically.

Ever yours
Mary Ann.

"An answer by return will oblige."

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, [FOLESHILL], 8 DECEMBER 1841

MS: Yale. *Brief extract published:* Cross, I, 103–104.

My dear Maria,

It is actually the 8th of December and little more than a fortnight to Christmas. Such being 'the case' it is high time that I should know when your Gaol delivery will happen and when I may hope to kiss, yea, actually kiss you. I conclude you will come hither directly from Bur-

9. Probably a minute examination of the historical criticism of the Bible, to which she had been introduced by reading Charles Christian Hennell's *Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity,* 1838; 2d ed., 1841. Before beginning it, she is said to have read the Bible through again. (Mathilde Blind, *George Eliot,* 1883, p. 37.)

ton, and I shall at least have the first grasp of you, though how soon you will shake me off I cannot predict. I am regularly both head and leg-weary and so I very generously bestow these dullest moments of my dullardship on you.[1] Your last little kind note was unsatisfactory as to the situation. The illness of Miss R. Franklin has obliged her to renounce at least for the present, school duties but the eternal dragons of Church and dissent present themselves everywhere.[2] A partner is likely to be wanted (this entre nous) and one who would ultimately have the establishment left in her hands, but I think the Miss F's desire that the future principal should be a nonconformist. I advise the two parties to file off and divide the cities of the land between them—to follow Abraham's example—"If thou wilt go to the right hand I will go to the left." [3] Though by the bye that would not do for the odium theologicum would find abundant food under the generic names Church and Dissent and these would begin to bite and devour each other. What pity that while mathematics are indubitable, immutable, and no one doubts the properties of a triangle or a circle, doctrines infinitely important to man are buried in a charnel heap of bones over which nothing is heard but the barks and growls of contention. 'Unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united.' [4] Here is a tolerably long coil that I have kept spite of aching limbs. No thanks, you will say. I ask none carissima. Loquacity with tongue or pen is its own reward—or, punishment. Farewell. Please write me a scheme soon.

Ever your true
Mary Ann.

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, FOLESHILL, 16 DECEMBER 1841

Text: Composite from *Bookman*, 3 (January 1893), 118–119, and *Poet-Lore*, 6 (February 1894), 59–60.

Foleshill, | December 16th, 1841.

. . . Have you, dear Patty, read any of T. Carlyle's books? He is a grand favourite of mine, and I venture to recommend to you his 'Sartor Resartus.' [5] I dare say a barrister of your acquaintance has it.

1. Cf. Dogberry's remark in *Much Ado about Nothing*, III, v, 23.

2. Miss Rebecca Franklin, daughter of a Baptist minister, was as staunch a believer in the tenets of her sect as Miss Lewis was in those of the Church of England.

3. Genesis 13:9.

4. Genesis 49:6.

5. First published in *Fraser's Magazine*, November 1833–August 1834, *Sartor Resartus* was reprinted in Boston, 1836, with a preface by Emerson and in London 1838 and 1841.

His soul is a shrine of the brightest and purest philanthropy, kindled by the live coal of gratitude and devotion to the Author of all things. I should observe that he is not "orthodox."

Mr. Adams,[6] who, I dare say, gave lectures at Coventry when you were at school, is delivering a course on chemistry to enlighten us poor smatterers. The labour of acquiring knowledge is, I grant, its own reward, but should you not like a little more intuition, or rather intuitive power, just to enable one to take a sort of seven-leagued-boot stride that would make up for girlish miseducation and girlish idleness? This is the fool's hectic of wishing,[7] which must give place to a determination in the view of all past truant-playing, to enjoy and improve to the utmost the treasures of earth, air, and sky through the rest of our journey. This is true gratitude and its last expression. This beautiful world is given to us children of men as a trial-field indeed, a gymnasium wherein temperance and self-government are both means and ends, but withal as an Eden to dress and to keep with songs of adoration to the Giver. Each little plant, the very lichens that clothe the dead boughs, are lovely and useful, and a link that would be missed in the chain of being. And so we, dear Martha, have our place of usefulness and fitness, and cannot fail if we are true to the indications of His will who has originated and sustains our existence to be harmonizing notes in the great chorus of praise ever ascending from every part of the universe. I have written a very hasty, worthless letter, but you will not be hyper-critical, and you will believe that I am as ever

Your true and affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL,
[1 JANUARY 1842?]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill Saturday Morning.

My dear Maria,

Come when it suits you best, and stay as long as your inclination and arrangements allow. I have no particular engagements in view but should any such occur I will apprize you. Please to send me word a day or so before you come that I may be at home to welcome you, as

6. "Mr. Addams with us. L[ectur]es on Chemistry." (Mrs. Bray's Diary, December 1841.)

7. Cf. *Night Thoughts*, IV, 77: "Wishing, that constant hectic of a fool, Caught at a court, purged off by purer air And simpler diet, gifts of rural life!"

I shall do with great pleasure. Thank you very much for your kind enquiries about my health. I have been but poorly since I saw you, but I am decidedly better, and I am taking some medicine that seems beneficial.

My Father returned from his journey to Hallam last evening,[8] and we have just breakfasted together for the first time since last Saturday, so that I have had a lonely week in which your company would have been very valuable, but it rather prevents one from being very urgent in giving invitations when one's own society is the only divertissement one has to offer. You however have kindly put up with me and my circumstances many times before this and will good naturedly do so again.

Goodbye and may Heaven bless you as it does by the sure laws of consequence[9] bless every one who does his work faithfully and lives in loving activity.

Ever your affectionate
Mary Ann.

ROBERT EVANS'S JOURNAL, FOLESHILL, 2–16 JANUARY 1842

MS: Mr Charles Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

January 2. Went to Trinity Church in the forenoon. Miss Lewis went with me. Mary Ann did not go. I stopd the sacrement and Miss Lewis stopd also.

January 14. Miss Lewis is here and she is waiting to go by the Mail to Nuneaton to take possession of her new school at Nuneaton.

January 16. went to church in the forenoon Mary Ann did not go to church.

GE TO MRS. ABIJAH HILL PEARS, FOLESHILL, [28 JANUARY 1842]

Text: Copy (by Mrs. Bray?), Tinker Collection, Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 105–107.

Foleshill | Friday Evening.

My very dear Friend,

Your kind note was put in my hand about an hour ago, and lest my reply should arrive to interrupt you on Sunday morning, I write very

8. Robert Evans's Journal records his trip to Hallam 27–31 December 1841.

9. This phrase suggests that GE had followed Hennell's *Inquiry* with Charles Bray's *The Philosophy of Necessity; or, the Law of Consequences as Applicable to Mental, Moral, and Social Science,* 1841.

hastily that I may secure it a place in the letter-bag this evéning. Far from being weary of your dear little Henry,[1] his matin visits are as cheering to me as those of any little bird

> "That comes in spite of sorrow,
> And at my window bids good morrow." [2]

We have not perhaps been so systematic as a regular tutor and pupil would have been, but we crave indulgence for some laxity. I was really touched that you should think of *me,* while among friends more closely linked with you in every way; I was beginning to get used to the conviction that, ivy-like as I am by nature, I must (as we see ivy do sometimes) shoot out into an isolated tree.

Never again imagine that you need ask forgiveness for speaking or writing to me on subjects to me more interesting than aught else,[3] —on the contrary believe that I really enjoy conversation of this nature; blank silence and cold reserve are the only bitters I care for in my intercourse with you. I can rejoice in all the joys of humanity; in all that serves to elevate and purify feeling and action; nor will I quarrel with the million who, I am persuaded, are with me in intention though our dialect differ. Of course I must desire the ultimate downfall of error: for no error is innocuous, but this assuredly will occur without my proselyting aid, and the best proof of a real love of the truth,—that freshest stamp of divinity,—is a calm confidence in its intrinsic power to secure its own high destiny,—that of universal empire. Do not fear that I will become a stagnant pool by a self-sufficient determination only to listen to my own echo; to read the yea, yea, on my own side, and be most comfortably deaf to the nay, nay. Would that all rejected *practically* this maxim! To *fear* the examination of any proposition appears to me an intellectual and a moral palsy that will ever hinder the firm grasping of any substance whatever. For my part, I wish to be among the ranks of that glorious crusade that is seeking to set Truth's Holy Sepulchre free from a usurped domination. We shall then see her resurrection! Meanwhile, although I cannot rank among my principles of action a fear of vengeance eternal, gratitude for predestined salvation, or a revelation of future glories as a reward, I fully participate in the belief that the only heaven here or hereafter is to be found in conformity with the will of the Supreme; a continual aiming

1. Henry Pears, son of Abijah Hill Pears, was born 15 September 1839 (Coventry *Standard,* 20 September 1839) and died in 1892.

3. An allusion to GE's differences with her father over her altered religious views, which impelled her to refuse to go to church.

at the attainment of that perfect ideal, the true Logos that dwells in the bosom of the One Father. I hardly know whether I am ranting after the fashion of one of the Primitive Methodist prophetesses, with a cart for her rostrum, I am writing so fast. Goodbye, and blessings on you, as they will infallibly be on the children of peace and virtue.

Ever, your affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, 18 FEBRUARY 1842

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 107–109.

Foleshill Road | February 18th 1842.

My dear Maria,

I dare say you have added subtracted and divided suppositions until you think you have a sure product—viz. a good quantum or rather a bad one of indifference and forgetfulness as the representation of my conduct towards you. If so, revise your arithmetic, for be it known to you that, having had my propensities sentiments and intellect gauged a second time,[4] I am pronounced to possess a large organ of 'adhesiveness,' a still larger one of 'firmness,' and as large of conscientiousness—hence if I should turn out a very weather cock and a most pitiful truckler you will have data for the exercise of faith maugre common sense, common justice, and the testimony of your eyes and ears. I have not been in your neighbourhood [5] since I wrote to you, though I imagine, from a message my sister Mrs. Isaac told me of, that you had the idea that I was at Griff when you received my parcel.

I am right glad to hear of your going on at least as well as you expected—with so much material for cheerfulness I know you will need no exhortation to its exercise. Some day or other we shall have a chat and I shall know more of your plans and prospects. I commit this letter with your Estelle [6] and a piece of brown holland to the charge of my Aunt Evarard, who I have no doubt will allow her servant to convey it

4. Charles Bray was profoundly interested in phrenology and it was doubtless he who read GE's character. For his account of it see his *Autobiography*, pp. 74–75.

5. Miss Lewis had taken possession of a new school at Nuneaton in mid-January 1842, after her visit with GE. (Robert Evans's Journal, 16 January 1842.)

6. A pastoral romance by J. P. Claris de Florian, published in 1788 and reprinted frequently in French and in English translations.

to you.[7] I am sorry I kept your worsted so long and your songs, of whose presence in my folio I was unaware.

How go you for society, for communion of spirit, the drop of nectar in the cup of mortals? But why do I say the drop? The mind that feels its value will get large draughts from some source if denied it in the most commonly chosen way.

> "Mid the rich store of nature's gifts to man
> Each has his loves, close wedded to his soul
> By fine associations' golden links.
> As the Great Spirit bids creation teem
> With conscious being and intelligence,
> So man His miniature resemblance gives
> To matter's every form a speaking soul,
> An emanation from his spirit's fount,
> The impress true of its peculiar seal.
> Here finds he thy best image, sympathy!"

Beautiful ego-ism! to quote one's own. But where is not this same ego? The martyr at the stake seeks its gratification as much as the court sycophant, the difference lying in the comparative dignity and beauty of the two egos. People absurdly talk of self-denial—why there is none in Virtue to a being of moral excellence—the greatest torture to such a soul would be to run counter to the dictates of conscience, to wallow in the slough of meanness, deception, revenge or sensuality. This was Paul's idea in the 1st chapter of 2d Ep[istle] to Timothy (I think that is the passage).[8]

My dear Sister is as you may imagine, but poorly. I shall have my children 2nd week in March. If you have any little ones with whom you commence teaching to read, use I earnestly recommend, Mrs. Williams's Syllabic Method.[9] I have had a weary week and you have the fag end. At the beginning more than the usual amount of *cooled* glances, and exhortations to the suppression of self-conceit. The former are so many hailstones that make me wrap more closely around me the mantle of determinate purpose—the latter are needful and have a tendency to exercise forbearance that well repays the temporary smart.

7. Mrs. Mary Pearson Evarard of Attleborough Quarry near Chilvers Coton.

8. II Timothy 2:5–12. But the argument is drawn rather from the Benthamism of C. Bray's *The Philosophy of Necessity*, 1841, Part 1, ch. 3.

9. Honoria Williams, *Syllabic Spelling, or a Summary Method of Teaching Children To Read: Upon the Principle Originally Discovered by Sieur Berthaud, Considerably Improved . . .* , 1829.

The heart knoweth its own whether bitterness or joy [1]—let us, dearest beware how we *even with good intentions* press a finger's weight on the already bruised. The charity that thinketh no evil is loudly professed—but where is it in persons who to nurse their reliance on their own sentiments positively as I have heard a lady do today attribute perseverance in lovely conduct to a proud determination to disappoint the expectation of a fall? O this masquerade of a world! But I shall weary you. May you be happy and healthy and continue to love

Mary Ann.

GE TO ROBERT EVANS, FOLESHILL, [28 FEBRUARY 1842]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill Monday Morning.

My dear Father,

As all my efforts in conversation have hitherto failed in making you aware of <my> the real nature of my sentiments, I am induced to try if I can express myself more clearly on paper so that both I in writing and you in reading may have our judgements unobstructed by feeling, which they can hardly be when we are together. I wish entirely to remove from your mind the false notion that I am inclined visibly to unite myself with any Christian community, or that I have any affinity in opinion with Unitarians [2] more than with other classes of believers in the Divine authority of the books comprising the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. I regard these writings as histories consisting of mingled truth and fiction, and while I admire and cherish much of what I believe to have been the moral teaching of Jesus himself, I consider the system of doctrines built upon the facts of his life and drawn as to its materials from Jewish notions to be most dishonourable to God and most pernicious in its influence on individual and social happiness. In thus viewing this important subject I am in unison with some of the finest minds in Christendom in past ages, and with the majority of such in the present (as an instance more familiar to you than any I could name I may mention Dr. Franklin).[3] Such being

1. Cf. Proverbs 14:10.

2. The Brays were Unitarians, and Mr. Evans feared that GE would join their sect. There is a note in Mrs. Bray's hand describing how one Sunday morning when GE was staying with them at Rosehill she said, "What a beautiful *refined* Christianity your Unitarianism is!" (Coventry City Libraries.)

3. A few weeks before his death Benjamin Franklin wrote in a letter to Ezra Stiles, President of Yale College: "As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system

my very strong convictions, it cannot be a question with any mind of strict integrity, whatever judgement may be passed on their truth, that I could not without vile hypocrisy and a miserable truckling to the smile of the world for the sake of my supposed interests, profess to join in worship which I wholly disapprove. This and *this alone* I will not do even for your sake—anything else however painful I would cheerfully brave to give you a moment's joy.

I do not hope to convince any other member of our family and probably not yourself that I am really sincere, that my only desire is to walk in that path of rectitude which however rugged is the only path to peace, but the prospect of contempt and rejection shall not make me swerve from my determination so much as a hair's breadth until I feel that I *ought* to do so. From what my Brother [4] more than insinuated and from what you have yourself intimated I perceive that your establishment at Foleshill is regarded as an unnecessary expence having no other object than to give me a centre in society—that since you <you> now consider me to have placed an insurmountable barrier to my prosperity in life this one object of an expenditure held by the rest of the family to be disadvantageous to them is frustrated—I am glad at any rate this is made clear to me, for I could not be happy to remain as an incubus or an unjust absorber of your hardly earned gains which might be better applied among my Brothers and Sisters with their children.

I should be just as happy living with you at your cottage at Packington [5] or any where else if I can thereby minister in the least to your comfort—of course unless that were the case I must prefer to rely on my own energies and resources feeble as they are—I fear nothing but voluntarily leaving you. I can cheerfully do it if you desire it and shall go with deep gratitude for all the tenderness and rich kindness you have never been tired of shewing me. So far from complaining I shall joyfully submit if as a proper punishment for the pain I have most unintentionally given you, you determine to appropriate any provision you may have intended to make for my future support to your other

of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw or is likely to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupt changes, and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his divinity; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it." *The Writings of Benjamin Franklin*, ed. A. H. Smyth, 10 vols., New York, 1905–07, x, 84.

4. Robert Evans wrote in his Journal, 25 February 1842: "Came to Coventry. Brought Mary Ann from Meriden with me. Mrs. Clarke is rather poorly today. Isaac called at Meriden yesterday and *schooled* Mary Ann."

5. Robert Evans's Journal, 3 March 1842: "I told Lord Aylesford I should leave Coventry and come to my cottage at Packington and give him the reasons for it."

children whom you may consider more deserving. As a last vindication of herself from one who has no one to speak for her I may be permitted to say that if ever I loved you I do so now, if ever I sought to obey the laws of my Creator and to follow duty wherever it may lead me I have that determination now and the consciousness of this will support me though every being on earth were to frown upon me.

Your affectionate Daughter
Mary Ann.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[FOLESHILL, FEBRUARY 1842]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1843. *Published:* Cross, I, 107.

My dearest Friend,

A heart-full of love and gratitude to you for all your kindness in thought and act to me, undeserving. I dare say my manner belies my feelings, but friendship must live by faith and not by right, and I shall be a great gainer by leaving you to interpret my mystic characters without any other key than your own goodness. In haste

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[FOLESHILL, 6 MARCH 1842]

MS: Yale. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 109–110.

My dear Friend,

I must relieve my conscience before I go to bed by entering a protest against every word or accent of discontent that I uttered this morning.[6] If I have ever complained of any person or circumstance I do penance by eating my own words. When my real self has regained its place I can shake off my troubles "like dewdrops from the lion's mane," [7] and then I feel the baseness of imputing my sorrows to others rather than to my own pitiful weakness.

I did not mean to give you an uncomfortable half hour this morn-

6. In a letter to Sara Hennell 6 March 1842 Mrs. Bray wrote: "Poor Miss Evans came in again this morning for a little comfort. She says not one of her family seems to care what becomes of her." (Bray-Hennell Extracts, Tinker Collection, Yale.)

7. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida,* III, iii, 225–226.

ing when I went to you, and I hope I shall never be guilty of inflicting such a jeremiad on any one again, least of all on you, my dearest love. But I do not write for your forgiveness—that I know I have—I only want to satisfy my indignation against myself.

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[FOLESHILL, 12 MARCH 1842]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1842. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 104–105, dated January 1842.

My dear Mrs. Bray,

My guardian angel Mrs. Pears has just sent for me to hear your kind note, which has done my aching limbs a little good. I shall be most thankful for the opportunity of going to Leamington,[8] and Mrs. Pears is willing to go too. Since my morning's conversation with Mrs. P. I have been meditating on her kind plan of seeking an interview with my father, and owing to feelings and circumstances impossible for me to communicate fully, I am persuaded that the attempt to influence him would be unwise and could issue in no real good to any. I am unusually muddy to-night, and must wait for to-morrow to tell you more if even your benevolent ears are not weary of me and my woes—but woes I will not call them, there is but *one* woe, that of leaving my dear Father. All else, doleful lodgings, scanty meals, and *gazing-stockism* [1] are quite indifferent to me. Therefore do not fear for me when I am once posited in my home, wherever it may be, and freed from wretched suspense.

Ever your grateful and affectionate
Mary Ann Evans.

We will be at your house by 10 o'clock.

8. Cross, I, 104, says that when Mr. Evans put the lease of his house at Foleshill into the hands of an agent, "Miss Evans made up her mind to go into lodgings at Leamington, and to try to support herself by teaching." In his Journal, 12 March 1842, Mr. Evans wrote: "Went to Coventry this morning, called upon Mr. Booth to let him know that [I] intended to leave his House at Michaelmas or before if I could get a Tenant called on Mr. Brown and told him to look out for a Tenant for my House."

1. "Whilst ye were made a gazingstock both by reproaches and afflictions." (Hebrews 10:33.)

MRS. CHARLES BRAY TO MARY HENNELL, [COVENTRY], 17 MARCH 1842

Text: Bray-Hennell Extracts, Tinker Collection, Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

You will be glad to hear that Miss Evans' affairs seem coming round all right again. I met her in the street yesterday with a face very different from the long dismal one she has lately worn, and she tells me of a letter from her brother Isaac, (in reply to one in which she had explained her motives) saying that great minds are never ashamed of owning that they have been in fault; that since she did not wish to set herself up against the family, and only wished for liberty to act according to her present convictions, he thought that she had been treated very harshly; that the sending her away was entirely the father's doing, not from economy,[2] but because he could not bear the place after what had happened; and ended with begging that she would not think of going into lodgings but would go to him at Griff, not doubting but that Mr. Evans would send for her back again very soon. Miss E. had begun quite to long for her solitary lodgings at Leamington, but she rightly judges that it will be a pacific measure to go to her brother's and so goes there next Wednesday. Mr. E. has cancelled his orders for the sale and letting the house,[3] and will stay there till Michaelmas; and before that time we quite expect that his daughter will be reinstated and all right again. The poor old gentleman, it seems, has been quite puzzled about this new case of conscience, and has not known how to act. Miss Rebecca [4] and Mrs. Pears have a little enlightened him by telling how wrong he has been, and how the world would condemn him. He expressed a fear that Mrs. Bray had influenced his daughter, but Miss Rebecca said she did not think Mrs. B. had shown any disposition to proselytize—so Satan has all the credit, and it is well he should perhaps.

2. The expense of living at Foleshill was doubtless a factor in Robert Evans's desire to leave. His Journal, 8 January 1842, records the cost "from last Lady Day" for furniture, £254.19.6 and for repairs, £55.9.3, and "House Keeping besides."

3. Mr. Evans "went to Coventry this afternoon called at Mr. Browns office to tell him not to advertise the House any more as I thought that I should stop till Michaelmas next till my House is finished at Packington." (Journal, 26 March 1842.)

4. Franklin. Mr. Evans's Journal records his call upon her and her sister 24 March 1842.

GE TO MRS. ABIJAH HILL PEARS, GRIFF, [31 MARCH 1842]

Text: From a copy, Tinker Collection, Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 110–113.

Griff. Thursday.

My dear Mrs. Pears,

I have just been climbing up some favourite old hills or rather hillocks, and if I could see you I should find myself in high preparation for one of my thorough chats. Oh, if I could transport myself to your dining-room, where I guess you and Mr. Pears are sitting in anticipation of tea, carrying on no "Holy War," but at peace with the world and its opinions, or if ever you do battle in the happy ranks of the majority, I could kiss you into sublime liberality! How are you, and your dear Husband and children? It seems a week of years instead of days since you said to me your kind goodbye,[5] and as I have tried your magnanimity quite long enough to be assured that you will not let me hear of you without a beseeching letter from me, I snatch half an hour from a too short day for the generous purpose of doubly gratifying myself, first by pouring out the contents of my gossip-wallet and then quietly awaiting the news I want to hear of you.

I have here in every way abundant and unlooked-for blessings,—delicacy and consideration from all whom I have seen, and I really begin to recant my old belief about the indifference of all the world towards me, for my acquaintances of this neighbourhood seem to seek an opportunity of smiling on me, in spite of my heresy. All these things, however, are but the fringe and ribbons of happiness. They are *ad*herent, not *in*herent, and without any affectation I feel myself to be acquiring what I must hold to be a precious possession, an independence of what is baptized by the world external good. There are externals (at least they are such in common thought) that I could ill part with—the deep, blue, glorious heavens, bending as they do over all, presenting the same arch, emblem of a truer omnipresence, wherever we may be chased, and all the sweet, peace-breathing sights and sounds of this lovely Earth. These, and the thoughts of the good and great are an inexhaustible world of delights, and the felt desire to be one in will and design with the Great Mind that has laid open to us these treasures is the Sun that warms and fructifies it. I am more and more impressed with the duty of *finding* happiness—unless we have a

5. GE came to Griff to stay with her brother Isaac on Wednesday, 23 March 1842.

peace whose munitions are not to be shaken by the small artillery of circumstances, we may begin our self-catechizing afresh.

All this is self-reproof and is so intended, for on a retrospection of the past month, I regret nothing so much as my own impetuosity both of feeling and judging. I am not inclined to be sanguine as to my dear Father's future determination, and I sometimes have an intensely vivid consciousness, which I only allow to be a fleeting one, of all that is painful and that has been so. I expect the ancient difficulty of being compelled to *worm* out the intentions of others. I can only learn that my Father has commenced his alterations at Packington,[6] but he only appears to be temporarily acquiescing in my brother's advice "not to be in a hurry." I do not intend to remain here longer than three weeks, or at the very farthest, a month, and if I am not then recalled, I shall write for definite directions. I must have a *home,* not a visiting place. I wish you would learn something from my Father, and send me word how he seems disposed.

I hope you get long walks on these beautiful days. You would love to hear the choristers we have here; they are hymning away incessantly. Can you not drive over and see me? Do come by hook or by crook. Why, Mr. Pears could almost walk hither. I am becoming very hurried, for most welcome tea is in the vicinity, and I must be busy after I have imbibed its inspiration. You will write to me tomorrow, will you not? And pray insist on Mr. Pears' writing an appendix. I had a note from Mrs. Bray this morning, and I liked it better than my breakfast; so do give me a like treat on Saturday. Blessings on you and yours; as all forlorn beggars have said from time immemorial to their benefactors; but real feeling, you know, will sometimes slip into a hackneyed guise. Tell me if you have great trouble in making out my cabalistic letters; if you have, I will write more deliberately next time. Love to Mr. Pears and your good, sweet, little self, from

Your ever true,
Mary Ann Evans.

6. Robert Evans's Journal, 23 March 1842: "Shewed Lord Aylesford the Plan of the Alterations of my Cottage and he agreed to them and said it would do and I set the carpenters to work about the windows etc."

GE TO FRANCIS WATTS,[7] GRIFF, 11 APRIL [1842]

MS: Yale. *Address:* The Revd Francis Watts | Spark Brook | Birmingham. *Postmark:* Illegible. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Griff, near Bedworth. April 11th.

Revd and dear Sir,

Very indifferent health and the desire to peruse Vinet's book [8] have withheld longer than I wished the expression of my warm and grateful pleasure on the reception of your note and the accompanying loans. Your sunny kindness would lure any one to part with a cloak of reserve—even one who has been so accustomed to grope her way as a purblind solitary, that it has become an effort rather than a relief, to take a guiding hand.

You have well stated one of my sources of doubt: still I am aware that *with adequate evidence* Bishop Butler's little phrase 'for aught we know' [9] must silence objections, for, the existence of evil being allowed, and the solution adopted that all partial evil is universal good, then as a certain amount of temporal evil is to the whole amount of temporal good, so in an infinitely surpassing proportion would be the eternal woe of a limited number to the eternal bliss of a larger multitude and to *possible* moral results co-extensive with the Divine Government. Still the difficulty appears to me so immense and connected with the vexed question of free-will, so contradictory to a priori conceptions—I

7. Francis Watts, Professor of Theology at Spring Hill College, established in 1838 at Birmingham to educate men for the Independent ministry. He knew Dr. F. A. G. Tholuck when he studied at Halle with GE's Coventry friend John Sibree. According to Mary Sibree Cash her mother asked Mr. Watts to call on GE: "His acquaintance with German Rationalism (rare in England in those days) qualified him to enter into, and it was hoped to meet, difficulties raised by a critical study of the New Testament. After his first or second interview, my brother remembers his observing with emphasis, '*She* has gone into the question'; and I can recall a reference made by him at a later date in my hearing to Miss Evans's discontent with her own solutions—or rather with her own standpoint at that time. This discontent he said 'was so far satisfactory.' Doubtless it gave him hope of the reconversion of one who had, as he told my mother, awakened deep interest in his own mind, as much by the earnestness which characterised her inquiries as by her exceptional attainments." (Cross, New Edition, p. 50.)

8. Rodolphe Alexandre Vinet (1797–1847), Swiss theologian, whose *Mémoire en faveur de la liberté des cultes* was originally published in 1826, revised in 1834, and reissued in Geneva in two parts 1841–42: Part I, "Pétition à l'assemblé constituante de la république de Genève"; Part II, "Adresse aux genevois sur la constitution de l'église et les droits de ses membres."

9. In Joseph Butler, *The Analogy of Religion*, 1736, the phrase appears repeatedly. GE is probably alluding to a passage in ch. 7: "The natural government of the world is carried on by general laws. For this there may be wise and good reasons: the wisest and best, for aught we know to the contrary." (1834, p. 144.)

am so far from seeing that, as you with a clearer and more extended vision believe, no other system is less burthened with insoluble problems, that I cannot at present embrace it on the strength of our amount of testimonial evidence, such as that evidence now appears to me.

I am aware of my inadequacy, with the inexperience and ignorance of twenty-two years, to judge on a subject so difficult, and I am willing to allow that it is nothing but my lack of a larger and more accurate view of the merits of the question that originates my doubt. It is no small sacrifice to part with the assurance that life and immortality have been brought to light, and to be reduced to the condition of the great spirits of old who looked yearningly to the horizon of their earthly career, wondering what lay beyond; but I cannot think the conviction that immortality is man's destiny indispensable to the production of elevated and heroic virtue and the sublimest resignation. I feel with Coleridge, that the notion of Revelation abandoned, there is ever a tendency towards Pantheism, and the personality of the Deity is not to be maintained quite satisfactorily apart from Christianity.[1]

But I am filling my paper without mentioning my admiration of the 'Liberté des Cultes' and my desire to become its translator. I venture to send you an échantillon that you may judge whether I should be in danger of wofully travestying Vinet's style, and if you approve of my project I shall be delighted if you will become foster-father to the work, and arrange for its publication. I should like to set about the translation immediately as I have need of an occupation that would occasionally withdraw me from myself. If you send me encouragement, I will return your copy and procure one of my own. I shall be greatly obliged by the loan of the 'Essais.'[2] If I did not remember your benevolent smile, I should fear to interrupt your very important avocations with my trivialities. Once more I thank you for your kind interest in me, and I assure you that I am, Revd and dear Sir,

Yours with respect and esteem,
Mary Ann Evans.

1. "Take away the first verse of the book of Genesis, and then what immediately follows is an exact history or sketch of Pantheism." (*Table Talk*, 17 April 1830.) See also *Aids to Reflection*, esp. "Aphorisms on That Which Is Indeed Spiritual Religion," Aphorism 2.

2. R. A. Vinet, *Essais de philosophie morale et de morale religieuse*, Paris, 1837.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[GRIFF, 20 APRIL 1842]

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Mrs. Bray,

I wish I had you as a companion in a ramble through a precious little dingle that I have as a resort here, instead of doing what is only second best to talking with you. Before I had your kind letter, one of the ravens that hovered over me in my Saul-like visitation, was the idea that you did not love me well enough to bestow any time on me more than what I had already robbed you of, but that same letter was a David's harp that quite charmed away this naughty imagination.[3] I know I am exposing myself very foolishly to contemptuous pity by telling such feelings, and the confessional too, according to the experience of all faithful Catholics is not the best check to frailty, but I am in earnest determining to o'er master this ugly habit of mind, that proceeds not from a want of self esteem, but a yearning for what is more than in sober reason and real humility I ought to desire.

You asked me in your first note to tell you about family matters—they are rather clearer to me than they were. My sister-in-law here whose affection in spite of my excommunicated state I have been happy enough to win, having had some conversation with my Father wherein she represented to him what I have managed to make visible to herself —that if he be actuated by a love of truth, and desire that I should return to the profession of what he regards as truth, he could not place a more effective barrier to my 'conversion' than by making my apparent worldly interests in any way dependent on it. That the prospect of reinstalment in external comforts or in the good opinion of the world would be precisely the attendant on a change of opinion to create the most violent struggle in my mind ere I could confess such change, and that as regards society the attempt to interlace worldly interests with religious sentiment even more closely than in the present state of things is inevitable, would be an Ehud's homage to piety no other than a stab under the fifth rib.[4] My Father consented and said that I had better return to him after a time, but he is bent, at present, more determinedly than is usual with him, on leaving Foleshill. A most lugubrious looking place at Fillongley (!) [5] runs in his head as a desir-

3. Cf. I Samuel 16:23.

4. See Judges 3:15–26.

5. Fillongley, about 6 miles northwest of Coventry, a parish containing 212 houses in 1841. Mr. Evans's employer Lord Aylesford was one of the principal owners. (F. White, *Warwickshire,* 1850, p. 816.)

able residence. Of course I shall not utter a word of discontent or claim a voice in the matter of a choice concerning his abode. I can quite appropriate Satan's sentiment, "What matter where if I be still the same." [6] Or rather if I be attaining a better autocratship than that of the Emperor of all the Russias—the empire over self. But though disposed to be lamb-like in this matter, there is another on which I am warm and decided. When I came hither I did so in compliance with my Father's wish that I should retire for a time from a neighbourhood in which I had been placed on the very comfortable pedestal of the town gazing-stock and to be very plain but not less true, made a fool of by announcing my departure to everyone connected with me, but I never contemplated remaining here longer than a month, and I cannot be induced to prolong a *visit* farther than that. I must have a settled home if my mind is to become healthy and composed, and I shall therefore write to my Father in a week and request his decision. It is important, I know, for him as well as myself that I should return to him without delay, and unless I draw a circle round him and require an answer within it, he will go on hesitating and hoping for weeks and weeks.[7] It was a sacrifice in the first instance to take up my abode with any of my family, and though I have every kindness here, there are feelings which are incommunicable that render it impossible for me to continue long an adjunct to a family instead of an integral part. A very interesting yarn this, that I am spinning. Do forgive me I am extraordinarily dense and selfish this morning—and the epistolary muse, if there were one, would disdain to unite her influence with those of Epsom salts, which are just now making my head dizzy. I do not make many knots an hour in mental progress here, for in-door attention to others and out-door loveliness are in league to make an idler of me. I would I knew something about any creature beside myself to write of —as it is I can only beg you to reconcile me to my eternal egotism by

6. *Paradise Lost*, I, 256.

7. GE was back at Foleshill before 1 May 1842, when Mrs. Bray notes that "Miss Evans spent the day here, and I delighted her beyond measure by letting her read some of C. C. [Hennell]'s letters in 1837 concerning the progress of his investigations when writing the 'Inquiry.'" (Bray-Hennell Extracts.) Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Evans visited Foleshill 30 April—4 May (Robert Evans's Journal), but their intercourse with their niece was "constrained and painful" because of her changed religious views. (M. Blind, *George Eliot*, 1883, p. 33.) The conflict with her father ended in a compromise: GE agreed to conform to custom by going to church, while her father was persuaded to let her hold what opinions she wished. He records with satisfaction in his Journal, 15 May 1842. "Went to Trinity Church. Mary Ann went with me to day."

copying it. I fear to read over my letter lest the silly things I have said should be engraven on my memory.

Thank you for the note and *notes*. I shall think of Miss Brabant [8] with grateful pleasure. Alas! I despair now of seeing your locks parted after my taste and like most other people (on other subjects) I am lost in astonishment that anyone can differ from me—that my ideas of the elegant and becoming are not shared by all the world. Nevertheless I can love you just as well, and I venture to say shall always love you however you might travesty the exterior of that something that utters, looks, smiles, and writes wisely and lovingly.

Do manage to cheer me with another little note.

Ever your affectionate,
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, [GRIFF, 30 APRIL 1842]

Text Poet-Lore, 6 (January 1894), 6. MS in H. Buxton Forman sale, Anderson Galleries, 27 April 1920, item 324, sold to "Alexander."

You very tenderly enquire if my trouble has ceased: at present I have no very heavy trial, but there is an uncertainty about my prospects that I wish to have removed. In the meantime, it is mine to wait patiently, confiding in a higher and stronger law than my own will, and using cheerfully the abundant delights that are given. So sweet an exercise as that of prayer for the loved, I cannot wish you not to possess; its results to yourself must be good, and your friend is not unmindful of the [effects] of your love.

Your not ungrateful though unworthy
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO MARIA LEWIS, FOLESHILL, [27 MAY 1842]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My very dear Friend,

Several days alas! have flown away from me, without bearing on their wings any letter from me to you, since I saw the announcement of what, I am sure, causes you some sorrow. I fear your poor pupil,[9]

8. Elizabeth Rebecca Brabant (1811–98). See Introduction: The Brays and the Hennells.

9. Rosa Robinson, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Robinson of Nuneaton, died 30 April 1842 at the age of 15. (Coventry *Standard*, 20 May 1842.)

from the period she lingered, must have suffered much bodily, and her mother mentally. You are always ready to exemplify the beautiful precept, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," [1] a blessed duty which like all others [is] its own reward.

I am anxious to know how you feel and how you are circumstanced in the near approach of your Vacation. I know you must be more than ordinarily busy, so I cannot expect to hear from you just yet, indeed I should like better to see you and be told by you vivâ voce that you were come to chat away some days of your holidays with us. You would be heartily welcomed if you could do so, by both the Master and Mistress of our mansion, and I do not know any one to whom I would rather 'do the honours' or do honour, without technicality, than yourself. Chrissey will leave Meriden on the 21st June; [2] I wish you could take what I may almost anticipate will be a farewell peep at her. We do not at all like her departure from our vicinity for many reasons, but our duties in this instance, as in so many thousands of others, are passive, not active. You will want to come to Coventry on business, perhaps? I hope such may be the case, and we shall then be sure of you.

You remember Chrissey's third babe, Mary Louisa. She died a week or two ago,[3] after a little life of smiles and roses that seemed the promise of a healthy maturity. It is like the breaking off of a sweet melody to poor parents when these jewels are taken, but to spectators it is one of the beauties of this earth. The meltings of sorrow on such occasions are to the harder sex one of the surest means of subduing and refining the spirit. I am hurried, and am going to send you what is hardly worth the penny tax unless you would choose to give so much for the assurance that I am ever

Your truly affectionate
Mary Ann.

Foleshill | Friday.

1. Romans 12:15.
2. Mrs. Clarke's absence from Meriden was only temporary.
3. Mary Louisa Clarke, born in February 1841, died in convulsions 5 May 1842. (Coventry *Standard*, 6 May 1842, and Robert Evans's Journal.)

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, [FOLESHILL, JUNE? 1842]

Text: Poet-Lore, 6 (April 1894), 185.

My dear Martha,

My heart is often with you, and our dear suffering Jessie.[4] I feel both her and your attention in enabling me to sympathise with you. . . . The sweet uses of adversity will compensate to her for these sad days, and she has even now the pleasure of all those little tendernesses of friendship that are only to be purchased by sickness. . . . I have been far from well myself; even to-night I am far too nervous to write with any comfort, but I could not let the post-bag go away without bearing you and Jessie an assurance of my love.

Mary Ann.

GE TO FRANCIS WATTS, FOLESHILL, [4 JULY 1842]

Text: Typewritten copy, National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill, Monday.

Rev. and dear Sir,

The sight of your handwriting was a welcome assurance that I had not lost one of the most valued among my good genii, and if you had seen my joyous looks on its reception you would readily believe that nothing but real impediments could prevent my sending a more prompt and complete response to your kind letter than the one I am now hastily completing.

My sister and her family are just paying us a farewell visit previous to a removal from their present residence to a more distant one,[5] and their presence demands and attracts my entire attention, so that I am only able hastily to copy a couple of chapters from Vinet, and to forward to you the whole of Guizot's Address, which is interesting throughout. As the latter is my only copy I shall be obliged if you will return

4. Jessie Barclay and her sister Ellen, daughters of James Barclay, "patent medicine vendor" of London, were pupils at the Miss Franklins' School, Hertford Terrace, Coventry. Ellen died there of tetanus 5 June 1842 at the age of 14. The report was made by Miss Mary Franklin. (Somerset House.)

5. Chrissey's husband Edward Clarke, a surgeon at Meriden, was in financial difficulties. Robert Evans's Journal, 3 July 1842, says, "Mr. Clarke and his Family are here Edward is unwell." They went for a time to Barford, near Warwick, where GE and her father visited them 30 July—1 August 1842. Mr. Evans "paid to Mr. Clarke £800 and he give me a Bond for it, and if he does not pay it to me in my Life time it must be stoped out of my Daughters fortune after my Death." (Journal, 1 September 1842.)

it when it has effected your purpose. When my sister has left me, and she will do so on Saturday next, I shall be at leisure and will gladly translate a new section should you think it desirable, for I shall proceed *con amore* now that you encourage me to hope for the publication of the memoir. I confess my spirits were flagging at the idea of translating four hundred pages to no purpose. I am sorry to find, after waiting for a copy of Vinet's book for two months, that the work is out of print, and that I must consequently trespass on you for the use of yours, which I had hoped to return with the other volumes. I read Tholuck's Glaubwürdigkeit with much interest, as well as Ullman's remarks, and I am indebted to both for some important thoughts.[6]

I am afraid to begin to tell you of my gratitude to you for remembering me lest my extreme haste should cause me to convey a sadly inadequate notion of my feelings. A friend has given some admonitions that led me to fear I have misrepresented myself by my manner, and while conscious of no sentiments towards those who condescend to interest themselves on my behalf but those of admiration and thankfulness I have appeared too self-confident and indifferent to undeserved kindness. It gives me much pain to think that you should have received such an impression, and I entreat you to believe that the remembrance of you, your words and looks calls up, I will not say humble, but self-depreciating reflections and lively gratitude. I am always inclined to make a father-confessor of you, perhaps because I augur that you have no heart for inflicting heavy penances, though I fear even you will say that I deserve them when I tell you that my affections have been disturbing forces which have shaken my intellect from a steady direction to the object you and my better self would make my polestar, but this will not I trust shall not be so again.

I know not what I have written for I have merry voices round me that distract my thoughts. You give me a sad account of your health which I grieve to hear. I hope that the visit to Scotland is for its renovation, not for labour, and that you are cheered by the company of your home treasures, of which I have a picture in my imagination, whether a true one I cannot tell, but such a one as harmonizes in my thoughts with all I know of you. Pray pardon this hurried letter for which I hope some day to atone, and believe me, Revd and dear Sir

Yours with respect and esteem
Mary Ann Evans.

6. Friedrich August Gottreu Tholuck (1799–1877), *Die Glaubwürdigkeit der evangelischen Geschichte, zugleich ein Kritik des Lebens Jesu von Strauss,* Hamburg, 1837. Carl Ullmann, *Historisch oder Mythisch?* Hamburg, 1838.

GE TO FRANCIS WATTS, FOLESHILL, 3 AUGUST [1842]

Text: Typewritten copy, National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill, August 3rd.

Revd and dear Sir,

If I have been able to realize your plan of progress you are now at home and I hope so far breathing from your toils in this working-day world as to warrant my intrusion on you.

I do not really as a habit retain loans so long as I have done these books of yours so pray do not set down my present dilatoriness as an item of your judgment of my practical character. I hope that your health is so benefitted by change of scene and occupation, as to fit you for your projected journey and exertions. I dare say you are well acquainted with the lovely lochs and mountains which I have only seen with the mind's eye, and I can imagine no one would drink delight from beautiful scenery with better appreciation than yourself, because you have the soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy as your constant companions, along with a quick perception of the lovely and the grand.

If I must talk of myself I can only tell you that I am in much the same mental condition as Henry IV when he said of the opposite pleaders *"Il me semble que tous les deux ont raison."* I can just now grasp nothing as truth but the principle that that which is best in ethics is the only means of subjective happiness, that perfect love and purity must be the goal of my race, that only while reaching after them I can feel myself in harmony with the tendencies of creation. You implied a wish to know whether my pursuit of truth were prayerful, and I cannot feel quite honest in passing by your half question without notice. My convictions as to the nature of the Deity are so held in equilibrio by the appearance of things in my glimmering apprehension that prayer, beyond that involved in culture, would be in my idea (though possibly I am quite wrong) a vain offering. I confess to you that I feel it an inexpressible relief to be freed from the apprehension of what Finney[7] well describes, that at each moment I tread on chords that will vibrate for weal or woe to all eternity. I could shed tears of joy to believe that in this lovely world I may lie on the grass and ruminate on possibilities without dreading lest my conclusions should be ever-

7. Charles Grandison Finney (1792–1875), American clergyman, conducted revivalist meetings and evangelistic services 1824–37. He then taught at Oberlin College, of which he was President 1851–66.

lastingly fatal. It seems to me that the awful anticipations entailed by a reception of all the dogmas in the New Testament operate unfavourably on moral beauty by disturbing that spontaneity, that choice of the good for its own sake, that answers my ideal.

You will say I am a naughty girl but you have a simple and hasty expression of some of my feelings, which if wrong and of injurious effect, will I hope be rectified. Pray pardon my freedom and all else that needs pardon and believe me, Revd and dear Sir,

Yours with grateful respect,
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,[8] FOLESHILL, 30 AUGUST 1842

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* I first saw her July 1842. *Brief extract published:* Cross, I, 115.

Foleshill August 30th 1842.

My dear Sarah,

Next to the pleasure of seeing your dark eyes beaming on me was the very unexpected one of having a note from you. I will not tell you how often that little note has been read, and how I have delighted in the thought that there are beings who are better than their promises beyond the regions of waking and sleeping dreams. According to your own theory you ought to love me the more for letting a week pass without thanking you instead of following the impulse that would have led me to write on the very evening that your kind words 'I do not forget you' reached me. But I begin to think that cold dignity is only becoming to wise people and suits me about as ill as would the Lord Chancellor's wig; so I shall go on being sentimental and Liebsehnende [9] in defiance of the march of reason and propriety. And by the bye there ought to be a few straggling animals of the old formation in the early strata of the new, a few spectral clingers to the memory of the old régime in the era of political regeneration, so I shall do for a specimen of an almost extinct species and in that character manage to secure a place in the cabinet of people that can like a thing for its curiosity.

And now, O most unreasonable Sarah mine, you ask me to tell you

8. Sara Sophia Hennell. See Introduction: The Brays and the Hennells. Sara visited her sister Caroline Bray in Coventry 3 July—12 August 1842. Her letters to her sister Mary contain several references to GE, who went to chapel with them to hear James Martineau, sang duets with Sara, and read *Hyperion* aloud while she and Cara painted. "But she can only come when her father is out of the way." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

9. *Liebessehnend?*

all about myself, when you send me not a word of *your*self. Do I not live with myself and tire of myself until I have no need of metaphysics to make me believe that there is nothing certain but that *self* exists? And you after all your philosophical lectures to me, would keep me on a spot where I have already pirouetted until I am giddy, until I am one of the most egotistical speakers and writers in this world of egotists.

Thank you a thousand times my friend of the dark eye, as the Indians would call you, for destining your Autumn picture for me. Are you not beginning to enjoy the mists and calm, slow decay? I have a world more to say, but I am too modest to send a note more than twice the size of yours, and you have had quite enough copper coins for once. All good angels attend you, my Sarah, love peace and hope, and now and then a thought of your affectionate

Mary Ann.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, [FOLESHILL SEPTEMBER 1842]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1844. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My own dear Heart's Ease,

I am too selfish to be sorry that you took the trouble to write to me, your looks and words of love are so precious to me. I am altogether ashamed of myself—do not tell any one that I am so silly as I appear to her whom I love best.

Dinner comes to take possession of the table and I cannot thank you half for your goodness but I will look my gratitude to-morrow afternoon, if you are inclined to finish the picture [1] then.

Yours ever truly
Mary Ann.

1. Mrs. Bray wrote Sara Hennell 4 September 1842: "I sent for Maryanne to come and be enlightened with us (by Dr. Ullathorne). . . . I have been painting her the last fortnight, but I do not seem to improve." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.) The portrait, a water-color drawing, 7 x 5¾ in., shows GE with blue eyes and blond hair. In 1899 Mrs. Bray presented it to the National Portrait Gallery (No. 1232).

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [16? SEPTEMBER 1842]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Sep. 1842. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 115–116.

Foleshill Friday.

My dear Sarah

If I could not say with a good conscience that I have thought of you since receiving your merry kind notes almost as often as a lover of his Geliebte, I should have had some pangs of self-reproach in looking at your precious gift, which is the one among all other remembrances of you that I would have chosen; the dear little picture too, with the interesting trio in the foreground, enhances its value. I shall often look at it through a veil of tears, (I mean no pun, for I hate the genus) happy tears, such as are heralded by no long face. Your charm, by the bye, is excellent as a merely external application, and with the aid of alteratives and tonics recommended by my chief physicians, reason and conscience will, I have no doubt, effect the desiderated cure. I owe you so much that I shall forget to thank you for half the pretty things and words you have sent me; among others, I am not least pleased with your reply to my vague queries. I will not tell you that I am an impartial judge, for I plead guilty to an exaggeration of my friend's attractions and of the merit of all she produces; it is an exaggeration, though, that purchases me so much pleasure that I shall not willingly exchange it for the cold accuracy of the sensible world.

I have not yet accounted for my tardiness in writing, which I assure you is no representation of my usual habit, and has been occasioned only by a week's indisposition, the foster parent to the ill-favoured offspring of my character and circumstances, gloom and stolidity, and I could not write to you with such companions to my thought. One word more about self, and that uninteresting personage shall make her exit. I am anxious that you should not imagine me unhappy even in my most melancholy moods, for I hold all indulgence of sadness that has the slightest tincture of discontent to be a grave delinquency. I think there can be few who more truly feel than I that this is a world of bliss and beauty, that is, that bliss and beauty are the end, the tendency of creation, that evil is the foil to the jewel, the intaglio without which there could be no cammeo, the shadows that are the only conditions of light in the picture and I live in much, much enjoyment; but I crave leave to keep my idiosyncrasy,

if it deserve that long name, and find my pleasure now and then in thorough melancholy.

And now I am going to talk of you and ask you some questions about this same study of magic to which I owe my charm and cherubim. Have you made acquaintance with any well-disposed, respectable genii who can assist gross clay-clothed souls to cheat their fetters and do the deeds that the spirit wills and the flesh denies? because if so, remember you are bound by the laws of friendship to initiate and introduce me. Only do not, I beseech you, become intimate with any gnome, sylph, salamander, or naiad who will waft you from the ken of those who love you at Coventry. By the bye, your query about the harvest moon. As the lunar months do not of course remain stationary with respect to the calendar months (19 years is the cycle, I think, at the end of which the full moon falls a second time on the same day of the calendar month) the time of the harvest moon must vary, but I believe it is the first full moon after the sun enters Virgo on the 22d August. This is my own inference for I have not looked long enough to assure myself, though I know that I have a precise statement of the matter somewhere. The said moon, honey dear, did not call forth any new compliments and invocations from your faithful servant and poetaster, she having like others of her tribe almost exhausted her material in that line, for albeit the *sun* awakened Memnon's harp, it is generally chaste Diana's light that draws the first notes from the young poet's lyre. Tell me another subject and I shall be inspired by your wish though by no other muse.

I am glad to hear that you approved dear Mrs. Bray's picture. I should think it is like, only that her benevolence extends to the hiding of faults in my visage as well as my character. How I wish I could kiss you and talk to you, for I am afflicted with a sort of bashfulness in the early stages of correspondence, and dare not say what I would on paper. An unfortunate lady wrote a note, one page of which contained thirty I's. I dare not count mine lest they should equal hers in number. The worsted work is in statu quo. I have had some young classics with me for a few days who have helped me a little. They sanction εγο and ως (final) instead of ηγο and ος. I am beginning to enjoy the Eneid,[2] though I suppose much in the same way as the uninitiated enjoy wine, compared with the connoisseurs, who can distinguish a dozen different samples. I am not drinking wine, dear, though I use this suspicious illustration. Do write to me again, though I do not

2. The Coventry City Library has *Publius Virgilius Maro*, London, Pickering, 1842 with "Marian Evans" on the title page. Another volume, *Opera*, 1842, similarly signed, is at Harvard.

deserve it. Remember "Liebe schenkt, egoismus leiht," as Mr. Bray and I have been reading, and you will be really generous if you pour your showers of goodness on the barren sands. Give my love to Miss Hennell,[3] but do not suppose I have any to send you, for you already have as much as my little soul can give you. It will go on stretching I hope and you will have large space in proportion.

Ever your true and affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 20 SEPTEMBER 1842]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Sep. 1842. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Tuesday.

My dear Sara,

I saw yesterday for the first time the beautiful Autumn picture, which Mrs. Bray had detained for the sake of contemplating it a little while. It is, like many other things that fall to my share, quite too good for me, and I cannot help regretting, much as I shall value and try to appreciate the gift, that I should rob your portfolio of so lovely a specimen of your taste and power. It is a scene after my own heart; I should like to be a Hamadryad among such woods and have my feet in such peaceful water as you have painted. I fancy I could manage to live in an old oak and drink out of the palm of my hand as well as the old cynic did in his tub, but it must be when the 'lights are [burnt] dead and all but me departed'[4] from my little life's banquet, for though I can forego spoons and carpets, I would not willingly say good bye to the loved and the loving. You must have thought me strangely insensible to your kindness, never to speak of the very nicest present you had sent me; my ignorance of its arrival is the explanation. I shall soon go to Mrs. Bray to read what you have permitted me to share, like a blessed little Houri that you are! May my paradise be peopled with such.

Tell Miss Hennell we have had another evening with Dr. Ullathorne,[5] whom I wish you had seen. I love to "interrogate a picked

3. Mary Hennell (1802–43) stayed at Rosehill 6 August—12 September 1842. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.) She was the author of *An Outline of the Various Social Systems Founded on the Principle of Co-operation,* originally published as an appendix to Charles Bray's *The Philosophy of Necessity,* 1841.

4. Cf. Thomas Moore, "Oft in the Stilly Night," stanza 2.

5. William Bernard Ullathorne (1806–89), son of a Yorkshire grocer, went to

man of countries," [6] and he is one who has shivered among ice-bergs, been broiled between the tropics, and seen the wonders and beauties of the old world and the new.

Mrs. Hennell [7] tells me you were well when she left home, and to me that is news worth hearing. I am in a hurry now as I was when I wrote last, but I will chat a little more leisurely with you soon, that is unless you impetrate me to desist from teazing you with my nothings. 'Rien faire' generally merges into "faire des riens" and that is my case. Those favourites of the skies who are living their "glorious hour of crowded life" [8] are the only beings who have no temptation to act and talk folly. I look ever with new delight at the representation of your back in my pretty little picture. May I one day have the face to kiss again! Love to Miss Hennell. Ever, my Sara,

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO FRANCIS WATTS, FOLESHILL, 10 OCTOBER 1842

Text: Typewritten copy, National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rev. and dear Sir,

I am very reluctant to trespass on your time, engrossed as I know it to be by very important duties, but I am so far from easy as to the fate of a parcel which I sent to you by Railway more than two months ago (on the 4th August) that I must entreat you to inform me whether it reached you. It contained two volumes of yours, and a note, and I have a twofold anxiety first for the books and next for my own character as I must have appeared unaccountably negligent if you have not yet received your kindly lent property. The most hurried note will satisfy me.

I hope you and Mrs Watts are in health, and also your little daugh-

sea at the age of 15. At Memel he happened to hear mass one Sunday and was so powerfully affected that he came back to England and entered the Benedictine Order in 1824. After serving some years in Australia, he agitated on his return (1836) against the horrors of transportation. He was stationed at Coventry in 1841, where he was consecrated Bishop *in partibus* in 1846 and, after the restoration of the hierarchy in 1850, Bishop of Birmingham. In her reading list for October 1842 Mrs. Bray includes Ullathorne's *Catholic Mission in Australia* and Wiseman's *Lectures on the Catholic Church.*

6. Cf. *King John,* I, i, 194.

7. Mrs. James Hennell and her son Charles stayed at Rosehill 16–30 September 1842. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

8. From Scott's epigraph to *Old Mortality,* ch. 34.

ter. I think of you with much grateful pleasure and am Rev. and dear Sir,

Yours with respect and esteem
Mary Ann Evans.

Foleshill, | October 10th, 1842.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, 3 NOVEMBER [1842]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1842. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 116.

Foleshill November 3.

My dear Sara,

I have been as slow to write as they tell me I am to speak, and that for two reasons—first, because bien-séance requires that we do not run up to kiss people who bow to us at the other side of the room, and next because I have been musing on many things and have been in high displeasure with myself, have thought my soul only fit for Limbo to keep company with other abortions, and my life the shallowest, muddiest, most unblessing stream. Having got my head above this slough of Despond, I feel quite inclined to tell you how much pleasure your letter gave me—it was so bright and good and loving, like yourself, you dear one. I think of you more and love you better than ever, and could almost turn Guebre [9] and worship the sun for giving me a sight of my favourite glance.

I have had many pleasures since you wrote in the society of Mr. Hennell and Miss Brabant.[1] You wish to know what conception or misconception I may happen to have about the character of the latter. The first empfindung was unfavourable and unjust, for in spite of what some caustic people may say, I fall not in love with every one, but I can now satisfy your affection by telling you that I admire your friend exceedingly; there is a tender seriousness about her that is very much to my taste, and thorough amiability and retiredness, all which qualities make her almost worthy of Mr. Hennell.

I read your 'Confessional' with pleasure and not unfruitfully. Reason seeks not for a release from penalty—if the result of that penalty

9. "The Ghebers or Guebres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home, or forced to become wanderers abroad." (Note on the fire worshippers in Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, 3d ed., 1817, p. 91.)

1. See Introduction: "The Brays and the Hennells."

be purification, but this cannot apply to the doctrine of Forgiveness as presented by Christianity. According to that, forgiveness is synonymous with the enlargement of the spirit from the prison of darkness and enmity to God. The punishment to be shunned would be unmixed evil to the individual and to choose unmixed evil is *impossible* to the human mind. You observe in your note that 'some persons say that the unsatisfied longing we feel in ourselves for something better than the greatest perfection to be found on earth is a proof that the true object of our desires lies beyond it.' Assuredly this earth is not the home of the spirit—it will rest only in the bosom of the Infinite. But the non-satisfaction of the affections and intellect being inseparable from the unspeakable advantage of such a mind as that of man in connection with his corporeal conditions and terrene destiny, forms not at present an argument with me for the realization of particular desires.[2]

That huge Gryphon necessity that robs us of all the gold we dream of obliges me to stop short, for I only allow myself the time from tea to the departure of the letter bag to write. My love to all I know. I had a world more to say, but perhaps you are fortunate in being rescued from the trouble of reading another half sheet of scribble.

Ever your true and loving
Mary Ann.

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, FOLESHILL, 4 NOVEMBER 1842

Text: Composite from the *Bookman,* 3 (January 1893), 119, and *Poet-Lore,* 6 (January 1894), 5–6.

Foleshill, | November 4th 1842.

My sweet and always dear Martha,

Your letter was like the rising of a planet that I had been sorry to lose from my ken. . . . I was deeply and blissfully affected by your evident sincerity and faithfulness in love to one who must wonder by what strange hallucination fellow beings are attracted towards her. I can say that your thoughts of me have not been without something like a corresponding strain of sympathy and love in my mind, of which you, my Patty, have been the object. I have heard somewhat of your troubles, and should never have ceased to send you intimations

2. Mary Sibree wrote her brother John 28 October 1842: "Last week mother and I spent an evening with Miss Evans. She seemed more settled in her views than ever, and rests her objections to Christianity on this ground, that Calvinism is Christianity, and this granted, that it is a religion based on pure selfishness." (Cross, New Edition, p. 51.)

that I lived to love you, but that I feared my communications might not be welcome.[3] . . .

Your friendship will not be satisfied unless I say something of myself, so I must chant the praises of my own lot, which is indeed now peaceful and happy to a degree that I little anticipated some months ago. I have indeed lived [4] through some strange and painful scenes with much error on my part, but not without profit. I have the greatest of satisfactions to my mind in witnessing and perhaps slightly administering to my father's comfort. . . . Good-bye, a blessing like Joseph's upon you.

Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, 23 NOVEMBER [1842]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1842. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill November 23d.

My dear Sara,

May you see as many more birthdays [5] as it is desirable for birds of passage from one eternity to another to see on this earth, and may each succeeding one be increasingly beautiful and lovely like the latter half of a long summer's day. Mrs. Bray told me of the epoch, but I have forgotten whether it be to-day or to-morrow, and I am anxious not to let it pass without sending you my love-breathings, although but hastily.

My birthday (the 23d) I celebrated yesterday, much, I fancy, as the oysters on the rock celebrate theirs. I am glad we are so near together in the day of the month as it will be a memorandum for me. Alas! I think I see an Elihu standing before me and saying with a reproachful glance, "Days should speak, multitude of years should bring forth wisdom." [6] Very true good Elihu, but remember that years are but the canvass, and that the utmost efforts of your born dauber can produce nothing fit for the critic's eye. Your life meine liebe has been all activity and creation and my love longs to crown you with a wreath of the best happiness this sun-and-moonlit world can give.

I have been grieved to hear of Miss Hennell's sad want of health [7]

3. Mrs. Jackson objected to Martha's corresponding with GE. See Introduction: Martha Jackson Barclay.

4. *Bookman* reads "passed."

5. This is the first of many birthday letters exchanged with Miss Hennell, who was born 23 November.

6. Job 32:7 reads "years should teach wisdom."

7. Mary Hennell had tuberculosis.

—pray give my love to her and to Mrs. Hennell if I may venture to offer it. You are mute to me as the fairest statue ever unhappy mortal was smitten with—but nathless I will not take the hint, I *will not* be silent, and I threaten to persecute you with spoiled scraps of paper until the finis is put to my own life's manuscript.

I am writing in too great a hurry to think of anything you want to know, so do not reproach me with not answering questions. O, by the bye, I can tell you that Mrs. Bray is very industrious with her German and has made great progress since you were here, with scarcely the least help. "No more at present" from

Your ever affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[FOLESHILL, DECEMBER 1842]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1843. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 119–120.

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood so art thou my beloved, among the daughters,[8] and I only wish you would change houses with the Mayor,[9] that I might get to you when I would.

I send you the first part of Wallenstein [1] with the proposition that we should study that in conjunction with the Thirty years' war, as I happen to have a loose copy. We had better omit the Lager and begin Die Piccolomini. The other part is Wallenstein's Tod. You shall have Joan of Arc, my grand favourite as a bonne bouche when you have got through Wallenstein, which will amply repay you for any trouble in translating it, and is not more difficult than your reading ought to be now. I have skimmed Manzoni, who has suffered sadly in being poured out of silver into pewter. The chapter on Philosophy and Theology is worth reading.[2] Miss Brabant sent me my Hyperion [3] with a note the other day. She had put no direction besides Coventry and the parcel had consequently been sent to some other Miss Evans

8. Song of Solomon 2:3.

9. Mr. Bray's brother-in-law Abijah Hill Pears, who lived next door to the Evanses, was Mayor of Coventry 1842–43.

1. Mrs. Bray's reading list for December 1842 includes *Wallenstein*, 2 parts, and *Dreissigjährige Krieg*. For a study of GE's acquaintance with Schiller's works see Sibilla Pfeiffer, *George Eliots Beziehungen zu Deutschland*, Heidelberg, 1925, pp. 181–189.

2. Alessandro Manzoni, *Vindication of Catholic Morality*, 1839, translated from his *Osservazioni sulla morale cattolica*, Rome, 1836, ch. 3. "Sulla distinzione di filosofia morale e di teologia."

3. Longfellow's *Hyperion: A Romance*, 1839, which GE read to the Brays at Rosehill in July 1842.

and my choice little sentimental treasures alas! exposed to vulgar gaze. Miss B. begs me to tell her all I know of Rosehill and the inhabitants of "that Paradise." I shall hope to see its Eve to-morrow; in the meantime will you tell your Adam, who 'with front serene governs' [4] in your Paradise, with my compliments or respects or love, whichever is proper and all three are true, that the trees are condemned to fall and be sold to Mr. Webb.[5] Thank you for the Manual which I have had so long. I trust I did not bestow those scratches on the cover. I have been trying to find a French book that you were not likely to have read but I do not think I have one, unless it be Gil Blas [6] which you are perhaps too virtuous to have read, though how any one can opine it to have a vicious tendency I am at a loss to conjecture. They might as well say that to condemn a person to eat a whole plum pudding would deprive him of all future relish for plain food.

Vale,
Mary Ann.

GE TO FRANCIS WATTS, FOLESHILL,
[DECEMBER 1842 ?]

Text: Typewritten copy, National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill, Wednesday.

Revd and dear Sir,

I have received your valuable books quite safely and have already enjoyed some of their contents. I need not say how much I value such proofs of your kindness. I have copied Guizot's Address, but I return you the same rough papers that you had before because they may be bent and soiled at pleasure. I will not worry you with long letters, but I wish to express fully what I think I omitted to say in reply to a question of yours. If we should be so happy as to get one of Vinet's works published I beg you to understand that I consider myself *your* translator and the publication as yours, and that my compensation will be any good that may be effected by the work, and the pleasure of being linked to your remembrance.

I hope you will have a pleasant season of rest at Christmas and

4. *Paradise Lost*, VII, 509.

5. Joseph Webb, timber merchant, King St., Coventry. (F. White, *Warwickshire*, 1850, p. 560.)

6. *Gil Blas* appears in Mrs. Bray's reading list for December 1842. She wrote Sara Hennell 4 January 1843: "I am rather disgusted with Gil Blas, it is less good than I expected." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

that I shall see you looking well before a very long interval has elapsed: some good deed to be done in this neighbourhood will draw you hither and remind you of me. Believe me, Revd and dear Sir,

Yours with respect and esteem
Mary Ann Evans.

The Revd F. Watts.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[FOLESHILL, DECEMBER 1842]

MS: Yale. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 120–121, as part of the preceding letter to Mrs. Bray.

My dearest Friend,

I shall avenge myself on Fate by and bye for keeping me away from you so long, and you so poorly as I hear you are. I have had a visitor [7] ever since Saturday, and she will stay till Saturday again. I will tell you simple truth: I *could* be with you to-morrow evening, that is if you would have my companion, but I should enjoy the pleasure much better another week.

I cannot desire that you should *un*ask Violin and Flute,[8] unless a postponement would be in every way as agreeable to you and them. If you have them you will give them much more pleasure as Piano than I, so do not think of me in the matter for a moment. Good bye, and remember to nurse yourself [9] and treat your cold "as if it were an orphan's cold, or a widow's cold, or any one's cold but your own."

Your faithful
Mary Ann.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL,
29 JANUARY [1843]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1843. Mary died March 16. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 117.

My dear Sara,

It has been love for you and not the want of it that has prevented me from teazing you of late with morsels from the 'infinite deal of

7. Maria Lewis?

8. Joseph McEwen and James Sibley Whittem. Mrs. Bray describes one of their musical evenings in a letter to Sara Hennell 3 March 1843: "At night we had Mr. McEwen and Whittem and M.A. and the old Basso, upon which C.C. played the Pastoral as in days of yore. Then he sang all through Macbeth and all the old glees much to his and M.A.'s delight. (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

9. Cross omits "nurse yourself and."

nothing'[1] that makes up my thought and feeling. I did not like that you should have to think of writing to me when you might do something pleasanter. But I cannot help wishing to tell you now that you are in trouble and anxiety how dear you are to me, and how the recollection of you is ever freshening in my mind. I hope soon to hear that you are released from your watchings and that Miss Hennell is enjoying ease after these sad blisterings which would be worse than disease if they had not hope for their companion. You have need of all your cheeriness and energy, and if they do not fail I think it almost enviable as far as one's self is concerned not of course when the sufferer is remembered, to have the care of a sickroom, with its twilight and tiptoe stillness and helpful activity. I have always had a peculiarly peaceful feeling in such a scene. But this is all idle, and I will not rob you of any more minutes. Do not suppose that I fancy myself worth thinking of because I have reminded you of me—I have only indulged myself. Tell Mr. Hennell if you think of it that I have been flattered with the hope of seeing him for long, long weeks and am not resigned to disappointment. Give my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Hennell and to him. I am going to obtain news at Rosehill and shall beg for the conveyance of my note. Ever, my dear Sara,

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

Foleshill | January 29th.

MRS. CHARLES BRAY TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [COVENTRY], 22 FEBRUARY 1843

Text: Bray-Hennell Extracts, Tinker Collection, Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

I was very anxious Sunday and Monday—so vexed about poor Mary Ann, and it rained incessantly, but on Tuesday morning she came with a face about two inches shorter, and said all was right again, at least with her father. Elizabeth,[2] who is a great favorite with the old man, went and talked at him for 2 hours on the absurdity of such interference and he said that it was not his doing but all Isaac's. It seems that brother Isaac with real fraternal kindness thinks that his sister has no chance of getting the one thing needful—i.e. a husband and a settlement, unless she mixes more in society, and complains that since she has known us she has hardly been anywhere else; that Mr.

1. *The Merchant of Venice*, I, i, 114. 2. Mrs. A. H. Pears, Mr. Bray's sister.

Bray, being only a leader of mobs, can only introduce her to Chartists and Radicals,[3] and that such only will ever fall in love with her if she does not belong to the Church. So his plan is to induce his father to remove to Meriden where being away from us and under the guardianship of her sister she may be brought back to her senses.[4] M.A. is sure there is no interested motive in it, but a pure zeal for her welfare. But Mr. Evans says he does not wish to leave Coventry, and does not mind her coming here; so Isaac must be quiet again for the present.

Mrs. Hooten,[5] M.A.'s sister at Baginton, is a clever sort of person, and told her some time ago that she always had regarded the miraculous part of Christianity as purely mythical. She has read the "Inquiry" by stealth, and is most delighted with it, but rather prefers Strauss's notion, which corresponds with her own previous one. But the good lady has no idea of making herself singular and obnoxious by an avowal of her opinions, and thinks M.A. very foolish not to keep her notions snugly to herself. I hope there will be no farther blow-up before C.C. comes,[6] as she will help to make his visit agreeable and to amuse the youth. She expects to fall desperately in love with Uncle W.[7]

GE TO FRANCIS WATTS, FOLESHILL, [FEBRUARY 1843]

Text: Typewritten copy, National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill.

Revd and dear Sir,

I hope I am not too rash in committing your valuable books to the railway without a guardian, but I am ashamed to retain them

3. Charles Bray, interested from his youth in social service, championed the liberal or radical side of most issues, religious, political, and economic.

4. Cf. Tom Tulliver's attitude toward Maggie in *The Mill on the Floss:* "I wished my sister to be a lady, and I would always have taken care of you, as my father desired, until you were well married. But your ideas and mine never accord, and you will not give way. Yet you might have sense enough to see that a brother, who goes out into the world and mixes with men, necessarily knows better what is right and respectable for his sister than she can know herself. You think I am not kind; but my kindness can only be directed by what I believe to be good for you." ("Brother and Sister," Book VI, ch. 4.)

5. Mrs. Henry Houghton (pronounced Hooten).

6. Charles Christian Hennell came to Rosehill 28 February and left 12 March 1843. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

7. William Marshall (1776–1849), a brother of Mrs. James Hennell, Unitarian minister at St. Albans from 1813 to 1835, when he retired to London, living in Wellington Terrace, St. John's Wood.

longer, and I feel that I need the excuses of being engaged in a translation of a part of Spinoza's [8] works for a friend and of having had some family trials for not returning them before. The first volume of Kiesewetter [9] quite deserves Sir J. Mackintosh's commendation for clearness and I feel much obliged to you for allowing me its perusal.

I hope you are equal in bodily health to your arduous occupations and that you have the comfort of seeing Mrs. Watts and your dear little girl quite well. It will be a satisfaction to me to know that the parcel has arrived quite safely, but I beg you only to tax your goodness for the most laconic note that can serve the purpose. Believe me Revd and dear Sir,

Yours with grateful respect and esteem,
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 15? MARCH 1843]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 1843. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 117–118.

My dearest Friend,

You had my sympathy before you asked for it, and you have a large share of my thoughts.[1] You are right in believing that experience has taught me to understand your trial and I know that in the present stage of grief your comfort must come to you from within and not from without—all the eloquence of friendship reaches no farther than the ear. Let feeling have its course, and there will not fail to be seen a green tract of peaceful joy after the streams of sorrow. We always find that our stock of appreciated good can never be really diminished. When the chief desire of the eyes is taken, we can afford a gaze to

8. Mrs. Bray wrote to Sara Hennell 4 January 1843: "Spinoza came (from Dr. Brabant) and looked so temptingly easy that I grieved to let Mary Ann carry it off, for I am sure I could understand his Latin better than her English; but it would disappoint her." It is impossible to say which work GE began to translate for Mrs. Bray. Mathilde Blind, *George Eliot*, 1883, p. 48, says it was *De Deo*, which she seems not to recognize as Part I of the *Ethics*. It is more probable that GE began with the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, on which she was engaged again in 1849. Strauss's *Christliche Glaubenslehre*, 1840–41, which is in a sense a restatement of the *Tractatus*, would have been brought to Dr. Brabant's attention by Strauss.

9. Johann Gottfried Carl Christian Kiesewetter, *Grundriss einer allgemeinen Logik nach Kantischen Grundsätzen*, 2 vols., Leipzig, 1824–25.

1. As Mary Hennell's end drew near, Mrs. Bray went to Hackney 8 March, Charles Bray and Charles Hennell following on the 12th. Mary died 16 March. An obituary notice is found in the *Christian Reformer*, 10 (1843), 268.

hitherto unnoticed possessions, and even when the topmost boughs are lopped a thousand shoots spring from below with the energy of new life. So it will be with you, but you cannot yet look beyond the present, nor it is desirable that you should. It would not be well for us to overleap one grade of joy or suffering—our life would lose its completeness and beauty.

I am afraid of writing for I know not what may have occurred since yesterday. Only let me remind you of the single duty you are apt to forget—care of yourself for the sake of others. I wish I could be helpful to you, and I long for a time when I can prove by more than words that I am wholly yours.

Mary Ann.

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, FOLESHILL, 31 MAY [1843]

MS: Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill, May 31st.

My very dear Patty,

You were quite right in believing that the contents of your letter would be more than a little interesting to me. I do indeed rejoice that Jessie is likely to be placed in relations that are well calculated to call forth the best parts of her character.[2] Give her my kindest love and an assurance of my earnest wish that all the prettily expressed good wishes of her humourous cousin may be realized.

Your description of the probable effect on me of your news could you have told it vivâ voce is quite graphic. I am laughed at every week for 'opening my eyes, and giving a little scream.'

I had the great pleasure of seeing your sister Sarah last week, and found her more like you than I had pictured her in my fancy. The sweet girl had just had so much excitement of an agreeable kind in seeing the Coventry churches etc. that she was unable to hear a word from me, but she looked the image or impersonation of happiness and content.

And so you are sole mistress at home, and even lonely enough to wish for me. I know no one, my dear Patty, who could administer relief to my ailments so well as you. The sight of your loving playful face would keep me in continual remembrance that this is a world of

2. Jessie Barclay had become engaged to John Dickenson Jackson, Martha's cousin.

goodness and beauty. Who knows that before many years be passed we may not be thrown together? It might be the case still sooner if you would venture to risk the chances of pleasure with me at Coventry.

I have been out of health lately, and am this morning more than usually languid with a swelled face and head-ache. But I do not defer writing because I would return the "Lay" as soon as possible. Thank you, love, for thinking of me and bestowing so much unmerited kindness. May you be richly blest and ever able to return as you now do the sincere affection of your faithful friend

Mary Ann.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, 16 SEPTEMBER 1843

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 119.

Foleshill September 16th | 1843.

My dear Sara,

Many thanks for procuring me the Hymns and Anthems; [3] I was right glad to play "Ancient of Ages" again and I shall like still better to sing it with you when we meet. That that is to be so soon and under circumstances so joyful, are among the mirabilia of this changing world. To see and *re*-see such a cluster of not indifferent persons as the programme for the wedding [4] gives will be almost too large a bonne bouche. But quite seriously it will be no small pleasure to me to witness what is likely to add to your family comforts by giving Mr. Hennell a new guardian angel. You will have fewer demands at home and we at Coventry shall be gainers I guess. I shall expect to become a better creature if you are much near me, so let that prospect of doing good encourage you to come. I hear that you are not better than when we were at Tenby,[5] but I dare say you have had much to occupy you lately, and when the little anxieties of preparation are past, you will get just as fat and well as your friends would like to see you.

3. *Hymns and Anthems*, ed. in 1841 by William Johnson Fox, Unitarian minister of the South Place Chapel, Finsbury. "Nearer, My God, to Thee," by Mrs. S. F. Adams, first appeared in this volume. "Ancient of Ages" was written by John Bowring (1792–1872), the Benthamite, a friend of the Hennells.

4. Fox officiated at the marriage of Charles Christian Hennell and Rufa Brabant at Finsbury Chapel 1 November 1843.

5. GE went with the Brays, the Hennells, and Miss Brabant on a tour that included Bristol, Tenby, Pembroke, and Swansea, 13 July—2 August 1843. They were at Tenby 14–24 July. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

I saw Robert Owen [6] yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. Bray having kindly asked me to dine with him, and I think if his system prosper it will be *in spite* of its founder, and not because of his advocacy; but I dare say one should even begin to like him if he were known long enough to erase the first impression. I have heard much of your notes and thought of you still more but I knew you would not care to have notes in proof of it, so I have been glumly silent. I only write now to thank you for remembering me, and I do not at all expect an answer. Therefore pray do not give up one moment of your precious time for the purpose. Give my love to Mrs. Hennell and eke to Mr. H. if they will have it, and believe me my dear Sara,

Ever your affectionate
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, 9 OCTOBER 1843

MS: Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 121–124.

Foleshill October 9th 1843.

Lieber Gemahl,[7]

The first thing I have to say to you is to entreat that you and Mrs. Hennell will not perplex yourselves for a moment about my accommodation during the night.[8] I am so well now that a hearthrug would be as luxurious a couch as I should need and I defy anything short of a kettledrum or my conscience to keep me awake after a long day. So pray let me take what happens to be at hand and remember that the only fear I have about the matter is that I may be inconveniencing Mrs. Hennell by my presence at a time when she will be crowded with friends and feelings.

The subject of your conversation with Miss Dobson [9] is a very important one, and worth an Essay. I will not now inflict one of mine on you, but I will tell you as briefly as possible my present opinion

6. Robert Owen (1771–1858), socialist, whose belief that character is made by circumstances and men are therefore not responsible for their actions agreed in many respects with Charles Bray's *Philosophy of Necessity*. Bray was present 14 May 1842 at Owen's "opening of the Millennium" at Harmony Hall, Queenwood, Hampshire, a cooperative community which soon failed. (Bray, *Autobiography*, pp. 61, 63.)

7. During the next few years GE frequently addresses Miss Hennell in this fashion or as "Beloved Spouse," "Beloved Achates," etc.

8. Before the wedding.

9. Sophia Dobson, a friend of Miss Hennell and her cousin Mary Marshall. See 6 December 1861.

which you know is contrary to the one I held in the first instance.[1] I am inclined to think that such a change of sentiment is likely to happen to most persons whose views on religious matters undergo a change early in life. The first impulse of a young and ingenuous mind is to withhold the slightest sanction from all that contains even a mixture of supposed error. When the soul is just liberated from the wretched giant's bed of dogmas on which it has been racked and stretched ever since it began to think there is a feeling of exultation and strong hope. We think we shall run well when we have the full use of our limbs and the bracing air of independence, and we believe that we shall soon obtain something positive which will not only more than compensate to us for what we have renounced, but will be so well worth offering to others that we may venture to proselyte as fast as our zeal for truth may prompt us. But a year or two of reflection and the experience of our own miserable weakness which will ill afford to part even with the crutches of superstition must, I think, effect a change. Speculative truth begins to appear but a shadow of individual minds, agreement between intellects seems unattainable, and we turn to the *truth of feeling* as the only universal bond of union. We find that the intellectual errors which we once fancied were a mere incrustation have grown into the living body and that we cannot in the majority of causes, wrench them away without destroying vitality. We begin to find that with individuals, as with nations, the only safe revolution is one arising out of the wants which their *own progress* has generated. It is the quackery of infidelity to suppose that it has a nostrum for all mankind, and to say to all and singular, 'Swallow my opinions and you shall be whole.'

If then we are debarred by such considerations from trying to reorganize opinions, are we to remain aloof from our fellow-creatures on occasions when we may fully sympathize with the feelings exercised, although our own have been melted into another mould? Ought we not on every opportunity to seek to have our feelings in harmony though not in union with those who are often richer in the fruits of faith though not in reasons, than ourselves? The results of non-

1. In a letter to her brother 6 March 1843 Mary Sibree described GE as "not now so desirous of controversy. She, however, appeared, to me at least, to have rather changed her ground on some points. For instance, she said she considered Jesus Christ as the embodiment of perfect love, and seemed to be leaning slightly to the doctrines of Carlyle and Emerson when she remarked that she considered the Bible a revelation in a certain sense, as she considered herself a revelation of the mind of the Deity, etc. She was very anxious to know if you had heard Schelling." (Cross, New Edition, p. 52.)

conformity in a family are just an epitome of what happens on a larger scale in the world. An influential member chooses to omit an observance which in the minds of all the rest is associated with what is highest and most venerable. He cannot make his reasons intelligible, and so his conduct is regarded as a relaxation of the hold that moral ties had on him previously. The rest are infected with the disease they imagine in him; all the screws by which order was maintained are loosened, and in more than one case a person's happiness may be ruined by the confusion of ideas which took the form of principles.

But it may be said how are we to do anything toward the advancement of mankind? Are we to go on cherishing superstitions out of a fear that seems inconsistent with any faith in a Supreme Being? I think the best and the only way of fulfilling our mission is to sow good seed in good i.e. prepared ground, and not to root up tares where we must inevitably gather all the wheat with them. We cannot fight and struggle enough for freedom of enquiry and we need not be idle in imparting all that is pure and lovely to children whose minds are unbespoken. Those who can write, let them do it as boldly as they like, and let no one hesitate at proper seasons to make a full *con*fession (far better than *pro*fession). St. Paul's reasoning about the conduct of the strong toward the weak in the 14 and 15 chapters of Romans, is just in point. But I have not said half what I meant to say. There are so many aspects in which the subject might be presented that it is useless to attempt to exhaust it. I fear I have written very unintelligibly, for it is rather late and I am so cold that my thoughts are almost frozen.

Your affectionate
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
DEVIZES, [8 NOVEMBER 1843]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1843. After C.C.'s marriage. *Extract published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 23.

Devizes Wednesday.

My dearest Friend,

Alas! I like not to tell you of my pleasant journey yesterday [2] when I think that my parting from you was a beginning of sorrow to you.

2. GE came to London with Charles Bray 28 October and remained after the wedding until 7 November, when she went to Devizes, Wiltshire, to visit the bride's father Dr. R. H. Brabant (1781?–1866), whom she had met at Swansea the previous July. See Introduction: The Brays and the Hennells.

I hated myself for sitting so snugly in the coach and driving away from you like a very impersonation of selfishness, but I know not what else to do. I will hope the best—that neither you nor Mr. Bray took cold from your wet walk and that as Mr. Hennell would say, "Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."[3] Perhaps as you are reading my note you will be seated so comfortably by your dining room fire that I should be discontented with my lot if I could have a picture of you. Should you like one of me? Well then, behold me at the table in Dr. Brabant's dining room with rather aching limbs which is not wonderful, and in perfect good humour which *is* wonderful. I should indeed have spleen enough to make me 'one of the most remarkable women in this country' if I were not made happy by the warm welcome and the delicate attentions I receive here. I have nothing to talk of yet but kind words, kind looks, good fires and warm water, all which agrémens I have luxuriated in since 7 o'clock last evening, for we did not reach Devizes until that hour.

We staid at Reading three hours yesterday, and Dr. Brabant would tell you in the first place that we had an elegant luncheon at a very splendid house belonging to a Mr. Blandy:[4] I walked with the Adonis, as Sara calls him, alias cousin Frederick, to see the ruins of Reading Abbey, and O its sounding sequence! a pin manufactory. I of course had a wretched head-ache and was right glad that Dr. B's experienced eyes detected it, so that I was allowed to go to that best type of heaven, bed, soon after we reached Devizes.

I have been feasting my eyes on the Library this morning, and Dr. Brabant insists that I shall consider that my room. What name do you think I have been baptized withal? Rather a learned pun, Deutera, which *means* second and *sounds* a little like daughter. Both my host and hostess seem pleased with me, or simulate it so well, that their acting is as good as reality. I like Mrs. B.[5] She talks so *neatly* and is so perfectly polite. A dose of precision, *not* preciseness, will be the best thing in the world for me. Dr. B's habits are of that regular and simple kind that always indicate a healthy mind. He does not even sit in an easy chair; but here is luncheon and I shall have to walk presently. I have written in a great hurry and have not said one half of what I want to say, but I threaten you with a longer letter in a few days, and to atone for its length it shall be more legibly written.

3. *Aeneid*, I, 230.

4. William Blandy. His name and that of Mrs. Brabant's sister Miss Susan Hughes appear in the list of subscribers to *Selections from the Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton*, 1849.

5. Elizabeth Hughes Brabant (1788–1870).

I want nothing but a letter from Father to make me happy—I have just been writing to him to ask him the reason of his silence. Mrs. Brabant is talking, so I must leave off scribbling.

Love, love love from your
Mary Ann

The people here are all so ugly! almost as ugly as I am.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, DEVIZES, 20 NOVEMBER [1843]

MS: Yale. *Extract published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 23–24.

Devizes. Monday | November 20th.

Thank you, meine Liebe for your kind letter, so much longer and earlier than you had allowed me to hope, but it was like you to be better than your promises. I am in a little heaven here, Dr. Brabant being its archangel, but it would be a less complete heaven if the recollection of you were not inwoven in the texture of my happy thoughts. All you tell me is interesting and I entreat that I may have another letter of details even to the health of the kitten. It is a grief that the principalities and powers of Coventry are not likely to smile on the allotment project,[6] but it will prosper in spite of them to their dishonour, or if otherwise you will surely not weep that your husband should work without wages in company with all the world's heroes be they clothed in steel or in superfine broadcloth. Dr. Brabant is gone to Chippenham to meet Mrs. Hennell,[7] and we shall see her probably within an hour. All will be better when the first meeting and parting are over.

Mrs. Brabant is a most affectionate amiable being, too forgetful of herself to talk of her loss, but really feeling it as much as any one. Of the Dr. what shall I say? for the time would fail me to tell of all his charming qualities. We read, walk and talk together, and I am never weary of his company. I have just written to Father to beg for a longer leave of absence than I had thought of when I came, but until I receive his answer I shall be uncertain about the time of my departure. If he

6. In 1843 Charles Bray helped establish the Coventry Labourers' and Artisans' Society to furnish workingmen with gardens "to counteract in part the ill effects of confinement at the loom." Most of the land round Coventry was subject to the freemen's right of pasturage during part of the year, and landholders would not let it to the workingmen or to a society. But ultimately Mr. Bray persuaded them to let about 400 gardens to him and Mr. Cash. For the subsequent history of the society see Bray, *Autobiography,* pp. 64–67.

7. Mrs. C. C. Hennell, the bride.

should not wish for me sooner, I shall stay to the 13th of December. The journey will be rather formidable to a novice like me. Miss Hughes[8] advises me to go by Cheltenham and Birmingham and I should like the novelty of that plan, but I hope I have yet three weeks to consider about the matter.

I like to think that you are having all sorts of délices now I am away that you may recount them to me when I return to my Lares and yours. I mean to save all narrative for conversation and not forestall myself by telling you any of our sayings and doings in my letters.

The air of Devizes is very invigorating and I believe I am better than when I came, though I lost the first week in getting rid of my rakish languor. I am petted and fed with nice morsels and pretty speeches until I am in danger of becoming even more conceited than ever, and I shall want a month's mortification to make me endurable. Now then you know my whole status, and do you send me a letter just as full of Ichheit or I shall be wofully disappointed. I have written as fast as my pen

[*The rest of this letter has not been found.*]

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
DEVIZES, [24 NOVEMBER 1843]

MS: Yale. *Brief extract published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 24.

My dear Friend,

Your thrice blessed letter, delivered last night, has put me on the worst terms with myself. Why did you not scold me for being so ungratefully silent? Then I should have felt saucy and have been not at all penitent, as I am now. I have but one excuse. Although I told you that the Devizes air was good for me, I have been anything but well since I came, and after reading German for two hours to the Dr. I have often felt so faint as to be obliged to lie on the sofa until walking time and so my writing hours have slipped away. I am better now and shall try to earn as many sweet letters from you as my small store of modesty will allow.

Mrs. Hennell has been with us all this week as you supposed and she means to send you a little note in my envelope to tell you how happily her visit has passed. She is an excellent creature and will be a real treasure to you all. I have been very glad to resign part of my in-

8. Mrs. Brabant's sister Susan Hughes.

terest in her papa for a week, only keeping up my prescriptive right by a little occasional reading and walking, and consoling myself with the prospect of being a pis aller by and bye.

So you are going to have Mr. Donovan [9] and I shall miss my lessons from the arch-phrenologist! Never mind, I shall miss, too, being told that I have some very bad propensities and that my moral and animal regions are unfortunately balanced, all which is too true to be heard with calmness.[1]

We are going to dine at Mr. Hughes's [2] this evening, so I am doomed to indigestion and whist, the latter of which I choose as a smaller evil than trying to be agreeable in spite of dame Nature and circumstances. Dr. Brabant spoils me for every one else, and the Trennung from such a companion will be very painful. He really is a finer character than you think. Beautifully sincere, conscientious and benevolent and every thing besides that one would have one's friends to be. He is just come to invite me to walk as a reward for the good character I am giving him. Give my love to Mr. Bray and believe that you have as much of that worthless commodity as I can give to any one being. I hardly know what I am writing.

Lebe wohl,
Mary Ann.

Devizes. Friday.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
DEVIZES, 30 NOVEMBER 1843

MS: Yale. *Extract published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 24.

Devizes November 30th 1843.

My dear Friend,

We shall soon, I hope, be talking to each other 'under your eyes,' for I have just written to my good Mary [3] telling her that I intend to be at the Coventry station by 9 o'clock on Monday evening, so prepare yourself to endure twenty kisses before Tuesday is over. I do not know whether to be glad or sorry, so I have come to a compromise with the contending feelings, and mean to indulge my grief at part-

9. Cornelius Donovan, phrenological instrument maker and "Principal of the London Phrenological Institution," 7–8 King William St., Strand. (*Post Office London Directory,* 1842, pp. 242, 499.)

1. For Charles Bray's analysis of GE's phrenological development see [5 June 1818].

2. Mrs. Brabant's brother.

3. Robert Evans's servant.

ing with my precious friends here till I reach home, and then let joy take complete possession.[4]

I am going presently to meet a lady author, the only lion or rather lioness of the neighbourhood besides Tom Moore,[5] that I am likely to see, we having agreed in defiance of all the moralists to defer every expedition until my next visit. I must be like the Devizes poet who, Dr. B. tells me, thought it incumbent on him to mention what he did *not* see in his description of the environs.

Alike appear *not* to the view
The house of Lansdowne and of Montagu.

This couplet reminds me that we had a new poem of Bernard Barton's at breakfast, printed for private circulation and sent as a present to Dr. Brabant one line of which is

Johnson and Beattie, Burke and Montagu,[6]

so there are hopes for poetry yet, degenerate as the age may be.

Tell Mr. Bray there is a lady here who admires Fourier[7] and has lent me a book full of him and his isms, but heaven knows I shall have no time to read it; for the Dr. and I have meant to be very industrious. Every week I read Greek and read de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis, but the genius of sloth has possessed us and we have sent much new pavement to our future abode.

We are going to have a new book on the Immortality of the soul, the contents of which I shall have to report to you. I fear the carriage will be at the door in two or three minutes. Good bye till Tuesday, and then I will look at you as if I were what I truly am

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

4. This effusive language covers the unpleasant episode that ended GE's visit at Devizes a fortnight before she intended. See Introduction: The Brays and the Hennells.

5. Thomas Moore (1779–1852) had lived at Sloperton Cottage since 1817, when he came to Wiltshire to be near Lord Lansdowne. He was a patient of Dr. Brabant and collaborated with him in an article on German rationalism for the *Edinburgh Review*. I cannot identify the lady.

6. "A Slight Memorial of John Scott, of Amwell; Respectfully Inscribed to his Daughter, Maria de Horne Hooper," justly described in the opening lines as a "tardy tribute," for the "Bard of Amwell" died in 1783. The poem was published in Barton's *Household Verses*, 1845, where the line GE quotes is given (p. 61) as "Johnson and Beattie, Jones and Montague."

7. François Marie Charles Fourier (1772–1837), French reformer, who proposed the reorganization of society into cooperative groups called phalansteries.

Strauss's *Das Leben Jesu*

1844 January	GE agrees to finish translation of D. F. Strauss's *Das Leben Jesu* begun by Rufa Brabant.
1845 March	GE engaged to a young picture restorer.
1845 March 27	Breaks the engagement.
1846 April	Finishes proofs of *The Life of Jesus.*
1846 June 15	*The Life of Jesus* published.

SARA SOPHIA HENNELL TO MRS. CHARLES CHRISTIAN HENNELL, [COVENTRY, JANUARY 1844]

Text: Bray-Hennell Extracts, Tinker Collection, Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Rufa

Your proposition to deliver up the Strauss [1] to Mary Ann has been very cordially received, and I am sure will be a great benefit. I think she will do it admirably. She will require correcting in a few words and minor matters, but she will give the meaning faithfully and spiritedly. I have been very much pleased with some specimens she has shown me. And she will get on fast, which is a great thing. I see this *is* the 4th Edition; therefore I should think we may manage without getting another. M.A. has such a dislike to writing on that large blue paper, that I have thought it expedient to indulge her in getting her own—she has just said that as you have the paper she will not mind to use it—telling her that all expenses are to be repaid her, and that she is to keep an exact account of every thing she spends. I should like to read with her all the manuscript already completed—indeed to let her see all that has been done—and therefore would like it to be sent while I am here. But we do not want it immediately. . . . I have finished the 14 § in the first rough copy, and am now going over

1. David Friedrich Strauss, *Das Leben Jesu,* 4th ed., 2 vols., Tübingen, 1840. Sara Hennell gives the following account of how GE came to translate the book: Mr. Joseph Parkes having wished for an English version of it, Charles Hennell asked Sara to undertake the task; "but, as I told him, it was quite beyond me, both for its labour and difficulty. And then he had recourse to Miss Brabant, who at once took it up, being herself a fairly good German scholar, and as having besides always at hand her father to give her any needful help; while on my own part I voluntarily undertook, as a general security against inaccuracy, to revise scrupulously her manuscript under comparison with the original. The work, to the extent of 257 pages, went on till their marriage, and then it was passed over into hands that were in every way competent for it: those of our friend Miss Evans, who lived at Foleshill, adjoining Coventry. I still, though quite unnecessarily, continued my supervision, and I found in it a real pleasure from its showing me with what delicacy the meaning was being made to transfuse itself. . . . I had besides the pleasure in which I freely indulged myself of adding in the margin pencilled suggestions of my own, which she usually adopted at once with only the remark that to have any failure in accuracy would be intolerable to her." (*Memoir of Charles Christian Hennell,* privately printed, 1899, pp. 118–119.)

An earlier English translation, 4 vols., Birmingham, 1842–44, is found in the British Museum. John Sterling wrote Carlyle 6 July 1841: "But the oddest sign of the times I know is a cheap translation of *Strauss's Leben Jesu,* now publishing in numbers by Hethrington." (MS: Mr. F. W. Hilles.) There is no evidence that GE knew of it.

it again with M.A. and copying it over. It is remarkably difficult, but we both think it very interesting.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [3 MARCH 1844]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* May 1844. 1843. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 125–126.

Foleshill Sunday.

My dear Sara,

You would have heard from me before how much I miss you [2] and think of you, but that I have been in a sort of molluscous-animal-state without voluntary motion. I cannot say much better of myself now, but if I wait for a transmigration you will perhaps forget me altogether.

To begin with business, I must thank you for the paper, and for your intention in sending me a duplicate of the volume of Strauss which I already had, though I do not find any use in it. If there is anything in it to which you wished to direct my attention please to tell me. I send you on the other side the translations you wished, but they are perhaps no improvements on what you had done.

I know you are very much occupied now and I do not like to ask for any of your time, but when you can do so I shall be very glad to learn from you the *particulars* as to the mode of publication for Strauss [3]—who are the parties that will find the funds, and whether the manuscripts are to be put into the hands of any one when complete, or whether they are to go directly from me to the publisher? I was very foolish not to inquire about these things in the first instance, but ways and means are always afterthoughts with me.

I am glad to hear that you had the pleasure of seeing the great man of the day [4] under such interesting circumstances. We had a

2. Miss Hennell stayed with the Brays 15 December 1843–20 February 1844. This is GE's first letter to her after her return to London.

3. Mathilde Blind, whose information came from Miss Hennell and Mrs. Bray, says that some persons of advanced opinions, meeting at the house of Mr. Joseph Parkes, "agreed in the first blush of their enthusiasm, to raise amongst them whatever sum might be required." But by the time the manuscript was ready most of them "had conveniently forgotten the matter," and, had it not been for Mr. Parkes's generosity, the translation might never have been printed. (*George Eliot*, 1883, pp. 39, 45.) His granddaughter the late Mrs. Belloc Lowndes wrote me 7 August 1942 that he contributed £150.

4. Daniel O'Connell (1775–1847), Irish "Liberator," whose agitation for Home Rule had led to his conviction on charges of creating disaffection. On his way to London after having been sentenced in Dublin he passed through Coventry, where liberals arranged a great demonstration "for considering the grievances of Ireland" at which he spoke 18 March

Coventry edition of the spectacle, with less splendour but more hooting. All this news and every thing else you have from Rosehill so I have no facts for you. I have feared for you and Mr. Hennell through all the terrible northeasterly we have had, but Mrs. Bray tells me there have been no special complaints. You will soon be settled and enjoying the blessed spring and summer time. I hope you are looking forward to it with as much delight as I, and that we shall meet before it is all past.

One has to spend so many years in learning how to be happy. I am just beginning to make some progress in the science, and I hope to disprove Young's theory that as soon as we have found the key of life, it opes the gates of death.[5] Every year strips us of at least one vain expectation and teaches us to reckon some solid good in its stead. I never will believe that our youngest days are our happiest. What a miserable augury for the progress of the race and the destination of the individual if the more matured and enlightened state is the less happy one. Childhood is only the beautiful and happy time in contemplation and retrospect—to the child it is full of deep sorrows, the meaning of which is unknown. Witness colic and whooping-cough and dread of ghosts, to say nothing of hell and Satan, and an offended Deity in the sky who was angry when I wanted too much plum cake. Then the sorrows of older persons which children see but cannot understand are worse than all. All this dear Sara, to prove that we are happier than when we were seven years old, and that we shall be happier when we are forty than we are now, which I call a comfortable doctrine and one worth trying to believe.

There are so many to whom I should like to be remembered—Mr. Marshall and his nice son and daughter, Mrs. and Miss Dobson,[6] and every other friend of yours that I saw in London, for I liked them all. Much love to the three with whom I guess you are sitting—Mrs. Hennell near the window, Mr. Hennell in his easy chair and Rufa very near to him. I am sitting with Father, who every now and then jerks off my attention to the history of Queen Elizabeth which he is reading. I

1844. GE and Mrs. Bray were among the fifty ladies in the gallery. (Bray-Hennell Extracts.) The conservative Coventry *Standard* gives a hostile account of the affair: "For more than two hours such an uproar prevailed through the evident disinclination of a considerable portion of the Meeting to hear Mr. O'Connell. . . . A calm was at last produced . . . by an active employment of the Police force," which the *Standard* affects to regard as a violation of the rights of hooters. Miss Hennell probably saw O'Connell at the Anti-Corn Law League meeting at Covent Garden Theatre 21 February 1844, where he was acclaimed with great enthusiasm.

5. *Night Thoughts*, IV, 123.

6. GE spent an evening with Sophy Dobson at the time of Rufa's wedding.

must not forget to say that you were quite right in supposing I should be pleased for Dr. Brabant to take the two numbers of Taylor [7] with him. I shall be so pleased to have a note from you, and I am quite inclined to write oftener but I do not know whether you like to have letters that tell you nothing more than that I am, dear Sara,

Your affectionate Friend
Mary Ann Evans.

On the contrary it is shewn (by Hoffmann for instance) by a deduction from the supposed condition of the earliest races of mankind, that there can be no mythi in the Old and New Testament; a process of proof, which to use the words of its author, begins ab ovo, that is, from grounds intrinsically indeterminate, and therefore the most susceptible of such determinations as are needed for premises to a desired conclusion.

Aliter.

On the contrary Hoffmann shews, by a deduction from the supposed original condition of mankind, that in the O. and N. Testament there can be no mythi; a process of proof which as its author boasts, commences ab ovo, i.e. from grounds in themselves vague and uncertain—to which therefore one can most easily impart the form of the presuppositions necessary to a desired conclusion (or, which therefore one can most easily mould into premises to a desired conclusion.) [8]

Ne otio luxuriarentur animi.[9]

Lest minds should grow voluptuous from too much leisure.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 9? APRIL? 1844]

MS: Yale. *One sentence published:* Cross, I, 127.

My dear Sara,

I have an impression that in tearing off that part of Straus[s]'s first section which Mrs. Hennell wanted I was obliged to leave a page or so that was not translated. My first page is 257. Will you be so kind as to ascertain exactly how far Mrs. H's translation has proceeded,

7. Isaac Taylor, *Ancient Christianity, and the Doctrines of the Oxford Tracts for the Times* appeared in 8 parts, 1839–40.

8. *Leben Jesu*, I, 84, n. 6, but omitted in *Life of Jesus*.

9. *Leben Jesu*, I, 90, and *Life of Jesus*, I, 79, read "Ne luxuriarentur otio animi." Cf. Livy, I, 19.

and send me the intermediate pages?[1] Perhaps, however, I had better translate the whole §. It is the 34th about the magi—may they be anathema!

Thanks dear, for your pretty German note and for all other pretty and good things that you have done and said for me. I cannot stay to say more than that I am

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

I meant to send this note by Mr. Bray, but he is gone without my knowledge.[2]

GE TO CHARLES CHRISTIAN HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [APRIL 1844]

MS: Yale. *Published:* Cross, I, 131–132.

My dear Mr. Hennell,

Thank you for sending me the good news[3] so soon and for sympathizing in my need of encouragement. I have all I want now and shall go forward on buoyant wing. I am glad for the work's sake, glad for your sake, and glad for 'the honourable gentleman's' sake, that matters have turned out so well.

Pray think no more of my pens, ink and paper. I would gladly give much more towards the work than these and my English if I could do so consistently with duty.

Pray give my kindest remembrances to both the Mrs. Hennells and believe me

Yours very truly
Mary Ann Evans.

Foleshill | Friday Evening.

1. Strauss's "erster Abschnitt" fills pp. 109–336; but it seems clear that GE had translated some of the pages before sending the German text.

2. Mr. Bray was in London 8–11 April 1844. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

3. In a letter to Miss Hennell dated April 1844 Mrs. Bray says: "M.A. was most delighted and grateful to Charles and Rufa for their notes, and for letting her know at last something decisive about Strauss and it was very good of Charles to write again and let her know so promptly the result of the interview with Mr. Parkes. I suppose she has written herself and stated her proposition of taking the whole responsibility." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.) In sending this letter to Sara, Mr. Hennell wrote on the back of it: "Mr. Chapman agrees to my terms —½ expense and ½ *profit*. We are going to make a little more inquiry about printers before beginning. You see Miss Evans is in good spirits about it."

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [APRIL 1844]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1844. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 127.

Foleshill Friday.

My dear Sara,

I am very glad to hear that you have so pleasant and I hope beneficial a plan in petto as that of going to Germany.[4] Go and get strong and come to us with brighter eyes and with a not less loving heart than ever. We were looking forward to the pleasure of having you at Coventry, but it will be something still better to know that you are enjoying new scenes and recruiting your health.

I had your cheerful letter to Mrs. Hennell[5] and shared the sunshine that is reflected from Hackney to Rosehill. Your colds are the only sorrows now, so you are bound to wage war against them. Can I have, by Mr. Bray the remaining volumes of Strauss, excepting any part that you may choose to keep for your own use? If you could also send me such parts of the introduction and first section as you wish me to look over, I should like to dispatch that business at intervals, when I am not inspired for more thorough labour. Thank you for the encouragement you sent me—I only need it when my head is weak and I am unable to do much. Then I sicken at the idea of having Strauss in my head and on my hands for a lustrum, instead of saying good bye to him in a year. When I can work fast I am never weary, nor do I regret either that the work has been begun, or that I have undertaken it.[6] I am only inclined to vow that I will never translate again if I live to correct the sheets for Strauss. You will see his nice face and perhaps paint a likeness "aus dem Gedächtnisse und den Phantasie" when you return.

Give my love to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hennell and my congratulations on their having surmounted the trouble of removal. Your little sketch of the dining-room was very suggestive—the sleeping figures admirable. Good bye, dear Sara. May you have much real enjoyment and come home to tell us all.

Your affectionate Friend
Mary Ann.

4. Miss Hennell went to Germany in 1844 with Dr. Brabant and Miss Susan Hughes. (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

5. Mrs. James Hennell came to Rosehill 11 April 1844. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

6. "Mary Ann works away at Strauss, 6 pages a day." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[FOLESHILL, 18 JUNE 1844]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 128–129.

My dear Friend,

It was very kind of you to think of me among so many pleasant people and pleasant sights.[7] I am quite glad that you have Mr. Noel to double your enjoyment as well as have his own share. I went to your house as a marauder this morning, to carry off a book from the bookcase, and I found Hannah brimful of a theft that has been committed at your neighbour's Mr. Carter's.[8] Some snapper up of unconsidered trifles from the fair I suppose, thought of running away with a silver fork and spoon but Jephcott has the glory of being the police officer in the case. Verily these are not days to hang up bracelets in the highways.

I do not think it was kind to Strauss (I knew he was handsome) to tell him that a *young lady* was translating his book. I am sure he must have some twinges of alarm to think he was dependent on that most contemptible specimen of the human being for his English reputation.

My love to Sara, and tell her I do not wish to distress her conscience with the purchase of an atheistic book, but I feel sure there is a '*Bauer's* Wesen des Christenthums'[9] published at Berlin.

By the way, I never said that the canons of the Council of Nice, or the Confession of Augsburg, or even the 39 articles are suggestive of poetry. I imagine no *dogmas* can be. But surely Christianity with its Hebrew retrospect and millennial hopes, the heroism and Divine sorrow of its founder and all its glorious army of martyrs might supply and has supplied a strong impulse not only to poetry but to all the fine arts.

Mrs. Pears is coming home from Malvern to-night, and the children are coming to tea with me so that I have to make haste with my afternoon matters. Beautiful little Susan has been blowing bubbles and looking like an angel at sport. I am quite happy, only sometimes feeling "the weight of all this unintelligible world." That is Wordsworth's idea,[1] and you must allow it to be vinous, not milk and watery as usual.

7. Mrs. Bray went to Clapton to visit her mother 8–20 June 1844. For Edward Henry Noel see *George Eliot and John Chapman*, p. 185.

8. Alfred Carter lived at Ivy Cottage, later the Brays' home on the Radford Road.

9. Ferdinand Christian Baur (1792–1860), founder of the Tübingen school of Biblical criticism. No book of his bears this title. Perhaps GE was thinking of Ludwig Feuerbach's work which she translated in 1854.

1. "Tintern Abbey," lines 40–41.

Love to Mr. Bray, although I am tremendously offended with his letter. Breakfast with you on Friday morning!

Mary Ann.

Tuesday afternoon.

MRS. CHARLES BRAY TO MRS. CHARLES CHRISTIAN HENNELL, COVENTRY [28 JULY 1844]

Text: Bray-Hennell Extracts, Tinker Collection, Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Coventry | Sunday.

My dear Rufa,

I had so reckoned upon Charles seeing you at Clapton that I was quite disappointed to find that all the communication had been a short talk with Charles at the office; but it seems he and M.A.[2] had no minute to spare and glad they were to leave the hot city as soon as possible. He said Charles looked not well: but perhaps it was the extreme heat, which always used to make him look ill. We are glad he could give good accounts of Mamma and you. Had not you and Charles better come and ruralise a little with us? do—it would be so nice, and we will pic-nic in Kenilworth grove.

Charles was to have told you all about our pleasant visit at Manchester and Liverpool etc.[3] Edward Hawkes came to Bowness the last day we were there, and the next morning met us at Kendal. Such a stout portly cousin I was not prepared to see; but we rather liked him, he sent all sorts of kind messages,—had been much surprised to see CC's marriage in the paper. At Manchester Philip and Frank Holland[4] received us, with such cordial hospitality as one longs for after a tiresome journey. All their womenkind were in Derbyshire with the

2. GE went to London with Charles Bray 22–24 July 1844 to have a cast of her head taken by James Deville in the Strand, from whom Bray had bought more than 100 phrenological casts. (Bray, *Autobiography*, 74–75, 22.) The cast was in Mr. Cross's possession but was destroyed after his death.

3. GE accompanied the Brays to the Cumberland lakes, leaving at midnight 30 June, reaching Bowness 1 July, where they stayed two weeks, returning by way of Manchester and Liverpool to reach Coventry 18 July.

4. Mrs. Bray wrote her mother 21 August 1844: "We cannot help being amused at your kind and very natural interest with relation to Mary Ann's visit to Manchester. I am glad the impression she made was pleasing, for she was tired and unwell, and I thought looked her very worst, but you know we were only there one night and neither Frank nor Philip paid her special attention. I wish friend Philip would fall in love with her, but there certainly were no symptoms of it. You must not be angry at my shewing your note to Charles. The idea so pleased and amused him." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

Clennells, but these 2 young bachelors did the honours so well and made us so thoroughly at home, that we felt no want of anything or anybody. They said they had a very pleasing impression of Mrs. C. C. Hennell through their Aunt,—they understood she was a very *stylish* lady. After tea we made them take us to all the very worst places about the town that we might convince ourselves that the stati[sti]cians do not make a case: indeed they do not—the streets and houses where humans do actually live and breathe there are worse than a book can tell. Horrid place! we were rather glad to leave it the next day, though we had only seen one factory, and there *were* others to be seen.

At Liverpool Mr. R. Rathbone [5] received us with kind formality —so like a Sir Peter Teazle in manner, appearance, and costume that we felt surprised not to see a sword and pigtail when he turned round. Here again the hostess was away, but nothing could be wanting in such a perfect, well-ordered establishment. His daughters interested us very much; the eldest an invalid on the sofa with a sweet pale face, in the prettiest white dress and cap with white roses; the second a thoroughly nice girl, whom we have invited to come here, as she too is out of health and wants change. We shall have their decision in the course of the year we suppose, but the father and mother have not done consulting about it yet. The next morning we went to see the launch of the "Cobden" and gloriously she burst her cradle and "away and away and away went she" and then we went in search of cousins.

All the Martineaus [6] were at home and Isabella. Edward [7] had left them only an hour before. Extremely cordial and cousinly. I think I should have known Helen, though she was quite sure we had never met before. So many loves and messages she sent to all, to Mamma in particular, and so glad to hear of CC's happiness and better health; they were sure he must be happy from what they saw of you at Liverpool. I leave it to the imagination to conceive how many loves Isabella sent to you all—they would reach from here to Clapton. Poor thing—she looks so thin and old, and so like Harriet,[8] a Higginsonian edition. She came by herself to have a last look at us at the Station the next morning. James Martineau looks more interesting in the midst of his family than in the pulpit. Enough for one man to do, to provide for all those little bodies and souls and be a spirit

5. Richard Rathbone (1788–1860), son of William Rathbone, founder of the great mercantile business in Liverpool.

6. James Martineau (1805–1900) married Helen Higginson, Mrs. Bray's cousin, in 1828. They had eight children.

7. Edward Higginson.

8. Harriet Hennell (1805–75).

of the age as well! We could hardly keep our gravity to see them all file in—an infinite series—and they all stood in a row to be spoken to with such Martineau gravity. Plain, sensible looking children, but one amongst them, Herbert, like a star of light. I never saw a more beautiful countenance; as M.A. said, like Mr. Martineau seen at a great distance, transfigured. We regretted that we missed seeing Alfred but we had no time to find him out. Mr. Rathbone invited 2 agreeable gentlemen to dine with us: both firm believers in mesmerism and clairvoyance, though one of them [9] seemed much too shrewd to believe in anything else: he nearly succeeded in mesmerising M.A. to the degree that she could not open her eyes, and begged him most piteously to do it for her, which he did immediately by passes. We left Mr. R's with the pleasant impression of having made a most agreeable acquaintance, and perchance friendship. Mr. R. gave me a handsome book, "The Diary of Lady Willoughby," [1] did you ever hear of it?

I want much to write to Sara, but fear "Kissingen" would not find her, as it is not important enough to be in the map. I do not forget that I owe you for arrowroot. Love to you all,

Your affectionate
Cara.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, AUGUST 1844]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

I forgot to say that my plan has been where there are such quotations from the N.T. to put our *English authorized version* though it may not be literal. This seemed to me the better plan on many accounts. Is it not?

Please to send me the 'isolated groups of anecdotes' and the devils [2] by Mr. Bray.[3] Thanks for the Liverpool oracle.

9. William Ballantyne Hodgson (1815–80), who describes the episode in a letter to a friend. Miss Evans, he adds, "reads Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German (Richter in the original)." *Life and Letters of W. B. Hodgson,* ed. J. M. D. Meiklejohn, Edinburgh, 1883, p. 364.

1. *So Much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby, as Relates to Her Domestic History, and to the Eventful Period of the Reign of Charles the First,* published anonymously in 1844 in a format imitating that of the 17th century, was the work of his wife Hannah Mary Rathbone (1798–1878). Her authorship was avowed in the 3d ed., 1845.

2. "Isolated Groups of Anecdotes. Imputation of a League with Beelzebub, and Demand of a Sign," *Leben Jesu,* § 85; *Life of Jesus,* II, 197. "The Demoniacs," *Leben Jesu,* § 92–93; *Life of Jesus,* II, 239.

3. Mr. Bray was in London 31 August –3 September 1844. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [SEPTEMBER 1844]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Sep. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill | Tuesday.

My dear Sara,

I think yours a very sensible proposition about the quotations from Josephus etc. It has always seemed to me nonsensical to give so much Greek except on debateable ground. You are an invaluable creature to me and save me a world of anxiety. Do you mean that there are 26 quotations in the part already sent to you or throughout the whole work? If Dr. Brabant would take the trouble to give an English version of the notes Strauss and I shall be much obliged to him, but do not urge it if there be any symptoms of the *reputation ague.*

I do not want the 'groups' and 'devils'—I sent for them merely that work might be dispatched. Are not Mr. and Mrs. Hennell coming? [4] If they are you shall have the rest of the miracles and the Transfiguration [5] by them.

I thought of you very much last night as I was driving home under the serene light of the moon, Mars and Saturn. Do you not feel how hard it is not [to] give *full faith* to every symbol?

Your
Mary Ann.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, 14 SEPTEMBER [1844]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1844. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Sara,

I almost despair of seeing your face any more, but happily absence only gives new fragrance to the pleasures of memory. I have been pleased to hear that you liked returning in some degre to old occupations, but I do not know whether my selfishness will be proof against all regret if the Carters [6] attract you very much longer. There is a world to be said between us—so much that one hardly knows how to write before such a preliminary, but when I heard that you were at

4. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hennell visited at Rosehill 4–14 September 1844. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

5. *Life of Jesus,* II, 235–454; III, 1–47.

6. Miss Hennell was visiting her former pupils, the daughters of John Bonham Carter, at Ditcham, near Petersfield.

Hackney I could not bear to let Mr. and Mrs. Hennell return without bearing a little note to tell you how welcome all news of you is to me, and how much more welcome will be the sight of you.[7]

I hear that you are in perfect health, and that is the most satisfactory of all results of the trip to Germany. My love and good wishes follow you in your flittings which some day or other will bring you here to make the world wag more merrily with

Your affectionate
Mary Ann Evans.

Foleshill | September 14.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, 31 OCTOBER [1844]

MS: Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 127–128.

Foleshill. October 31st.

My dear Sara,

How shall I thank you for sending me a little remembrance after my own heart of your trip to Germany? The "Andenken" will be figuratively kept in lavender.

Pray tell Mrs. C. Hennell that no apology was needed for the very good translation she has sent me.[8] I shall be glad to avail myself of it to the last word, for I am thoroughly tired of my own garb for Strauss's thoughts. I hope the introduction etc. will be ready by the end of November when I hope to have put the last word to the first volume. I am awfully afraid of my own translation and I want you to come and comfort me. When will that be? I am relapsing into heathen darkness about everything but Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Heaven has sent "leanness into my soul" [9] for reviling them I suppose. This lovely autumn! Have you enjoyed its long shadows and fresh breezes? Give my love to all, dear Sara, and believe me ever

Your affectionate
Pollian.

7. Mrs. Bray wrote Miss Hennell 16 October 1844: "M.A. is literally pining to see you. Poor girl! she is so wearied of Strauss, and she says she is sure you are the only person in the world who has any interest in it but herself." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

8. Mrs. Bray wrote Miss Hennell: "M.A. came in in such spirits with Rufa's letter. It seemed to give her new life to think that the publication was possible and at hand, and she was so grateful for Rufa's sympathy and kindness." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

9. Psalms 106:15.

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, FOLESHILL, 31 OCTOBER 1844

Text: Poet-Lore, 6 (April 1894), 186.

Foleshill | October 31, 1844.

My dear Patty,

I am not afflicted with paralysis, neither have I forgotten my mother tongue, or, what I was afraid you would think more likely, my friends. From all these woes I am free, and yet I have let weeks pass without writing to one who is more entitled than most persons to rank with the latter denomination. If, dear Patty, you saw how much I do write, and how I nauseate pen, ink, and paper, you would ask no further reason for my silence. But I have indulged my antipathies and my idleness too much, and feel guilty towards more than yourself. I am sure you will forgive me sooner than I shall forgive myself, so that I am writing now solely under the influence of love and not of fear.

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

MRS. CHARLES BRAY TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [COVENTRY], 30 MARCH 1845

Text: Bray-Hennell Extracts, Tinker Collection, Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Sunday | March 30. 1845.

Dear Sara,

With regard to frames, we mean to give 2 of our old pictures and frames to the bazaar, and so shall not want any but the 5 which Charles looked out, which we shall be glad to have as soon as possible. We shall miss Mamma very much and it seems soon for her to go: the Widden [1] comes tomorrow, and so Mamma will just see her. I hope she will find CC's chest better with all this south wind.

I must give you some account of a matter which has been much in our thoughts this last week relating to Mary Ann: she wished me to tell you and has often said "How I wish Sara were here, for she knows what would be for my good!" I may as well say at the beginning though that it has all come to nothing. She says she was talking to you about a young artist [2] she was going to meet at Baginton. Well, they did meet

1. "Mary Harris came." (Mrs. Bray's Diary, 31 March 1845.)
2. I cannot identify the young man. Kelly and Co., *Post Office Directory of London and Birmingham, with Warwickshire and Part of South Staffordshire,*

and passed two days in each other's company, and she thought him the most interesting young man she had seen and superior to all the rest of mankind; the third morning he made proposals through her brother in law Mr. Hooton [3]—saying, "she was the most fascinating creature he had ever beheld, that if it were not too presumptuous to hope etc. etc., a person of such superior excellence and powers of mind," etc., in short, he seemed desperately smitten and begged permission to write to her. She granted this, and came to us so brimful of happiness;—though she said she had not fallen in love with him yet, but admired his character so much that she was sure she should: the only objections seemed to be that his profession—a picture-restorer—is not lucrative or over-honourable.[4] We liked his letters to her very much—simple, earnest, unstudied. She refused anything like an engagement on so short an acquaintance, but would have much pleasure to see him as a friend etc.

So he came to see her last Wednesday evening, and owing to his great agitation, from youth—or something or other, did not seem to her half so interesting as before, and the next day she made up her mind that she could never love or respect him enough to marry him and that it would involve too great a sacrifice of her mind and pursuits. So she wrote to him to break it off—and there it stands now. Poor girl, it has been a trying, exciting week to her and she seemed quite spiritless this morning: and we cannot help feeling that she has been over-hasty in giving it up. And yet—and yet—one does not know what to advise.

Yours affectionately
Cara

1845, p. 718, lists under "Artists" Reginald Easton, 19 Grove St., and Frederick Rosenberg, 110 Warwick St., Royal Leamington, both portrait painters; and Edward W. Webb, 1 York Terrace, an animal painter. F. White, *Warwickshire*, 1850, p. 629, lists, in addition to Easton and Rosenberg, Thomas Baker, 32 Church St., John Burgess, 6 Upper Parade, H. B. Cooke, 47 Wellington St., and H. Gubbins of 2 Newbold St., Leamington, and in Coventry Charles Anderson, David Gee, and [Nicholas] James Wilson. Kelly's *Post Office Directory of Birmingham*, 1854, lists J. F. Reeve, 34 Regent St., Leamington, and C. G. Danieli, Emscote, Warwick, as "Picture Restorers." Lascelles and Co., *Directory and Gazetteer of the City of Coventry*, 1850, p. 42, adds Edwin Brown and Joseph Hine, animal painters.

3. i.e. Houghton.

4. Writing of the respect in which painters are held in France, Thackeray says: "The case is very different in England, where a grocer's daughter would think she made a misalliance by marrying a painter." ("On the French School of Painting," *The Paris Sketch Book*, 2 vols., 1840, I, 81.)

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [6 APRIL 1845]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 130.

Foleshill Sunday.

My dear Sara,

Glad am I that some one can enjoy Strauss! The million certainly will not, and I have ceased to sit down to him with any relish. I have been so idle from headache and other woes lately that I can possess my soul in patience about Mr. Parkes, though I should work much better if I had some proof sheets coming in to assure me that my soul-stupefying labour is not in vain.

I thought I had invariably put p. instead of s.—if not, s. would be better for all *German* works.[5] I am very sorry my oversights or carelessness have given you so much tiresome labour. I think f. and ff. are not proper in an English translation. When I have supplied them at all I have put et seq. *Judæa and Peræa* not Judea and Perea. σ is correct for the middle of a word, ς for the end. They both represent sigma. I do not mind about any alterations that will satisfy your taste, though I am at a loss to know the rationale of some. According to dictionaries and grammars, *'as though'* is good gentlemanly English as well as *'as if,'* and if you heard more evangelical sermons, dear, you would find that it is invariably 1stly, 2dly, 3dly, 4thly and *lastly,* not *finally.* It is St. Paul's Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might,[6] which has created your association. But about all these matters I am perfectly indifferent and quite glad to make your pencil marks ink. Only do not make Miss Rebecca Franklin's name into an opprobrious common noun, for I assure you she is not responsible for my faults.

I have never yet half thanked you for taking an interest in my little personal matters. My unfortunate 'affaire' did not become one 'du coeur,' but it has been anything but a comfortable one for my conscience. If the circumstances could be repeated with the added condi-

5. The details of style mentioned here are not followed consistently in the translation. For page references *s.* is used for German works and *p.* for Latin, though sometimes (e.g., I, 318–319) both are found for the same book. Miss Hennell seems to have overruled GE on *f.* and *ff.,* which are kept as in Strauss; "as if" is almost invariable. "Judea" and "Perea" appear in the earlier part of the translation (e.g., I, 396–402) but later "Judæa" and "Peræa" prevail (II, 53, 379; III, 22). Both "first" and "firstly" are used; and though "in conclusion" is used occasionally (e.g., I, 342), "lastly" is more common.

6. Ephesians 6:10.

tion of my experience I should act very differently. As it is I have now dismissed it from my mind, and only keep it recorded in my book of reference, article *'Precipitancy, ill effects of.'* So now dear Sara, I am once more your true Gemahlinn, which being interpreted, means that I have no loves but those that you can share with me—intellectual and religious loves.

I want a walk before the next shower comes.

Goodbye
Mary Ann.

Is it worth while for me to see the translation again? You can judge whether I should like to do so. I have entire confidence in your judgment about the Greek and such things. I am more grateful to you than I can tell you for taking the trouble you do. If it had not been for your interest and encouragement, I should have been almost in despair by this time.

MRS. CHARLES BRAY TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, COVENTRY, 6 APRIL 1845

Text: Bray-Hennell Extracts, Tinker Collection, Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

This affair of M.A.'s is much on our minds; although it is given up irrevocably, she is so extremely wretched about it, and we know, wants it to come on again—not that she cares much for him, but she is so grieved to have wounded his feelings, and he has behaved so well and unselfishly that he deserves pity, if not more. But we can do nothing in the matter—indeed she entreats us not to meddle, and the Hootons are the only parties who could—they being the friends of both. She says it shall not interefere with the M.S., but poor girl, everything seems against the grain with her.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [16? APRIL 1845]

MS: Yale. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 131.

Wednesday.

My dear Sara,

I have had a severe headache since Saturday evening [7] and have been afraid to write to you under its influence lest I should alarm you for

7. "M.A. has had dreadful headaches lately, and can find no relief but in leeches—sweet little creatures, as she calls them." (Bray-Hennell Extracts, 23 March 1845.)

Strauss. I am quite free from pain this afternoon and full of hope that by dint of living on mutton chops and adopting Zeno's philosophy I shall be able to ward off these time-wasting visitations. Your letter to Mrs. Bray this morning ended with the melancholy information that nothing more had been heard of Mr. P., but I comfort myself with thinking that the week has not yet expired. I could have offered a hecatomb, like Pythagoras, when I heard that Mr. Hennell was really to have £300 under his fingers—it was just the stimulus I wanted.

I suppose you do not mind about my having any more manuscript until Mr. Bray goes to Clapton again (he is in London to-day).[8] If you do, the second volume is quite ready. The last few sections were written under anything but favourable circumstances. They are not Strauss's best thoughts, nor are they put into his translator's best language, but I have not courage to imitate Gibbon—put my work in the fire [9] and begin again.

Thank you for the pencillings. I have just glanced over them already, and I see that many are obvious and important emendations. I shall finish examining them tonight. Pray send me word as soon as Mr. Parkes comes to deeds instead of words.

My head is in a very giddy, stupid state as usual after severe pain. I must go and rest now, for I have been hearing of sorrows that I cannot help making mine all this morning and am quite overdone. I will write by and bye in a merrier strain. Love to all.

Your loving wife
Mary Ann.

The very reasonable petition of the §s shall be exaucé.[1]

8. Mrs. Bray's Diary confirms the date.

9. Edward Gibbon tells in his *Autobiography* (World's Classics ed., 1935, pp. 165–166) how upon hearing the unfavorable opinions of his friends about his *History of the Liberty of the Swiss,* "I delivered my imperfect sheets to the flames." Lord Sheffield's note, however, says, "He neglected to burn them."

1. Mrs. Bray wrote Miss Hennell 14 April 1845: "Dr. Pollian looked in high spirits this morning, and was so much amused by the petition from her §'s. Moreover she expects to see the innamorato again soon *as a friend;* but do not mention the matter to her any more." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

MRS. CHARLES BRAY TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [COVENTRY, 19 APRIL 1845]

Text: Bray-Hennell Extracts, Tinker Collection, Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

We had a nice invitation to dine at Atherstone Hall [2] to meet Harriet Martineau.[3] . . . M.A. and I both felt that we admire Miss M. much more for having seen her. C. was disappointed with her small ordinary-looking woman's head, and wonders how the poor head can have done so much. Her conversation is delightful, and her manners so perfectly easy and lady-like. She talked much with me about her brother James, Alfred etc. when she found I was related, and of course very much about mesmerism.

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, FOLESHILL, 21 APRIL 1845

Text: Bookman, 3 (January 1893), 119.

Foleshill, April 21st, 1845.

My dear Martha

To prove to you that your note gave me as much pleasure as your affectionate heart could wish, I will tell you that my gratitude for it induces me to answer it at midnight, lest to-morrow should bring some hindrances, disagreeable or agreeable. I think you would be quite satisfied if you could read my heart's record of you. . . .

I would renounce more than one delight for the sake of having again your caresses and your *visible* friendship. As it is, you are a bright picture in my memory, like Raphael's St. Catharine, and I assure you I give you a high place among influences when I range you with pictures. Thank you, my dear Martha, for your inquiries about myself. I am writing, rather wearily, for of translating a great book of 1500 pages there is no speedy end; but as the sun travels from one sign to another, I get from one section to another, and so I suppose I shall come to Beersheba at last.

What should you say to my becoming a wife? Should you think it a duty to ascertain the name of the rash man that you might warn him from putting on such a matrimonial hair-shirt as he would have with me? I did meditate an engagement, but I have determined, whether wisely or not I cannot tell, to defer it, at least for the present.

My health is not of the strongest—dreadful headaches come now

2. Charles Holte Bracebridge (1799–1872) lived at Atherstone Hall near Coventry. He and his wife Selina accompanied Florence Nightingale to Scutari.

3. Harriet Martineau (1802–76), novelist and journalist.

and then to me as well as to the rest of mankind, but idleness is my chief disease, and my most salutary medicine the exhortation, "Work while it is day." [4] I and father go on living and loving together as usual, and it is my chief source of happiness to know that I form one item of his.

So now you know my state, or at least its outward, material part. The spirit varies far more than the forms under which it lives and works, and our souls live two years while our bodies live but two months. Nay, the experience of a week, of a day, may make one grey in wisdom or in sadness as well as in hair. Perhaps you would find some symptoms of age creeping over me if you were with me now, and you would accuse me of being too old for five-and-twenty, which is a sufficiently venerable sum of years in the calendar of young ladies generally. But I can laugh and love and fall into a fit of enthusiasm still, so there is some of the youthful sap left. . . .

I dined last week with Harriet Martineau at Mrs. Bracebridge's, of Atherstone. She is a charming person—quite one of those great people whom one does not venerate the less for having seen. Full of mesmerism and its marvels, as you may suppose.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 29 APRIL 1845]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 29, 1845. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 129–130.

My dear Sara,

Let me assure you for the last time that I never stickle for a word or a phrase unless it express an idea that cannot be equally well conveyed by another. I like *as if* quite as well as *as though* and lastly as well as finally—indeed, rather better. I must have been stone blind to have left the tau out of Christos and apostles [5] and I am truly sorry that you have to correct so many stupid omissions. I am relying a little on the idea that your eye will detect the want of points etc. and I do not therefore consider these matters as minutely as I should otherwise have done, but I will attend to my figures, that is, my Roman letters, for chapters and I will put s. in the notes except *when the quotation is from a Latin work.*[6] *I decidedly agree* to the fs and ffs if

4. John 9:4.

5. Perhaps *Life of Jesus,* I, 338–339, where both words occur in Greek and in translation.

6. In the notes Strauss's Arabic numerals for chapters have been changed to lower-case Roman; his *s.* for references to German works and *p.* for Latin have generally been followed.

you think we are great enough to create a precedent. If you think any of my future manuscript too untidy for the printer only mark it to that effect, and I will re-write it, for I do not mind that mechanical work, and my conscience is rather uneasy lest the illegibility of my hand should increase materially the expense of the publication. Do not be alarmed because I am not well just now—I shall be better very soon and I am not really disgusted with Strauss. I only fancy so sometimes, as I do with all earthly things.

Pollian.

Do not wait until you have something particular to say before you write again. Your letters cheer me greatly.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[FOLESHILL, MAY? 1845]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Mrs. Bray | Rose Hill. *Endorsed:* 1845. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Friend,

I hoped for a fine afternoon in which I could run over the fields to tell you the reason I could not have the pleasure of seeing you yesterday evening. Fanny staid until after tea and I had Father to entertain so that I had no choice in the matter. I expect to have Miss R. Franklin on Monday but I shall at least see you at the Mechanic's Institute and have one of your smiles to cheer me. It must be easier to die for the world than to live for it—easier to die for a principle than to act up to it, and I should be quite glad of such a *short cut* to virtue.

Love to all
Mary Ann.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, MAY 1845]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 130–131.

My dear Sara,

I am alarmed to hear that you are all going to the coast [1] without my having any intimation that Mr. Parkes has fulfilled his promise. I begin utterly to despair that Strauss will ever be published unless I can imitate the Revd Mr. Davis [2] and print it myself. I have no confi-

1. Miss Hennell went with the Brays to Hastings 21 May and stayed until 2 June 1845. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

2. Stephen Davies, Senior Curate of Holy Trinity, Coventry. I have been unable to find any trace of his books.

dence in Mr. Parkes and shall not be surprized if he fail in his engagement altogether—at the very best, if we go on according to the rate of procedure hitherto, the book will not be published within the next two years. This seems dolorous enough to me, whose only real satisfaction just now is some hope that I am not sowing the wind.[3] It is very laughable that I should be irritated about a thing in itself so trifling as a translation, but it is this very triviality of the thing that makes delays provoking. The difficulties that attend a really grand undertaking are to be borne, but things should run smoothly and fast when they are not important enough to demand the sacrifice of one's whole soul. I have not time to write another word. In great haste

Thy loving
Mary Ann.

Mrs. Hennell once told me that Dr. Brabant had translated the Conclusion [4] and that I might possibly have a sight of his translation. Will you inquire about this for me? I should be unpardonable if I neglected any help.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
FOLESHILL, [25 MAY 1845]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1845. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 147, 129, 146.

Foleshill | Sunday.

My dear Friend,

I did think you slow to write, I confess, though I am not at all ready to answer you, for I can tell you nothing of Baby [5] or the Cow or the cleaning. On Friday I was busy all day, yesterday it rained incessantly and I was not well, and today I have been almost wet through since dinner in getting as far as Mr. Berry's [6] lime trees. I am afraid there is no chance of my being able to get to Rosehill this evening so I must make the house affairs the subject of my note to Mr. Bray tomorrow. So you are at Hastings! I cannot at all imagine your whereabout, you write so vaguely. I should like to know whether you have an upstairs room or a down-stairs one, whether there is a plenty or a paucity of easy chairs and sofas, what books you read together and

3. Hosea 8:7.

4. *Leben Jesu,* II, 663–719; *Life of Jesus,* III, 396–446.

5. The Brays' (adopted?) child Elinor Mary (1843–65), called Nelly. See Introduction.

6. Samuel Berry, ribbon manufacturer, lived in Hertford St., Coventry. (F. White, *Warwickshire,* 1850, p. 543.)

what alone, and what was Mr. Hennell's last. Does a certain gentleman stretch and yawn frequently, or in Mr. D'Israeli's style, "extend his arms in the air and emit an exclamation indicative of weariness," or is he tolerably placid under the too great abundance of water? I wish it could be fair at Hastings and rain everywhere else for a few weeks that you might all get some good from the trip. I am sorry to hear that Sara wants it so much. She must have done herself harm with poring over my papers.

I have no news to tell you for I have scarcely heard any one speak since you left except Mr. and Mrs. Pears and a brace of clergymen at church this morning. I had a lecture from Mr. Pears on Friday, as well as a sermon this morning, so you need be in no alarm for my moral health. Do you never think of those Caribs who by dint of flattening their foreheads can manage to see perpendicularly above them without so much as lifting their heads? There are some good people who remind me of them. They see everything so clearly and with so little trouble, but at the price of sad self-mutilation.

Your books are come for the school and I have covered them, at least those that I think you will like for the children—two or three are quite for grown-up people. 'Hoary Head' seems to be a book against infidelity. 'Three experiments of living' is all about a physician and his wife living too extravagantly, very good in its way, but not fit for our urchins. 'The log cabin' [7] is another large book also very good but too mature. I cannot think how Miss A. G.[8] could recommend them for children. What an exquisite little thing that is of Harriet Martineau's —The Crofton Boys. I have had some delightful crying over it. There are two or three lines in it that would feed one's soul for a month. Hugh's mother says to him, speaking of people who have permanent sorrows, "They soon had a new and delicious pleasure which none but the bitterly disappointed can feel—the pleasure of rousing their souls to bear pain, and of *agreeing with God silently,* when nobody knows what is in their hearts." [9]

Tell Mr. Bray I received Sybil [1] yesterday quite safely. I am not

7. Hannah Farnham Sawyer Lee (1780–1865) published anonymously *Three Experiments of Living,* 1837, and *The Log Cabin: Or, the World before You,* 1814. Any thought that the former may have suggested the Lydgate-Rosamond plot in *Middlemarch* is dispelled by reading it.

8. Unidentified.

9. *The Crofton Boys,* 2d ed., 1854, p. 146, reads, "They soon felt a new" etc.

1. Benjamin Disraeli, *Sybil: Or, the Two Nations,* 3 vols, 1845, sent by Bray to be returned to the Coventry Library Society, Hertford St., which was under the management of a committee of twelve. In 1850 it had more than 7000 volumes. (F. White, *Warwickshire,* 1850, p. 493.)

utterly disgusted with D'Israeli. The man hath good veins, as Bacon would say, but there is not enough blood in them. I shall get into disgrace for having a Committee book when I am no committee body. Mr. Bray forgets that I cannot enter it in my name without making worse of the matter but I suppose a forfeit is the extreme consequence and as Schiller's Capuchin says

'Auf das Unrecht folgt das Uebel
Wie Thränen auf den herben Schwiebel,' [2]

which may be freely interpreted

Sorrow follows wrong
As tears the onion strong.

Do not stay longer than is necessary to do you good, lest I should lose the pleasure of loving you, for my affections are always the warmest when my friends are within an attainable distance, contrary to the general rule. I think I can manage to keep respectably warm towards you for three weeks without seeing you but I cannot promise more. Of Baby you shall hear to-morrow, but do not be alarmed. You will not have to chant "O ever thus" over her. Tell Sara I shall write to her on Tuesday. I have a great yearning of heart towards her that is my love-fit just now.

Love to everybody and Heaven bless you all. Tell Mr. Bray I am getting too amiable for this world, and Mr. Donovan's wizard hand would detect a slight corrugation of the skin on my organs 5 and 6: [3] they are so totally without exercise. Good bye, my dear love, and remember the duty of getting fat.

Mary Ann.

2. In *Wallensteins Lager*, viii, 529–530 the Kapuziner says: "Auf das Unrecht da folgt das Übel | Wie die Thrän' auf den herben Zwiebel."

3. Cornelius Donovan gave Bray and GE a lesson in phrenology 22 February 1844. (Bray-Hennell Extracts.) George Combe's *Elements of Phrenology* lists Organ 5 as Combativeness and 6 as Destructiveness.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
FOLESHILL, 27 [MAY 1845]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1845. Strauss Letters. Strauss pub. June 1846 (begun in Jan. 1845). *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill | Tuesday | April [4] 27th.

My dear Sara,

First let me deliver to you my budget of news from Rosehill. I had a most gracious reception this morning from Baby, and carried her to my great fatigue to pay our respects to the Cow. The Baby is quite well and not at all triste on account of the absence of Papa and Mamma, whom she invokes very lustily and shows no dismay that they do not come when she does call for them.[5] Hannah desires me to send word that the Cow has not calved and that Mr. and Miss Bray [6] spent Sunday at Rosehill, to Baby's great delight. The young lady's smiles were abundant this morning, interspersed however with frowns which I am afraid she is taught to think as amusing as the smiles. To me they are anything but interesting.

Thank you dear Sara for your last little note and the packet of papers. I think a great deal of Dr. B.'s translation is in the form of notes, but I have only read the first § and do not mean to read any more except in case of a difficulty. I find it teazes and disturbs me to read any other person's translation. It is like hearing another piano going just a note before you in the same tune you are playing. Nevertheless it is very advantageous to have references in a difficult passage, if such there be, and I am greatly obliged to Mrs. Hennell for letting me have the benefit of Dr. Brabant's loan.

And how are you? Enjoying the sea breezes I hope and able to walk as well as you did in our expedition to Monkstone Point at Tenby.[7] Do you not remember the praises that were lavished on "little Sairey" for mounting the rocks and pacing the sands so well? I would wish for one little walk with you, only when one is about wishing one may as well wish a good one and say a walk with you as often as I want a companion that I love and that does me good, body and soul. I am so very, very tired I can scarcely manage to write sense, for I have been making the most of a delightfully fair afternoon, and taking a long walk without my bonnet that the winds of heaven might visit my head. I hope it is as fair at Hastings. I guess you are all now

4. GE's error. The MS is clear. Tuesday was 29 April, but 27 May.
5. Cf. *I Henry IV*, III, i, 55.
6. Harry and Lizzie Bray.
7. 14–24 July 1843. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

seated round the tea-table, chatting very sociably, and poor I am going to my solitary one. Think of this and be grateful. I am fond of giving an exhortation now and then. Somebody write to me soon and tell me how you all are.

Your true
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 13 JUNE 1845]

MS: Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 132–133.

My dear Sara,

I have just been looking over some of the *revise* and reading again your sweet letter to me from Hastings, and an impulse of gratitude and love will not let me rest without writing you a little note though my head has almost done its possible for the day under this intense heat. You do not guess how much pleasure it gives me to look over your pencillings—they prove so clearly that you have really entered into the meaning of every sentence, and it always gives one satisfaction to see the evidence of brain work. I am quite indebted to you for your care and I feel greatly the advantage of having a *friend* to undertake the office of critic. There is one word I must mention,—*Azazel* is the word put in the original of the O.T. for the scape-goat.[8] Now I imagine there is some dubiousness about the meaning and that Strauss would not think it right to translate *scape-goat,* because from the tenor of his sentence he appears to include Azazel with the evil demons. I wonder if it be supposed by any one that Azazel is in any way a distinct being from the goat. I know no Hebrew Scholar, and have access to no Hebrew Lexicon. Have you asked Mr. Hennell about it?

It was sadly disappointing to me to have no more quiet intercourse with you in London [9]—but we shall find time. Your letter describes what I *have felt* rather than what I feel. It seems as if my affections were quietly sinking down to temperate and I every day seem more and more to value thought rather than feeling. I do not think this is man's best estate, but it is better than what I have sometimes known.

Where do you think we, i.e. Mr. and Mrs. Bray and I, went last night, wishing that you were with us? To Birmingham to see Macready

8. Leviticus 16:8 etc.

9. Mr. Bray took GE to London 2–4 June 1845 to meet Mrs. Bray and Miss Hennell. "M.A. looks all the better for her London trip," Mrs. Bray wrote. "I never saw her as blooming and buoyant." (Yale.)

act Brutus![1] I was not disappointed on the whole, and it was a real treat, notwithstanding a ranting Cassius and a fat, stumpy Cæsar and a screeching Calpurnia. I am coughing myself into such heats that I cannot write any more. Ever, dear Sara,

Your affectionate
Pollian.

Friday.

CHARLES CHRISTIAN HENNELL TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [LONDON,] 17 JULY 1845

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Sara

The enclosed came after you left. A visitor came to my office yesterday, longe expectatus Mr. P——[2] cum tribus checkis, the whole infinitely to my satisfaction.

£150 to be paid next week

75 1 November

75 22 January, but I do not mean to consider the last available, because all besides £100 is out of his own pocket, and I think it hard upon him. We must make up about £70.

Dr. E.[3] called, and is much interested; he would have given me £10, but is too much shocked at the idea of the *bookseller* getting all the profit. Today he writes that Bailliere[4] consents to pay half the expenses of publication, and take half the profit. The bargain with Mr. C.[5] must certainly be amended before concluded.

Yours affectionately
C. C. H.

17 July 1845.

The West End gentleman's name is now to be dropped. I am the person who does the affair.

1. In 1845 Macready played Brutus in Birmingham only 12 June. See *Macready's Reminiscences, and Selections from His Diaries and Letters,* ed. Sir Frederick Pollock, New York, 1875, p. 569.

2. Joseph Parkes, the West End gentleman mentioned in the postscript.

3. Perhaps John Elliotson (1791–1868).

4. Hippolite Baillière, foreign bookseller, 219 Regent St.

5. John Chapman, who eventually published the book.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [AUGUST? 1845]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 133–134.

Foleshill | Friday Evening.

My dear Sara,

On looking over your note again this evening I see you ask me to send the German of § 34 to 43 *immediately*. I am very sorry I was so careless as not to observe this yesterday and send them to you then. I have only a few minutes now to enclose them and tell you how glad I was to have your thoughts both in poetry and prose. It was very kind of you to send me those pretty lines—I shall treasure them among my *external* relics of you but the most precious remembrances are those I carry in my memory and my heart. I am not ashamed to confess that I should like to be idle with you for a little while more than anything else I can think of just now. But alas! leathery brain must work at leathery Strauss for a short time before my butterfly days come. O how I shall spread my wings then and caress you with my antennæ!

Anent the Greek my dear Sara—It would produce very dreadful cold perspirations indeed in me if there were anything amounting to a serious error but this I trust there will not be. You must really expect me if not to sleep and snore *aliquando* at least to nod in the course of some thousand pages.

I shall send you a muddy draught and bolus of miracles by Mr. Bray. This part of the work pleases me the least and is the weakest. You will very likely be able to read all in order before the Conclusion, but it signifies nothing to your appreciation of that. I should like you to be deliberate over the Schlussabhandlung.[6] It is the only part on which I have bestowed much pains, for the difficulty was *piquing*, not *piquant*. I am afraid you will pull a wry face at the bad writing, but indeed you must be merciful, only if there is any too bad I bear a conscience. Getting dark.

Your affectionate
Pollian.

6. Strauss's "Concluding Dissertation" deals with the Christological implications of his argument, which involved much subtle definition of terms in translating.

SARA SOPHIA HENNELL TO MRS. CHARLES CHRISTIAN HENNELL, [COVENTRY, AUGUST 1845]

Text: Copy in Sara Hennell's hand, Yale. *Endorsed:* Au. 1845. *Hitherto unpublished.*

I have been talking with Miss Evans about the Strauss, and she wishes decidedly to have the correcting of her own proofs and revises herself. She said she should wish to undertake the expense of the postage herself so that she need have no scruples or anxiety about it. But at the same time she would be *very glad* of the benefit of Charles's revision, if he can give it, and would like to send the proofs after she has corrected them, to him with the German to be forwarded to the printer. If they were sent to him in town, and he could forward them the same day, it would cause least delay; but even if he had to take them home, she thinks it would be worth while. Any alteration which was merely a matter of taste, she says, she should like him to make; if it affected the fidelity of the translation, she should wish to reconsider it herself, either delaying the proof, or altering it in the revise.

Please to turn over these matters according to your discretion and send her word in due time. I long to know how it is getting on—rather wishing it may not come to her till I return, that I may direct her notice to various things.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [SEPTEMBER? 1845]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill | Tuesday.

My dear Sara,

With a most awful pain in my *Eingeweide* which scarcely leaves me the power of thinking, I can only recall one instance among the very numerous ones in which Strauss has used the terms *Materielle* and *Formelle* in what I have translated. They correspond you know to our substance and accident more nearly than to any other words of ours, but I have generally I believe translated by some periphrasis or where the ideas were less prominent somehow thus— Substantially or essentially the narration of M—— is correct, though in accessory details, or subsidiary circumstances or unessential points he has been misled by etc. It will not do to translate the words always the same though that might seem the proper plan at first. For sometimes the introduction of them is of real and obvious use and has an influence on the sense,

and at another time they are a mere pleonasm or else could not be strictly represented in English without committing an arrant Germanism. I could not say how I would translate them unless I saw the passage in which they occur. I am sorry my memory does not serve me well to-day, but your words on the scrap of envelope were send *immediately* so I do not wait for a more propitious hour. I wish a spirit of Charity would animate you for 5 minutes and set your fingers at work on a bit of scribble to me. When shall I see the first sheet just as a specimen?

Mary Ann.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 25 SEPTEMBER 1845]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Sep. 25. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 134–135.

Thursday.

My dear Sara,

I am delighted with the proof—the type and everything else are just what I wished. To see the first sheet is the next best thing to seeing the last which I hope we shall all have done this time next year. I have never yet been able to learn whether the volumes are to come out separately or all at once. Some time when you write to Rosehill or to me, do send me word. I see the Greek notes are given in the Introduction just as they are in the original. Will it not look rather queer to begin with giving Greek and then to alter the plan? I have been thinking over the matter of the notes and it seems to me that when, as is generally the case the substance or the leading idea contained in them is given in the text it would look very ungeschickt to translate *without at the same time giving the Greek,* since Strauss's object is to verify his assertions rather than to give information by the quotations at the foot.[7] What thinkest thou?

There is a very misty vision of a trip to the Highlands haunting us in this quarter. The vision would be much pleasanter if Sara were one of the images in it. You would surely go if we went, and then the thing would be perfect.[8] I long to see you, for you are becoming a sort

7. In the *Life of Jesus* Greek quotations in the notes are given without translation through I, 256, the part that Rufa Brabant translated. Thereafter, when the sense of the Greek does not appear in the text to which it is appended, a translation is given too.

8. Miss Hennell came to Coventry 8 October. Two days later she wrote her mother: "The Scotland trip is still misty —M.A. is engaged with family troubles." 12 October she wrote again: "It is at last settled that Cara and I are to go with CB to Scotland, much grieving that M.A. is

of transfigured existence, a mere ideal to me and I have nothing to tell me of your flesh and blood self but sundry very useful little pencil marks and a scrap of Mrs. Bray's notes now and then. So if you would have me bear in my memory your own self and not some aerial creation that I call by your name you must make your appearance. Ever dear Sara

Your true and affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO JOHN SIBREE, FOLESHILL,
[14 OCTOBER 1845]

MS: Miss Mary Kirby. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill | Tuesday morning.

In the hurry of setting off suddenly for Scotland Miss Evans is anxious to express to Mr. J. Sibree her real gratitude for his prompt and efficient attention to her request. She is more obliged than her haste will allow her to tell. She has this moment received his second note for which she thanks him, and will give the notes a thorough examination on her return, so as to be able to avail herself of Mr. J. Sibree's kindness should any further question arise respecting them.

Miss E. is ashamed to send so hasty an acknowledgment of a great favour but she is *standing* for the two or three minutes which are left her for writing and is afraid of leaving twenty things undone.

prevented from accompanying us by the bankruptcy of her brother-in-law, which brings upon her the charge of her sister and family for the present. She is much disappointed." But in the next letter Miss Hennell writes: "After all to our great delight M.A. is of our party. She looked so miserable at our going without her, that CB persuaded her father it was most desirable for the good of her health. So the Strauss must wait till she returns." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

Their itinerary is given in Mrs. Bray's Diary for October 1845: "14 Set out. Resurrection, Liverpool. Rathbones, Martineaus, Steam Packet. 15 Greenock and Glasgow. 16 Saw Glasgow Cathedral. D'orsays. 17 Dumbarton and Ballock Inn. 18 Up Loch Lomond to Tarbet Inn. 19 Scotch Kirk Mr. McKenzie. 20 Walked by the shore of Loch Lomond. 21 From Lomond to Trosach's Inn. 22 Rambled about Loch Katrine. 23 Callander, Brackline Falls. 24 Stirling. Falkirk to Edinbro'. 25 Holyrood. Edin', Mr. Simpsons. 26 Galashiels, Abbotsford, Melrose. 27 To Birmingham. 28. Came home."

SARA SOPHIA HENNELL TO MRS. JAMES HENNELL, [COVENTRY], 29 OCTOBER 1845

Text: Bray-Hennell Extracts, Tinker Collection, Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

[At Edinburgh:]

We were all in ecstasies, but Mary Ann's were beyond everything —but here we met with a sad damper to all our pleasure—there was a letter from her brother which had been following her from Glasgow, saying that her father had broken his leg the very night she set out, and begging her to come home as soon as possible. We could not let her travel 300 miles alone, as she wished, and after much difficulty in contriving, CB. persuaded her to be easy and stay with us over another day, as the letter said her father was going on well.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [FOLESHILL, 1845]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Dec. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 135.

Dear Sara,

I have *not* the German of § 81. I gave you from § 64 to 84. I cannot therefore alter the passage which you have copied and which I have just this moment had the misfortune to drop into the pie. Nor can I decide about the note 12. I think I remember that the "uninterrupted agony of God" [9] refers to the words "My Father worketh hitherto etc.," and I fancy they are an addition of my own to make the reference clear, but of course I cannot judge anything about the matter without the German. Hellenistic [1] you may venture to put instead of Greek. The only meaning of Doppel-Gänger [2] is a double-sighted person, i.e. one who sees more than is visible to healthy organs. You must not alter that. Please to tell Mr. Hennell that 'habits of thought' is not a translation of the word *particularismus.* This does not mean national idiosyncrasy, but is a word which characterizes that idiosyncrasy. If he decidedly objects to *particularism* ask him to be so good as substitute *exclusiveness* [3] though there is a shade of meaning in *par*[*ticularis*]*m* which even that does not express. It was because the word could only

9. *Leben Jesu,* I, 673, "der nie unterbrochenen Thatigkeit Gottes" becomes in *Life of Jesus,* II, 167, "the uninterrupted activity of God."

1. *Leben Jesu,* I, 675, "hellenistische" becomes in *Life of Jesus,* II, 164, "Hellenistic."

2. GE probably used the word to translate *Leben Jesu,* I, 551, "das Visionäre"; in *Life of Jesus,* II, 55, however, it becomes "the visionary."

3. *Leben Jesu,* I, 531, "Particularismus" becomes in *Life of Jesus,* II, 37, "rigid exclusiveness."

be translated by a circumlocution that I ventured to anglicise it.

I am very much hurried to-day, being obliged to go out, so that I have been obliged to answer you hastily. Be so good as to make yourself quite sure as to what German you have.

Thine,
Mary Ann.

Sunday.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 1845]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Sara,

You are quite right about the ausser den etc. Please to alter it and strike out the interpolations of the faithless Dr. Pollian.

So dass wir hier keine Parabel haben, sondern eine Allegorie. Es bildet also diese Stelle wenigstens (und wir werden auch keine andre finden; denn mit dem sogenannten Gleichniss vom Weinstock, K. XV. hat es, wie auch Lücke sieht, die gleiche Bewandtniss wie mit diesem) keine Instanz gegen die Art, wie neuere Kritiker ihren Verdacht gegen das vierte Evangelium auch dadurch zu begründen gesucht haben, dass es von der parabolischen Lehrweise, welche Jesus den übrigen Evangelisten zufolge so sehr liebte, nichts zu wissen scheine.

Please to alter the beginning of this as you think best. It was to avoid the awkwardness of the parenthesis, and the ungrammatical use of *andre,* that I varied it from the German.[4]

We want to hear more of you. Be not sparing of your letters to the *firm.* You may be as trockene as you like when you are writing to the troublesome Co. that has the honour of addressing you at this moment.

Please, dearie, to be very careful of the scrap of German that I send and return it to me.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 1845]

MS: Yale. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 134.

My dear Sara,

As I have been obliged to lose two days this week, and shall have to give a third to my teeth I do not think it worth while to wait for the week's harvest, so I send you last week's, with the part you returned

4. This passage, *Leben Jesu,* I, 680, is translated quite closely in *Life of Jesus,* II, 169; the parenthesis is retained.

by Mrs. Bray's parcel. I am glad you sent it. Thank you for all little notes thrust in between the proofs. They are very refreshing in this valley of Baca.[5] I am never pained when I think Strauss right—but in many cases I think him wrong, as every man must be in working out into detail an idea which has general truth, but is only one element in a perfect theory, not a perfect theory in itself. I have not another minute.

Thine.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 18 DECEMBER 1845]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Thursday Evening.

My dear Sara,

It was pleasant to see a little scrap from you this morning as a proof that you are safe at Clapton.[6] I am not writing to-night out of affection, though there is good store of it prompting thoughts of you many times in the day. I am writing to tell you how vexed I am to see the indistinctness of the Greek in the proof. It makes my eyes ache to look at it, and if it be equally faint in the final impression I think it must be considered a great defect in the getting up of the work. Look for example at p. 371 in the proof of to-day.[7] One had need be Alexis [8] to read it. It may be owing to some cause which is removed in striking off the sheets, for I observe a good many faint places in the English. If not, do make a fuss about it, for it seems to me a very important point.

Not a word more to throw at a dog. So said Rosalind to Celia and so says one to thee, who loves thee as well as Rosalind did her Coz— [9]

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 31 DECEMBER 1845]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Jan. 1846. *Published:* Cross, I, 137–138.

Dear Sara,

I do pity you with the drunken Christmas workmen, keeping you in this uncomfortable interregnum.[1] But do not go distraught—the spring

5. The valley of weeping, Psalms 84:6.

6. Miss Hennell left Rosehill 15 December. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

7. In the printed volume (I, 371) the Greek is perfectly clear.

8. Père Alexis is the learned monk in George Sand's *Spiridion.*

9. Cf. *As You Like It,* I, iii, 2. The letter is unsigned.

1. Mrs. James Hennell gave up her house at Hackney and moved with Sara to Clarence Place, Clapton, 1 January 1846. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

will really come and the birds—many having had to fly across the Atlantic which is farther than you have to go to establish yourself.

I could easily give the meaning of the Hebrew word in question, as I know where to borrow a lexicon,[2] but observe, there are two Hebrew words untranslated in this proof. I do not think it well to give the English in one place and not in another where there is no reason for such distinction—and there is not here, for the note in this proof sounds just as fee-fo-fum-ish as the other, without any translation. I could not alter the troublesome, because it is the nearest usable adjective for schwierig, which stands in the German. I am tired of inevitable *importants* and cannot bear to put them when they do not represent the German.

I have an invitation to refuse—just come.

Thine in haste
Mary Ann.

Wednesday.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, 26 JANUARY 1846

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 138.

Foleshill | January 26 /46.

Dearest Sara,

I have sent a parcel for you by the Railway. I hope to hear of its safe arrival. I have been sadly occupied for the last ten days. My Father has been ill and has required much attention, and my own head was very middling for some days, so that I send you but a poor cargo of new M.S. Indeed on looking through the last quire of paper this morning for the purpose of putting in the Greek, it seemed all very poor to me but the subject is by no means inspiring, and no muse would condescend to visit such an uncertain votary as I have been for the last week or so.

You will see that I have put the name of a sect which Strauss mentions in pencil, because I am not certain as to the English form of the word. Will you be so good as to find out the correct mode of spelling? There are some loose leaves in the first quire of paper, on the 'discourses of Jesus.' I have trusted to your care and goodness to fasten them.

How is it that I have only had one proof this week? You know we

2. The Rev. William Drake, Lecturer of St. John's, Coventry, and 2d Master of the Free Grammar School, was Examiner in Hebrew in the University of London 1840–60. Perhaps it was his lexicon.

are five hundred pages in advance of the printer, so you need not be dreadfully alarmed.

I have been so pleased to hear some of your letters read to me, but alas! I can reflect no pleasure at this moment for I have a woful pain and am in a desperate hurry.

Ever thine,
Mary Ann.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, JANUARY? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Achates,[4]

I did not receive thy parcel until Friday afternoon, for what reason I know not, and as I intended to send mine the next morning I did not think it worth while to write. I hope you received my parcel on Saturday evening—I sent it to the Railw[ay] in the middle of the day.

Am I to translate the Prefaces [5]—with a murrain to them! If so you must please to send them me for I have never had that part of the German edition. The printers are very scurvy, detestable people for keeping us dragging on so long with their far-between proofs. I did not see your initials at the end of today's but I judged from your marks that you had checked the Greek and the figures. Was it so? If not please to notice in the revise, for I have not done it, though I can in future if you like, as I am idle now. Please to remember the German from 512 to 545.[6]

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, JANUARY? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Jan. 1846. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Sunday.

My dear Sara,

I sent a parcel of M.S. to you on Friday. Have you received it? I thought I should have heard that it had arrived safely when you sent

4. "I used to claim to be her *'fidus Achates'* regardless of the apparent irrelevance to an orthodox point of view, seeing the nature of the work, of my thus making of her my *'pius Æneas.'*" (S. S. Hennell, *A Memoir of Charles Christian Hennell*, privately printed, 1899, p. 119.)

5. Strauss reprinted his preface to the 1st ed. before that to the 4th. GE translated them both.

6. Sigs. 33 and 34 in Vol. II.

the proof. I have written to Mr. Hennell with the proof anent the word apothegm.[7] What is the reason the Narrs of the printers are so like the North Midland Railway? I wish they would keep to their 3 proofs a week, neither more nor less.

Ever thine,
Mary Ann.

MRS. CHARLES BRAY TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, COVENTRY, 14 FEBRUARY 1846

Text: Bray-Hennell Extracts, Tinker Collection, Yale. *Published:* Cross, I, 139.

We have seen more of M.A. than usual this week. She said she was Strauss-sick—it made her ill dissecting the beautiful story of the crucifixion, and only the sight of her Christ-image and picture[8] made her endure it. Moreover as her work advances nearer its public appearance, she grows dreadfully nervous. Poor thing, I do pity her sometimes with her pale sickly face and dreadful headaches, and anxiety too about her father. This illness of his [has] tried her so much, for all the time she had for rest and fresh air, she had to read to him. Nevertheless she looks very happy and satisfied at times with her work.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, [FOLESHILL, FEBRUARY? 1846]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Fanny

Alas, alas! must you really part with your servant? In this world of compromise can you not come to a compromise with Mary Bunney? The dearth of servants is so dire—poor Sarah has heard of no cook yet.

Father is still very poorly—but I hope pills and mixture will set him right again without any further relapse. When can you come? Send us word, since we have proved that our mesmeric intercourse does not extend to a communication of the right times and seasons.

7. Probably *Life of Jesus*, II, 452 ff., translating Strauss's "die Gnome," *Leben Jesu*, II, 234.

8. The image was "a cast, 20 inches high, of Thorwaldsen's grand figure of the risen Christ, which was placed in her study at Foleshill." (Cross, New Edition, p. 82. Cf. Cross, I, 139, where it is described as an ivory image of the crucified Christ.) The picture was an engraving of Christ which GE considered using as a frontispiece for the Strauss; it was later given to John Sibree and is now in the Coventry City Libraries' collection.

Father sends his love—He ate his dinner with a relish today, so do not form too gloomy a picture of him.

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 4 MARCH 1846]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 4 March 1846. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 142.

Beloved Achates,

Will it not please thee to have some more manuscript in company with the requisite scrap of German, that, if necessary, it may be returned by Mr. Bray, and so the proceedings be quickened, or shall I wait until the 25th? [9] Send me word in the next extra-blatt attached to a proof.

The last 100 pages [1] have certainly been totally uninteresting to me, considered as matter for translation. Strauss has inevitably anticipated in the earlier part of his work all the principles and many of the details of his criticism, and he seems fagged himself. Mais courage! the neck of the difficulty is broken, and there is really very little to be done now. If one's head would but keep in anything like thinking and writing order! Mine has robbed me of half the last fortnight —but I am a little better now and am saying to myself *Frisch zu!* The crucifixion and the resurrection are at all events better than the bursting asunder of Judas.[2] I am afraid I have not made this dull part of Strauss even as tolerable as it might be, for both body and mind have recoiled from it.

Anything heard of Strauss's preface yet? The 3d volume *might* begin with the Transfig[uratio]n [3] if the symmetry of the volumes be a preferable consideration to the proper division of the subject, and I think it is true the latter could not be observed in the two first volumes. Thank you dearest, for all your love and patience for me and with me. I have nothing on earth to complain of but subjective maladies. Father

9. GE went to Clapton 26 May 1846. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

1. *Leben Jesu,* II, 386–492; *Life of Jesus,* III, 138–238.

2. Strauss had quoted the legend of Oecumenius "that Judas, as an awful example of impiety, had his body distended to such a degree, that a space where a chariot could pass was no longer sufficiently wide for him, and that at last being crushed by a chariot, he burst asunder and all his bowels were pressed out." (*Life of Jesus,* III, 236.) The accounts of the Crucifixion and Resurrection follow.

3. It does. Part III begins in *Life of Jesus,* III, 45.

is pretty well and I have not a single excuse for discontent through the livelong day.

Thy
Pollian.

I was pleased on the whole with the two §§ on the *devils.*[4]

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 10? MARCH? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Pollianus Achati suo salutem. Recepi epistolam suam, de notâ in ultimo proofo. Certè p. 93 non rectus est. Quod est rectus ignoro, quia—Non est vero. Oblitus sum quod Introductionem habeo. Debet esse p. *81*—Perdidimus fratrem tuum—Eheu![5] (Au but de mon temps et de mon Latin.) Vale!

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, MARCH? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Published:* Cross, I, 136–137.

My dear Sara,

As Mr. Bray tells me that you were disappointed not to have any new M.S., I send you to-day the conclusion of the chapter you are reading, and unless you find anything of importance to be rectified, you need not return this to me, but may forward the whole to the Printer as soon as you have read it.

I am not altogether satisfied with the use of the word Sacrament as applied specifically to the Abendmahl. It seems like a vulgarism to say, *the* Sacrament, for one thing, and for another, it does not seem *aboriginal* enough in the life of Jesus: but I know of no other word that can be substituted.[6] I have altered passover to paschal meal, but τὸ πάσχα is used in the New Testament of the eating of the lamb, par excellence. You remember in the title of the first § in the Schluss which I had been so careless as to omit, the expression is "Nothwendiger Uebergang der Kritik in das *Dogma.*" Now Dogmatism will not do, as that would represent *Dogmatismus.* Dogmatik is the idea I believe

4. §§ 92–93, *Life of Jesus,* III, 239–278.

5. Charles Hennell stayed at Rosehill 8–9 March 1846. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

6. "The Christian supper" (III, 150), "the Lord's supper" (III, 173), and "the ritual supper" (III, 176) were some of the phrases used to translate "Abendmahl."

—i.e. positive theology. Is it allowable to say *dogmatics,* think you? [7] I do not understand how the want of M.S. can be so pressing, as I have only had one proof for the last fortnight. It seems quite dispiriting to me now not to see the proofs regularly.

I have had a miserable week of headache, but am better now, and ready for work, to which I must go.

Thine lovingly,
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, MARCH? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 141.

I think on the whole, my fidem Achates, that 'the Lord's Supper' is better than 'the Sacrament.' My objection to it was the awkwardness of saying "Jesus instituted the Lord's Supper." It reminded me of who was the father of Zebedee's Children? But I think the grand consideration that there are many sacraments—7 Romish and 2 Anglican —must carry the day against *the* Sacrament.

I wish we could get the book out in May. Why not? I suppose the binding could not be all got through. The printing and writing I should think might be managed in time.

Shouldn't I like to fleet the time away with thee as they did in the Golden Age—after all our toils to lie reclined on the hills (spiritually), like gods together, careless of mankind.[8] Sooth to speak idleness —and idleness with thee is just the most tempting mirage you could raise before my mind's eye—I say mirage because I am determined from henceforth to believe in no substantiality for future time, but to live in and love the present, of which I have done too little. Still the thought of being with you in your own home will attract me to the future for without all controversy I love thee and I miss thee.

Pollian.

7. The title of §144 appears as "Necessary Transition from Criticism to Dogma." (III, 396.)

8. Cf. Tennyson, "The Lotos Eaters: Choric Song," stanza 8.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, MARCH? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 141–142.

My soul kisses thee dear Sara in gratitude for those dewy thoughts of thine in this morning's note. My poor adust soul wants such refreshment. Continue to do me good—hoping for nothing again. I have had my sister with me all day—an interruption, alas! I cannot write more, but I should not be happy to let the day pass without saying one word to thee.

Pollian.

Tuesday Evening.

I am sorry Mr. Hennell has chosen this proof.[9] I do not think it so good as some others.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, APRIL? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Beloved Achates,

Have I really written exegesists? I can hardly believe it because this travesty of the right word seems as if it were quite strange to my eyes and hand. If I have it is only another proof that my brain is a very wishy-washy material—that the ideas are like the imperfect crystallizations from thin salt and water. ἐξηγητὴς is the Greek word meaning an interpreter, expounder. It is very vexatious if I have allowed such a blunder to pass. But I must say in a more humble sense than Pilate "What I have written I have written" [1]—only I think some of my queer t's have been taken for s's. But I am a numskull and there's the end of it.

Your eyes are brighter than ever I know when they look at your real live little nephew.[2] I heartily rejoice with you for your sake and eke for papa's and mamma's.

Thy
Pollian.

9. To send to Strauss as a specimen.
1. John 19:22.
2. Frank Spenser Hennell (4 April 1846–1935), the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Christian Hennell.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, APRIL? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Beloved Achates,

I have considered the subject of division, or rather the division of the subject, and I am decidedly for beginning the third volume with the history of the Passion i.e. the third Part. The transfiguration and entrance into J[erusale]m extend over only 40 pages, and they would make no great difference either way.

I am going to have visitors all next week, so that I shall not have so much done by the time Mr. Bray goes to London as I could wish. But 'things must be as they may.' [3] Thanks for a sight of the letter to Strauss. <I protest against the Bezeichnung of myself as far away both from the truth and the point, but there can be no great harm done.> [4]

I cannot believe that I ever translated the passage "am wenigsten bloss psychisch zu heilenden etc." [5] in the way given by the proof—there must have been some bungling in the way of putting the words in the M.S. It is not ambiguous, for *am wenigsten* always signifies *the* least—wenigstens, *at* least. I have followed your plan of chiaro-oscuro erasure, which I understand to signify that a sentence is quite private or to be taken no practical notice of.

Farewell my einzige.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 12? APRIL 1846]

MS: Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 140–141.

Beloved Achates,

I have been guilty of the most unpardonable piece of carelessness for which I am stretched on a rack of anxiety and mortification. In the proof (the one which begins p. 385) that came on Thursday I unwittingly drew out a ¼ sheet with the blotting paper, and did not discover the mistake until Saturday morning when about to correct the last proof. Surely the printer would discover the absence of the four

3. *Henry V,* II, i, 22.

4. This sentence is lightly overscored with a cursive scrawl, the "plan of chiaro-oscuro erasure" referred to at the end.

5. *Leben Jesu,* II, 94; *Life of Jesus,* II, 322, reads: "one the least susceptible of merely psychical influence."

pages and wait for them—otherwise I would rather have lost one of my toes [6] or all the hair from my head than have committed such a faux pas. For there were three very awkward blunders to be corrected. Main*taining* had been put for maintains, making nonsense of a whole sentence—*in* for *is* in an important passage—and *later* theologians instead of *the latter theologian* which is worse than all because it would be taken for a mistranslation instead of a misprint.[7] All this vexation makes a cold and headache doubly intolerable and I am in a most purgatorial state on this "good Sunday." [8] I shall send the proofs with the unfortunate ¼ sheet and an explanation to-night to Mr. C.[9]—and prithee do thou inquire and see that the right thing is done. It is all right anent the volumes.

The tears are streaming from my smarting eyes, so fare well.

Thine entirely
Pollian.

Sunday.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, APRIL? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dearest A.

A young lady of my acquaintance [1] is so judicially blinded as to think translation and nothing but translation would be an easier life than that of a governess. She has asked me if it be possible for a person to get regular employment in this way. I do not suppose any scheme of the kind is practicable, and so I told her, but I promised to enquire

6. Cross reads "fingers."

7. All the corrections were made in *Life of Jesus*, II, 391, 394.

8. Easter Sunday fell on 12 April 1846. But it is doubtful that GE means "Easter" by this phrase, which she uses also [4 June 1848].

9. John Chapman, the publisher.

1. Miss Bradley Jenkins, a schoolfellow of GE's at the Miss Franklins'. She told Mathilde Blind that GE seemed quite as remarkable at school as after she had acquired fame. Miss Jenkins "looked up at her 'as at a mountain.' . . . Being greatly in advance of the other pupils in the knowledge of French, Miss Evans and Miss Jenkins were taken out of the general class and set to study it together; but, though the two girls were thus associated in a closer fellowship, no real intimacy apparently followed from it. The latter watched the future 'George Eliot' with intense interest, but always felt as if in the presence of a superior, though socially their positions were much on a par. This haunting sense of superiority precluded the growth of any closer friendship between the two fellow-pupils." (M. Blind, *George Eliot*, 1883, pp. 17–18.) She spoke also of seeing some original verses written on the blank page of GE's German dictionary.

for her. Her idea is that she could live in London and get her bread by turning German and French into English from morning to night. I wish you would be so good as to get a decided verdict against any such plan from an authoritative quarter that I might get the maggot out of her brain. Please do not mention the matter except for the sake of the inquiry, as she begged me to be secret.

Thine.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, APRIL? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Achates,

I have *no doubt* that Paschaabend must be translated the ev*ening* of the Passover, and I think if you look at the passage again you will see that it would make nonsense of it to translate *eve* of the passover. "Je mehr das letzte mit ihrem Meister gehaltene Mahl den Jüngern über alle Paschamahle gegangen sei, desto weniger sei ihnen auf die Zeit desselben, ob es am Paschaabend selbst, oder einen Tag früher gehalten worden war, angekommen." [2] Now the only question as to the time of the meal is whether it was eaten on the evening of the 14th Nisan i.e. *not* the *eve* of the passover, but the commencement of the Passover itself, or on the evening of the 13th Nisan, which would be what Strauss calls the *Vorabend* des Pascha.

The synoptists say that the last supper was taken at the proper time for eating the passover—John intimates throughout his story that it was taken on the evening before (Vorabend) that of eating the passover. "Paschaabend selbst" expresses the representation of the synoptists, and the *eve* of the passover was not the proper time for eating the Paschal meal. I am tired and hurried, but if I have not made the matter clear, your own logical faculty will do it.

The perpetual recurrence of the stiff expression Paschal meal is very ugly, and I think passover might properly have been used interchangeably for the eating of the Paschal lamb, especially as it is so in the quotations from the New T. and as 'feast of the passover' is the best way of indicating the Gesammtheit of the passover—but this is not of much consequence. I have been hindered, and shall not be able to send the next parcel before Thursday or Friday. Do you think Mr.

2. GE quotes from *Leben Jesu*, II, 398. The translation is correctly given as "evening of the passover" in *Life of Jesus*, III, 150.

Chapman is advertising sufficiently? I hope he is not so penny wise as to economize in that particular.

Thine
Pollian.

Do not ask anybody about the meaning of Paschaabend because the nature of the subject is the only evidence.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, APRIL? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Brief extract published:* Cross, I, 135–136.

Tuesday Morning.

Beloved Achates,

I have been idle, and have not done a stroke to the prefaces, but they shall be sent as soon as possible. Thanks for the copy of the Latin preface and letter. They are in preconceived harmony with my ideas of the appropriate.[3] I do not quite understand what you mean about the two first volumes being completed. Are then the prefaces and index to be printed immediately before the rest of the 3d volume? [4] It would be very stupid for a reviewer to see the 2 first volumes and no more.

The friend of whom I spoke is Miss Jenkins [5] whom you will remember as Mrs. Whittem's governess. This is quite a secret, and must above all not be mentioned to Cara or Mr. Bray, as Miss J. would be extremely hurt to find that her little project was known. She merely asked me for the sake of information on the subject. She is clever, but whether clever enough to trust to her brains alone for a living I dare not venture to say. She poor girl evidently has the utmost repugnance to the life of a governess. She is good and conscientious, but rather utopian and freakish. She thinks she could sit from morn till noon,

3. Having seen the sheet of proofs sent him by Charles Hennell, Strauss contributed a Latin preface to the translation, I, v–viii, dated Heilbronn, "Med. mens. April. a. 1846," in which he says "*ut de translato in eorum linguam, licet interpretatio, quantum quidem eius inspicere potuerim, et accurata et perspicua sit.*" (p. vi.) To the Brays and Mr. James Simpson of Edinburgh, who was visiting them, GE showed more enthusiasm. Mrs. Bray wrote her sister that Simpson "was as much delighted as we at Strauss's elegant preface and could better appreciate his exquisite Latin. M.A. is delighted beyond measure; it is just what she likes. And what a nice letter too! The Latin is quite beyond me, but the letter shows how neatly he can express himself." (Bray-Hennell Extracts, 27 April 1846.)

4. There is no index in *The Life of Jesus,* but each volume has a table of contents as in the original.

5. In 1879 GE recommended Miss Jenkins to William Blackwood as a translator of French. "We sat side by side on the same form translating Miss Edgeworth into French when we were girls," she wrote. (3 September 1879. NLS.)

from noon till dewy eve,[6] translating German or French without feeling the least fatigue. I shall tell her that I have asked the opinion of one friend, who thinks the speculation höchst precär, and shall I not say that that friend has had experience which warrants her to pronounce teaching better work for the soul than translating? There are not even the devil's wages for a translator—profit and fame. She says she wants neither, but only food and clothing.

Once more, this is for thy private ear. In great haste,

Thine gratefully and lovingly
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, APRIL? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 139–140.

Health and greeting my Achates, in this veritable Spring month. I shall send you a parcel on Monday with 64 new pages of German for your intellectual maw. The next parcel, which will be the LAST! I shall send you on the Monday following and when you have read to the end, you may if you think it desirable send the whole to me.

Your dull ass does not mend his pace for beating: but he *does* mend it when he finds out that he is near his journey's end, and makes you wonder how he could pretend to find all the previous drawing so hard for him. I plead guilty to having set off in a regular scamper—but be lenient and do not scold me if you find all sorts of carelessnesses in these last 100 pages. They are very interesting.

Not a moment more can your never-having-time-to-write-pretty-letters potter's vessel give.

Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, MAY? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Beloved A.

Thou mayst make as many alterations as thou pleasest in these prefaces, for they are vilely done and want galvanizing to put more point into them.

6. *Paradise Lost*, I, 742–743.

This is not the brightest of May mornings but I hope thou hast o' sun within to cheer thee.

Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, MAY? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Published:* Cross, I, 136.

Dear Achates,

I will leave the title-page to you and Mr. Hennell. <I think what you suggest will do very well.> * Thanks for the news in your last *extra Blatt.* I am glad to find that the theological organs are beginning to deal with philosophy but I can hardly imagine your writer to be a friend with a false cognizance on his shield. These dear orthodox people talk so simply sometimes that one cannot help fancying them satirists of their own doctrines and fears though they mean manfully to fight against the enemy.

Farewell, tea calls.

Pollian.

* I should like if possible to throw the emphasis on *critically* in the title-page. Strauss means it to be so.[7] And yet I do not know how we can put anything better than what you say.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, MAY? 1846]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 142–143.

Tuesday.

My dear Sara,

As I believe that even your kindness cannot overcome your sincerity I will cast aside my fear that your wish to see me in your own home is rather a plan for my enjoyment than for yours. I believe it would be an unmixed pleasure to me to be your visitor, and one that I would choose among a whole bouquet of agreeable possibilities—so if Mrs. Hennell will really not feel it an annoyance to have an inmate so unloveable except to her loving-in-spite-of-people's-faults-and-deficiencies daughter Sara and perhaps a few others, I will say that (Father permitting and being well and happy) I will indulge myself and accept the good that the heavens and you offer me. I am miserably in want

7. *Das Leben Jesu, kritisch bearbeitet.*

of you to stir up my soul and make it shake its wings and begin some kind of flight after something good and noble, for I am in a grovelling slothful condition, and you are the *only* friend I possess who has an animating influence over me.

I have written to Mr. Hennell anent the title-page and have voted for *critically examined* [8] from an entire conviction of its preferableness. When I returned the prefaces to you I intended to put in a note telling you to ask Mr. H. about the translation of Kalt-blütigkeit, but I forgot all about the matter on coming to fold the sheets up again after an interval. I rather prefer sang froid myself, but I have no particular anxiety about it and if Mr. H. concurred with you in thinking cold bloodedness better I should be more disposed to distrust my own taste than yours and his conjoined—no very great modesty either, you may say.[9] Please to express to Mrs. Hennell my sense of her kindness in tacitly concurring with your invitation and tell her that I am induced to accept it from my knowledge that she is chiefly gratified by the fulfilment of your wishes.

Ever Thine
Mary Ann.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 20? MAY 1846]

MS: Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 143–144.

Dear Sara,

See what it is to have a person en rapport with you, that knows all your thoughts without the trouble of communication. I am especially grateful to thee for restoring the 'therefore' to its right place. I was about to write to you to get you to remonstrate about this and the "dispassionate calmness," which I did not at all like but I thought you had corrected the prefaces, as the marks against the Latin looked like yours, so I determined to indulge my laissez-faire inclinations, for I hate stickling and debating unless it be for something really important. I agree with you that coldbloodedness would have been better than insensibility,[1] sed quod scriptum scriptum est.

8. "The Life of Jesus, | Critically Examined | by | Dr. David Friedrich Strauss. | Translated from the Fourth German Edition. | In Three Volumes. | Vol. I. (II. III.) | London: | Chapman, Brothers, 121, Newgate Street. | MDCCCXLVI."

9. "Kaltblütigkeit," *Leben Jesu*, I, vi, was finally translated by "insensibility," *Life of Jesus*, I, xi.

1. "A dissertation at the close of the work will show that the dogmatic significance of the life of Jesus remains inviolate: in the meantime let the calmness

I do really like reading our Strauss—he is so klar und ideenvoll but I do not know *one* person who is likely to read the book through, do you? I have a woful pain in my eingeweide and can hardly comprehend the use of my oracular tongue. Next week and we will be merry and sad, wise and nonsensical, devout and wicked together!

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [23 MAY 1846]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Sara,

I was very naughty yesterday. I forgot to send the proofs, so they will not reach their destination until Monday. After a good deal of hesitation, I have acceded to your alterations of designation and designates. I do not think my use of the words etymologically improper, and they correspond better than any other to Bezeichnung and bezeichnet,[2] but I see the nature of your objection and have felt it in other connexions so that on the whole I adopt your suggestion as the less exceptionable phrase.

You named the 26th (Tuesday) as the day on which you wished to see me, and if that still remains a convenient time for you, I will set off by the train which leaves Coventry at 12.49 so as to be in London by 5.15. Should any thing occur to you or me to render a change of plan desirable we can let each other know on Tuesday morning.

Till when and after when, meine Beste, love me as Siebenkäs loved Leibgeber [3]—but I am not pure and loving enough myself to win that model of all loves. I will be contented with some other type of your choosing.

Mary Ann.

and insensibility with which, in the course of it, criticism undertakes apparently dangerous operations, be explained solely by the security of the author's conviction that no injury is threatened to the Christian faith." (*Life of Jesus,* I, xi.)

2. *Life of Jesus,* II, 1–3; *Leben Jesu,* I, 489–490.

3. In Jean Paul Richter's *Blumen-, Frucht-, und Dornenstücke, oder Ehestand, Tod, und Hochzeit des Armenadvokaten Fr. St. Siebenkäs,* Bayreuth, 1796–97, the hero's friend Leibgeber suggests that Siebenkäs rid himself of his rather prosaic wife Lenette by pretending to die so that he can begin a higher life with Nathalie, an intellectual Englishwoman to whom Leibgeber has introduced him. The book was translated by Mrs. Bray's friend Edward H. Noel, 1845.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[CLAPTON, 1 JUNE 1846]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1846. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 147–148.

Dearest Friends,

I cannot deny that I am very happy without you, but *perhaps* I shall be happier with *you,* so do not fail to try the experiment.[4] We have been to town only once and are saving all our strength to rake with you; but we are as ignorant as Primitive Methodists about any of the amusements that are going. All we know is that Judas Maccabæus is to be performed at Exeter Hall on Friday Evening[5]—just when we cannot hear it. But I am going to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. Hennell tomorrow, and we will hunt in the M[orning] Chronicle. Do you the like in the Spectator, and please to come in a very mischievous, unconscientious, theatre-loving humour. Every body I see is very kind to me and therefore I think them all very charming, and having everything I want, I feel very humble and self denying. It is only rather too great a bore to have to write to my friends when I am half asleep, and I have not yet reached that pitch of amiability that makes such magnanimity easy.

Don't bring us any bad news or any pains, but only nods and becks and wreathed smiles.[6] Dear Sara is not at her strongest—she is even knocked up with niaiseries and walks, but perhaps any other sort of excitement will be more endurable.

Your very insincere and unfaithful friend
Mary Ann.

4. GE visited Miss Hennell at Clapton 26 May—5 June 1846. Mrs. Bray wrote her sister 28 May: "We rejoice to hear of the safe arrival and that you are so cosy together. Tell Marian she need not distress herself to keep her love warm a day longer than is pleasant, as we mean to come so charming that she may begin again. . . . [*Later?*] Tell M.A. it has been like a death in the family the non-possibility of seeing her all this week." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.) Mrs. Bray herself arrived at Clapton 2 June.

5. The centenary performance of Handel's oratorio 5 June 1846.

6. *L'Allegro,* line 28.

Robert Evans

1846 July—August	GE and her father go to Dover for a fortnight.
1846 November 4	Reviews à Becket's *Comic History*.
1846 December 4	Coventry *Herald* publishes GE's "Poetry and Prose from the Notebook of an Eccentric."
1847 January 15	"How to Avoid Disappointment."
1847 February 5	"The Wisdom of a Child."
1847 February 12	"A Little Fable with a Great Moral."
1847 February 19	"Hints on Snubbing."
1847 February 26	"Vice and Sausages."
1847 April 24–28	GE goes to London with Charles Bray.
1847 September 27	Goes to the Isle of Wight with her father.
1847 October 9	Returns.
1848 April	Robert Evans's ill health increases.
1848 May 29	GE and her father go to St. Leonard's.
1848 July 13	GE meets Emerson.
1849 March 10	Begins to translate Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*.
1849 May 31	Robert Evans dies.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 14? SEPTEMBER 1846]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Sep. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dearly beloved spouse,

Thou art a good one for writing me a wee note so soon. I have seen your letter to Cara too, and now I am ever and anon with you in spirit, sitting by the little table in your own room, or lying on the couch enjoying these beautiful autumn days. That dear unmanageable male unit in our quaternian has been so ill that I have thought of nothing but Cara and him for the last three or four days.[1] He is getting better I hope—I am going to spend the day with them for the sake of reading to him when he can bear it.

Take care of yourself my precious friend and keep up the fat you gained at Rosehill.[2] If you do not soon reappear, there will be nothing for you but the slightest possible residuum of Mr. Jenkins.[3] He is fast getting rid of the mortal coil that envelops his subtler essence, and if you do not make haste back, he will slip through the keyhole of your room and hover about you as your guardian angel. Love to Mrs. Hennell. Write me again.

Thy
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 5 OCTOBER 1846]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Oc. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 149–150.

How art thou, my sweet Sara? I am truly yearning for a word from thee specially to myself. All the world is bathed in glory and beauty to me now [4] and thou sharest in the radiance. Tell me whether I live for you as you do for me and tell me how gods and men are treating you. You must send me a scrap every month, only a scrap with a dozen words in it, just to preserve me from starving on faith alone—of which you know I have the minimum of endowment. I am sinning against

1. Mrs. Bray's Diary, 10 September 1846: "Charles ill, cholera."

2. Miss Hennell came to Rosehill 9 June and apparently stayed until 7 September, when, according to Mrs. Bray's Diary, she left for Leam.

3. Mr. Jenkins is mentioned only once in Mrs. Bray's Diary, 26 June 1846.

4. Miss Hennell wrote her mother 25 September 1846: "M.A. looks very brilliant just now—we fancy she must be writing her novel."

my daddy, by yielding to the strong impulse I felt to write to you, for he looks at me as if he wanted me to read to him, so farewell, meine liebe. Love to Mrs. Hennell.

M. A.

Monday Evening.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 29 OCTOBER 1846]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Oc. 29. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 150.

Dear Sara,

I do not know whether I can get up any steam again on the subject of Quinet,[5] but I will try—when Cara comes back, however, for she has run away with "Christianity" into Devonshire [6] and I must have the book as a springing-board. When does the Prospective come out? Soon, I suppose.[7]

Thank you, meine theure, for taking any trouble about such a matter. I owe for the binding of that copy of Strauss which was sent to Dr. Brabant. Do not let me cheat any one of the money.

Fare well—by Athene, keep not thine anger for ever.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL. 5 NOVEMBER 1846]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1846. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 148–149.

Just been to Rosehill, dearest Sara, and read your letter of this morning. Thank Mr. Chapman for his kind offer and assure him that I shall have much pleasure in accepting it. Do you think it worth my while to buy the Prospective for the sake of Wicksted's Review? [8] Is there anything new in it? Do you know if Mr. Chapman has any unusual facilities for obtaining cheap classics? Such things are to be got

5. A translation by Cocks of Edgar Quinet *Christianity in Its Various Aspects,* Michelet and Quinet, *The Jesuits,* and Michelet, *Priests, Women, and Families* were reviewed together by GE 30 October 1846, p. 2a in the Coventry *Herald,* which Bray had bought in June.

6. Mrs. Bray went to Teignmouth 13 October, paid visits at Dawlish and Torquay, where she stayed at Edward Noel's, and returned to Coventry 30 October.

7. It is advertised in the *Examiner,* 31 October 1846. GE was eager to see its review of the *Life of Jesus.*

8. Charles Wicksteed (1810–85), a Unitarian minister at Leeds, was one of the editorial board of the *Prospective Review.* (Boase.)

handsome and secondhand in London if one knew but the way. I want to complete Xenophon's works. I have the Anabasis—and I might perhaps get a nice edition of the Memorabilia and Cyropædia in a cheaper way than by ordering them directly from our own bookseller. But all this is very selfish and troublesome, and do not teaze yourself with it except when you want something to do or say.

I begin to be of your and Cara's opinion anent Dr. B.[9] You are my own best plainspoken friend and generally judge better for me than I can judge for myself. I hope Rufa knows the contents of my letter to you. Pray convince her and every one concerned in the matter that I am too inflatedly conceited to think it worth my while to run after Dr. Brabant or his correspondence. If I ever offered incense to him it was because there was no other deity at hand and because I wanted some kind of worship pour passer le temps. I always knew that I could belabour my fetisch if I chose, and laughed at him in my sleeve. Even that degree of inclination towards mock reverence has long since passed away and ridiculous as it may seem to every one else, I looked on my renewal of a correspondence with him as a favour *conferred* by me rather than *received*. I shall certainly take an opportunity of certifying him on which leg the boot was. You see I am getting horridly vulgar as well as proud.

Do not judge too harshly of the L.L.[1] on a first interview. I am quite glad to hear of prettiness associated with learning and heresy. Is there genius too? If so, the gods are getting kinder to mortals.

I have been reading the 'Fawn of Sertorius.'[2] I think you would like it, though the many would not. It is pure, chaste, and classic beyond any attempt at fiction I ever read. If it be Bulwer's he has been undergoing a gradual transfiguration, and is now ready to be exalted into the assembly of the saints.

9. Mrs. Bray and Sara Hennell viewed with some concern GE's enthusiasm for Dr. Brabant when she visited him in 1843.

1. Literary Lady. Dickens describes two L.L.'s in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ch. 34. The one GE alludes to was Eliza Lynn (1822–98), later Mrs. W. J. Linton, who came to London in 1845 to earn her living as a writer; her first novel *Azeth the Egyptian*, 1846, was distinguished only for its display of learning laboriously gathered at the British Museum. Sara Hennell met her for the first time in October at John Chapman's, where she was boarding. "Very peculiar of Miss Sennacherib to take lodgings at Mr. Chapman's," Mrs. Bray wrote her sister; "how many more young ladies is he going to have?" Commenting on a passage in Sara's letter, she said: "Are you quite sure you are not insane? or is Pompey's camp a quotation from the amiable L.L.'s work on ancient Egypt, and the most favorable specimen of her style." (Bray-Hennell Extracts, 4 November 1846.)

2. Published anonymously in 1846, this novel by Robert Eyres Landor (1781–1869) was attributed to his brother Walter Savage Landor.

You must write to me, *do*—there's a dear soul. Keep a bit of paper lying ready to scribble on for me. The Professor's letter [3] transmitted through you, gave me infinite consolation—more especially the apt and pregnant quotation from Berosus. Precious those little hidden lakelets of knowledge in the high mountains, far removed from the vulgar eye, only visited by the soaring birds of love.

Thine entirely
Pollian.

Thursday.

3. I have been unable to find the letter summarized in Mathilde Blind's *George Eliot,* 1883, pp. 46–47, written to Sara Hennell in October 1846: "In this delightfully humorous mystification of her friends, Miss Evans pretends that, to her gratification, she has actually had a visit from a real live German professor [Bücherman], whose musty person was encased in a still mustier coat. This learned personage has come over to England with the single purpose of getting his voluminous writings translated into English. There are at least twenty volumes, all unpublished, owing to the envious machinations of rival authors, none of them treating of anything more modern than Cheops, or the invention of the hieroglyphics. The respectable professor's object in coming to England is to secure a wife and translator in one. But though, on inquiry, he finds that the ladies engaged in translation are legion, they mostly turn out to be utterly incompetent, besides not answering to his requirements in other respects; the qualifications he looks for in a wife, besides a thorough acquaintance with English and German, being personal ugliness and a snug little capital, sufficient to supply him with a moderate allowance of tobacco and *Schwarzbier,* after defraying the expense of printing his books. To find this phœnix among women he is sent to Coventry on all hands.

"In Miss Evans, so she runs on, the aspiring professor finds his utmost wishes realised, and so proposes to her on the spot; thinking that it may be her last chance, she accepts him with equal celerity, and her father, although strongly objecting to a foreigner, is induced to give his consent for the same reason. The lady's only stipulation is that her future husband shall take her out of England, with its dreary climate and drearier inhabitants. This being settled, she invites her friends to come to her wedding, which is to take place next week."

In reply Miss Hennell wrote as from Professor Bücherman, the letter mentioned here, "declining the engagement because she was not ugly enough after all." "It was the most capital thing I ever saw," Mrs. Bray wrote her sister. "The hieroglyphics sent her into fits over and over again." (Bray-Hennell Extracts, 4 November 1846.) Berosus was one of the fictitious authors the professor quoted. Cross took the passage seriously, thinking it alluded to Strauss.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [15 NOVEMBER 1846]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Nov. 1. *Partly published:* Cross, I, 150–151.

Dear Sara,

The review of Strauss [4] contains some very just remarks, though, on the whole I think it shallow and in many cases unfair. The praise it gives to the translation is just what I should have wished—indeed I cannot imagine anything more gratifying in the way of laudation. Is it not droll that Wicksted should have chosen one of my interpolations or rather paraphrases to dilate on? The expression "granite," applied to the sayings of Jesus is nowhere used by Strauss, but is an impudent addition of mine to eke out his metaphor.[5]

Did you notice the review of Foster's life? [6] I am reading the life and thinking all the time how Sara would like it. It is deeply interesting to study the life of a genius under circumstances amid which genius is so seldom to be found. Some of the thoughts in his journal are perfect gems.

You say in your note to Rosehill this morning that Mr. Chapman has sent me the books. I have not received them. There is some provoking fault somewhere, for I have not had a parcel which Dr. Brabant sent more than a week ago.

Glad to hear that you are flourishing in body and mind. Love to Mrs. Hennell.

Thine,
Pollian.

Foleshill | Sunday.

4. *Prospective Review,* 2 (1846), 479–520. Mrs. Bray wrote Harriet Hennell 12 November 1846: "Mary Ann and I have been so happy this morning reading the review of Strauss."

5. *Leben Jesu,* I, 614, has "die körnigen [i.e., pithy] Reden"; *Life of Jesus,* II, 109: "the discourses of Jesus, like fragments of granite, could not be dissolved by the flood of oral tradition." See *Prospective Review,* 2 (1846), 499.

6. J. E. Ryland, ed., *The Life and Correspondence of John Foster* [1779–1843]. *With Notices of Mr. Foster as a Preacher and a Companion by John Sheppard,* 2 vols., 1846, in the *Prospective Review,* 2 (1846), 441–478.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [26 NOVEMBER 1846]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Dec. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 152–153.

Dearest Sara,

Our correspondence owns no laws, so we need not trouble ourselves to show cause for being stupidly silent just when we might have been expected to be overflowing with gratulations and aspirations. My letter writing pen is entirely at the mercy of a host of little sprites, more tiny and etherial than the train of Queen Mab, and it is only when they come tickling my forefingers and thumb, making them itch for this same pen,[7] that the strong repulsion from it is overcome. They have kept obstinately away, I suppose nestled in some cotton wool out of the reach of this terrible frost, and so your loving little note that came just when it should have done, and gave me just the very sweetest assurance in all the world, has seemed to fall like last night's snow on a hard, cold, black hour. Only *seemed,* for the very fact that I didn't write made me think of you all the more, and there have been half a dozen new gossamer threads fastened between our hearts in consequence. Many things both outward and inward have concurred to make this November far happier than the last. One's thoughts are "widened with the process of the suns," [8] and if one is rather doubtful whether one is really wiser and better, it is some comfort to know that the desire to be so is more pure and dominant.

I have been thinking of that most beautiful passage in Luke's Gospel—the appearance of Jesus to the disciples at Emmaus.[9] How universal in its significance! The soul that has hopefully followed its form —its impersonation of the highest and best—all in despondency—its thoughts all refuted, its dreams all dissipated. Then comes another Jesus—another, but the same—the same highest and best, only chastened, crucified instead of triumphant—and the soul learns that this is the true way to conquest and glory—And then there is the burning of the heart which assures that "This was the Lord!" that this is the inspiration from above—the true Comforter that leads into truth.

But I am not become a Methodist, dear Sara. On the contrary if I am pious one day you may be sure I was very wicked the day before, and shall be so again the next.

7. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet,* I, iv.
8. Tennyson, *Locksley Hall,* line 138.
9. Luke 24:13–35.

I hope to hear a good account of your outward woman next week from Mr. Bray. Love to Mrs. Hennell.

Thy
Pollian.

Foleshill | Thursday.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [20 DECEMBER 1846]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Dec. 20, 1846. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 153.

Dearest Sara,

I have been at Griff for the last week or I should have written before. I thank you most heartily for sending me Heliados [1]—first, because I admire it greatly in itself, and secondly because it is a pretty proof that I am not dissociated from your most hallowed thoughts. As yet I have read it only once, but I promise myself to read it again and again. I shall not shew it to any one, for I hate "friendly criticism," as much for you as for myself—but you have a better spirit than I, and when you come I will render Heliados up to you that others may have the pleasure of reading it.

I have nothing to say this morning—my soul as barren as the desert; but I generally manage to sink some little well at church, by dint of making myself deaf and looking up at the roof and arches. Send me a scrap before you come.

Thine ever,
Meine.

Sunday Morning.

1. *Heliados. A Mythical Legend,* at this time in MS. The tentative date is confirmed by a passage in a letter from Mrs. Bray to Miss Hennell 23 December 1846: "I went to see if M.A. was alive and found her with the most tempting green-backed extraordinary-looking little book—with a frontispiece that takes my fancy extremely—it was *you* all over." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.) When it was printed at Coventry, a note dated March 1884 explains that the original signature, "Sara S. Hennell, Hackney, November 1846," has been "retained as a necessary index," though the original version has been subjected throughout "to some measure of correction of a slight kind." (p. [23].) Heliados is an island on which the established religion is the worship of Helios. The hero Orthinos, an astronomer, discovers that the sun is not immovable, but revolves in an orbit of its own. His father condemns the heresy, and his sister Selene is torn between conformity and love. At his trial before the priests Orthinos stands by the truth and is executed by a burning glass focused on his head. A copy of the 1884 printing is found in the Coventry City Libraries.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON,
[FOLESHILL, JANUARY 1847]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Fanny

How are you amidst frost and snow and influenza? I think of you the more than if I had seen you lately. Visiting is out of the question in this ungenial weather, unless you and Henry will come and share our fires for a few days. Ever since Christmas there has been some weekly preventive to my proposing this (to us) agreeable plan. Father or I or the servants have been ailing and we have had Miss Lewis [2] with us. If you will not come, at least let me know how you are, for your image positively haunts me and I must take some measure for laying the ghost even if it be shivering all the way to Leamington and back in the same day if nothing else will serve. My longer visit I believe must remain in reserve for me with the cuckoo and other pleasant spring things.

Ever your affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 18 FEBRUARY 1847]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. 18, 1847 | 1847–April 1850. *Partly published:* Cross, I, 153–154.

Dearest Lalla,[3]

Lying in bed this morning, grievously tormented, your Heliados visited me and revealed itself to me more completely than it had ever done before. How true that "it is only when all portions of an individual nature or all members of society move forward harmoniously together that religious progress is calm and beneficial"! [4] I imagine the sorrowful amaze of a child who had been dwelling with delight on the idea that the stars were the pavement of heaven's court and that there above them sat the kind but holy God, looking like a venerable Father who would smile on his good little ones—when it was cruelly told, before its mind had substance enough to bear such tension, that the sky

2. Mrs. Bray wrote to Sara Hennell 3 January 1847: "M.A. came this morning. She is rejoiced at your coming, but she is going to have a stupid Miss Lewis visitor for a fortnight, which will keep her at home." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

3. The heroine of Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, 1817.

4. This sentence does not appear in the published version of *Heliados*, 1884.

was not real, that the stars were worlds, and that even the sun could not be God's dwelling because there were many, many suns. These ideas would introduce atheism into a child's mind, instead of assisting it to form a nobler conception of God—(of course I am supposing the bare information given and left to the child to work upon)—whereas the idea it previously had of God was perfectly adapted to its intellectual condition and formed to the child as perfect an embodiment of the all-good, all-wise, and all-powerful as the most enlightened philosopher ever formed to himself.

Thou wast very good for writing to me so soon. I have no doubt that your having gone home at the call of all sorts of heavenly voices will be a source of satisfaction to you.[5]

Mr. Bray will carry to London Dr. Brabant's Spinoza. Will you be so kind as to send it forward to Devizes, *paying the carriage,* for which Mr. B. will settle with you.

Best love to Mrs. Hennell.

Thy
Meine.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [28 FEBRUARY 1847]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1st March/47. *Extract published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 10.

Foleshill Sunday.

My dear Sara,

Mr. Hennell sent me a statement in black and white of the agreement between him and Mr. Chapman, but it was returned to him at his request. My strong impression was, that the first 250 copies were to be Mr. C's, the second 250, the subscribers'. We have a dispute here as to the number of copies printed. Was it 1000 or 2000?[6] <I hope Mr. Chapman will not misbehave, but he was always too much of the *interesting* gentleman to please me. Men must not attempt to be interesting on any lower terms than a fine poetical genius.>[7]

I certainly should have been delighted if the Spinoza parcel could have been sent at a high pitch of velocity to Devizes and found its mark somewhere above Dr. B's ear, so as to give a salutary bruise to

5. Miss Hennell returned to Rosehill 8 January 1847. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

6. Miss Hennell has added a note here: "I did not mention any number of copies to her; only asked what she remembered."

7. The bracketed sentences have been overscored lightly to indicate that they are private and not to be read aloud.

his Nos. 6 and 7 [1]—but since cannon-ball speed is not attainable, I am not sorry that you should extract a little pleasure from his property before it reaches him. As you *have* detained it, will you take the trouble to ask Mr. Chapman to get me a copy of the same edition if possible —Mind, I really want this, and should have no end of difficulty in getting it in any other way. I never *meant* to write to Dr. B. on family matters—I merely said in my vicious, hyena fashion that I should like to send him an anathema maranatha.[2] I am glad to hear you are better. Mr. Bray alarmed me about you. No more at present from thine

Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [4 APRIL 1847]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 2/47. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Sara,

I have had a violent letterophobia for the last month or two. That is a sufficient [reason] for not writing to friends, at least for a wretch with no moral region to make her do what is irksome to the flesh.

You will come to me in London,[3] will you not? If not, I must positively go to you, I being a Mahomet made up of guile and madness, and you a sturdy resolute mountain. I have begged Mr. Bray to get a knowledge of your wish on this subject.

Love to Mrs. Hennell, kind regards to Harriet and the cat.[4]

Thy

Pollian.

Foleshill Sunday.

1. In George Combe's *Elements of Phrenology* Organ 6 is Destructiveness and 7, Secretiveness; other authorities list 6 as Combativeness and 7 as Destructiveness. So long as it hit about Dr. Brabant's ear, GE wouldn't have cared.

2. I Corinthians 16:22.

3. GE went to London with Charles Bray 24 April 1847. (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

4. Harriet Hennell (1805–75), Sara's elder sister, had a lifelong passion for cats.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 30 APRIL 1847]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 30/47. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 155.

Friday Evening.

My dear Sara

My strong conviction about my ménage was quite right. I find painters all behind hand, and sisters and brothers besetting me. But it is one of my pleasantest thoughts now I am come home that you said and *therefore* I am sure felt, that you would have liked me to be with for a day or two. Thank you for that and every other loving word or look you ever gave me.

I did so long to see you after hearing Elijah just to exchange an exclamation of delight. Last night I had a perfect treat too, in I Puritani.[5] Castellan was admirable as Elvira, and Gardoni is a seraph. N.B.—I liked the Ballet less—another sign of age. Love to Mrs. Hennell,

Thine
Pollian.

GE TO MARY SIBREE,[6] FOLESHILL, 10 MAY [1847]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1847. *Envelope:* Miss Sibree | J. Robertson Esq. | Widcombe Villa | Richmond Hill | Clifton. *Postmarks:* COVENTRY | MY 10 | 1847; [BRISTOL] MY 11 | 1847 | A. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 160–163.

Foleshill May 10th.

My dear Mary

It is worth while to forget a friend for a week or ten days, just for the sake of the agreeable kind of startle it gives one to be reminded that one has such a treasure in reserve—the same sort of pleasure I suppose that a poor body feels who happens to lay his hand on an undreamt-of sixpence which had sunk to a corner of his pocket. When Mr. Sibree brought me your parcel, I had been to London for a week and having been full of Mendelssohn oratorios and Italian operas, I had just this kind of delightful surprize when I saw your note and the

5. *Elijah* was sung at Exeter Hall by the Sacred Harmonic Society 28 April 1847. Bellini's *I Puritani* was given at Her Majesty's Theater the following evening with Jeanne Anaïs Castellan (b. 1819) as Elvira and Italo Gardoni (1821–82) as Arturo.

6. See Introduction.

beautiful purse. Not that I mean to compare you to a sixpence—you are a bright golden sovereign to me, with edges all unrubbed, fit to remind a poor tarnished bruised piece like me that there are ever fresh and more perfect coinages of human nature forth-coming. I am very proud of my purse, first, because I have long had to be ashamed of drawing my old one out of my pocket, and secondly, because it is a sort of symbol of your love for me, and who is not proud to be loved? For there is a beautiful kind of pride at which no one need frown—I may call it a sort of impersonal pride—a thrill of exultation at all that is good and lovely and joyous as a possession of our human nature.

I am glad to think of all your pleasure among friends new and old. Mrs. Delf's mother[7] is I daresay a valuable person—but do not I beseech thee go to old people as oracles on matters which date any later than their 35th year—only trust them, if they are good, in those practical rules which are the common property of long experience. If they are governed by one special idea which circumstances or their own mental bias have caused them to grasp with peculiar firmness and to work up into original forms, make yourself master of their thoughts and convictions, the residuum of all that long travail which poor mortals have to encounter in their three score years and ten, but do not trust their application of their gathered wisdom, for however just old people may be in their *principles* of judgment, they are often wrong in their application of them, from an imperfect or unjust conception of the matter to be judged. Love and cherish and venerate the old, but never imagine that a worn-out, dried-up organization can be so rich in inspiration as one which is full fraught with life and energy. I am not talking like one who is superlatively jealous for the rights of the old, yet such I am I assure thee.

I heard Mendelssohn's new oratorio "Elijah," when I was in London. It has been performed four times in Exeter Hall to as large an audience as the building would hold—Mendlessohn himself the conductor. It is a glorious production and altogether I look upon it as a kind of sacramental purification of Exeter Hall, and a proclamation of indulgence for all that is to be perpetrated there during this month of May.[8] This is a piece of impiety which you may expect from a lady who has been *guanoing* her mind with French novels. (This is the impertinent expression of d'Israeli,[9] who writing himself much more

7. Edward Hickman Delf, minister of the West Orchard Chapel (Independent), Coventry.

8. Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night* and Handel's *Alexander's Feast* were given 31 May.

9. In *Tancred, or the New Crusade*, 1847, Book II, ch. 9.

detestable stuff than ever came from a French pen can do nothing better to bamboozle the unfortunates who are seduced into reading his Tancred than speak superciliously of all other men and things, an expedient much more successful in some quarters than one would expect.) But *au fond,* dear Mary, I have no impiety in my mind at this moment, and my soul heartily responds to your rejoicing that society is attaining a more perfect idea and exhibition of Paul's exhortation—Let the same mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.[1] I believe the Amen to this will be uttered more and more fervently, "among all posterities for ever more."

When shall we be sitting together again? The thought is as pleasant to me as that of an atmosphere unimpregnated with the smell of paint, which I am far from breathing at this present. The most detestable smell, the talking and stamping of workmen and all the consequent dirt make just now an environment for me not precisely enviable and I should not wonder if my letter reads ill-temperedly. Nevertheless the May sun is shining and the grass is at last growing and the blossoms opening. I am ready to think after our long winter, what can mortal want more than a smiling sky with beautiful trees and flowers?

My pen tells me to leave off or be illegible, though perhaps this is not a mere possibility already. Goodbye, dear love,

Yours ever
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
FOLESHILL, [14 JUNE 1847]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* June 15, 1847. *Brief extract:* Cross, I, 163.

My dear Sara

Cara is the best of interpreters, and therefore I do not fear that she has failed to make you understand that I am quietly enjoying the prospect of having you with me,[2] leaving the *when* and the *how* to her and your decision. If you are at all ennuyées of each other Cara can take the left hand and you can take the right when you reach the

1. Cf. Philippians 2:5.

2. Miss Hennell came to Coventry with Mrs. Bray 17 June 1847 and went to visit GE directly. She wrote Mrs. James Hennell 20 June: "I only stayed 2 days with M.A.—but I shall pay a longer visit before I go. It is the greatest treat to be with her and talk about all the things I have been thinking of for the last six months; for she grows better and wiser every time I see her." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

top of Bishop Street, and you will find yourself in the arms of a friend who will be "agreeable" in the old fashioned sense if not in the new. Ask me not why I have never written all this weary time. I can only answer "all things are full of labour—man cannot utter it," et seq. See the 1st chapter of Ecclesiastes for my experience.

I suppose Cara is at Woodford.[3] If not, love to her with Mrs. Hennell.

Thine in the bonds of the Gospel ('Love one another.')[4]

Pollian.

Foleshill | Monday Evening.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, 16 SEPTEMBER 1847

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 164–165.

Foleshill | September 16th 1847.

My dear Sara,

I cannot forgive you for not asking me for the two shillings which I owe you.[5] You ought either to have felt sure that it was only an infirmity of memory which kept me in debt, or to have told me that I was too good-for-nothing to be your friend. I have given the two shillings to Mr. Bray and I beg that for my sake you will demand them from him when he goes to London. The fact was that I had asked him to pay you the carriage in the first instance when I sent Spinoza to you, and so I the more easily lost sight of the matter. But pray have the generosity another time to save me from the pain of finding that I have neglected to pay *even* my money debts, when there are so many others which I am unable to defray. Now I have scolded you I can talk of other things.

I have read the Inquiry[6] again with more than interest—with de-

3. Mrs. Bray visited the Charles Hennells at Woodford 9–16 June.

4. Philemon 1:13; John 15:17.

5. For sending Dr. Brabant's Spinoza to Devizes. Miss Hennell wrote her mother 5 August 1847: "M.A. had a most affectionate invitation from Dr. B. a few days ago to go to Germany with him! Mr. and Mrs. Murch of Bath and a Miss Taylor being of the party. It would have been the most delightful thing in the world for her, and just now she could conveniently leave her father; but she wrote back simply thanking him and saying it was impossible to accept." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

6. C. C. Hennell, *An Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity*, 2d ed., 1841. The page numbers given refer to this edition.

light and high admiration. My present impression from it far surpasses the one I had retained from my two readings about 5 years ago. With the exception of a few expressions which seem too little discriminating in the Introductory sketch there is nothing in its whole tone from beginning to end that jars on my moral sense, and apart from any opinion of the book as an explanation of the existence of Christianity and the Christian documents I am sure that no one fit to read it at all could read it without being intellectually and morally stronger —the reasoning is so close, the induction so clever, the style so clear vigorous and pointed, and the animus so candid and even generous. Mr. Hennell ought to be one of the happiest of men that he has done such a life's-work. I am sure if I had written such a book I should be invulnerable to all the arrows of all spiteful gods and goddesses. I should say, "None of these things move me neither count I my life dear unto myself" seeing that I have delivered such a message of God to men.

The book is full of *wit* to me, it gives me the exquisite kind of laughter which comes from the gratification of the reasoning faculties. For instance—"If some of those who were actually at the mountain doubted whether they saw Jesus or not, we may reasonably doubt whether he was to be seen at all there: especially as the words attributed to him do not seem at all likely to have been said, from the disciples paying no attention to them." p. 242. "The disciples considered her (Mary Mag[dale]ne's) words idle tales, and believed them not. We have thus their example for considering her testimony alone as insufficient, and for seeking further evidence." p. 238. "The distance from Gaza to Azotus is about 30 miles, . . . so that the chief object of this miracle appears to have been to increase the faith of the eunuch, or *of the readers of the Acts.*" Note p. 300.

Just read the paragraph p. 440 beginning "Upon the whole," and ending "not to a philosopher" and the paragraph p. 449 beginning "Upon the whole" and ending "benign and philosophic enthusiast." These two passages present nearly my conception of Jesus as distinguished from the one you seem inclined to form. To say "Jewish philosopher" seems almost like saying a round square, yet those two words appear to me the truest description of Jesus.

I think the Inquiry furnishes the utmost that can be done towards obtaining a *real* view of the life and character of Jesus by rejecting as little as possible from the Gospels. I confess that I should call many things "shining ether" to which Mr. Hennell allows "the solid angular-

ity of facts," [7] but I think he has thoroughly worked out the problem. Subtract from the N[ew] T[estament] the miraculous and highly improbable and what will be the remainder?

Father and I are going to the coast next week,[8] but I do not yet know whether to Brighton or some where else. If you write to me, which you need only do if you feel that way inclined, send the note to Cara, and she will forward it to me.

Thine ever affectionate
Husband.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, RYDE, 3 OCTOBER [1847]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* about 1845? *Hitherto unpublished.*

Ryde | Isle of Wight | October 3d.

Dear Friends

You are not, I dare say, dying of anxiety to hear about us, but I am determined to think that you care a little to know of our safety and enjoyment. We reached Ryde about seven o'clock on Monday evening, and set off the next morning on our excursion round the island. This occupied three days, and when we came back hither Father thought the hotel so comfortable and the Pier so delightfully lazy to walk on that we have staid here ever since. Tomorrow morning, however we mean to go to Shanklin, but lest Father should become ennuyé we are to leave it again on Wednesday and go to Brighton, which will be a pleasant division of our journey home. I have had much pleasure, or rather a calm continuous bien-être ever since we set off. I have done nothing but bathe my soul in beauty, and my body in the delicious fresh air—not in the sea which is too dingy at this trafficking place. It looks like an emerald at a distance, but more like a moss agate when you come near to it.

I hope all has been well with you, and will be until we are once more together and I am telling you all those little things which are very tiresome to write but very pleasant to chat about. I have been desecrating the Sabbath by writing other letters, not having found a

7. "Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of facts." (R. W. Emerson, "History," *Essays, First Series,* World's Classics, p. 5.)

8. GE and her father left Foleshill 27 September and returned 9 October 1847.

single moment in which to write until this evening, so busy have I been riding, walking, and reading to Father.

Ever your affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, 13 OCTOBER [1847]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1847. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 166–167.

Foleshill | October 13.

Liebe Weib

Thy letter did not reach me by the 'breezy ocean' but it smiled on me, or rather, to be more literal, I smiled on it when I reached home on Saturday evening. I am reproaching myself for letting three days pass without thanking you for it, for I see it is now nearly a fortnight since you wrote it. I heartily wish you *had* been with me to see all the beauties which have gladdened my soul and made me feel that this earth is as good a heaven as I ought to dream of. I have a much greater respect for the Isle of Wight now I have seen it, than when I knew it only by report—a compliment which one can seldom very sincerely pay to things and people that one has heard puffed and bepraised. I do long for you to see Alum Bay. Though you have beheld many more beauties than I, I do believe that would be quite new to you. Fancy a very high precipice, the strata upheaved perpendicularly, in rainbow-like streaks of the brightest maize, violet, pink, blue, red, brown, and brilliant white, worn by the weather into fantastic fretwork—the deep blue sky above, and the glorious sea below. It seems an enchanted land where the earth is of more delicate, refined materials than this dingy planet of ours is wrought out of. You might fancy the strata formed of the compressed pollen of flowers, or powder from bright insects. You can think of nothing but Calypsos, or Prosperos and Ariels and such like beings and are ready to be cross with the poor little prosaic girl with her basket of 'specimens.'

We staid at Brighton on our way home, and I very much enjoyed the sight of that splendid place, the only one of its kind, I suppose, in England. I find one very great spiritual good attendant on a quiet meditative journey among fresh scenes. I seem to have removed to a distance from myself when I am away from the petty circumstances that make up my ordinary environment. I can take myself up by the

ears and inspect myself, like any other queer monster on a small scale. I have had many thoughts, especially on a subject that I should like to work out "The superiority of the consolations of philosophy to those of (so-called) religion." [1] Do you stare?

I have saved till last my conjugal gratitude for your affectionate wish to have me with you. It would be a real delight to me to be with my bright-eyed and klar-sprechende beloved but I fear I must not think at present of a second absence from home. Say all pretty things, for you may say them truly, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Hennell for their goodness.

Thank you for putting me on reading Sir Charles Grandison.[2] I have read five volumes and am only vexed that I have not the two last on my table at this moment that I might have them for my *convives*. I had no idea that Richardson was worth so much. I have had more pleasure from him than from all the Swedish novels [3] together. The morality is perfect—there is nothing for the new lights to correct.

I seem to myself to have written very detestably, but you will rather have this disagreeable I-ish letter than think me ungrateful, which is *one* bad adjective that your Pollian does not deserve.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [15 NOVEMBER 1847]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Nov. 15, 1847. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill Monday.

Cara sposa,

The demon of procrastination has had hold of me for these three weeks, but I herewith cast him out by action, the very best exorciser. I hear of you weekly and share all your joys and sorrows as far as your letters can make me aware of them. I can only sigh and say as I did to Cara this morning, Dabit deus his quoque finem.[4] It would be a happiness to me to be with you for a day or two and talk *infinitely*, but alas! the drain of bullion has been so enormous with me that I am as much crippled as a Liverpool manufacturer and must not think of another journey until after Christmas.

This letter is only to tell you how sweet the genuine words of love

1. This is probably the germ of GE's work advertised as in preparation in July 1854, "The Idea of a Future Life . . . by the Translator of Strauss's Life of Jesus." It was never published and there is no trace of the manuscript.

2. See 21 December 1876.

3. The 4th ed. of Mary Howitt's translation of Fredrika Bremer's novels appeared in 1846.

4. *Aeneid*, I, 199.

in your letter to Cara have been to my soul. That you should really wish for me is a thought which I keep by me as a little cud to chew now and then, craving pardon for the unsavoury comparison.

I shall write again when I am inspired but today not one of the nine is with me for I am humouring a headache by thinking of nothing. Love to Mrs. Hennell.

Ever your loving
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, 27 NOVEMBER [1847]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1847. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 167–169.

Foleshill November 27.

How are you, meine Geliebte, and how do you like Lelia,[5] of which you have never spoken one word? I want a letter "to my own cheek," because you are not quite the same Sara to me that you are to Cara, and I like my Sara best. I am provoked with you for being in the least pleased with Tancred, but if you have found out any lofty meaning in it or any true picturing of life, tell it me and I will recant.

I have found two new readers of Strauss. One a lady at Leamington who is also reading the Inquiry, but likes Strauss better! No great good will come of her, but it is better for people to have a reason for their unbelief.[6] The other is John Sibree who is in my good graces again. I have not seen him since he has read it, but his sister tells me that he says "it is most clever and ingenious, and that no one whose faith rests only on the *common* foundation can withstand it." I think he may safely say that his faith rests on an *un*common foundation. The book will certainly give him a lift in the right direction from its critical, logical character—just the opposite of his own. I confess to a fit of destructiveness just now which might have been more easily gratified if I had lived in the days of iconoclasm—for now alas! men's idols are to be demolished only by wit and wisdom and divine enthusiasm.

I was interested the other day in talking to Miss Caroline Congreve, a young lady who lives in a nest of clergymen, her brothers, but not of

5. George Sand's *Lélia* was published in 1833.

6. Probably Caroline Congreve.

the evangelical school.[7] She had been reading Blanco White's life [8] and seems to have had her spirit stirred within her, as every one's must be who reads the book with any power of appreciation. She is unable to account to herself for the results at which Blanco White arrived with his earnestness and love of truth and she asked me if I had come to the same conclusions.

I think "Live and teach" should be a proverb as well as "Live and learn." We must teach either for good or evil, and if we use our inward light as the Quaker tells us, always taking care to feed and trim it well our teaching must in the end be for good.

We are growing old together, are we not? I am growing happier too and I only want the assurance that you are to make me contented.

I am amusing myself with thinking of the prophecy of Daniel [9] as a sort of allegory. All those monstrous, rumbustical beasts with their horns—the horn with eyes and a mouth speaking proud things and the little horn that waxed rebellious and stamped on the stars seem like my passions and vain fancies which are to be knocked down one after the other—until all is subdued into a universal kingdom over which the Ancient of Days presides—the spirit of love—the Catholicism of the Universe—if you can attach any meaning to such a phrase. It *has* a meaning for my sage noddle.

What is the use of writing so stupid a letter to you? Certainly not to do you any good, but let it do *me* good by procuring me a wee note, just as an outward and visible sign to feed my faith.

Thy
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, JANUARY 1848]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. 1848. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 169.

[*The first page of this letter is missing.*]
Your body changed into wavy grass indeed! As if it would be long before I should be turned into toad-stools—or some other poisonous fungus.

7. Caroline Congreve, daughter of Thomas and Julia Congreve of Leamington Hastings. Richard Congreve (1818–99) was at this time living at Oxford as a Fellow of Wadham College, where his youngest brother Walter was an undergraduate. His elder brother John was Curate of Harborough Magna, near Rugby.

8. *The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, Written by Himself*, ed. J. H. Thom, 3 vols., 1845. White (1775–1841), born in Spain, was successively Roman Catholic priest, clergyman of the Church of England, and Unitarian.

9. Chs. 7–8.

I am reading G. Sand's Lettres d'un Voyageur with great delight, and hoping that they will some time do you as much good as they do me. In the meantime I think the short letter about Lelia [1] will interest you. It has a very deep meaning to my apprehension. You can send back the pages when you have duly digested them.

I am quite missing the pleasure I should have had in talking over Mr. Dawson with you.[2] I once said of you that yours was a sort of alkali nature which would detect the slightest acid of falsehood. You began to phiz-zz directly it approached you. I want you as a test. I now begin to see the necessity of the arrangement (a bad word) that love should determine people's fate while they are young. It is so impossible to *admire*—s'enthousiasmer of an *individual* as one gets older.

I shall go to Rosehill to-morrow to know how it is you are sad—if indeed the sadness have a special outward cause. Moreover I shall quarrel very violently with Mr. Bray for his horrid indifference to any feelings but what concern himself.

Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, 1 FEBRUARY [1848]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1848. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 184–185.

Foleshill | February 1st.

My dear Sara

Mr. Bray has brought to me 'des mots bien durs' on your part—"that you never hear from me, and that therefore I am *nothing to you now.*" Has it ever been understood between us that our correspondence should represent our friendship? If so have there not been periods which might have led me to pronounce the same sentence of death to our love? I imagined that you of all other persons would be the one to understand that without writing to you it would be possible for me to go on loving you all the more as the months passed. I can only say

1. The last letter in ch. 5 of George Sand's *Lettres d'un voyageur,* Paris, 1869, pp. 122–126, defends *Lélia* against charges of immorality because of its truth to human experience.

2. George Dawson (1821–76), preacher and lecturer of Birmingham. When his doctrines proved too liberal for the Baptists, his friends built him a church in 1847 where elements of several sects were combined. "He was among my heroes, and I could find very few," Charles Bray wrote. (*Autobiography,* p. 71.) He stayed at Rosehill when he lectured at Coventry. In 1848 his subject was "Historical Characters Reconsidered": Pythagoras, 3 January; Michael Angelo, 17 January; and George Fox, 3 February. (Coventry *Standard.*)

that if you were clairvoyante you would see the proof of that possibility in my heart or stomach or bowels or pineal gland or adhesiveness or cerebral mass in toto. In my view there are but two kinds of *regular* correspondence possible—one of simple affection which gives a picture of all the details painful and pleasurable that a loving heart pines after—and this we carry on through the medium of Cara—or one purely moral and intellectual carried on for the sake of ghostly edification, in which each party has to put salt on the tails of all sorts of ideas on all sorts of subjects in order to send a weekly or fortnightly packet, as so much duty and self-castigation. I have lately begun such a correspondence by way of entering on a career of virtue,[3] but I have always been given to understand that such Lady-Jane-Grey-like works were your abhorrence. However, let me know what you *would* like—what would make you continue to hold me in loving remembrance or convince you that you are a bright evergreen in my garden of pleasant plants. Behold me ready to tear off my right hand or pluck out my right eye (metaphorically of course—I speak to an experienced exegetist, comme dirait notre Strauss) or write reams of letters full of interesting falsehoods or very dull truths—anything, so you will revoke those cruel words. If I did not hear of you every week, do you think I should rest without writing to you? I do not feel separated from you—I am ever with you.

We have always concluded that our correspondence should be of the *third* possible kind—one of impulse which is necessarily irregular as the northern lights. I confess that I am a wretch for not having had the impulse since your last letter which gave me all sorts of pleasure. I have been a horrid stagnant pool where you can hear nothing but croakings of miserable batrachian reptiles—or perhaps more like a wandering star going fast outside the blessed realms of light to whom was reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.[4] Comment n'as-tu pas deviné tout cela? The suffering are never expansive—when they begin to be so the crisis is past. But pardon! pardon! Henceforth I will be as a dove whose wings are wings of silver and her feathers like gold [5] and I will have a bosom all soft feathers against which you shall lean your dear cheek and heart for evermore.

Pollian.

3. With John Sibree. See [11 February 1848].

4. Jude 1:13.

5. Psalms 68:13.

GE TO JOHN SIBREE, JR., FOLESHILL,
[11 FEBRUARY 1848]

MS: Berg Collection, New York Public Library. Copy (by Mrs. Cash?) at Yale. *Address:* Mr. John Sibree | Spring Hill College | Birmingham. *Postmarks:* COVENTRY | FE 11 | 1848; BIRMINGHAM | FE 12 | 1848 | A. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 169–175.

Foleshill Friday.

Dear Mr. Sibree

You are a very malicious person and extremely sly withal, to tell me in that meek way that my letters are to convert you to the belief that correspondence is a good. So you punish me for my mercilessness in obliging you to feel gêné in one letter by condemning me to that sort of purgatory for an indefinite period until you shall be pleased either to confess that you no longer contemn letter-writing or to let me know that you can endure my feminilities no longer. But I heap fire on your head, that is I make your organ of conscientiousness smart terribly (which must have been Paul's meaning)[6] by releasing you from the pangs of preface writing from henceforth. Begin your letters by abusing me, according to my example. There is nothing like a little gun-powder for a damp chimney and an explosion of that sort will set the fire of your ideas burning to admiration. I hate bashfulness and modesties as Sir Hugh Evans would say,[7] and I warn you that I shall make no apologies, though from my habit of writing only to people who, rather than have nothing from me, will tolerate nothings, I shall be very apt to forget that you are not one of those amiably silly individuals. I must write to you more now, without taking pains or laboring to be spirituelle when heaven never meant me to be so, and it is your own fault if you bear with my letters a moment after they become an infliction. I am glad you detest Mrs. Hannah More's letters. I like neither her letters, nor her books, nor her character.[8] She was that most disagreeable of all monsters, a blue-stocking—a monster that can only exist in a miserably false state of society, in which a woman with but a smattering of learning or philosophy is classed along with singing mice and card playing pigs.

It is some time since I read Tancred, so that I have no very vivid recollection of its details, but I thought it very "thin" and inferior in the working up to Coningsby and Sybil. Young Englandism is al-

6. Romans, 12:20.

7. Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* doesn't say it, though he speaks in this style.

8. Note the complete reversal of the opinion expressed in GE's letter to Maria Lewis 18 August 1838.

most as remote from my sympathies as Jacobitism as far as its form is concerned, though I love and respect it as an effort on behalf of the people. D'Israeli is unquestionably an able man, and I always enjoy his tirades against liberal principles as opposed to *popular* principles—the name by which he distinguishes his own. As to his theory of 'races' it has not a leg to stand on, and can only be buoyed up by such windy eloquence as 'You chitty-faced squabby-nosed Europeans owe your commerce, your arts, your religion to the Hebrews—nay the Hebrews lead your armies—' in proof of which he can tell us that Massena, a second-rate general of Napoleon's, was a Jew whose real name was Manasseh.[9] Extermination up to a certain point seems to be the law for the inferior races—for the rest, fusion both for physical and moral ends. It appears to me that the law by which privileged classes degenerate from continual intermarriage must act on a larger scale in deteriorating whole races. The nations have been always kept apart until they have sufficiently developed their idiosyncrasies and then some great revolutionary force has been called into action by which the genius of a particular nation becomes a portion of the common mind of humanity. Looking at the matter aesthetically, our ideal of beauty is never formed on the characteristics of a single race. I confess the types of the 'pure races,' however handsome, always impress me disagreeably —there is an undefined feeling that I am looking not at *man* but at a specimen of an order under Cuvier's class, Bimana. The negroes certainly puzzle me—all the other races seem plainly destined to extermination or fusion not excepting even the "Hebrew-Caucasian." [1] But the negroes are too important physiologically and geographically for one to think of their extermination, while the repulsion between them and the other races seems too strong for fusion to take place to any great extent.

On one point I heartily agree with D'Israeli as to the superiority of the Oriental races—their clothes are beautiful and ours are execrable. Did you not think the picture of the Baroni family [2] interesting? I should like to know who are the originals. The fellowship of race, to which D'Israeli exultingly refers the munificence of Sidonia, is so evidently an inferior impulse which must ultimately be superseded that I wonder even he, Jew as he is, dares to boast of it. My Gentile nature kicks most resolutely against any assumption of superiority in the Jews,

9. These ideas are put into the mouth of Sidonia in *Coningsby*, 1844, especially Book IV, ch. 15.

1. Sidonia asserts that the Jews are the only pure Caucasian race. (*Coningsby*, Book IV, ch. 10.)

2. *Tancred*, Book IV, ch. 11: "History of the Baroni Family: Being a Chapter in the Life of Sidonia." The Baroni are strolling acrobats adopted by Sidonia.

and is almost ready to echo Voltaire's vituperation.[3] I bow to the supremacy of Hebrew poetry, but much of their early mythology and almost all their history is utterly revolting. Their stock has produced a Moses and a Jesus, but Moses was impregnated with Egyptian philosophy and Jesus is venerated and adored by us only for that wherein he transcended or resisted Judaism. The very exaltation of their idea of a national deity into a spiritual monotheism seems to have been borrowed from the other oriental tribes. Everything *specifically* Jewish is of a low grade.

And do you really think that sculpture and painting are to die out of the world? If that be sooth, let another deluge come as quickly as possible that a new race of Glums and Gawries[4] may take possession of this melancholy earth. I agree with you as to the inherent superiority of music—as that questionable woman the Countess Hahn-Hahn[5] says, painting and sculpture are but an idealizing of our actual existence. Music arches over this existence with another and a diviner. Amen too, to that ideen-voll observation of Hegel's, We hardly know what it is to feel for human misery until we have heard a shriek, and a more perfect hell might be made out of sounds than out of any preparation of fire and brimstone. When the tones of our voice have betrayed peevishness or harshness we seem to be doubly haunted by the ghost of our sins—we are doubly conscious that we have been untrue to our part in the great Handel chorus. But I cannot assent to the notion that music is to supersede the other arts, or that the highest minds must necessarily aspire to a sort of Milton blindness in which the "tiefste der Sinne" is to be a substitute for all the rest. I cannot recognize the truth of all that is said about the necessity of religious fervour to high art. I am sceptical as to the real existence of such fervour in any of the greatest artists. Artistic power seems to me to resemble dramatic power—to be an intuitive perception of the varied states of which the human mind is susceptible with ability to give them out anew in intensified expression. It is true that the older the world gets, originality becomes less possible. Great subjects are used up, and civilization tends evermore to repress individual predominance, highly-wrought agony or ecstatic joy. But all the gentler emotions will be ever new—ever wrought up into more and more lovely combinations, and genius

3. "Un Chrétien contre six Juifs," in the *Dictionnaire philosophique*, 1764. GE reverses these opinions in *The Spanish Gypsy* and *Daniel Deronda*.

4. A Lancashire phrase meaning "frowns and whims." See Joseph Wright, *English Dialect Dictionary*, 6 vols., Oxford, 1898–1905, II, 653.

5. Countess Ida von Hahn-Hahn (1805–80), German novelist, had been divorced in 1829.

will probably take their direction. Have you ever seen a head of Christ taken from a statue by Thorwaldsen of 'Christ scourged.' If not I think it would almost satisfy you. There is another work of his said to be very sublime of the archangel waiting for the command to sound the last trumpet. Yet Thorwaldsen came at the fag-end of time.

I am afraid you despise landscape painting—but to me even the works of our own Stanfield and Roberts and Creswick [6] bring a whole world of thought and bliss—"a sense of something far more deeply interfused." [7] The ocean and the sky and the everlasting hills are spirit to me, and they will never be robbed of their sublimity.

I am shocked to see how much paper I have covered with my sprawling "pattes de mouches." I shall really frighten you. I will be more forbearing another time. Have the students apartments at the college [8] or have you lodgings elsewhere? I have no materials for imagining your whereabouts—a deficiency which always annoys me. Ah! I want doing good to in a thousand ways. Do not forsake the good work but write to me again as soon as you have any time to spare me.

Always yours truly
Mary Ann Evans

I am writing at midnight, so this cannot reach you till Sunday. Pardon its impertinence in presenting itself then and put it in your pocket till Monday.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 21 FEBRUARY 1848]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Sara

Thrice welcome will you be on Thursday even at the distance of Rosehill from me, and still more welcome when you come to me and let me nurse you after all these trying scenes and thoughts.[9] I have

6. Clarkson Stanfield (1793–1867), David Roberts (1796–1864), and Thomas Creswick (1811–69), English landscape painters.

7. Wordsworth, "Tintern Abbey," lines 95–96, "a sense sublime."

8. The Independent College, Spring Hill, Birmingham, established in 1838, had an arrangement by which its students took their degrees at the University of London.

9. Mrs. Bray's Diary for 23 February notes: "Harriet to Northampton. Sara came." The "trying scenes" doubtless related to Harriet Hennell's mental derangement, which caused her confinement in the asylum at Northampton 1848–58 and kept her under care until her death in 1875. (Allusions in Mrs. Bray's Diary and Sara Hennell's *Memoir of Charles Christian Hennell*, 1899.)

faith that they are to be an introduction to more lasting quiet than you have had for a long while and so I comfort myself in hearing and reading of them.

If you can think of such a matter when you are packing will you put Salvador in your box for me? I want to see him again very particularly, but I am ashamed to ask you to do anything for me at such a time. Perhaps you have returned it to Woodford. If so, of course I do not suppose I can have it.

Farewell until next Friday!

Pollian.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, FOLESHILL, [27 FEBRUARY 1848]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill | Sunday.

My dear Fanny

You have not, I dare say, heard that Chrissey has lost her little Leonard.[1] I have not yet been able to see her since his death owing to Father's absence with the carriage. I shall therefore go to Meriden on Tuesday when Father has set off on his Derbyshire journey. On Wednesday the carriage is to go to the Maker's to have a crazy wheel rectified, so that I am driven to Thursday as my only time for seeing you. I must return home in the evening so do not take any trouble about a bed for me.

I am sorry to hear that Henry is still looking very poorly. I hope the spirit of contradiction will enable you to be fat and hearty and that will at all events be some compensation. Father has taken three pills as a profitable mode of occupying the Sunday—a strictly Catholic proceeding of mortifying the body to escape the spiritual correctives administered by Dr. Davis [2]— My love is with you. May it fold you in the soft down of its wings and keep off a little the cold winds and the hard blows of this working day world.

Mary Ann

If the weather should be very bad, do not expect me.

1. Leonard Clarke died 21 February 1848, aged nine months. Mary Shuttleworth, who was present at his death, gave the cause as "Hooping Cough, Convulsions." (Somerset House.)

2. Though GE always spells his name Davis, *The Clergy List for 1850* gives Stephen Davies, D.C.L., Curate of Holy Trinity, Coventry.

GE TO JOHN SIBREE, JR., FOLESHILL, [FEBRUARY 1848]

Text: Copy (by Mary Sibree Cash?), Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 175–178.

My dear Mr. Sibree,

I have tired myself with trying to write cleverly "invita Minerva," [3] and having in vain endeavoured to refresh myself by turning over Lavater's queer sketches of physiognomies and still queerer judgments on them [4] it is a happy thought of mine that I have a virtuous reason for spending my ennui on you.[5] I am going to have a visitor for a few days, with whom I shall have to talk till I am dead tired every night, and now I know that you are melancholy I can't bear to wait till the end of that time before I tell you that I care about it. This is the utmost I can do since you have not elected me into a friend and told me the "why" and I suppose your adamantine self will feel no salutary vibrations from such a pennyworth of sympathy, though my fluid nature is always stirred by the idea that any heart beats just a little quicker because of me. Well I will send you a stanza I picked up the other day in George Sand's Lettres d'un Voyageur, which is almost the ultimatum of human wisdom on the question of human sorrow. It will either make you laugh or weep ("iron tears" [6] of course) and so it must do good.

Le bonheur et le malheur
Nous viennent du même auteur
Voilà la *ressemblance.*

3. Cf. Horace, *Ars Poetica,* line 385. Few of GE's early literary efforts have survived. She contributed frequently to the Coventry *Herald and Observer,* a weekly newspaper purchased by Charles Bray in 1846; the only known files, those at Coventry and the British Museum, received direct hits during World War II. Of the latter file many volumes survived, but became available only after this volume was in page proof. Notes have been inserted where possible. Mrs. Bray pasted five contributions (1846–47) into her Commonplace Book, now in the Coventry Public Libraries. Exhibited there during the celebration of GE's centenary in 1919, they were privately printed by Major George Redway (1859?–1934) as *Early Essays by George Eliot,* 1919, with an editor's note which under the kindest interpretation must be called equivocal: "At the time of George Eliot's death, or perhaps a few years later, the manuscript which is here printed was placed in my hands for publication. Ever since then it has lain among forgotten papers, and now, in order to prevent the total loss of a literary treasure—for such I deem it—I am accepting the responsibility of printing a few copies." Though the edition was purportedly limited to 220, copies are still readily available.

4. Johann Kaspar Lavater (1741–1801), Swiss physiognomist, whose works were published in 6 vols., 1836–38.

5. Cf. Dogberry in *Much Ado about Nothing,* III, iv, 25.

6. *Il Penseroso,* line 107: "Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek."

Le bonheur nous rend heureux,
Et le malheur malheureux,
Voilà la différence.[7]

Ah! here comes a cup of coffee to console me. When I have taken it I will tell you what G.S. says. "Sais tu bien que tout est dit devant Dieu et devant les hommes quand l'homme infortuné demande compte de ses maux et qu'il obtienne cette résponse? Qu'y a-t-il de plus? Rien."

But I am not a mocking pen, and if I were talking to you instead of writing you would detect some falsity in the ring of my voice. Alas! the atrabiliar patient you describe is first cousin to me in my very worst moods, but I have a profound faith that the servant's head will be bruised. This conscious kind of false life that is ever and anon endeavouring to form itself within us and eat away our true life will be overcome by continued accession of vitality, by our perpetual increase in "quantity of existence" as Foster calls it.[8] Creation is the superadded life of the intellect; sympathy, all-embracing love, the superadded moral life. These given more and more abundantly, I feel that all the demons, which are but my own egotism, mopping and mowing and gibbering would vanish away and there would be no place for them —for

Every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by hope's perpetual breath.[9]

Evil, even sorrows, are they not all negations? Thus matter is in a perpetual state of decomposition—superadd the principle of life, and the tendency to decomposition is overcome. Add to this consciousness, and there is a power of self-amelioration. The passions and senses decompose, so to speak. The intellect by its analytic power, restrains the fury with which they rush to their own destruction, the moral nature purifies beautifies and at length transmutes them. But to whom am I talking? You know far more *sur ce chapitre* than I.

After all, you are a very blessed creature for being melancholy seeing that I have not yet reached a condition to do without being so. Only you are far too impersonal. There are not half so many I's in your letters as in mine. Every one talks of himself or herself to me, and I beg you will follow every one's example in this one thing only. Individuals are

7. Ch. 5. (New ed., Paris, 1869, pp. 139–140.)

8. John Foster (1770–1843), *Essays in a Series of Letters*, 1805. A Baptist minister, Foster was a severe critic of ecclesiastical institutions.

9. Wordsworth, "These Times Strike Monied Worldlings with Dismay."

precious to me in proportion as they unfold to me their intimate selves. I have just had lent me the journal of a person who died some years ago. When I was less venerable I should have felt the reading of such a thing insupportable—now it interests me, though it is the simplest record of events and feelings.

Mary says she has told you about Mr. Dawson and his lecture—miserable crude and mystifying in some parts but with a few fine passages. He is a very delightful man but not (at least so say my impressions) a great man. How difficult it is to be great in this world, where there is a tariff for spiritualities as well as for beeves and cheese and tallow. It is scarcely possible for a man simply to give out his true inspiration—the real profound conviction which he has won by hard wrestling or the few and far between pearls of imagination—he must go on talking or writing by rote or he must starve. Would it not be better to take to tent-making with Paul or to spectacle-making with Spinoza.

Thank you for that picture of your study. I have you now in my mind's eye. But that *standing* is an awful symptom of your rigid nature. Give it up, mon ami, or you will get a diseased firmness. I am very tired and so are you I guess. Write again as soon as you can, for it is a real pleasure to see a letter from you when I look into the abyss of the post-bag. That is an appeal to your goodness which I know you will not withstand.

When shall we see your face again? At Easter? Good night—It is here I put an extinguisher on myself for I am very low in the socket.

M. A. E.

GE TO JOHN SIBREE, JR.,
[FOLESHILL, 8 MARCH 1848]

Text: Copy (by Mary Sibree Cash?), Yale. *Endorsed:* Feby 1848? *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 178–183.

Wednesday.

Write and tell you that I join you in your happiness about the French Revolution? Very fine, my good friend. If I made you wait for a letter as long as you do me, our little échantillon of a Millennium would be over. Satan would be let loose again, and I should have to share your humiliation instead of your triumph. Natheless I absolve you, for the sole merit of thinking rightly (that is, of course, just as I do) about la grande nation and its doings. You and Carlyle (have you

seen his article in last week's Examiner?) [1] are the only two people who feel just as I would have them—who can glory in what is actually great and beautiful without putting forth any cold reservations and incredulities to save their credit for wisdom. I am all the more delighted with your enthusiasm because I didn't expect it. I feared that you lacked revolutionary ardour. But no—you are just as sansculottish and rash as I would have you. You are not one of those sages whose reason keeps so tight a rein on their emotions that they are too constantly occupied in calculating consequences to rejoice in any great manifestation of the forces that underlie our everyday existence. I should have written a soprano to your Jubilate the very next day, but that, lest I should be exalted above measure,[2] a messenger of Satan was sent in the guise of a headache and directly on the back of that a face-ache, so that I have been a mere victim of sensations memories and visions for the last week. I am even now, as you may imagine, in a very shattered limbo-like mental condition—but I remember you are very fond of feminine dependence and stupidity, so I have some chance of your admiration.

I thought we had fallen on such evil days that we were to see no really great movement—that ours was what St. Simon calls a purely *critical* epoch, not at all an organic one [3]—but I begin to be glad of my date. I would consent, however, to have a year clipt off my life for the sake of witnessing such a scene as that of the men of the barricade bowing to the image of Christ "who first taught fraternity to men." One trembles to look into every fresh newspaper lest there should be something to mar the picture; but hitherto even the scoffing newspaper critics have been compelled into a tone of genuine respect for the French people and the Provisional Government. Lamartine [4] can act a poem if he cannot write one of the very first order. I hope that beautiful face given to him in the pictoral newspaper is really his, it is worthy of an aureole. I am chiefly anxious about Albert, the operative,[5] but his picture is not to be seen. I have little patience with people who can

1. "Louis Philippe," *Examiner,* 4 March 1848, pp. 145–146.

2. II Corinthians 12:7.

3. The followers of Claude Henri de Rouvroy, Comte de Saint-Simon (1760–1825), recognized two epochs in history, the critical or negative and the organic or constructive, which is to be controlled by a spirit of association and devotion.

4. Alphonse de Lamartine (1790–1869), poet and politician, one of the five members of the Provisional Republican Government set up by the February Revolution.

5. Alexandre Martin (1815–95), a follower of Louis Blanc, also a member of the Provisional Government, signed all the decrees "Albert, *ouvrier.*" In 1849 he was sentenced to ten years' deportation. After his release he became a gasworker.

find time to pity Louis Philippe and his moustachioed sons.[6] Certainly our decayed monarchs should be pensioned off: we should have a hospital for them, or a sort of Zoological Garden, where these worn-out humbugs may be preserved.[7] It is but justice that we should keep them, since we have spoiled them for any honest trade. Let them sit on soft cushions and have their dinner regularly, but for heaven's sake preserve me from sentimentalizing over a pampered old man when the earth has its millions of unfed souls and bodies. Surely he is not so Ahab-like as to wish that the revolution had been deferred till his son's days; [8] and I think the shades of the Stuarts would have some reason to complain if the Bourbons who are so little better than they, had been allowed to reign much longer.

I should have no hope of good from any imitative movement at home. Our working classes are eminently inferior to the mass of the French people. In France, the *mind* of the people is highly electrified —they are full of ideas on social subjects—they really desire social *reform*—not merely an acting out of Sancho Panza's favourite proverb "Yesterday for you, to-day for me." [9] The revolutionary animus extended over the whole nation, and embraced the rural population—not merely as with us, the artisans of the towns. Here there is so much larger a proportion of selfish radicalism and unsatisfied, brute sensuality (in the agricultural and mining districts especially) than of perception or desire of justice, that a revolutionary movement would be simply destructive—not constructive. Besides, it would be put down. Our military have no notion of "fraternizing." They have the same sort of inveteracy as dogs have for the ill-drest canaille. They are as mere a brute force as a battering ram and the aristocracy have got firm hold of them. Our little humbug of a queen is more endurable than the rest of her race because she calls forth a chivalrous feeling,[1] and there is nothing in our constitution to obstruct the slow progress of *political* reform. This is all we are fit for at present. The social reform which may prepare us for great changes is more and more the object of effort both in Parliament and out of it. But we English are slow crawlers. The sympathy in Ireland seems at present only of the

6. The Duc de Nemours (1814–96), the Prince de Joinville (1818–1900), the Duc d'Aumale (1822–97), and the Duc de Montpensier (1821–90).

7. Louis Philippe (1773–1850) and his queen were smuggled out of France in disguise by the British Consul and settled at Claremont under the incognito of Count and Countess of Neuilly.

8. I Kings 22:29.

9. Is GE thinking of *Don Quixote*, Part II, ch. 65; "Today for thee; tomorrow for me"?

1. Cross naturally omits this clause.

water toast kind. The Glasgow riots [2] are more serious, but one cannot believe in a Scotch Reign of Terror in these days. I should not be sorry to hear that the Italians had risen en masse and chased the odious Austrians out of beautiful Lombardy.[3] But this they could hardly do without help, and that involves another European war. But I am writing in utter misery with toothache and headache and the greasiest of pens—and all to give you the trouble of reading what is not worth that compliment.

Concerning the "tent-making," there is much more to be said; but am I to adopt your rule and never speak of what I suppose we agree about? That would turn out altogether wrong, mon ami. It is necessary to me, not simply to *be* but to *utter,* and I require utterance of my friends. What is it to me that I think the same thoughts? I think them in a somewhat different fashion. No mind that has any *real* life is a mere echo of another. If the perfect unison comes occasionally, as in music, it enhances the harmonies. It is like a diffusion or expansion of one's own life to be assured that its vibrations are repeated in another, and words are the media of those vibrations. How can you say that music must end in silence? Is not the universe itself a perpetual utterance of the One Being? I want you to write me a Confession of Faith —not merely *what* you believe but why you believe it. I have no right in the world to make such a request, but your goodness will give me more than my mere right. Never mind what you write to me—your letters shall be quite sacred, and you see I write any nonsense that can come into a poor woman's brain to you.

I wish you would burn my letters when you have read them once through, and then you would not have time to find out how good for nothing they are, and there would be no risk of a critical third pair of eyes getting a sight of them, which would certainly be a death blow to my reputation for gravity and wisdom—not that I am very careful in this matter—for this bump of cautiousness with which nature has furnished me is of very little use to me. But I will be as careful for you as if I were ultra-cautious on my own behalf, so I say again utter, utter, utter, and it will be a deed of mercy twice blest, for I shall be a safety-valve for your communicativeness and prevent it from splitting honest peoples' brains who don't understand you and moreover it will be fraught with ghostly comfort to me. Forgive me for writing to you

2. On 6 March several thousand unemployed workers rioted in Glasgow and broke into the gun shops. The cavalry called to restore order injured many.

3. They soon did in the Five-Day Revolution of 17–22 March 1848.

when I am hardly able to write rationally, and accept it as the more gracious alternative—rather than remaining silent another week.

Ever your sincere friend
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 14 APRIL 1848]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 14. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 185–186.

My dear Sara

I am a miserable wretch with aching limbs and sinking spirits, but still alive enough to feel the kindness of your last note. I thoroughly enjoyed your delight in Emerson.[4] I should have liked to see you sitting by him 'with awful eye' for once in your life feeling all the bliss of veneration. I am quite uncertain about our movements. Dear Father gets on very slowly, if at all. Whether we shall be able to set out on Monday I do not know, still less how soon we may be on our return. You will understand all this, and the impossibility of my forming any plans for my own pleasure. A day will come when my head will be clearer and my heart lighter, and then I will write to you again. Rest is the only thing I can think of with pleasure now. Love to Mrs. Hennell. Even writing this makes my head swing.

Your affectionate
Pollian.

MRS. CHARLES BRAY TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
COVENTRY, 15 APRIL 1848

Text: Bray-Hennell Extracts, Tinker Collection, Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

M.A.'s 'doings' the last week have been rather sad. Her father gets no better, and is not able to go to the coast as they intended tomorrow; she has been really very poorly. On Tuesday morning I found her well nigh out of her senses with toothache, the wise tooth she thought. I went immediately to T. Wright and got him to come in the afternoon, attended at his own urgent request, by Mr. Bury, as he refused to give

4. Emerson came to board at John Chapman's, 142 Strand, 1 March 1848, where Miss Hennell doubtless met him. See *The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, ed. E. W. Emerson and W. E. Forbes, 10 vols., Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin, 1909–14, VII, 402.

the chloroform again without medical sanction,[5] and she would not have it out otherwise. He found out beyond a doubt that the one *next* the wise tooth was the offender, and no possibility of stopping it. So she began to sniff the chloroform, but it brought on again the violent screaming, and it was only by giving her a second extra-strong dose that perfect unconsciousness could be produced. The tooth was dragged out with a tremendous pull, and then she opened her eyes, and told us she had been listening to 'such strains of eloquence.' Her head has felt very queer ever since, and yesterday I found her in bed with a violent headache—so I fear the chloroform did some little mischief.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON,
[FOLESHILL, 17? APRIL? 1848]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Monday.

My dear Fanny

Mr. Bury[6] has put Father on a different system of diet—he takes no meat or wine and has had a Blister on the chest which I trust has already done a little good. I fear his illness is much more serious than I was led to believe and I am in very great anxiety, but Mr. Bury assures me there is no cause for immediate alarm. He says all is being done that can be and that the symptoms are a little subdued this morning. In his opinion it is the imperfect action of the *heart* that produces the difficult breathing. I am going to have a bed made up for him in the dining-room to prevent his having the exertion of going up stairs which Mr. Bury thinks injurious. He had a wretched night last night. I shall sleep on the sofa in his room until he is better. In a day or two when we can judge of his improvement I will write again. I need not say, Come to see him whenever you feel inclined—*that* you will of course do. Invitations in this case would be quite out of place. I have been in great agitation this morning, but Mr. Bury has comforted me, and therefore, you must take comfort on the same ground. Ever, dear Fanny

Your affectionate
Mary Ann

5. Sir James Simpson announced his discovery of the anaesthetic properties of chloroform in November 1847.

6. John Bury, F.R.C.S. (Hon.) 1814, had been for many years a surgeon at Coventry. (*London and Provincial Medical Directory*, 1828, 1854, etc.) He was Senior Surgeon to the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital. (F. White, *Warwickshire*, 1850, p. 493.)

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON,
[FOLESHILL, 20 APRIL 1848]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Thursday.

My dear Fanny

I have been expecting to see you almost daily, but I was unwilling to write to you until I could say something cheering of dear Father. I sent Robert word of his illness, because I thought an exaggerated report might reach him and cause him needless alarm. I knew that Henry and you were aware of his being out of health, and thought that you would surely come and see him.

I suppose poor Henry's illness has prevented you. I trust dear Father will soon be well again, when he has had the change which Dr. Powell and Edward [7] recommend. They pronounce him to be quite free from real disease and attribute his disorder to repeated attacks of influenza which have served to aggravate a wrong state of the liver and of the secretions generally. It has been a greater trial to me than I have ever had to see him suffering for so many weeks together.

I have been a wretched invalid myself, have lost two great teeth since I saw you, and have had no spirits to spare. I fear you too have been sadly tried. I am sorry I happened to be gone a walk when Henry came this morning. It is rather too great a risk to come from Leamington to pay ½ an hour's visit without giving notice. We had a letter from Isaac at Hallam this morning. They are all well. Ever dear Fanny,

Your affectionate
Mary Ann

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
FOLESHILL, [26 APRIL 1848]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 26. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 186.

Foleshill | Wednesday.

Dear Sara

Your note this morning was quite enough atonement for a very great injury if such there had been—but you may dismiss all regret at hav-

7. Henry Powell, M.D. (Oxon.), F.R.C.P., was Senior Physician to the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital. (F. White, *Warwickshire*, 1850, p. 557.) Edward Clarke, Mr. Evans's son-in-law, was a surgeon at Meriden.

ing forwarded my poor Professor's jeremiade,[8] for I have already been able to smile at it.

Dear Father is so decidedly progressing towards recovery [9] that I am full of quiet joy—a gentle dawning light after the moonlight of sorrow. I have found already some of the 'sweet uses' [1] that belong only to what is called trouble—which is after all only a deepened gaze into life, like the sight of the darker blue and the thickening host of stars when the hazy effect of twilight is gone—as our dear Blanco White said of death.[2]

I shall have less time than I have had at my own disposal probably —but I feel prepared to 'accept' life nay, lovingly to embrace it in any form in which it shall present itself.

With love to Mrs. Hennell, believe me, dear Sara

Your ever affectionate
Pollian.

I will send you word when we go to the coast.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON,
FOLESHILL, 1 MAY [1848]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Fanny

I must write to you today because this is decidedly the best day Father has had, and I want you to share my consequent bien-être.

He seems quite comfortable now, and I hope when he can once get leave of the wind to go out, he will gather strength fast. I have written to Robert today.

Your affectionate
Mary Ann

Foleshill | 1st May.

8. A recurrence to the joke about "Professor Bücherman." See [5 November 1846].

9. Mrs. Bray wrote Miss Hennell 23 April 1848: "Pollian, alas, must be left out of all our pleasure plans for this summer. Her father has been much worse. She has been dreadfully distressed and anxious, and so she only lies on a sofa in his room, gets no rest, and of course is with him constantly. She has been very poorly, body as well as mind." But 30 April Mrs. Bray wrote again: "Mr. Evans has rallied so much as to give hopes of his recovery. So, of course, Pollian is in a happy mood again; though the poor thing looks as thin as a poker." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

1. *As You Like It*, II, i, 12.

2. Joseph Blanco White, "Sonnet on Night and Death," in *The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White*, ed. J. H. Thom, 3 vols., 1845, III, 48.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, FOLESHILL, [MAY? 1848]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Foleshill | Monday.

My dear Fanny

I find it is in vain to expect that Father will ever again *exert* himself or give an opinion about a situation, but if you and Henry decide on Mr. Mellor's late house,[3] I feel sure he will not object to assist in pecuniary matters. I cannot press the subject farther with him. He says he thinks the situation a desirable one as it regards Mr. Houghton's Baginton business,[4] but he thinks it very dear and seems to fear the place would be altogether expensive—but probably he judges erroneously. In haste

Your affectionate
Mary Ann

GE TO JOHN SIBREE, JR., FOLESHILL, [14? MAY 1848]

Text: Copy (by Mary Sibree Cash?), Yale. *All but one sentence published:* Cross, I, 183–184.

Foleshill, | Sunday Evening.

My dear Mr. Sibree,

I might make a very plausible excuse for not acknowledging your kind note earlier by telling you that I have been both a nurse and invalid, but to be thoroughly ingenuous, I must confess that all this would not have been enough to prevent my writing, but for my chronic disease of utter idleness. I have heard and thought of you with great interest however, for Mary has not failed to make me a sharer in all her joys and anxieties on your account. You have my hearty and not inexperienced sympathy, for, to speak in the style of Jonathan Oldbuck, I am haud ignara mali.[5] I have gone through a trial of the same genus as yours, though rather differing in species. I sincerely rejoice in the step you have taken [6]—it is an absolutely necessary condition for any

3. James Mellor, Esq., of Willenhall House, Willenhall. Kelly and Co., *Post Office Directory of London and Birmingham, with Warwickshire and Part of South Staffordshire,* 1845.)

4. In Lascelles and Co., *Directory and Gazetteer of the City of Coventry,* 1850, Henry Houghton is listed as a grazier at Willenhall.

5. Scott's Antiquary is fond of classical tags like this. Cf. *Aeneid,* I, 630.

6. In her second contribution to Cross (New Edition, p. 59) Mrs. Cash wrote: "As time passed on, my brother saw he could

true development of your nature. It was impossible to think of your career with hope while you tacitly subscribed to the miserable etiquette (it deserves no better or more spiritual name) of sectarianism. Only persevere—be true, firm and loving—not too anxious about immediate usefulness to others—that can only be a result of justice to yourself. Study *mental hygiène*—take long doses of 'dolce far niente,' and be in no great hurry about anything in this 'varsal world! [7] Do we not commit ourselves to sleep, and so resign all care for ourselves every night? lay ourselves gently on the bosom of nature or God? A beautiful reproach to the spirit of some religionists and ultra-good people.

I like the notion of your going to Germany as good in every way, for yourself, body and mind, and for all others. O the bliss of having a very high attic in a romantic continental town, such as Geneva—far away from morning callers dinners and decencies; and then to pause for a year and think 'de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis,' and then to return to life, and work for poor stricken humanity and never think of self again.

I am writing nearly in the dark, with the post-bag waiting. I fear I shall not be at home when you come home, but surely I shall see you before you leave England. However that may be I shall utter a genuine Lebewohl.

Yours truly
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON,
[FOLESHILL, 25? MAY 1848]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Fanny

Father has made more decided progress during the last four or five days—He is really gaining strength, walks more firmly, and is comparatively free from languor. We have determined to set off to St. Leonard's on Monday, so if you want to see us—as we always do to see you—you

not conscientiously continue in the calling he had chosen. As, however, his heresies were not considered fatal, and he was esteemed by the professors and students of his college, there was for some time hesitation." One day Mary brought GE a letter Mrs. Sibree had written to John, entreating him "not to utter any sentiments, either in the pulpit or in conversation, that you do not believe to be strictly true." "Look," said GE, "this is the important point, what your mother says here," and she wrote this letter to be enclosed with it.

7. Scott, *Rob Roy*, ch. 14.

must come before then. We sent Henry's cheques yesterday, as they came too late for insertion in our post despatch.

Your affectionate
Mary Ann

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON,
[FOLESHILL, 28 MAY 1848]

Text: Copy by Miss Dorothy Evans, who owns the MS. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Fanny

I am not at all contented to set out to-morrow morning without seeing you, but I have found it impossible to get to your house this week, Father having used the carriage every day except Friday, and then the rain was too heavy to be encountered.

We will make you amends by presenting ourselves to you with cheerful and healthy faces when we return home. I have always many things to say to you, as Paul said to the Corinthians, but I shall have more then.

Take care of yourself in the meantime, and keep your heart well aired and swept not to invite demons,[9] but any stray joy that may be passing your way. Love to Henry. In haste dear Fanny

Your affectionate
Mary Ann

Sunday evening.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
ST. LEONARD'S, 31 MAY [1848]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1848. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 188.

Victoria Hotel | St. Leonard's | May 31st.

Dear Friends,

I am almost ashamed of having introduced Father as an invalid—he looked so strong and well after our hot and fatiguing journey. Indeed he proved the stronger of the two, for I was violently sick and altogether ill after our arrival; but I was almost as well off as if I had been in Icaria,[1] for the servants behaved to me like real human beings that

9. Cf. Matthew 12:44.

1. Étienne Cabet (1788–1856), a disciple of Robert Owen, published his utopia, *Voyage en Icarie,* in 1840. In 1848 he led an expedition of 1500 Icarians to America, where they settled at Nauvoo, Illinois.

had been sick themselves. I believe the shake has done me good, for I am quite well today, and according to Father, "looking rarely." He has done wonders in the way of walking and eating—for him—but he makes not the slightest attempt to amuse himself, so that I scarcely feel easy in following my own bent even for an hour.

You are so good at moderating one's expectations that I found both Hastings and St. Leonard's far superior to mine—a poor exchange, certainly, for Shanklin and Bonchurch, but good of their kind. The place is not full, the season for it being past I suppose. We do not find it too warm, however, for I have even felt the want of my Victorine [2]—a colder place would have been decidedly *too* cold. It is raining heavily this afternoon. I hope poor Warwickshire is not gasping for the drops which are falling so needlessly into the sea. I had a luxurious cold bath this morning—a private one—for there is such a horrid savage of a man who tackles the horses to the machines and the women are such fawning hags that I cannot conquer my repugnance to a bath in the open air.

I have told you everything now, except that I look amiable in spite of a strong tendency to look black, and speak gently though with a strong propensity to be snappish. Pity me, ye happier spirits that look amiable and speak gently because ye *are* amiable and gentle. But the Bile is not quite gone, so whether a pill or a prayer be the best antidote I am not quite certain.

Farewell, dear ones. If you write, direct to the Post Office, St. Leonard's.

Your faithful
Mary Ann.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, ST. LEONARD'S, [4 JUNE 1848]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* June 4, 1848. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 188–189.

Victoria Hotel | St. Leonard's | Sunday.

My dear Sara

I wait and wait for a better mood, in which, poor moon that I am, I may shed on you some gentle, peaceful light, instead of thrusting my cold dark orb between you and the 'lux alma' which is just now shin-

2. A fur tippet with long tabs in front.

ing on you from Cara's and other friendly eyes.[3] But the better mood does not come, and if I were silent longer you might fancy that it was because I was 'full rich and reigning as a king without you.'

Alas for the fate of poor mortals which condemns them to wake up some fine morning and find all the poetry in which their world was bathed only the evening before utterly gone—the hard angular world of chairs and tables and looking-glasses staring at them in all its naked prose. It is so in all the stages of life—the poetry of girlhood goes—the poetry of love and marriage—the poetry of maternity—and at last the very poetry of duty forsakes us for a season and we see ourselves and all about us as nothing more than miserable agglomerations of atoms—poor tentative efforts of the Natur Princip to mould a personality. This is the state of prostration—the self-abnegation through which the soul must go, and to which perhaps it must again and again return, that its poetry or religion, which is the same thing, may be a real ever-flowing river fresh from the windows of heaven and the fountains of the great deep—not an artificial basin with grotto work and gold fish.

I feel a sort of madness growing upon me—just the opposite of the delirium which makes people fancy that their bodies are filling the room. It seems to me as if I were shrinking into that mathematical abstraction, a point—so entirely am I destitute of contact that I am unconscious of length or breadth, and by the time you see me again, I shall have lost all possibility of giving you any demonstration of a spiritual existence—like a poor sprite metamorphosed into a pomegranate seed or some such thing. But I am wasting this "good Sunday morning" in grumblings.

A thousand blessings on you all, whether at Woodford or Clapton. I wish it were given to mortal love to waft a delicious scent as of thyme or violets as a most gentle assurance and remembrancer of its existence to the beloved ones at a distance. If it were so, you all might walk in a perpetual springtide odour. My feet are so cold I must go and walk.

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

3. Mrs. Bray's Diary shows that she spent the first three weeks of June with the Hennell families at Clapton and Woodford and heard Emerson's lectures in London 6, 8, and 17 June.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, ST. LEONARD'S,
[5 JUNE 1848]

MS: Yale. *Published:* Cross, I, 186–188.

Victoria Hotel | Monday.

My dear Friend

Your words of affection seem to make this earthly atmosphere sit less heavily on my shoulders, and in gratitude I must send you my thanks before I begin to read of Henry Gow and Fair Catherine [4] for Father's delectation. In truth I have found it somewhat difficult to live for the last week—conscious all the time that the only addition to my lot worth having must be more strength and love in my own nature—but perhaps this very consciousness has an irritating rather than a soothing effect. I have a fit of sensitiveness upon me which after all is but egotism and mental idleness. The enthusiasm without which one cannot even pour out breakfast well (at least *I* cannot) has forsaken me. You may laugh and wonder when my enthusiasm has displayed itself, but that will only prove that you are no seer. I can never live long without it in some form or other. I possess my soul in patience for a time, believing that this dark damp vault in which I am groping will soon come to an end and the fresh green earth and the bright sky be all the more precious to me. But for the present my address is Grief Castle, on the river of Gloom, in the valley of Dolour. I was amused to find that Castle Campbell in Scotland was called so.[5] Truly for many seasons in my life I should have been an appropriate denizen of such a place, but I have faith that unless I am destined to insanity, I shall never again abide long in that same castle. I heartily say amen to your dictum about the cheerfulness of "large moral regions." [6] Where *thought* and *love*

4. Scott, *The Fair Maid of Perth.* Scott spells the name Catharine.

5. In Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather, (Scotland)*, ch. 43, Castle Campbell is said to have been called in former days "the castle of Gloom; and the names of the parish, and the stream by which its banks are washed, had also an ominous sound. The castle of Gloom was situated on the brook of Grief or Gryfe, and in the parish of Doulour or Dollar." I am grateful to Dr. James C. Corson for this reference.

6. The phrenologists located the moral sentiments in the coronal region of the cranium, the animal propensities in the posterior lobe. In GE's case Charles Bray found that "In the Feelings, the Animal and Moral regions are about equal; the moral being quite sufficient to keep the animal in order and in due subservience, but would not be spontaneously active. The social feelings were very active, particularly the adhesiveness. She was of a most affectionate disposition, always requiring some one to lean upon, preferring what has hitherto been considered the stronger sex, to the other and more impressible. She was not fitted to stand alone. Her sense of Character—of men and things, is a predominatingly intellectual one, with which the Feelings have little to do, and the exceeding fairness, for which she is noted,

are active, thought the formative power, love the vitalizing, there can be no sadness. They are in themselves a more intense and extended participation of a divine Existence—as they grow the highest species of faith grows too—and 'all things are possible.' I don't know why I should prose in this way to you. But I wanted to thank you for your note and all this selfish grumbling was at my pen's end. And now I have no time to redeem myself. We shall not stay long away from home I feel sure.

Your affectionate friend,
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO THE BRAYS AND HENNELLS, ST. LEONARD'S, 8 JUNE [1848]

MS: Yale. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 189–190.

33 Marina | St. Leonard's | June 8th.

Dear Quartett of Friends—

I may still say so, though I fear your primo basso has departed, for I suppose your basso secondo [7] will have arrived before my letter. It has been quite enough of joy to me to think of you receiving the pleasures of your fourth in that delightful way and of Mrs. Hennell looking on. Mr. Hennell's toothache made me groan a deep groan partly of contrition and partly of sympathy—but the letter had a galvanic effect on my muscles and lungs—I laughed a real laugh and my lungs did crow like Chanticleer [8] so as to startle Father with the unwonted sound. Tell Mr. Hennell he could not have procured me a greater luxury, and I have felt younger ever since—indeed I think the convulsion has checked the progress of some wrinkles that have begun to form of late.

I have not half time to write what I wish—I want to send some consolation to my poor Professor,[9] for I have some that will be right welcome to him—but alas! our life here is 'slow' not in the sense of the time seeming too long, but in the fact of very trivial doings being spread over a large space, so that I can say little more at the end of every day

towards all parties, towards all sects and denominations, is probably owing to her little feeling on the subject,—at least not enough to interfere with her judgment. She saw all sides, and they are always many, clearly, and without prejudice." (*Autobiography*, p. 75.)

7. Charles Christian Hennell, the "primo basso," came to Clapton 3 June; Charles Bray, the "basso secundo," did not arrive until 15 June. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

8. *As You Like It*, II, vii, 30.

9. See [5 November 1846].

than "the evening and the morning were the eighth or ninth day." [1]

Father is no better at all, indeed I think his cough is more troublesome than when we came. This is dispiriting for him and so he is doubly dragged backwards. The weather is so cruelly cold, that one can expect no good influence from the sea-breezes.

Dear Cara, your husband desired me to send you the newspaper paragraph about George Sand, and I obey—but if you disapprove, utter none of your blasphemies to me.

Poor Louis Blanc! [2] The newspapers make me melancholy—but shame upon me that I say 'poor.' The day will come when there will be a temple of white marble where sweet incense and anthems shall rise to the memory of every man and woman who has had a deep *'ahnung,'* a presentiment, a yearning, or a clear vision of the time when this miserable reign of Mammon shall end—when men shall be no longer "like the fishes of the sea" [3] society no more like a face one half of which—the side of profession, of lip-faith—is fair and god-like, the other half—the side of deeds and institutions—with a hard old wrinkled skin puckered into the sneer of a Mephistopheles. I worship the man who has written as the climax of his appeal against society, "L'inégalité des talents doit aboutir non à l'inégalité des retributions, mais à l'inégalité des devoirs." [4] You will wonder what has wrought me up into this fury—it is the loathsome fawning, the transparent hypocrisy, the systematic giving as little as possible for as much as possible that one meets with here at every turn. I feel that society is training men and women for hell.

You are going to Teignmouth, I hope? do not give up that charming plan, I beg. The sun is beginning to shine and I go to my bath. Seen anything of Emerson? Love to all

Your
Mary Ann.

1. Cf. Genesis 1.

2. Jean Joseph Charles Louis Blanc (1811–82), one of the leaders of the revolution of 15 May 1848, was accused of having inflamed the mob that stormed the Hôtel de Ville. His impeachment had been recommended 2 June. (*Examiner.*)

3. Cf. Habakkuk 1:14.

4. Freely quoted from Louis Blanc, *L'Organisation du travail,* Paris, 1841, pp. 92–93.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, ST. LEONARD'S,
[11 JUNE 1848]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1848. *Brief extract published:* Cross, I, 191.

33 Marina | St. Leonard's | Sunday.

Alas! mon ami, Father is not better as you imagine—on the contrary all his worst symptoms have returned—a bad cough, shortness of breath, languor and aching of the limbs. I fear I shall have to take him home as great an invalid as ever. I thought you went to London last Thursday, and wrote a letter for the community there, supposing you to be a part of it. It is very charming to hear of all Cara's pleasures past and to come,[5] and it will be still better to think of them when you are sharing them. Her letter was as exhilarating to me as anything could be when Father's pale haggard looking face was opposite to me.

Thank you for your goodness in writing to me—I take crumbs with gratitude, though I should be glad of a thorough meal of news about you. The kind words and thoughts of my beloved ones are so many little gauze wings which were of no avail to me when I had not inward strength to fly withal—but now my native vigour is come again I flutter them joyously and soar with them into the Empyrean 'in spite of sorrow.' [6] So give me more and more of these little wings, and judge of me as men judge of their divinities—what you feel in your little half-drained puddle of a soul, I feel in my great Atlantic. There—you see I have not kept your company in vain—I am beginning to understand your doctrine of faith—that it should be in *inverse* proportion to evidence.

Persevere in the Devonshire plan pray.[7] I think we shall surely have fine weather now. Today is crowned with the most beautiful of skies, light floating clouds setting off that perfect azure which must ever stand for hope in the language of colours.

I have read Jane Eyre,[8] mon ami, and shall be glad to know what you admire in it. All self-sacrifice is good—but one would like it to be in a somewhat nobler cause than that of a diabolical law which chains a man soul and body to a putrefying carcase. However the book *is* interesting—only I wish the characters would talk a little less like the heroes and heroines of police reports.

5. In addition to the Emerson lectures, a performance of the *Creation* at Exeter Hall 9 June 1848.

6. *L'Allegro,* line 45.

7. The Brays went to Bishop's Teignton 19 June, returning to Coventry 29 June.

8. Published in October 1847.

Do not curse my pale ink and send me an answer in the style of the Duke of Wellington to Mrs. M.[9]

Yours in secula seculorum
Mary Ann.

GE TO MARY SIBREE, ST. LEONARD'S, 13 JUNE [1848]

MS: Miss Mary Kirby. *Hitherto unpublished.*

33 Marina | St. Leonard's | June 13th.

Alas dear love my heart is bleeding for my poor Father who is suffering as badly as ever. We shall be at home again, all things continuing as they are, on Friday evening. Your letter was very precious to me and so are you ma mignonne. I shall soon have my hand in yours and read comfort in your kind face. This afternoon I am too sad to write more. It is real anguish to see suffering that one cannot alleviate, and it requires some days to get calmness under the trial.

Your affectionate
Mary Ann Evans.

Do take care of yourself dear child. You are getting thin and delicate. I do not like the change.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [FOLESHILL, 23 JUNE 1848]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* June 23, 1848. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 190–191.

Dear Sara

All creatures about to moult or to cast off an old skin, or enter on any new metamorphosis have sickly feelings. It was so with me, but now I am set free from the irritating worn-out integument. I am entering on a new period of my life which makes me look back on the past as something incredibly poor and contemptible. I am enjoying repose strength and ardour in a greater degree than I have ever known and yet I never felt my own insignificance and imperfection so completely.

9. GE's ink is unusually pale. She is apparently alluding to the curt letters, mostly apocryphal, ascribed to the Duke of Wellington. One dated 13 February 1843 was published in the Preston *Chronicle:* "F.M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mrs. C——. He really regrets much that he has not been able to read her letter. He entreats her to write in a plain hand, in dark ink, and in few words what her commands are. Mrs. C—— ——, Liverpool." (*Times,* 24 September 1846, p. 3d.) Such a letter may have been received by a Mrs. M. known to GE and the Brays.

My heart bleeds for dear Father's pains, but it is blessed to be at hand to give the soothing word and act needed. I should not have written this description of myself but that I felt your affectionate letter demanded some I-ism, which after all is often humility rather than pride.

You are ever with me as Spiridion was with Alexis and Angel.[1]

Pollian.

Paris, poor Paris alas alas.[2]

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [14 JULY 1848]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Aug. 1848. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 191–193.

Foleshill | Friday

Dear Sara

I have seen Emerson—the first *man* I have ever seen. But you have seen still more of him so I need not tell you what he is. I have just been reading your letter to Rosehill and am distressed to read the termination about Strauss. Have you seen the Review of his pamphlet in the Edinburgh?[3] The title is 'Der Romantiker auf dem Throne der Cäsaren, oder Julian der Abtrünnige'—a sort of erudite satire on the King of Prussia—but the reviewer pronounces it to have a permanent value quite apart from this fugitive interest. The 'Romantiker' or Romanticist is one who in literature, in the arts, in religion or politics endeavours to revive the dead past. Julian was a romanticist in wishing to restore the Greek religion and its spirit when mankind had entered on the new development, the nearer approach to the imago state of Christianity. But you have very likely seen the review. I must copy one passage, translated from the conclusion of Strauss's pamphlet lest you should not have met with it. "Christian writers have disfigured the death scene of Julian. They have represented him as furious, blaspheming, despairing and in his despair exclaiming—*Thou* hast conquered, O Galilean, νενίνηκας[4] Γαλιλαῖε! This phrase, though false as history, has a truth in it. It contains a prophecy—to us a consoling prophecy—and it is this: Every

1. Spiridion, founder and Abbot of the Franciscan convent where Père Alexis and Frère Angel live in George Sand's *Spiridion*, 1838–39.

2. The national workshops, organized to disprove Louis Blanc's theories, were suddenly closed by the Assembly 21 June; in the ensuing insurrection the Socialist party was crushed, making way for the Second Empire.

3. *Edinburgh Review*, 88 (July 1848), 94–104, by [GHL], who lists it in his Literary Receipts. (NYPL.)

4. Misquoted from p. 103. Cross prints the correct form, *νενίκηκας*.

Julian i.e. every great and powerful man who would attempt to resuscitate a state of society which has died, will infallibly be vanquished by the Galilean—for the Galilean is nothing less than the genius of the future!"

Cara is uncertain whether she can fulfil her intention of writing to you today as she is rather languid after her children's party [5] and has other letters to write. I shall leave to her to tell how the day—the Emerson day [6]—was spent, for I have a swimming head from hanging over the desk to write business letters for Father.

Farewell, Geliebte—may you be enabled to believe all things, hope all things, and endure all things.[7]

Thy ever affectionate
Pollian.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON,
[FOLESHILL, JULY? 1848]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Fanny

Father has had another wretched night which has made him feel increasingly ill this morning. He generally gets easier in the afternoon. Mr. Bury and Mr. Clarke met here this morning. They agree in the

5. Mrs. Bray's Diary, 14 July 1848: "Juvenile party."

6. Emerson arrived in Coventry 12 July 1848. Mrs. Bray wrote Sara Hennell that Mr. Bray fetched him from the station at midnight. He "looked round the drawing-room and said 'Coventry is a very nice place,' and the next morning was so easy and pleasant, that I wondered where all my awe was gone to." They presented GE, who fell into earnest conversation with him. Emerson, according to Mrs. Cash (Cross, New Edition, p. 104) "asked her what had first wakened her to deep reflection, and when she answered 'Rousseau's Confessions,' he remarked that this was very interesting, inasmuch as Carlyle had told him that very book had had the same effect upon his mind." See [9 February 1849].

With the Brays' friend Edward Flower they all went to Stratford to "see Shakespeare." "We four drove (back from Stratford) in an open carriage, to the station," Mrs. Bray continued. "This was the pleasantest part of the day to us, and he talked as if we had been old friends. He was much struck with M.A.; expressed his admiration many times to Charles—'That young lady has a calm, serious soul,'—and regretted very much he had no more time to stay amongst us. He came home to tea with us—and oh how stupid did those committee-men look. Well for us a great benign soul does not often come to disgust us with common life. No, that's a very false statement. Common life would not be common then." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.) Mrs. Cash reports a slightly different version of Emerson's remark: "That young lady has a calm, clear spirit." (Cross, New Edition, p. 104.) Other versions of his remark are given in W. H. Draper, "George Eliot's Coventry Friends," *Cornhill,* 93 (February 1906), 235, and T. Scudder, *The Lonely Wayfaring Man,* New York, 1936, p. 111.

7. Cf. I Corinthians 13:7.

opinion that Father's state is not referable to any one organ, but that the entire system is disordered. I have written to Robert to beg him to come, as I am sure he would wish to see Father if he knew how ill he is.

I trust dear Father will not have another night so trying as the last. I am to try a mustard plaister between the shoulders if he should not be able to sleep. You will come again soon—but it would be well to contrive so that there should not be too many together as Father is too weak to bear much hurry or excitement, and we have now only one downstairs sitting room. Could you come tomorrow dear?

Ever your affectionate
Mary Ann

Tuesday Morning.

MRS. CHARLES BRAY TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, COVENTRY, 11 SEPTEMBER 1848

Text: Bray-Hennell Extracts, Tinker Collection, Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

We are very anxious about M.A. and shall be very thankful to hear that all is over. Her father gets rapidly worse. The doctors expect his death to take place suddenly, by a suffusion of water on the chest; and poor M.A., alone with him, has the whole care and fatigue of nursing him night and day with this constant nervous expectation. She keeps up wonderfully mentally, but looks like a ghost. It is a great comfort that he is now quite aware of his situation, and was not in the least discomposed when Isaac told him he might die suddenly. It was quite a pleasure to see him sitting in his chair looking so calm just after he had known this; and he takes opportunities now of saying kind things to M.A., contrary to his wont. Poor girl, it shows how rare they are by the gratitude with which she repeats the commonest expressions of kindness.[8]

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [FOLESHILL, 23 NOVEMBER 1848]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Nov. 23, 1848. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Mother Nature—who by the bye is an old lady with some bad habits of her own—like other great names does her work by deputy and so

8. In copying this passage Miss Hennell added: "He lingered, better and worse, for another 8 or 9 months—and she thought he might last for years, in a state of imbecility."

gets both credit and discredit that don't properly belong to her. The vulgar may not know it, but she in fact leaves the creation of her plants her animals and her homunculi to a whole herd of sprites and genii some of whom make but laughing work of it. Now over a quarter of a century ago [9] there was a very young sprite who forsooth having turned out some respectable toads and a few indifferent lemurs and marmosets must fain try his hand on a human article and one 22d of November he presented to Dame Nature at her evening levee a rough though unmistakeable sketch of a human baby. The Old Mother had been rollicking all the autumn in the vintage and wanted no less than a winter's sleep to sober her. Being rather cross-grained in her cups she was in no humour to make the best of a bad business so she said, What have we here? in such a snappish tone, flourishing a bunch of nettles all the while, that the poor little Prometheus of a sprite began to look very snubbed. "A pretty piece of work I should have to patch up this thing into a human soul and body that would hang together! Here," she called to one of her Vishnu-sprites, "smother it at once to save further harm." Thereupon the poor spriteling fell a crying that his first Homunculus was to be sent to limbo without having one chance given it. So some of his brother genii who were bringing in their day's work were touched with pity, and began to intercede for him and his Homunculus. "See mother," said they, "we have brought you many gentle maidens and high-browed,[1] brave men. We will make them to be friends to this poor bratling if you will only spare it, and they shall love and cherish and guard its poor rickety soul." "And see," said one hard-working sprite, "some Novembers ago [2] I brought you a dark-haired maiden and she shall be to this little one as a sister and her dark eye shall beam on the wandering one with love to soothe and grave warning to reclaim." And so Dame Nature heard the intercession and the brother-sprites kept their word. For the poor sketch of a soul was found by the dark eyed maiden and those other bright and good mortals and they pitied and helped it, so that at last it grew to think and to love.

9. Twenty-nine years, to be exact; GE was born 22 November 1819.

1. In the phrenological sense.

2. Sara Hennell was born 23 November 1812.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, DECEMBER 1848]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Dec. 1848. *Published:* Cross, I, 193.

Cara sposa

Father's tongue has just given utterance to a thought which has been very visibly radiating from his eager eyes for some minutes—"I thought you were going on with the book—" so I can only bless you for those two notes which have emanated from you like so much ambrosial scent from roses and lavender. Not less am I grateful for the Carlyle eulogium.[3] I have shed some quite delicious tears over it. This is a world worth abiding in while one man can thus venerate and love another.

More anon—this from my doleful prison of stupidity and barrenness with a yawning trap-door ready to let me down into utter fatuity. But I can even yet feel the omnipotence of a glorious chord. Poor pebble as I am left entangled among slimy weeds I can yet hear from afar the rushing of the blessed torrent and rejoice that it is there to bathe and brighten other pebbles less unworthy of the polishing.

Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, JANUARY 1849]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Jan. 1849. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 194.

Dear Sara

I think of you perpetually, but my thoughts are all aqueous—they will not crystalize—they are as fleeting as ripples on the sea. I am suffering perhaps as acutely as ever I did in my life. Breathe a wish that I may gather strength—the fragrance of your wish will reach me somehow.

Farewell dear love—I shall be expansive again some day.

Pollian.

3. J. W. Dyer's *Bibliography of Carlyle's Writings,* 1928, refers to this passage in a note on the 1st English ed. of Emerson's *Essays,* 1841. It seems curious that GE should speak of Carlyle's preface in terms which would better suit something he had said or written about Emerson more recently. I am unable to explain the allusion further.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 4 FEBRUARY 1849]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. 4, 1849. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 196–197.

Sunday Morning.

Out, hyperbolical fiend! talkest thou of nothing but music? [4] An exquisite little morceau of connubial torture, I suppose. Never tell me that thou knowest not—at least the devil that prompts thee knows—that I have not touched the piano for nearly two months until this morning when, Father being better, I was determined to play a mass before the piano is utterly baked out of tune again. Therefore avaunt! thou strumming and warbling devil—get thee to some fat Quaker and torment him in the guise of a hurdy-gurdy boy.

Your letter, dear love, was brought to me in bed and I managed to read it in spite of unutterable headache. Every scrap of paper (*outtaken* the musical ones) is a little winged angel to me, seems to fondle me and fan me with its soft dove-like wings. Therefore *write, asking for nothing again,*[5] like a true disciple of Jesus. I am still feeling rather shattered in brain and limbs, but do not suppose that I lack inward peace and strength. My body is the defaulter—*consciously* so. I triumph over all things in the spirit, but the flesh is weak and disgraces itself by headaches and backaches and vomitings.

I am delighted to find that you mention Macaulay, because that is an indication that Mr. Hennell has been reading him.[6] I thought of Mr. H. all through the book, as the only person I could be quite sure would enjoy it as much as I did myself. I did not know if it would interest you. Tell me more explicitly that it does.

Think of Babylon being unearthed in spite of the prophecies! [7] Truly we are looking before and after [8] au jour d'aujourd'hui, as Monsieur Bricolin says.[9] Send me the criticism of Jacques,[1] the morn's morning,[2] only beware there are not too many blasphemies against my divinity.

Paint soap bubbles—and never fear but I will find *a* meaning though

4. Cf. *Twelfth Night,* IV, ii, 29–30.
5. Luke 6:30.
6. Vols. I and II of Macaulay's *History of England from the Accession of James II* were published in 1849.
7. An article on Austen Henry Layard's *Nineveh and Its Remains,* 2 vols., 1848–49, had appeared in the *Quarterly Review,* 84 (December 1848), 106–153; it had also been reviewed in the *Athenaeum,* 13 and 27 January 1849.
8. Shelley, "To a Skylark," stanza 18.
9. Bricolin the "paysan parvenu" in George Sand's *Le Meunier d'Angibault,* 1845, repeats the phrase constantly; see, e.g., ch. 8.
1. George Sand's novel, 1834.
2. Scott, *The Antiquary,* ch. 11.

very likely not your meaning. Paint the crucifixion in a bubble, after Turner [3] and then the resurrection—I see them now.

There has been a vulgar man sitting by while I have been writing and I have been saying parenthetical bits of civility to him to help out poor Father in his conversation, so I have not been quite sure what I have been saying to you. I have woful aches which take up half my nervous strength. Brothers and sisters coming this afternoon—therefore believe that I love thee or I should not have written even this today.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON,
[FOLESHILL, 4? FEBRUARY 1849]

Text: Cross, I, 195–196, dated Sunday evening, 1849.

I have been holding a court of conscience, and I cannot enjoy my Sunday's music without restoring harmony, without entering a protest against that superficial soul of mine which is perpetually contradicting and belying the true inner soul. I am in that mood which, in another age of the world, would have led me to put on sackcloth and pour ashes on my head, when I call to mind the sins of my tongue—my animadversions on the faults of others, as if I thought myself to be something when I am nothing. When shall I attain to the true spirit of love which Paul has taught for all the ages? I want no one to excuse me, dear Fanny, —I only want to remove the shadow of my miserable words and deeds from before the divine image of truth and goodness, which I would have all beings worship. I need the Jesuits' discipline of silence, and though my "evil speaking" issues from the intellectual point of view rather than the moral,—though there may be gall in the thought while there is honey in the feeling, yet the evil speaking is wrong. We may satirise character and qualities in the abstract without injury to our moral nature, but persons hardly ever. Poor hints and sketches of souls as we are—with some slight transient vision of the perfect and the true—we had need help each other to gaze at the blessed heavens instead of peering into each other's eyes to find out the motes there.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 9 FEBRUARY 1849]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. 9th, 1849. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 197–200.

Dear Sara

My life is a perpetual nightmare—always haunted by something to be done which I have never the time or rather the energy to do.

3. See [25 April 1849] and [26 March 1850].

Opportunity is kind, but only to the industrious and I alas! am not one of them. Else I might write to you oftener, if indeed you would thank me for doing so. I have sat down in desperation this evening though dear Father is very uneasy and his moans distract me, just to tell you that you have full absolution for your criticism [4] which I do not reckon of the 'impertinent' order. I wish you thoroughly to understand that the writers who have most profoundly influenced me —who have rolled away the waters from their bed raised new mountains and spread delicious valleys for me—are not in the least oracles to me. It is just possible that I may not embrace one of their opinions, that I may wish my life to be shaped quite differently from theirs. For instance it would signify nothing to me if a very wise person were to stun me with proofs that Rousseau's views of life, religion, and government are miserably erroneous—that he was guilty of some of the worst bassesses that have degraded civilized man. I might admit all this—and it would be not the less true that Rousseau's genius has sent that electric thrill through my intellectual and moral frame which has awakened me to new perceptions, which has made man and nature a fresh world of thought and feeling to me—and this not by teaching me any new belief. It is simply that the rushing mighty wind [5] of his inspiration has so quickened my faculties that I have been able to shape more definitely for myself ideas which had previously dwelt as dim 'ahnungen' in my soul—the fire of his genius has so fused together old thoughts and prejudices that I have been ready to make new combinations.

It is thus with G. Sand. I should never dream of going to her writings as a moral code or text-book. I don't care whether I agree with her about marriage or not [6]—whether I think the design of her plot correct or that she had no precise design at all but began to write as the spirit moved her and trusted to Providence for the catastrophe, which I think the more probable case—it is sufficient for me as a reason for bowing before her in eternal gratitude to that 'great power of God' [7]

4. Of George Sand's *Jacques*.

5. Acts 2:2.

6. Jacques writes Sylvia: "Je n'ai pas changé d'avis, je ne me suis pas réconcilié avec la société, et le mariage est toujours, selon moi, une des plus barbares institutions qu'elle ait ébauchées. Je ne doute pas qu'il ne soit aboli, si l'espèce humaine fait quelque progrès vers la justice et la raison; un lien plus humain et non moins sacré remplacera celui-là, et saura assurer l'existence des enfants qui naîtront d'un homme et d'une femme, sans enchaîner à jamais la liberté de l'un et de l'autre. . . . Les améliorations que rêvent quelques esprits généreux sont impossibles à réaliser dans ce siècle-ci; ces esprits-là oublient qu'ils sont de cent ans en avant de leurs contemporains, et qu'avant de changer la loi il faut changer l'homme." (*Jacques*, Part 1, Letter 6.)

7. Acts 8:10.

manifested in her—that I cannot read six pages of hers without feeling that it is given to her to delineate human passion and its results—(and I must say in spite of your judgment) some of the moral instincts and their tendencies—with such truthfulness such nicety of discrimination such tragic power and withal such loving gentle humour that one might live a century with nothing but one's own dull faculties and not know so much as those six pages will suggest. The psychological anatomy of Jacques and Fernande in the early days of their marriage [8] seems quite preternaturally true—I mean that her power of describing it is preternatural. Fernande and Jacques are merely the masculine and the feminine nature and their early married life an everyday tragedy—but I will not dilate on the book or on your criticism for I am so sleepy that I should write nothing but bêtises.

I have at last the most delightful "de imitatione Christi" with quaint woodcuts.[9] One breathes a cool air as of cloisters in the book—it makes one long to be a saint for a few months. Verily its piety has its foundations in the depth of the divine-human soul.

Thine Ever
Pollian.

Do not suppose that I mean this as an answer to your criticism or that I do not understand it.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON,
[FOLESHILL, MARCH? 1849]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. Hitherto unpublished.

Thursday Evening.

My dear Fanny

Father is very much altered since you saw him—sadly haggard-looking, but with more mental activity. He earnestly prays to be at rest. If possible I will send for you to-morrow afternoon—but do not let any one else come to inquire for it harasses me without any corresponding advantage.[1]

Your affectionate
M. A.

8. Part II, Letters 19–31. The situation between the 35-year-old Jacques and his 17-year-old bride has little resemblance to that between Casaubon and Dorothea.

9. GE's copy, published by Williams and Norgate, 1848, now in the Coventry and Warwickshire Collection of the Coventry Public Libraries, bears two inscriptions: "Mary Ann Evans, Feb. 1849," and "To Sara S. Hennell, January 20th, 1851." See her letter to GE, 28 June 1860. (Yale.)

1. Many reports of Mr. Evans's condition have been omitted.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, FOLESHILL, [18 APRIL 1849]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 18/49. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 200–203.

Foleshill | Wednesday.

Dear love

I have given you a sad excuse for flirtation,[2] but I have not been beyond seas long enough to make it lawful for you to take a new husband—therefore I come back to you with all a husband's privileges and command you to love me whether I shew you any love or not, and to be faithful to me though I play you false every day of my life—and indeed you ought to be thankful for such an opportunity of being something better than a publican and a sinner. But in the veriest truth and simplicity, my Sara, thou art very dear to me and I sometimes talk to you in my soul as lovingly as Solomon's Song. Tell me not that I am a mere prater—that feeling never talks and a thousand more *Hennellisms*—I will talk and caress and look lovingly until death makes me as stony as the Gorgon-like heads of all the judicious people I know. What is anything worth until it is uttered? Is not the Universe one great utterance? Utterance there must be in word or deed to make life of any worth. Every true pentecost is a gift of utterance. Our life is too short and opportunities too meagre for many deeds—besides the best friendships are precisely those where there is no possibility of material helpfulness—and I would take no deeds as an adequate compensation for the frigid glassy eye and hard indifferent tones of one's very solid and sensible and conscientious friend.

You will wonder of what this is à propos—only of a little bitterness in my own soul just as this moment, and not of anything between you and me, my beloved. I have nothing to tell you, for all the 'haps' of

2. For the Coventry *Herald*, 16 March 1849, GE wrote a review of James Anthony Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*, an autobiographical story of a young man at Oxford who through contact with the Tractarians loses his faith altogether; two weeks before, the book had been burned in the Hall of Exeter College, of which Froude was a Fellow. Through the publisher Chapman, Froude had sent a copy "To the Translator of Strauss," and GE signed her letter of thanks in the same way. "Last night at dusk," Mrs. Bray wrote Sara Hennell, "she came running in high glee with a charming note from Froude, naively and prettily requesting her to reveal herself. He says he recognized her hand in the review in the Cov. Herald and if she thinks him a fallen star, she might help him to rise, 'but he believes he has only been dipped in the Styx, and is not much the worse for the bathing.' Poor girl! I am so pleased she should have this little episode in her dull life, but I suppose she won't continue the correspondence." (Bray-Hennell Extracts, 23 March 1849.)

my life are so indifferent—I spin my existence so entirely out of myself, that there is a sad want of proper names in my conversation and I am becoming a greater bore than ever. It is a consciousness of this that has kept me from writing to you—my letters would be a sort of hermit's diary. I have so liked the thought of your being with Mr. Hennell and yet more that of your enjoying the Nemesis of Faith.[3] I quote Keats's sonnet apropos of that book. It has made me feel

> like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken,
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Look'd at each other with a wild surmize—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.[4]

You must read the 'Shadows of the Clouds'[5]—it produces a sort of palpitation that one hardly knows whether to call wretched or delightful. I cannot take up the book again though wanting very much to read it more closely. Poor and shallow as one's own soul is, it is blessed to think that a sort of transhumanation is possible by which the greater ones can live in us. Egotism apart, another's greatness, beauty or bliss is our own—and let us sing a Magnificat when we are conscious that this power of expansion and sympathy is growing just in proportion as the individual satisfactions are lessening. Miserable dust of the earth we are, but it is worth while to be so for the sake of the living soul—the breath of God within us. You see I can do nothing but scribble my own prosy stuff—such chopped straw as my soul is foddered on.

I am translating the Tractatus Theologico-politicus of Spinoza[6]

3. "M.A. has just been [here], and we have been laughing over the *Standard's* holy indignation at the Nemesis notice. . . . I fear you will be disappointed in Froude after all this talk, and C C. will be savage at the ending—the surprise at such an emanation from Oxford enhanced the charm as much as fine reading." (Mrs. Bray to Sara Hennell, Bray-Hennell Extracts, 25 March 1849.)

4. "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer."

5. Froude published this book in 1847 under the pseudonym Zeta; it contains two rather unpleasant stories of life at Westminster School and at Oxford. Mrs. Bray wrote Sara Hennell: "We have been reading his other book, 'Shadows of the Clouds'—much beauty but still chaotic. M.A. had the forbearance not to reply to his, but I do hope he will come, as he says, and see the fair mystery." (Bray-Hennell Extracts, 16 April 1849.)

6. Mrs. Bray wrote Sara Hennell 10 March: "I suppose M.A. writes to you, and tells you her great desire to undertake Spinoza. She can find time now, and the occupation is just what she longs for. I advise her to communicate herself with Mr. Chapman immediately about the subject and suppose she will." 19 April she added: "M.A. is happy now with this Spinoza to do; she says it is such a rest to her mind." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.) The translation has not been found.

and seem to want the only friend that knows how to praise or blame. How exquisite is the satisfaction of feeling that another mind than your own sees precisely where and what is the difficulty—and can exactly appreciate the success with which it is overcome. One knows—sed longo intervallo—the full meaning of the "fit audience though few." [7] How an artist must hate the noodles that stare at his picture with a vague notion that it *is* a clever thing to be able to paint.

The cold of this weather really enters into one's soul.[8] Write to me—I feel as if writing would be very delightful now. I have a corresponding fit just come over me. Do you have a correspon*dent* fit?

Yours in perennial silliness and love,
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 25 APRIL 1849]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 25th '49. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Wednesday.

Dearest Sara

The sweet pictures [9] came to me when I was in bed with miserable headache and sickness, and it was not until yesterday that I could bear even to look at anything. I should have sent you word of their safe arrival and warm welcome last night, but when I had walked home with Cara I found that the letter-bag was gone. Dear Sara—you always know what will give me the most pleasure in the world—I thanked you with delicious happy tears—the only tears almost that I ever shed now. I could hardly believe it was a waking fact that any one loved me well enough to speak to my heart in that sweet way. If I am thought worth putting into a coffin I should like my little pictures to go with me.

I am not at all well today so I will not try to write long or I should only write miserably. You know that Father is much worse?

Ever your
Pollian.

7. *Paradise Lost*, VII, 31.

8. The meteorological record shows the temperature for this week about 10° lower than for any other week in April.

9. The "soap-bubbles" mentioned [4 February 1849]. "She told me how delighted she had been with the 'bubbles' . . . and considers them sent for her consolation," Mrs. Bray wrote Sara Hennell. (Bray-Hennell Extracts, 25 April 1849.)

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, MAY 1849]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1849? *Published:* Cross, I, 193–194.

Thank you beloved for a sight of our blessed Saint Francis's [1] letter. There is no imaginable moment in which the thought of such a being could be an intrusion. His soul is a blessed *yea.* There is a sort of blasphemy in that proverbial phrase "too good to be true." The highest inspiration of the purest, noblest human soul is the nearest expression of the truth. Those extinct volcanos of one's spiritual life, those eruptions of the intellect and the passions which have scattered the lava of doubt and negation over our early faith are only a glorious Himmalayan chain beneath which new vallies of undreamed richness and beauty will spread themselves. Shall we poor earthworms have sublimer thoughts than the universe of which we are poor chips—mere effluvia of mind—shall we have sublimer thoughts than that universe can furnish out into reality?

I am living unspeakable moments and can write no more.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON,
[FOLESHILL MAY? 1849]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Fanny

I think Father seems a little weaker to-day, though not very obviously worse. When should you like to come? Let me know and I will send for you. Judge for yourself, dear, whether it is best for your feelings to come or to stay away—Henry thinks that you are better away —but I cannot abide by his opinion without your sanction. Dear Father, you know, has no strength to talk to any one—hardly to notice them. Keep before your mind that no evil threatens him—that for

1. Francis William Newman (1805–97), brother of John Henry Newman, after a variety of religious experiences had become a Unitarian; it was perhaps in this connection that his letter was written. He had recently published *The Soul; Her Sorrows and Her Aspirations,* which combined piety and rationalism in a way that GE at this period found especially sympathetic. Mrs. Bray wrote Miss Hennell 6 May 1849: "She has been very unwell all this week with her never-ceasing headaches; and yet has managed to read the greater part of 'The Soul' and has been extremely delighted with much of it. She says it is the book she has long wished to see written and he is the man to write it." (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

his sake there is absolutely no regret, and that the close of his life is blessed beyond the lot of most human beings—

Ever your affectionate
Mary Ann

GE TO MRS. ABIJAH HILL PEARS, FOLESHILL, 10 MAY 1849

Text: Copy by Mrs. Bray, Tinker Collection, Yale. *Address:* Mrs. Pears | Chatsworth House | Malvern. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 203–204.

Foleshill | May 10. 1849.

Dear Friend,

I know it will gladden your heart to hear that father spoke of you the other day with affection and gratitude, though he had scarcely energy to notice his own children when they came to see him. He remembers you as one who helped to strengthen that beautiful spirit of resignation which has never left him through his long trial. His mind is as clear and rational as ever notwithstanding his feebleness, and he gives me a thousand little proofs that he understands my affection and responds to it. These are very precious moments to me; my chair by father's bedside is a very blessed seat to me.

My delight in the idea that you are being benefited after all prevents me from regretting you, though you are just the friend that would complete my comfort. Every addition to your power of enjoying life is an expansion of mine. I partake of your ebb and flow. I am going to my post now. I have just snatched an interval to let you know that though you have taken away a part of yourself from me, neither you nor any one else can take the whole.

Ever your affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [FOLESHILL, MAY 1849]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1848. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Friend

Father seems worse this morning than I have seen him for some time. For the last few days he has sometimes had some precious hours of ease in the afternoon, but he grows weaker and weaker.

Strange to say I feel that these will ever be the happiest days of life

to me. The one deep strong love I have ever known has now its highest exercise and fullest reward—the worship of sorrow is *the* worship for mortals. Never mind about giving visible proofs of your friendship. Take care of yourself.

Ever your
M. A.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON,
[FOLESHILL, MAY 1849]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Fanny

Father has not been quite so well today, I think, and indeed each night seems to weaken him. I have written to Robert to tell him to come as soon as he can. Of course, dear Fanny, you will come whenever you wish.

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[FOLESHILL, 30 MAY 1849]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* May 31, 1849. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 204–205, dated 31 May.

½ past 9. | Wednesday Morning.

Dear Friends—

Mr. Bury told us last night that he thought Father would not last till morning. I sat by him with my hand in his till four o'clock, and he then became quieter and has had some comfortable sleep. He is obviously weaker this morning and has been for the last two or three days so painfully reduced that I dread to think what his dear frame may become before life gives way. My Brother [2] slept here last night and will be here again tonight. What shall I be without my Father? It will seem as if a part of my moral nature were gone. I had a horrid vision of myself last night becoming earthly sensual and devilish for want of that purifying restraining influence. I write when I can but I do not know whether my letter will do to send this evening. Love to all—Mrs. Hennell, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hennell, and my Siebenkäs.[3] By the

2. Robert Evans, Jr.

3. The Brays had gone 28 May with their daughter Nelly to visit the Hennells at Clapton and Woodford. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

bye, Siebenkäs, Cara is very *Lenettish* [4] about sundry things. Season your conversation with a little salt for her advantage and tell her to let me strip myself of my pewter and table-napkins without so many scruples. Dear Cara, love to you and yours.

Father is very, very much weaker this evening.[5]

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[FOLESHILL, 5? JUNE 1849]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1849. *Address:* Miss Hennell. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Meine Liebste

So far as I know, husbands are not bound to stand on their head when their wives tell them—therefore—I do not fly to Rosehill [6] this morning—you have no conception of the whirlpool in which I have been and am still revolving. I send you the 'Shadows.' As for Froude he is a "shadowless man" from henceforth, for I have stolen his shadow [7] and shall carry it about with me in my "Portmanteau" (in the Frenchman's sense).

Tell Mr. Bray he must come to me this evening for I want his *advice and help.* Please to send back by the man my copy of Miss Flower's Waverley Songs.[8]

Thine
Pollian.

4. In Jean Paul Richter's *Blumen-, Frucht-, und Dornenstücke,* 1796–97, Lenette is a dull and unhappy woman, incapable of understanding her gifted and noble-minded husband Siebenkäs.

5. Robert Evans died during the night. He was buried at Chilvers Coton 6 June 1849. (Parish Register.) His gravestone gives the date of his death as 31 May 1849.

6. Mr. Bray escorted Nelly Bray and Sara Hennell from London to Coventry 3 June, where Sara remained while the Brays and GE were abroad. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

7. J. A. Froude's *Shadows of the Clouds,* 1847. The "shadowless man" is Peter Schlemihl in Adelbert von Chamisso's story, translated by William Howitt. Froude made good his threat to seek out the "Translator of Strauss"; a note in the Bray-Hennell Extracts, 7 June 1849, says: "Froude came and she drove over to see him."

8. Eliza Flower, *Fourteen Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels,* 1831. "Flower" is crowded into the corner of the page and practically illegible. I am grateful to Dr. J. C. Corson for suggesting this reading.

Geneva and Rosehill

1849 June 12	GE leaves for the Continent with the Brays.
1849 July 25	The Brays return home, leaving GE at Plongeon.
1849 October 9	GE moves to M. D'Albert-Durade's in Geneva.
1850 February	D'Albert-Durade paints GE's portrait.
1850 March 18	D'Albert-Durade escorts GE to London.
1850 March 25–29	GE at Rosehill.
1850 April	Visits at Griff and Meriden.
1850 October	John Chapman and Robert Mackay come to Rosehill.
1850 November 18	GE goes to visit at Chapman's, 142 Strand.
1850 December 2	Returns.
1851 January	GE's review of Mackay's *The Progress of the Intellect* published in *Westminster Review.*

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON,
VEVEY, [23 JULY 1849]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Hôtel des Trois Couronnes | Vevey.

My dear Fanny

I have written to you all twice and have heard nothing in return. Surely this must be my fault in not giving more precise directions about the address of my letters. I am very, very anxious to hear of you, but I am discouraged to write by post until I have some intimation that you care about me enough to write. The day after tomorrow I part from my friends and take up my abode at Geneva where I hope that rest and regular occupation will do more for my health and spirits than travelling has proved able to do.[1]

Mr. Bray will put this note into the post for me, and I hope will see you soon and give your particulars about my temporary home. By and bye when I am better, I will write fully to you. In the meantime write to me, Poste Restante, Genêve. Now that I am at a distance from you I feel more than ever

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY,
GENEVA, 27 JULY [1849]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Charles Bray Esq. | Rosehill | Coventry | Angleterre | Voie de France. *Postmarks:* GENEVE | 28 JUIL | 49 | 11½ M; COVENTRY | JY 31 | 1849 | D. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 209–210.

Campagne Plongeon [2] | July 27th.

Dear Friend

We forgot the passport after all—so I must give you the trouble of sending it by post as soon as you reach home. When shall I have done

1. GE left Coventry with Mr. Bray 11 June. They met Mrs. Bray in London and set out the next day for the Continent. "They had hoped severally for Mr. Noel and children, Mr. Dawson, and Mr. Froude, for fellow-travellers, but all failed." After two days in Paris they went by rail and diligence to Lyons, down the Rhone to Avignon, and so to Nice, Genoa, Milan, Como, Martigny, Chamounix (where they stayed four days), Geneva, and Ouchy. They reached Vevey 21 July; four days later Bray took GE back to Geneva, rejoined Mrs. Bray, and started home by way of Basle and Strasbourg. (Mrs. Bray's Dairy.)

2. Plongeon took its name from a wealthy family whose domain on the

troubling you? One kind of trouble, however, I think I can put an end to—anxiety about my comfort here. I find no disagreeables, and I have every physical comfort that I care about. The family seems well-ordered and happy. Mde. de Vallière [3] is really a lady in feeling and language, evidently accustomed to the society of superior people. She is of the Pays de Vaud, where her husband still lives for the sake of a government appointment. She had an establishment in her own country very superior to this, but the political troubles of the Canton deprived her of the class of guests she was in the habit of receiving and she was fain to leave her husband behind and come here with her eight children. All this I heard from a young lady half French, half English, the cousin of the Austrian Baronne.[4] She has been staying here for some time and speaks very highly of Mde. de V.

I have made another friend, too—an elderly English lady,[5] who used to live at Ryde, and who has been staying here about a month—a pretty old lady with plenty of shrewdness and knowledge of the world. She began to say very kind things to me in rather a waspish tone yesterday morning at breakfast. I liked her better at dinner and tea, and today we are quite confidential. She has her little granddaughter with its nurse under her charge while the mamma is travelling. I only hope she will stay—she is just the sort of person I shall like to have to speak to—not at all "congenial" but with a character of her own. She has been quizzing the two American ladies who are here. One of them is the middle-aged lady whom you admired. She is kind, but silly—the daughter silly, but not kind, and they both of them chatter the

shore of Lake Geneva has all been subdivided except for the part now known as the Parc des Eaux-Vives. The pension stood on the present site of the Restaurant des Eaux-Vives.

3. Jeanne Madeleine Eleonore Adeline Chaland de Vallière (b. 1802) arrived in Geneva 3 February 1846 with two children, Théodore (1828–94) and Hermann (b. 1841). (Archives d'État, Registre D.c. 2, p. 194.) The police report on her request to open the pension 7 March 1846 states that she had lived for 15 years with her husband at Lausanne and kept a pension there. (Archives d'État, C. 30, p. 152.) For these and many other references to GE's life at Geneva I am deeply indebted to M. Bernard Gagnebin, Keeper of Manuscripts at the Bibliothèque Publique et Universitaire, Geneva.

4. The young lady, named Rosa, was a cousin of the Baroness von Ludwigsdorf, whose name appears in the Registre des Étrangers, Archives d'État de Genève, 18 January 1849.

5. Mrs. Nagle Lock, widow of Captain Nagle Lock, R.N., who died 25 September 1818 at the residence of his father Admiral Walter Lock near Ryde. The deep impression made on GE by the guests at this pension is indicated by the appearance of the names of Mrs. Lock, the Baronne de Ludwigsdorf, and Cousin Rosa in her notes for a novel, written on the back of a calendar card for 1876, now at Yale; it was published in B. C. Williams, *George Eliot,* 1936, pp. 290–291.

most execrable French with amazing volubility and self-complacency. They are very rich, very smart, and very vulgar—just a specimen of Americanism according to the Tories. The daughter has been presented at Court and this was the way in which she contrived to convey the fact to Mrs. Locke (my nice elderly lady). Mrs. Locke observed that she thought the health of young ladies in England was deteriorated by their habits. Miss America replied, "I have been to court and the young ladies looked very healthy there!!" Oh, said Mrs. Locke, I belong to the gentry—I know nothing about the nobility.

Madame la Marquise [6] is a very good-natured person evidently, but she has the voice almost of a market-woman. The tall, squinting man is the Marquis her husband. A grey-headed gentleman and a young lanky one [7] are their friends, and are occupying my room that is to be. There are besides these, the old Swiss lady [8] who has lived here several years —and a really interesting-looking young German,[9] with a bright intelligent refined face and a huge benevolence. He is an ardent politician and so far as I can make out, a republican.

The going down to tea bores me, and I shall get out of it as soon as I can, unless I can manage to have the newspapers to read. The American lady embroiders slippers—the Mamma looks on and does nothing. The Marquis and his friends play at whist—the old ladies sew and Mde. Vallière says things so true that they are insufferable. She is obliged to talk to all and *cap* their niaiseries with some suitable observation. She has been very kind and motherly to me. I believe she has found out already that I do not know how to look after my own interests—but I am sure she is a straight forward person. I like her better every time I see her. I think this is a tolerable budget of good news considering that this is only the second day since I parted from you.

I have a charming tub of cold water to wash in, and the pretty rosy cheeked damsel smiles very kindly at me. I have quiet and comfort—what more can I want to make me a healthy reasonable being once more? I will never go near a friend again until I can bring joy and peace in my heart and in my face—but remember that friendship will be easy then. Dear Cara and dear Sara a thousand loves to you—that is to say as

6. Maria, youngest daughter of Angelo Vincenzo, Marquis Gropallo of Genoa, was married to the Marquis de St. Germain (i.e., Sangermano). (V. Spreti, *Enciclopedia storico-nobiliare italiana*, 6 vols., Milan, 1928–32, III, 585.)

7. The Chevalier de Berray, uncle of the Marquise de St. Germain, and Sig. Goldrini.

8. Mlle Marie Faizan. See 5 August 1849.

9. Alexandre Herder.

much love as a thousand people could give you if they were not separated from you. Let me hear of your safe arrival.

Your affectionate
Pollian.

I am obliged to write very hastily because I want my letter to go at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning, and I did not know till just now that my passport would be wanted. I am going down to tea and *stare*.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, AND SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, GENEVA, 5 AUGUST [1849]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Charles Bray Esq | Rosehill | Coventry | Angleterre | Voie de France. *Postmarks:* GENEVE | 6 | AOUT | 49 | 11½ M; COVENTRY | AU 9 | 1849 | D. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 210–213.

Plongeon Sunday August 5.

Dear Friends

I hope my imagination paints truly when it shows me all of you seated with beaming faces round the tea-table at Rosehill. I shall be yearning to know that things as well as people are smiling on you—but I am sure you will not let me wait for news of you longer than is necessary. Have you my letter written on Friday week to beg that you would send my passport by the first post after your arrival? I was as naughty as usual to forget it. My life here would be delightful if we could always keep the same set of people, but alas, I fear one generation will go and another come so fast that I shall not care to become acquainted with any of them. My good Mrs. Locke is not going—that is one comfort. She is quite a mother to me—helps me to buy my candles and do all my shopping—takes care of me at dinner and quite rejoices when she sees me enjoy conversation or anything else. The St. Germains are delightful people—the Marquise really seems to me the most charming person I ever saw, with kindness enough to make the ultra-politeness of her manners quite genuine. She is very good to me and says of me, "Je m'interesse vivement à Mademoiselle." The squinting Marquis is the most well-bred, harmless of men. He talks very little—every sentence seems a terrible gestation, and comes forth fortissimo, but he generally bestows one on me, and seems especially to enjoy my poor tunes (mind you, all these trivialities are to satisfy your vanity—not mine, because you are beginning to be ashamed of having loved me). The grey-headed gentleman who was here when I came was the Chevalier de Berray, the uncle of Mde. la Marquise. He got quite fond of talking philosophy

with me before he went, but alas he and a very agreeable young man who was with him are gone to Aix-les-Bains.

The American ladies too are gone and in their place we have a lady from Frankfort with her daughter and governess. She arrived only yesterday so I have not yet said a word to her. The young German is the Baron de Herder—the veritable grandson of the great Herder. I should think he is not more than two or three and twenty—very good-natured, but a most determined enemy to all gallantry. I fancy he is a Communist, but he seems to have been joked about his opinions by Mde. de Vallière and the rest until he has determined to keep a proud silence on such matters. He has begun to talk to me and I think we should become good friends—but he too is gone on an expedition to M. Rosa. He is expecting his brother [1] to join him here on his return, but I fear they will not stay long. Mademoiselle Rosa is the only person who speaks English besides Mrs. Locke. She is about equally French and English—rather a nice creature, but with a mere woman's head and mind. Mlle. de Phaisan [2] is a good old maid—a native of Geneva —she has spent three summers here—but she goes into the town for the winter. Mlle. Elise, the gouvernante, is a German with a moral region that would rejoice Mr. Bray's eyes. Poor soul! she is in a land of strangers and often seems to feel her loneliness. Her situation is a very difficult one, and 'die Angst' she says often brings on a pain at her heart.

Mde. de Vallière is a woman of some reading, and considerable talent—very fond of politics, a devourer of the journals—with an opinion ready for you on any subject whatever. The poor woman has her share of anxieties—her youngest child is not more than eighteen months old, her eldest son eighteen years—and between these there are six more one of whom is an epileptic patient. It will be a serious loss to her to part with the St. Germain family—there are three children and six servants, so that they occupy 6 or 7 rooms. I fear they will not stay longer than this month.

I should be quite indifferent to the world that comes or goes if once I had my boxes with all my books. A Mrs. Sydney, a Scotch lady who was here before I came, is gone to Bex, and has sent Mrs. Locke an

1. Wilhelm Herder, 25, and Alexandre Herder, 23, appear in the Archives d'État, Registre des Étrangers, 29 August 1849. Their address is given as Heidelberg. Their grandfather was the philosopher and man of letters Johann Gottfried von Herder (1744–1803).

2. Mlle Marie Faizan, at this time 62 years old, was described in the 1843 census as "rentière," living with one servant at 250 (now 10) Grand' Mézel, Geneva.

account of the excellent living and accommodations to be had there for 3 francs a day. Mrs. Locke says she would go if there were an English clergyman there, but she does not feel good enough to do without a clergyman. So you see there is some use for these insipid sticks still. Last Sunday I went with Mde. de Vallière to a small church near Plongeon [3] and I could easily have fancied myself in an independent chapel at home. The spirit of the sermon was not a whit more elevated than that of our friend Dr. Harris [4]—the text "What shall I do to be saved"—the answer of Jesus being blinked as usual. The people use books not larger than our little prayer-books containing the tunes of all the hymns they sing beautifully printed—the clerk sets the tune and the singing is respectable though dronish. Today I have been to hear one of the most celebrated preachers, M. Meûnier.[5] His sermon was really eloquent—all written down, but delivered with so much energy and feeling that you never thought of the book. It was very superior in its tone to what we usually hear in England. It is curious to notice how patriotism—dévouement à la patrie—is put in the sermons as the first of virtues, even before devotion to the church. We never hear of it in England after we leave school. After the sermon a form of prayer is read for the magistrates etc.—nothing of this kind is introduced into the extempore prayer which is entirely spiritual. There is quite as great a majority of women in the churches here as in the Roman Catholic places and I am told this is invariable. The good Marquis goes with his family and servants all nicely drest to the Catholic church. They are a most orderly set of people—there is nothing but their language and their geniality and politeness to distinguish them from one of the best of our English aristocratic families.

I am better, but not well. My limbs ache terribly sometimes, but I have everything to make me well. M. Prévost [6] has not been a second time. Mrs. Locke would insist on my writing to thank him for calling

3. Au Pré l'Evêque.

4. John Harris (1802–56) Independent preacher and later Principal of New College, London, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Brown University in 1838. Mary Sibree wrote her brother John 28 October 1844: "Miss Evans has just been reproaching me for not informing her of Dr Harris's preaching, which she would have given anything to hear, as she says his 'Great Teacher' left more delightful impressions on her mind than anything she ever read, and is, she thinks, the best book that could be written by a man holding his principles." (Cross, New Edition, p. 52.)

5. David François Meûnier (1798–1872) was also Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of Geneva.

6. Jean Louis Prévost (1796–1852), Swiss Consul at London, where he was also a member of the firm of Morris, Prévost and Co., foreign merchants, 24A Cateaton St., with whom Charles C. Hennell had begun his business career in 1823. He had probably called at Hennell's request.

and to express my regret that I had not seen him, and I did so yesterday. I do not know whether you will approve of this. I have told you almost everything, but whatever I have omitted may be summed up in the one assurance that I am perfectly comfortable, that every one is kind to me and seems to like me. Your kind hearts will rejoice at this I know. Only remember that I am just as much interested in all that happens to you at Rosehill, as you are in what happens to me at Plongeon. Dear Sara, write to me. I am tired to death and can hardly fashion a sentence, so good-night dear souls. Pray that the motto of Geneva may become mine—Post tenebras lux.

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY AND SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, GENEVA, 20 AUGUST [1849]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Charles Bray Esq | Rosehill | Coventry | Angleterre | Voie de France. *Postmarks:* GENEVE | 21 AOUT | 49 | 10½ M; COVENTRY | AU 24 | 1849 | D. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 213–216.

Plongeon August 20th. Monday.

Dear Friends

I have no head for writing today for I have been keeping my bed for the last three days—but I must remember that writing to you is like ringing a bell hung in the planet Jupiter—it is so weary a while before one's letters reach. I have been positively sickening for want of my boxes and anxiety to hear of my relations. Your kind letter of this morning has quieted the latter a little, but my boxes alas! have not appeared. Do not be alarmed about my health. I have only had a terrible headache prolonged in fact by the assiduities of the good people here—for the first day I lay in bed I had the whole female world of Plongeon in my bedroom, and talked so incessantly that I was unable to sleep after it—the consequence, as you may imagine, was that the next day I was very much worse—but I am getting better, and indeed it was worth while to be ill to have so many kind attentions.

There is a fresh German family from Frankfort here just now—Mde. Cornelius and her children. She is the daughter of the richest banker in Frankfort and, what is better, full of heart and mind with a face that tells you so before she opens her lips. She has more reading than the Marquise, being German and Protestant, and it is a real refreshment to talk to her for half an hour.

The dear Marquise is a truly devout Catholic—it is beautiful to hear

her speak of the comfort she has in the confessional—for our têtes-à-tête have lately turned on religious matters. She says, I am in a "mauvaise voie sans le rapport de la religion. Peut-être vous vous marierez—et le mariage, chère amie, sans la foi religieuse——" She says I have isolated myself by my studies—that I am too cold and have too little confidence in the feelings of others towards me—that I do not believe how deep an interest she has conceived in my lot. She says Signor Goldrini (the young Italian who was here for a week) told her when he had been talking to me one evening—Vous aimerez cette demoiselle, j'en suis sûr —and she has found his prediction true. Their residence is a short distance from Turin. They were obliged to escape from Piedmont because her brother-in-law the Duke de Visconti [7] was proscribed and the St. Germains were accused of harbouring him. An amnesty has been obtained and they are leaving for their own country on Wednesday. She hopes I shall go to Italy and see her, and when I tell her that I have no faith that she will remember me long enough for me to venture on paying her a visit if ever I should go to Italy again, she shakes her head at my incredulity. She was born at Genoa, where there are two palaces belonging to her family—one close to the cathedral of Sta. Maria del Carignano from which we had the view of the city. Her father [8] was three years Sardinian Minister at Constantinople before she was married, and she speaks with enthusiasm of her life there—C'est là le pays de la vraie poésie—où l'on sent ce que c'est que de vivre par le cœur. The gouvernante of Mde. Cornelius's little girl is an excellent person, simple in her manners and very intelligent.

M. de Herder is returned from M. Rosa, with a face and mouth such as we had at Chamouni. He would be a nice person if he had another soul added to the one he has by nature—the soul that comes by sorrow and love. I stole his book while he was gone—the 1 volume of Louis Blanc's History of Ten Years.[9] It contains a very interesting account of the 3 days of July 1830. His brother is coming to join him, so I hope he will not go at present.

Two other young Germans [1]—Prussians—are here—the eldest odious, with an eternal simper and a mouth of dubious cleanliness. He

7. Uberto, Visconti di Modrone married Giovanna, sister of the Marquise de St. Germain. (V. Spreti, *Enciclopedia storico-nobiliare italiana*, III, 585.)

8. Angelo Vincenzo, Marquis Gropallo, is listed in the *Almanach de Gotha* from 1826 to 1832 as Sardinian Ambassador at Constantinople.

9. *L'Histoire de dix ans*, 1830–1840, 2 vols., Paris, 1841; 5th ed., 1846.

1. Gustave de Pfuel, 20, a student from Prussia, arrived 7 August, lodged at Plongeon, and left 31 August for Sardinia. (Archives d'État, Registre des Étrangers.)

speaks French very little and has a miserable splutter between a grunt and a snuffle so that when he begins to speak to one one's brain begins to twist and one feels inclined to rush out of the room. His brother frowns instead of simpering and is therefore more endurable. I gave a description of them something like this to M. de Herder the first night he came back. I found to my dismay that he knew them—however he disclaimed any friendship for them. After all they are very harmless young men and I fancy very rich—'so the world will love its own.' [2] Then we have a family from Holland, gone now on an excursion to Chamouni, but coming back.

I hardly know yet whether I shall like this place well enough to stay here through the winter. I have been under the disadvantage of wanting all on which I chiefly depend—my books, etc. When I have been here another month I shall be better able to judge. When you write, have the goodness to send me the names of McCracken's agents,[3] and also the number of Miss Massy's residence in the Rue St. Honoré. Mlle. Elise the housekeeper has been away on account of her health for the last fortnight and Mariane the housemaid has been sent away ill. Matters have gone on all the worse, for poor Mde. de Vallière is not the best manager in the world. But perhaps there will be an alteration for the better by and bye.

Tell Fanny just the opposite of what you have told her—tell her never to let her husband entertain any project of living on the continent. He would be miserable and by consequence she would too. There is just as much "world" here as in England—just as many eyes are on you—and one requires the utmost flexibility of mind and feeling to render intercourse tolerable. Poor Mrs. Locke, who is a thorough Englishwoman and can only speak French negro-fashion, begins to tire sadly of the bows and 'Bonjours' and 'Pardons.' Yet she has no intention of returning to England. She has had very bitter trials which seem to be driving her more and more aloof from society. She has not yet had courage to tell me herself what these trials are, but I have heard from Mlle. Rosa that her daughter married one of the French noblesse.[4] The match was in every way highly advantageous—the husband excellent, fortune considerable. They lived happily for some time—she

2. Cf. John 15:19.

3. J. and R. McCracken, shipping agents, 7 Old Jewry, London, were represented at Geneva by Messrs. Ritzchel, Grand Quai.

4. "At Nice, the Comte Theobald de Regnauld de Parcien, only son of the Marquess de Parcien, to Janetta-Sarah, dau. of the late Capt. Nagle Lock, R.N. and granddau. of the late Adm. Lock, of Haylands, I.W." (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 176 [October 1844], 424.)

had two little girls—when an accursed cousin of the husband's came in the way and caused a separation within the last year. Mrs. Locke is one of the Heads—the same family as that of Sir Francis Head. Her brother Major Head wrote an "Overland Journey from India" [5] which you may have seen. She has multitudes of relations in England, but I suppose shame at her daughter's disgrace makes all her old associations painful. No one likes her here—simply because her manners are brusque and her French incomprehensible. She means to go to Bex for economy.

Why does Fanny say she trusts to Isaac's writing to me? Will not she write too? I shall be very ready to write to every one when every one has written to me, but I require *warming up* by letters first. Tell Miss Sibree my address and beg her to write to me all about herself, and to write on thin paper. Poor dear Cara—to have had so much trouble about my muff and tippet—after all I remember that they are in a chest of drawers lined with cedar which I have lent to Chrissey. I hope you managed to get in the black velvet dress. The people dress and think about dressing here more even than in England. You would not know me if you saw me. The Marquise took on her the office of femme de chambre and drest my hair one day. She has abolished all my curls and made two things stick out on each side of my head, like those on the head of the Sphinx. All the world says I look infinitely better so I comply, though to myself I seem uglier than ever—if possible. Mr. Prévost has not been again—but I do not care much about it. I have enough of monde here. In fact that becomes one of the disagreeables. If people like one they buzz round one like flies round a sugar basin, and neither one's heart nor one's vanity inclines one to make oneself odious for the sake of being left in quiet. I am fidgeted to death about my boxes, and that tiresome man not to acknowledge the receipt of them. I make no apology for writing all my peevishnesses and follies, because I want you to do the same—to let me know everything about you, to the aching of your fingers—and you tell me very little.

Dear Sara—Thank you for your scrap of L.E.L.[6] I have been invoking the French muse for the Marquise's album—since she would fain have something and it must not be in English which she cannot understand. It will make you smile—so I write it.

5. Charles Franklin Head, *Eastern and Egyptian Scenery, Ruins, etc. . . . Illustrative of a Journey from India to Europe . . . Outline of an Overland Route . . .*, 1833.

6. Probably a poem by Letitia Elizabeth Landon (1802–38).

As tu vu la lune se lever
Dans un ciel d'azur sans voile?
Mille gouttes de rosée réflechissent
Sa lumière, comme autant d'étoiles.

Un violet du printemps cueilles
Et le caches bien dans ton sein,
De la delicieuse odeur
Tu et tes vêtements seront pleins.

Ainsi lorsqu'une belle âme se montre
Elle revêtit tant de ses charmes:—
Ainsi son souvenir gardons
Quoique, hélas! il tire nos larmes.

I thought it would have done admirably to put in Molière's Misanthrope or Precieuses ridicules. But the thought, dear soul, is a very true one, above all when I apply it to you. Receive it as just what I am feeling and thinking about you. Love me ever in spite of everything, dear friends, and believe

Your loving
Pollian.

Dear Mr. Hennell! Give him my heartiest affectionate remembrances. Tell him I find no one here so spirituel as he—there are no better jokes going than I can make myself. Mrs. Hennell and Mrs. C. Hennell too—all are remembered—if even I have only seen them in England.

A thousand loves to Mrs. Pears. Ask her to write to me. Tell her to write to me as she used to talk to me—to fancy she is walking with me. My sympathy with Mr. P. under his heavy trials. Send some one to Geneva to call upon me, that I may have the pleasure of talking to one who is not a Plongeonite.

Many many thanks for the trouble you have taken about my luggage. I shall be particularly glad of the newspaper [7] for I never see anything here except daily French papers which one might spend one's day in reading. Have you heard anything of Froude [8] again or of any one

7. Coventry *Herald*.

8. In his *Autobiography*, p. 75, Charles Bray says that Froude considered accompanying the Brays to the Continent and was to have joined them at the station; but instead he sent a letter by Chapman saying "that he was going to be married, which we thought a sufficient excuse, and we have seen nothing of him since." Bray's recollection is probably more reliable than Sara Hennell's note that he and Chapman accompanied them as far as Folkstone. (Bray-Hennell Extracts.)

else worth hearing about? I am afraid you have not received the German books since you say nothing about them.

I have been interrupted by the Marquise who has been talking to me for the last hour about going to Italy—she is sure I should be happier in Italy than anywhere else—that England is not good for me etc. etc. I am tired to death and can write no more. My boxes, my boxes! I dream of them night and day.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, GENEVA, 28 AUGUST [1849]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Charles Bray Esq | Rosehill | Coventry | England | Voie de France. *Postmarks:* GENEVE 29 AOUT | 49 | 2S; COVENTRY | SP 1 | 1849 | D. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 217–219.

Plongeon Tuesday August 28th.

Dear Friends

It is so pleasant to write to you that I cannot resist the temptation to begin as soon as I have read your letter, though I have almost lost the use of my arms with rowing, and my pen straggles anywhere but in the right place. The boxes are not yet come, but since you have heard from McCracken I should think there is no cause for anxiety—there is only the little annoyance of being without them. People here tell me that it takes a month to get things from England. A thousand thanks for all your kind offices. If the German books were come to you they might be forwarded to Mr. Dudfield, 66 Lower Thames St. London, within a *fortnight from yesterday* with directions to enclose them in the package for J. Monroe,[9] Geneva and I should then have them without much expense. But as you do not mention them, I am afraid you have seen nothing of them, though it is 4 or five months since they were ordered!

The St. Germains are gone—alas!—and the charming Frankfort people whom I liked almost as well. There is no one here of much interest now. M. de Herder, the two Prussians MM. de Pfuel, 2 English old maids, and an Irish family who came yesterday, Mlle. Rosa, Mlle. de Phaisan and Mrs. Locke who are the 3 oldest inhabitants. Madame de Ludwigsdorff, the cousin of Mlle. Rosa and the wife of an Austrian Baron, has been here for two days, and is coming again. She is handsome, spirited and clever, pure English by birth, but quite foreign in

9. Benjamin Dudfield was a shipping and customhouse agent at this address in London; Monroe, a bookseller at 18 Quai des Bergues, conducted a reading room with English books, maps, guides, etc.

manners and appearance.[1] She and all the world besides are going to winter in Italy.

Nothing annoys me now—I feel perfectly at home and shall really be comfortable when I have all my little matters about me. There has been the sad grief of hearing that Chrissey has lost her sweetest little girl [2]—a trouble which goes to my heart, both for my sister's sake and for the real loss to my own affections. She was an angelic little being. I learned this in a letter from my sister Sarah [3] last week. All is well at Griff—but my heart aches to think of Chrissey with her children ill of scarlet fever—her husband almost frantic with grief and her own heart rent by the loss of this eldest little daughter. However I cannot regret that I am not there, for I am really good for nothing yet, and I feel that my future health and actions entirely depend on my recovering thoroughly my strength and spirit.

People alarm me by telling me of the terrible severity of the winters here—but there are three reasons that incline me to remain at Plongeon rather than move to Paris which would on many accounts be preferable. 1st, I should save expense by keeping here. 2d, I shall soon feel quite en famille and shall be disinclined to enter a new world in which I should be the stared-at instead of the starer, and thirdly, people do not seem to think me quite old enough yet to ramble about at will. It would be very delightful to feel as I should at Paris that I could get to England in the middle of winter if I liked instead of being blockaded here until April. Also a short séjour at Paris would be interesting to me—and winter is a good time to be there, whereas at Geneva one had better be a dormouse. Indeed there are so many advantages connected with being in Paris that if I thought my finances would hold out I should brave every thing else, though I confess I am more sensitive than I thought I should be to the idea that my being alone is odd. I thought my old appearance would have been a sufficient sanction and that the very idea of impropriety was ridiculous. Here however I am as sagely settled as possible, for Mde. de Vallière is quite a sufficient mother and the Swiss ideas of propriety are rigid to excess. Mde. de Vallière would not receive Mrs. Locke's daughter if she were to come, because she is separated from her husband. You may console the Mrs. T. Carters etc. therewith and assure them that I dare not look or say or do half what one does in England. As long as people

1. I have been unable to identify this interesting lady.

2. Clara Christiana Clarke, baptized 24 April 1842, buried 10 August 1849. (Meriden Parish Register.)

3. Mrs. Isaac Pearson Evans.

carry a Mademoiselle before their name, there is far less liberty for them on the Continent than in England.

This place looks more lovely to me every day—the lake, the town, the campagnes with their stately trees and pretty houses, the glorious mountains in the distance—one can hardly believe one's self on earth —one might live here and forget that there is such a thing as want or labour or sorrow. The perpetual presence of all this beauty has somewhat the effect of mesmerism or chloroform. I feel sometimes as if I were sinking into an agreeable state of numbness on the verge of unconsciousness and seem to want well pinching to rouse me. The other day (Sunday) there was a Fête held on the lake—the Fête of Navigation. I went out with some other ladies in M. de Herder's boat at sunset and had the richest draught of beauty. All the boats of Geneva turned out in their best attire—two very large ones fitted up for the occasion—with a band and artillery. When the moon and stars came out there were beautiful fireworks sent up from the boats. The mingling of the silver with the golden rays on the rippled lake, the bright colors of the boats, the cannon, the music, the splendid fireworks, and the pale moon looking at it all with a sort of grave surprize, made up a scene of perfect enchantment—and our dear old Mont Blanc was there in his white ermine robe. I rowed all the time, and hence comes my palsy.

I can perfectly fancy dear Mrs. Pears in her Leamington home. I hope you will let her know that I want to hear from her. How beautiful all that Foleshill life looks now—like the distant Jura in the morning. She was such a sweet dear good friend to me. My walks with her, my little visits to them in the evening—all is remembered. I suppose their house too is empty now. I am glad you have seen Fanny again—any attention you show her is a real kindness to me, and I assure you she is worth it. The £40 were duly paid in to Messrs. Lombard and Odien Bank and I have received ten of them. I am very much amused with the Coventry gossip—pray tell me as much of it as you can. You know, or you do not know, that my nature is so chameleon I shall lose all my identity unless you keep nourishing the old self with letters—so pray write as much and as often as you can. The busin[ess n]ews [4] is not good—alas alas get rich that you [may] have time [to say] riches are not worth caring for. I have recei[ved] no papers ye[t] and I do not know whether any have been desp[atched.] I assure you the four columns of the Coventry Herald would be as interesting to me as a love-letter. It jumps admirably with my humour to live in two worlds at once in this way. I possess my dearest friends and my old environment in my

4. Part of the page is torn out with the seal.

thoughts—and another world of novelty and beauty in which I am actually moving—and my contrariety of disposition always makes the world that lives in my thoughts the dearer of the two—the one in which I more truly dwell. So after all I enjoy my friends most when I am away from them. I shall not say so though if I should live to rejoin you 6 or 7 months hence.

I shall want very warm clothing if I stay here and I am concerned to think that I have made so little provision in that way. There were many things such as shawls which would have been very useful to me and they lie in my wardrobe—but I am of that happy race whom experience only can teach.

Sarah's departure [5] would be a loss—but I like to think of her passing a few days with Mr. Hennell. I hope to hear from her soon. Why cannot Cara sleep o' nights? Because the Hungarians [6] don't prosper—or the ribbons—or because her "Bear" goes to bed late and makes a horrid noise—or because she is not well? I hope you will tell me better things in the next letter. I suffer miserably from cold feet and am just this moment almost stupified from want of circulation. This is not at all fair for I use cold water and walking enough. The middle of the day is frequently intensely hot here—the trees quite languishing for want of rain. Autumn has begun already.

Good-bye, dear creatures. Keep me for seven years longer and you will find out the use of me,[7] like all other pieces of trumpery.

Your
Mary Ann.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, GENEVA, 6 SEPTEMBER 1849

Text: Cross, I, 219–221.

Have I confided too much in your generosity in supposing that you would write to me first? or is there some other reason for your silence? I suffer greatly from it—not entirely from selfish reasons, but in great part because I am really anxious to know all about you, your state of health and spirits—the aspect of things within and without you.

5. Miss Hennell left Rosehill 22 August. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

6. The Austrians entered Buda 11 July 1849, and Pesth was soon surrendered. Kossuth and his friends fled.

7. Cross, I, 219, notes "as a curious verification of this presentiment that 'Scenes of Clerical Life' were published in 1856—just seven years later."

Did Mr. Bray convey to you my earnest request that you would write to me? You know of my whereabouts and circumstances from my good friends at Rosehill, so that I have little to tell you,—at least I have not spirit to write of myself until I have heard from you, and have an assurance from yourself that you yet care about me. Sarah has sent me word of the sad, sad loss that has befallen poor Chrissey and Edward, —a loss in which I feel that I have a share; for that angelic little being had great interest for me—she promised to pay so well for any care spent on her. I can imagine poor Edward's almost frantic grief, and I dread the effect on Chrissey's weak frame of her more silent suffering. Anything you can tell me about them will be read very eagerly.

I begin to feel the full value of a letter,—so much so, that if ever I am convinced that any one has the least anxiety to hear from me, I shall always reckon it amongst the first duties to sit down without delay, giving no ear to the suggestions of my idleness and aversion to letter-writing. Indeed I am beginning to find it really pleasant to write to my friends, now that I am so far away from them; and I could soon fill a sheet to you if your silence did not weigh too heavily on my heart. My health is by no means good yet—seldom good enough not to be a sort of drag on my mind; so you must make full allowance for too much egotism and susceptibility in me. It seems to be three years instead of three months since I was in England and amongst you, and I imagine that all sorts of revolutions must have taken place in the interim; whereas to you, I daresay, remaining in your old home and among your everyday duties, the time has slipped away so rapidly that you are unable to understand my anxiety to hear from you. I think the climate here is not particularly healthy,—I suppose from the vicinity of the lake, which, however, becomes so dear to one that one cannot bear to hear it accused. Good-bye, dear Fanny; a thousand blessings to you whether you write to me or not, and much gratitude if you do.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, GENEVA, 13 SEPTEMBER [1849]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Charles Bray Esq | Rosehill | Coventry | Angleterre | Voie de France. *Postmarks:* GENEVE | 14 SEPT | 49 | 8½M; COVENTRY | SP 17 | 1849 | A. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 221–222.

Plongeon September 13th.

Dear Friends

I have been expecting a letter from you for the last two or three days and I am just now hating you intensely because the postman has

just been here and has brought nothing for me. My boxes arrived last Friday—rather in disorder within, but otherwise safely enough. I miss some things which I thought I had put in, but I can hardly trust my memory on that head. I am chiefly distressed to find that there are no pocket handkerchiefs. The expense was 120 fr.—perfectly horrible! Clearly I must give myself for food to the fowls of the air or the fishes of the lake.[8] It is a consolation to a mind imbued with a lofty philosophy that when one can get nothing to eat, one can still be eaten—the evil is only apparent. It is quite settled that I cannot stay at Plongeon—I must move into the town.

I have had a bilious attack, partly I believe from the way of living here—long fasts etc.—indeed I have never been well since I came. However I congratulate myself on this same bilious attack for I have had Dr. Lombard [9] to see me, a charming, frank person, who has studied in Edinburgh and speaks English well. He seemed to take a fancy to me and understood me at once—tells me to send to him when I want anything—said "I'll tell Prévost that I have seen you"—and spoke to M. Prévost-Martin,[1] but he found that he, Mr. J.L.P., was gone to England again.

I thought of taking private lodgings in the town. I had fixed on some in the Terreaux de Chante-Poulet, but all the world says I must not go there. The Baronne de Ludwigsdorff, who is my chief friend here now, wants me to go to M. Gaussen-Huber's,[2] where she would go if she staid the winter in Geneva. M. Lombard too says he thinks that would be the best for me—but, alas! I must pay 200 f. per month. If I were there I should see more conversable people than here. No one is received for less than a few months and there is never a larger number than 5 or 6. The Gaussen family is one of the most respectable (in the right sense) in Geneva. I think altogether that if I am to live through the winter I must go there. At private lodgings I should probably be robbed so as to make the expense greater even than in the other case.

Do you think any one would buy my Encyclopedia Britannica at ½ price and my globes? If so I should not be afraid of exceeding my means and I should have a little money to pay for my piano and for some lessons of different kinds that I want to take. The Encyclopedia

8. Cf. Psalms 8:8.

9. Henri Clermond Lombard (1803–95), a well-known physician of Geneva, is listed in Murray's *Handbook for Switzerland*, 1858, p. 151.

1. Alexandre Louis Prévost-Martin (1788–1876) preceded his brother Jean Louis Prévost as Swiss Consul at London. He was the author of several books on politics and economics. A street in Geneva now bears his name.

2. Auguste Gaussen-Huber, 117 (now 4) Rue du Puits-Saint-Pierre.

is the last edition [3] and cost £42, and the globes £8.10. The Enc[yclopedia] is in the oak-coloured chest, the globes in the chest with the padlock. I shall never have anywhere to put them, so it is folly to keep them if any one will buy them—but do not teaze yourself about it unless you think it easy.

Mr. Sibree [4] called—as perhaps you know by this time. I cannot say that I was in the least obliged to him as from the terms in which we are, it could be nothing else than a piece of impertinent curiosity. I beg you will neither give my address nor read my letters to any one else—unless it be some one equal to yourselves in friendship for me or in refinement of mind. There are many people in whose happiness I take a great interest, whom yet I do not wish to interest themselves about me and my affairs. Miss Sibree has written to me and asks me to send my letters to her to Rosehill as she thinks her father would object to her corresponding with me. Please to give my love to her and tell her that I cannot carry on a correspondence with anyone who will not avow it. No one else has written to me, though I have written to almost all. I would rather have it so than feel that the debt was on my side. When will you come to me for help, that I may be able to hate you a little less? I shall leave here as soon as I am able to come to a decision as I am anxious to feel settled and the weather is becoming cold. This house is like a bird-cage set down in a garden. Do not count this among my letters. I am good for nothing today and can write nothing well but bitterness so that I will not trust myself to say another word except that you are dear good creatures and that I am

Your ever tiresome and seldom affectionate
Pollian.

There is a family of Forbes's [5] here—related to Professor Forbes—very strait-laced—but very kind to me. M. de Herder is gone to the Pyrenees but will come again. Then there are a Mr. and Mrs. Wood, very rich people, who have lived in Italy chiefly, very commonplace but agreeable—3 raw-looking Germans who came yesterday—a French family named Desaix, Parisians, husband and wife and two lovely boys,

3. 7th ed., 21 vols., Edinburgh, 1842.

4. The elder John Sibree, Independent minister at Coventry, whose relations with GE were strained because of her heterodox religious views, which, he feared, had influenced his children John and Mary.

5. Probably Charles Hay Forbes (1806–59) of Canaan Park, Edinburgh, the third son of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo. (Burke, *Peerage*, 1880, p. 500) In a letter to GE dated from St. Leonard's College, St. Andrew's, Fife, 5 October 1859 Margaret Maria Brewster wrote: "I met you years ago at Mr. Chapman's, and a father and daughter, Mr. and Miss Forbes, who were much interested in you at Geneva, were my intimate friends." (Yale.)

all interesting—another French family just come. Mrs. Locke gone to Bex this morning. The Baroness de Ludwigsdorff whom I described to you—she seems to have begun to like me very much and is really kind, taking upon herself all the trouble about Madame Gaussen etc. —so you see heaven sends kind souls, though they are by no means kindred ones. Poor Mrs. Locke is to write to me—has given me a little ring—says "take care of yourself, my child—have some tea of your own —you'll be quite another person if you get some introductions to clever people—you'll get on well among a certain set, that's true"—it is her way to say "that's true" after all her affirmations. She says, "You won't find any kindred spirits at Plongeon, my dear."

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, GENEVA, 20 SEPTEMBER [1849]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Charles Bray Esq | Rosehill | Coventry | Angleterre | Voie de France. *Postmarks:* GENEVE | 21 SEPT | 49 | 2s; COVENTRY | SP 25 | 1849. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 222–227.

Plongeon Thursday September 20th.

Dear Friends

I began to write to you on Sunday immediately after reading your letters but a headache came on and sent me to bed where I lay till Wednesday morning. I am better now and am feeling particularly happy because I have had very kind letters from my brother and sisters. I am quite timid about writing to you because Sara tells me that Mr. Hennell says "there is much that is morbid in your character (his observations were upon your letters only) with a dwelling on yourself and a loving to think yourself unhappy." [6] Nothing can be truer than the observation, but I am distressed and surprized that this is so very evident from letters in which I have really tried to avoid everything which could give you pain and have imagined that I have only told you of agreeables except the last, which I hope you understood to be playful in its grumbling. I am ashamed to fill sheets about myself, but I imagined that this was precisely what you wished. Pray correct my mistake, if it be one, and then I will look over the Calvin M.S.S.[7]

6. Bray wrote in his *Autobiography*, p. 73: "hers was the temperament of genius which has always its sunny and shady side."

7. According to Murray's *Handbook for Switzerland*, 1846, p. 148, among the curiosities on display in the Geneva Public Library were "394 MS. letters of Calvin, almost illegible, but with fair transcripts (there is one addressed to Lady Jane Grey while a prisoner in the Tower)."

and give you some information of really general interest, suited to our mutual capacities.

My arrangements are not made at present, but I am going with Mde. de Ludwigsdorff to-morrow to ascertain further particulars. Mde. Gaussen is undecided at present about a Hanoverian family—but I think I told you that. If I cannot go there I shall go if possible to a M. Laboche's [8] where Mde. de L. will be if she come back here for the winter after going to Vienna. I hope she will—she is so good to me—a charming creature—so anxious to see me comfortably settled —petting me in all sorts of ways. She sends me tea when I wake in the morning, orangeflower water when I go to bed, grapes, and her maid to wait on me. She says if I like she will spend the winter after this at Paris with me and introduce me to her friends there—but she does not mean to attach herself to me, because I shall never like her long. I shall be tired of her when I have sifted her etc. She says I have more intellect than morale—and other things more true than agreeable—however she "is greatly interested in me"—has told me her troubles and her feelings, she says, in spite of herself—for she has never been able before in her life to say so much even to her old friends—it is a mystery she cannot unravel.[1] She is a person of high culture according to the ordinary notions of what feminine culture should be. She speaks French and German perfectly, plays well, and has the most perfect polish of manner, the most thorough refinement both socially and morally. She reminds me of Cara in one thing, though not like her generally. Her character is really remarkably destitute of animalism and she has just that sort of antipathy towards people who offend her refined instincts which we know so well in another person. She is tall and handsome—a striking looking person but with a sweet feminine expression when she is with those she likes—dresses exquisitely—in fine is all that I am not. I shall tire you with all this, but I want you to know what good creatures there are here as elsewhere.

Then there are the Forbeses—Mr. Forbes with a fine moral and intellectual head but spoiled by immense pride and vanity, which betray themselves in his thin affected-looking lips at the first glance. Miss Forbes,[2] for whose health they are travelling, is a good creature. They are very evangelical. [*Three words deleted.*] Miss Forbes tells me

8. Thimoléon Labauche, wholesale draper, a Frenchman from Sedan, lived with his wife at 3 (now 16) Rue Kléberg. Mme de Ludwigsdorf lodged with him in the summer of 1851. (Registre des Étrangers.)

1. A good example of the future novelist at work collecting material.

2. Probably Charles Hay Forbes's eldest daughter Elizabeth Jane. The first name is not given in the Registre des Étrangers.

that the first day she sat by my side at dinner she looked at me and thought to herself, "That is a grave lady. I do not think I shall like her much"—but as soon as I spoke to her and she looked into my eyes she felt she could love me. Then she lent me a book written by her cousin—a religious novel "Use and Abuse"—(by Miss Skene [3] now living at Leamington)—in which there is a fearful infidel who will not believe and hates all who do etc. etc. Then she invited me to walk with her and came to talk in my room—then invited me to go to the Oratoire with them—till I began to be uncomfortable under the idea that they fancied I was evangelical and that I was gaining their affection under false pretenses—so I told Miss Forbes that I was going to sacrifice her good opinion and confess my heresies. I quite expected from their manner and character that they would forsake me in horror, but they are as kind as ever. They never go into the salon in the evening, and I have almost forsaken it, spending the evening frequently in Mde. de Ludwigsdorff's room, where we have some delightful tea. The tea of the house here is execrable—or rather as Mrs. Wood says, "How glad we should be it has no taste at all—it might have a very bad one." I like the Woods—they are very good-natured. Mrs. Wood a very ugly but ladylike little woman who is under an infatuation as it regards her caps, always wearing the brightest rose-colour or intensest blue, with a complexion not unlike a dirty primrose glove. Mr. Wood is an old gentleman, a thorough man of the world who makes one feel quite *cosy* when he sits by one with his little jokes and fireside way of talking about everything. The rest of the people are nothing to me—except indeed dear old Mlle. de Phaisan, who comes into my room when I am ill with Qu'est ce que vous avez, ma bonne? in the tone of the kindest old aunt and thinks that I am the most aimable, douce créature—which will give you a better opinion of her charity than her penetration.

You ask me to tell you what Mr. Sibree said. I was sitting about 7 o'clock under the trees looking at the lake—Mde. de Vallière and M. Dumont were standing by me—when Mr. Sibree appeared, looking (M. Dumont said afterwards) rather ému—which is to be interpreted silly. He introduced a vulgar-looking man, exceedingly oily, pitted with the small-pox as "My brother from Birmingham." [4] I received him very politely indeed with my usual hypocrisy, begged him to sit down etc. He said that the Jura mountains looked he couldn't help thinking like

3. Felicia Mary Frances Skene (1821–99), *Use and Abuse; a Tale. By the Author of Wayfaring Sketches amongst the Greeks and Turks. . . . By a Seven Years' Resident,* 1848.

4. Peter Sibree, an Independent minister, was Chaplain of the General Cemetery at Birmingham.

a great cloud—that travelling required three things, one of which he had forgotten however—that he could only speak broken French—and a variety of things which it was really worth while to walk from Geneva to say for the sake of reconciling me to being away from you, since I could not be with you without being at Coventry.

Dear creatures—no one is so good as you yet. I have not yet found any one who can bear comparison with you, not in kindness to me—ça va sans dire—but in solidity of mind and in expansion of feeling. This is a very coarse thing to say, but it came to the end of my pen and litera scripta manet—at least when it comes at the end of the second page. It is true that young Sibree has Mill's Logic [5] which you will do well to ask him for—he keeps books long enough to take a manuscript copy of them. I am greatly obliged to Mr. Buckingham [6] for his good opinion of you. You must give me a better compliment than "that he has written more books than most people have read," which was ingenious enough for the Delphic oracle.

I shall certainly stay at Geneva this winter, and shall return to Eng[land] as early as the spring weather will permit always supposing that nothing occurs to alter my plan. I am still thin and my hair is falling off—so how much will be left of me by next April I am afraid to imagine. I shall be length without breadth—quite bald and without money to buy a wig—but Mr. Hennell will think that I am fancying myself unhappy. The cholera is not at Geneva—the medical men say it is cholera-proof.[7] The place is crowded with foreigners, the Hotels quite full. I have received <3> 4 papers. A thousand thanks for them. Cara's assurance that you are well and comfortable is worth a luncheon to me—which is just the thing I am generally most in want of, for we dine at 6 now. I love to imagine you in your home, and everything seems easy to me when I am not disturbed about the health or well-being of my loved ones—my family and my still dearer friends. It is really so—I do not say it out of any sort of affectation, benevolent or otherwise. I am without carefulness—alas! in more senses than one. Thank Sara very heartily for her letter. I do not write a special sheet for her today, because I have to write to two or three other people, but she must not the less believe how I valued a little private morsel from her, and also that I would always rather she wrote 'from herself' than 'to me'—that is my theory of letter-writing.

5. John Sibree, Jr. to whom GE had lent John Stuart Mill's *A System of Logic*, 1843.

6. James Silk Buckingham (1786–1855) stayed with the Brays when he lectured at Coventry in November 1843.

7. The first entry in Mrs. Bray's Diary for September 1849 is "Cholera in Coventry."

I am glad to hear that Nelly is flourishing—give my love to her and tell her that I shall want her to tell me all the stories Mamma teaches her when I go back to England because I have no one to tell me stories here, so she must keep them all ready for me. Dear Mrs. Pears! I am distressed to hear of her trouble. I wonder if she would like me to write to her—if she would I should [be] most glad to do it. Do not forget to let me know how she and Mr. Pears are in your next letter. Write again soon I beseech you. Your letters are as welcome as Elijah's ravens [8]—I thought of saying the dinner-bell, only that would be too gross. I get impatient at the end of the 10 days which it takes for our letters to go to and fro, and I have not the least faith in the necessity for keeping the sheet 3 or 4 days before Mr. Bray can find time to write his meagre bit. I hope you will have enjoyed your visitors—the Dawsons and Smiths [9]—venerable names, in one sense if not in all. If you see the Miss Franklins give my love to them—my remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. Whittem—love to Miss Sibree always, but I cannot write to her except to her own house. Hearty love to Clapton and Woodford—and a very diffusive benevolence to the world in general without any particular attachment to A or B—I am trying to please Mr. Bray.

Goodbye, dear Souls. Dominus Vobiscum.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, GENEVA, 4 OCTOBER [1849]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Charles Bray Esq | Rosehill | Coventry | Angleterre | Voie de France. *Postmarks:* GENEVE | 5 | OCTO | 49 | 2s; COVENTRY | OC 9 | 1849. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 227–228.

Plongeon Thursday October 4.

Dear dear Friends

I cannot write much today for I am tired after an expedition into the town about my removal, but I write nevertheless because I am anxious for you to know my new address, as I shall leave here on Tuesday. Mde. Gaussen's house is full, so I have been enquiring in other directions—or rather good people have been enquiring for me—and I think I have at last found the very thing. I shall be the only lodger. The appartement is assez joli, with an alcove so that it looks like a sitting-room in the day-time—the people, an artist [1] of great respectabil-

8. I Kings 17:6.

9. Mrs. Bray's Diary shows that Mr. and Mrs. Dawson and their baby came to Rosehill 24 September; he left after two days, but the others stayed a week. There is no mention of the Smiths.

1. See Introduction: D'Albert-Durade.

ity and his wife, a most kind-looking lady-like person with two boys who have the air of being well educated. They seem very anxious to have me and are ready to do anything to accommodate me. I shall live with them—that is, dine with them—breakfast in my own room. The terms are 150 f. per month, light included. M. and Mde. D'Albert are middle-aged—between forty and fifty probably—musical—and I am told have "beaucoup d'esprit." I hardly know how I could have done better—except indeed that I could have done more cheaply, but I hope this will not exceed my means for 4 or 5 months. There is a nice large salon and a good salle à manger. I am told that their society is very good. Mde. de Ludwigsdorff was about going there a year ago, and it was she who recommended it to me.

I hope Sara's fears are supererogatory—a proof of a too nervous solicitude about me for which I am grateful, though it does me no good to hear of it. I want encouraging rather than warning and checking. I believe I am so constituted that I shall never be cured of any faults except by God's discipline—if human beings would but believe it, they do me most good by saying to me the kindest things truth will permit—and really I cannot hope those will be superlatively kind. The reason I wished to raise a little extra money is that I wanted to have some lessons and other means of culture, not for my daily bread, for which I hope I shall have enough, but since you think my scheme impracticable we will dismiss it. I am much better—indeed very well now—and I am convinced that I shall improve when I am comfortably settled.

Mde. de Ludwigsdorff sets off for Vienna on Saturday. I am afraid I shall hardly see her again—she seems so uncertain about her destiny. The Forbeses are gone too. And so enough of myself.

A thousand thanks, dear friends, for your kind letters. I wanted them very badly. Alas alas—lose another £2000! However I will hope on—as you always do. There are places about Geneva—Vaudeuvres, Bex, Clarens, etc., where you can live well for 3 and even 2 fs. a day. I have it from persons who have been there—so you see 'man needs but little' [2] here emphatically. But I think I am doing more wisely at present to keep with some intelligent respectable people even at the sacrifice of not saving £8 or 10.

I will leave everything out of my letter today because I [am] [3] in too great a hurry and too nervous to write agreeably. Whe[n] I am fairly settled in my new home, I will write again. My address will be, M.

2. *Night Thoughts*, IV, 118.

3. Torn out by the seal.

D'Albert Durade, Rue des Chanoines, No. 107.[4] Love to Mrs. Pears—to Sara much, much love—I am concerned to hear of her illness. Au reste, be in no anxiety about me. Nothing is going wrong that I know of. I am not such an absolute fool and weakling as dear Sara seems to suppose me. Goodbye dear creatures. Heaven bless you—but it has given you the supreme blessing in making you so good, perhaps one ought to ask no more.

<Marianne> Mary Ann.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, GENEVA, 4 OCTOBER 1849

Text: Cross, I, 228–230.

The blessed compensation there is in all things made your letter doubly precious for having been waited for, and it would have inspired me to write to you again much sooner, but that I have been in uncertainty about settling myself for the winter, and I wished to send you my future address. I am to move to my new home on Tuesday the 9th. I shall not at all regret leaving here; the season is beginning to be rather sombre, though the glorious chestnuts here are still worth looking at half the day.

You have heard of some of the people whom I have described in my letters to Rosehill. The dear little old maid, Mlle. de Phaisan, is quite a good friend to me—extremely prosy, and full of tiny details; but really people of that calibre are a comfort to one occasionally, when one has not strength enough for more stimulating things. She is a sample of those happy souls who ask for nothing but the work of the hour, however trivial—who are contented to live without knowing whether they effect anything, but who do really effect much good, simply by their calm and even *maintien*. I laugh to hear her say in a tone of remonstrance—"Mme. de Ludwigsdorff dit qu'elle s'ennuie quand les soirées sont longues: moi, je ne conçois pas comment on peut s'ennuyer quand on a de l'ouvrage ou des jeux ou de la conversation."

When people who are dressing elegantly and driving about to make calls every day of their life have been telling me of their troubles—their utter hopelessness of ever finding a vein worth working in their future life—my thoughts have turned towards many whose sufferings

4. Now 18 Rue de la Pélisserie. In a letter to Cross 23 February 1885 D'Albert-Durade says: "Mon nom s'écrit toujours avec un grand D' et non avec un d'." He always wrote it without a hyphen.

are of a more tangible character, and I have really felt all the old commonplaces about the equality of human destinies, always excepting those spiritual differences which are apart not only from poverty and riches but from individual affections.

Dear Chrissey has found time and strength to write to me, and very precious her letter was, though I wept over it. "Deep abiding grief must be mine," she says, and I know well it must be. The mystery of trial! It falls with such avalanche weight on the head of the meek and patient. I wish I could do something of more avail for my friends than love them and long for their happiness.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, GENEVA, [11 OCTOBER 1849]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Charles Bray Esq | Rosehill | Coventry | Angleterre. *Postmarks:* GENEVE | 11 | OCTO | 49 | 8s; COVENTRY | OC 16 | 1849 | A. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 230–231.

Rue des Chanoines No. 107.

Dear Friends

You do not want to hear from me again yet, but I want to hear from you—that is the reason I write on this third day of my abode in my new lodgings. I like them very much. M. and Mde. D'Albert are really clever people, people worth sitting up an hour longer to talk to. This does not hinder Mde. from being an excellent manager, dressing scrupulously and keeping her servants in order. She has hung my room with pictures, one of which is the most beautiful group of flowers conceivable thrown on an open Bible—painted by herself. I have a piano which I hire. There is also one in the salon. M. D'Albert plays and sings, and in the winter he tells me they have parties to sing masses and do other delightful things. There is at present a lady in the house who is studying crayons with M. D'Albert—though she appears to be nearly fifty. I fancy she is doing it from some motive of duty. She will leave soon. M. D'A. is deformed with a face indicative of talent and feeling.[5] Mde. is a nice-looking woman—the boys perfectly quiet, well-behaved and intelligent. In fact I think I am just in the right place. They appear to be evangelical and conservative, b[ut] [6] one finds these views in company with more breadth of cultu[re] here than one can

5. Mathilde Blind, who had her information from Mrs. Bray, says of M. D'Albert: "it is whispered that he suggested some of the traits in the character of the delicate-minded Philip Wakem in the 'Mill on the Floss.'" (*George Eliot*, 1883, p. 53.)

6. The seal has torn away the edge of the paper.

ever augur from them in England. I break[fast] in my own room at ½ past eight, lunch at ½ past 12, and dine at 4 or a little after, and take tea at 8. From the tea-table I have gone into the salon and chatted until bed-time. It would really have been a pity to have staid at Plongeon out of reach of everything and with people so little worth talking to. I have not found out the desagrémens here yet—of course I shall, but I think they will not be more numerous than they would necessarily be in any sublunary lodgings.

Two unhappy newspapers [7] have cost each a franc and 20 centimes. The last however only cost 10 centimes. I do not know the reason of this but until the last came I was going to write to say that I must renounce the pleasure of having them—since I am adopting Poor Richard's style of calculation, a franc a week etc. It is raining horribly here—raining blue devils—but this just saves me from the regret I should have felt at having quitted the chestnuts of Plongeon. That campagne looked splendid in its autumn dress. There are two good people there now—a captain of the navy and his wife named Weavers,[8] whom I thought perfect nullities when they came, but it turned out that the husband is accustomed to the best scientific and literary society of London. We became capital friends and were sorry to part.

I have had a letter from Miss Sibree and am going to write to her to tell her that I think it right to abstain from correspondence with her. She is a sweet good girl, but her ideas want testing—she should be let alone. I am by no means sure that she is prepared for the hardships of the new Protestantism. Also there is a strong leaven of Sibreeanism in her which I have tended to nourish by shewing a very strong interest in her. Sibreeanism is that degree of egotism which we call bad taste but which does not reach to gross selfishness—the egotism that does not think of others, but would be very glad to do them good if it did think of them—the egotism that eats up all the bread and butter and is ready to die of confusion and distress after having done it.

I am much obliged to Mr. Dawson for sending me so exceptional a proof of his regard—tell him I only deserve it in consideration of

7. The Coventry *Herald*, sent by Bray. John Ruskin, Sr., writing to his son from Geneva 5 August 1849 complains: "I have, at a shameful charge of ten francs, got August magazine and Dickens, quite a prohibition for parcels from England." (W. G. Collingwood, *Life of John Ruskin*, 9th ed., 1912, p. 94.

8. William Weaver (1795–1862) entered the Navy in 1805 and was commissioned lieutenant 20 February 1815. He died at his residence, The Shrubs, Powick, Worcestershire. See W. R. O'Byrne, *A Naval Biographical Dictionary*, 1894, and *Gentleman's Magazine*, 212 (June 1862), 792.

my admiration for him. Dear souls I wish you had as great a freedom from care as I—it is true my health has taken the place of all other cares or rather my want of health and I am sometimes ready to think that everybody is really prematurely worn out—at other times I am more hopeful. Write to me soon.

Mary Ann.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, GENEVA, [24 OCTOBER 1849]

MS: Yale. *Address:* C. Bray Esq | Rosehill | Coventry | England. *Postmarks:* GENEVE | 24 OCTO | 49 | 11½M; COVENTRY | OC 27 | 1849 | A. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 233–236.

Rue des Chanoines 107.

Dear Friends

I languished for your letter before it came and read it three times running—judge whether I care less for you than of old. It is the best of blessings to know that you are well and cheerful, and when I think of all that might happen in a fortnight to make you otherwise, especially in these days of cholera and crises I cannot help being anxious until I get a fresh assurance that at least five days ago all was well. Before I say anything about myself I must contradict your suspicion that I paint things too agreeably for the sake of giving you pleasure. I assure you my letters are subjectively true—the falsehood, if there be any, is in my manner of seeing things. But to satisfy Cara I will give you some "vérités positives" in which alas! poor imagination has hitherto been able to do little for the world. I have every day an excellent breakfast—good coffee, delicious butter and confiture—a good luncheon—and a still better dinner—for example, always two kinds of meat thoroughly well cooked, nice vegetables and pudding. Everything is on a generous scale without extravagance. Mde. D'Albert anticipates all my wants and makes a spoiled child of me. I like these dear people better and better—everything is so in harmony with one's moral feeling that I really can almost say I never enjoyed a more complete bien-être in my life than during the last fortnight.

For M. D'Albert I love him already as if he were father and brother both. You must know he is not more than 4 feet high with a deformed spine—the result of an accident in his boyhood—but on this little body is placed a finely formed head, full in every direction. The face is plain with small features, and rather haggard looking, but all the lines and the wavy grey hair indicate the temperament of the artist.

I have not heard a word or seen a gesture of his yet that was not perfectly in harmony with an exquisite moral refinement—indeed one feels a better person always when he is present. He was educated for theology and did not become an artist—did not even begin to draw till he was 21. He sings well and plays on the piano a little. It is delightful to hear him talk of his friends—he admires them so genuinely —one sees so clearly that there is no reflex egotism. His conversation is charming. I learn something every dinner-time.

Mde. D'Albert has less of genius and more of cleverness—a really lady-like person, who says everything well. She brings up her children admirably—two nice intelligent boys—the youngest particularly has a sort of Lamartine expression with a fine head. I have not said half I feel about these good creatures because I am afraid you will laugh at me. But it is so delightful to get among people who exhibit no meannesses—no worldlinesses that one may well be enthusiastic. For instance, I told you that Mde. D'Albert was to find me light for the 150 fr. She does this as if I were a visitor to whom she was anxious to be extremely polite. I have a large lamp and five bougies always in my room, 2 on the mantel-piece two on my piano and one on my dressing-table. She scolds me when she comes in and sees me reading by a single bougie. You will think me childish to talk of such things, but to me it is so blessed to find any departure from the rule of giving as little as possible for as much as possible. Their whole behaviour to me is the same spirit—as if I were a guest whom they delighted to honour.

Last night we had a little knot of their most intimate musical friends —a Mlle. Herpin [9] who plays admirably, a gentleman who has a splendid bass voice, and two really remarkable men, a M. Chaponnière,[1] a physician, and his Father, a fine old man, quite a subject for a sculptor, who has written an infinity of clever poetry in the style of Thomas Hood, some of which M. D'Albert has read to me. He has also been a composer of music. The son is an antiquarian, has written a history of Bonnivard, is scientific, is full of all sorts of knowledge, with a delightful bonhommie. He has a fine tenor voice and sings with facility very

9. Clara Luce Adèle Herpin (1825–1914), daughter of the Genevese physician Théodore Joseph Herpin (1799–1865).

1. Jean François Chaponnière (1769–1856) was an art student when he became interested in radical political movements. In the revolution of 1792 he was one of the founders of the Cercle des Amis de Jean-Jacques. He held many public offices and wrote for the *Journal de Genève*. His verse play *Il fallait ça, ou le barbier optimiste* was published in 1849. Jean Jacques Chaponnière (1805–59), his son, studied medicine at Montpellier before practicing in Geneva. He edited in collaboration with H. L. Bordier François Bonivard's *Advis et devis des Lengues*, Paris, 1849.

difficult operatic music. M. and Mde. D'Albert introduce me to their friends as if they wished me to know them, as if they wished me to like their friends and their friends to like me. Mde. Chaponnière,[2] the younger one's wife, is an amiable looking little woman who brings her work and listens to the music. The people and the evening would have been just after your own hearts. In fact I have not the slightest pretence for being discontented, not the shadow of a discomfort. Even the little housemaid Jeanie is charming—says to me every morning, in the prettiest voice Madame a-t-elle bien dormi cette nuit? puts fire in my chauffe-pied without being told, cleans my rooms most conscientiously. There—I promise to weary you less for the future with my descriptions. I could not resist the temptation to speak gratefully of M. and Mde. D'Albert.

Dear Mrs. Pears! How does she manage to endure her life with that poor monomaniac husband. Give my love to her—my constant ever-fresh remembrance. My love to Miss R. Franklin—tell her I have spun my web to Geneva—it will infallibly carry me back again across the gulph—were it twice as great. Tell Sara I shall write a little letter to her and enclose it in my next to you. In the meantime I am her faithful spouse. It is a comfort to hear of Mr. Hennell's being at all better.[3] Also it is good that Froude should marry a respectability[4]—only if he preach the new word at Manchester I hope he will preach it so as to do without an after-explanation and not bewilder his hearers in the manner of Mephistopheles when he dons the doctor's gown of Faust.[5] I congratulate you on the new edition[6] and promise to read it with a disposition to admire when I am at Rosehill once more. I am beginning to lose respect for the petty acumen that sees difficulties. I love the souls that rush along to their goal with a full stream of sentiment, that have too much of the positive to be harassed by the perpetual negatives, which after all are but the disease of the soul, to be expelled by fortifying the principle of vitality. Mr. Bray wants a little letter all to himself, so I send him one full of sauciness that I dare not say to Cara. Kind regards to Miss Jenkins—I hoped that her family circumstances would permit her to renounce her governess life.

2. Née Elisabeth Roux-Bordier.

3. Charles Hennell suffered from pulmonary tuberculosis for at least ten years before his death, 2 September 1850. For his wife's account of his illness see *George Eliot and John Chapman*, p. 186.

4. J. A. Froude, who since leaving Oxford had been tutor to the Darbishire family in Manchester, was married 3 October 1849 to Charlotte Maria Grenfell, sister of Mrs. Charles Kingsley, said to be the original of Argemone Lavington in *Yeast*.

5. Goethe, *Faust*, Part II, Act II.

6. Of Charles Bray's *The Education of the Feelings*, first published in 1838. Both the 2d and 3d eds. are dated 1849.

Tell her I hear of her with interest. I am not well today. All my blood is in my head and Mde. D'Albert prescribes a walk before dinner, so I scribble to get done that I may put the letter in the post on my way.

Good-bye, dear loves—shan't I kiss you when I am in England again —in England! I already begin to think of the journey as an impossibility. Geneva is so beautiful now the trees have their richest colouring. Coventry is a fool to it—but then you are at Coventry and you are better than lake trees and mountains to your affectionate

Mary Ann.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, GENEVA, [26 OCTOBER 1849]

MS: Yale. *Address:* C. Bray Esq | Rose Hill | Coventry | Angleterre. *Postmarks:* GENEVE | 26 OCTO | 49 | 2s; COVENTRY | OC 29 | 1849 | A. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 233–236.

Rue des Chanoines 107 | Geneva.

Dear Friend

I am distressed to send you a letter about such a trifle, but one of these unfortunate newspapers has again cost 1 f. 10 c., a perfectly ruinous expense. I did not mention the matter in my last letter because I had had two papers which cost only 10 c. I must really renounce the too costly pleasure of seeing the Herald and you must tell me the news in your letters.

We have had some delicious autumn days here. If the fine weather last I am going up the Salève [7] on Sunday with M. D'Albert. You remember the Salève. On one side I shall have a magnificent view of the lake the town and the Jura—on the other the range of Mt. Blanc. The walks about Geneva are perfectly enchanting. Ah! says poor Mlle. de Phaisan, nous avons un beau pays si nous n'avions pas ces Radicaux! The election of the Conseil d'Etat is to take place in November, and an émeute is expected. The actual Government is Radical, and thoroughly detested by all the "respectable" classes. Fazy [8] the vice president of the Conseil and the virtual head of the government, is an unprincipled clever fellow horribly in debt himself and on the way to reduce the government to the same position. Please to send the enclosed to Sara.

Adieu.

7. The Petit Salève (2962 ft.), about 5 miles southeast of Geneva.

8. Jean Jacob (called James) Fazy (1794–1878) had collaborated with Thiers in the Paris revolution of 1830. During the Geneva *Constituante* in 1842 he was the leader of the radical party, in power 1846–53. Fazy was responsible for the demolition of the old fortifications, the establishment of hospitals, and many other public improvements.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, GENEVA, [26 OCTOBER 1849]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Sara. *Endorsed:* 1849. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 237–238.

Geneva Rue des Chanoines 107.

Liebe Gemahlinn

I trust you have thrown off the sackcloth with which you had clothed yourself when you last wrote to me. If it were not always presumptuous for us to pronounce for another in such matters I should say that you are excessive in your self-humiliation. I share your respect for Mr. Hennell's admirable judgment and feeling but from all that both you and Cara have told me for the last 2 or 3 years I am convinced that both have been *intensified* and *narrowed* in their action to a morbid degree, and that you are doing yourself wrong when you bow to his dicta as a vox Dei.[9] But no more about matters which I dare say have ceased to occupy you.

Cara has told you by this time how happily I am situated. I like my town life vastly and shall like it still better in the winter. There is an indescribable charm to me in this form of human nest-making. You enter a by no means attractive-looking house, you climb up two or three flights of cold dark-looking stone steps, you ring at a very modest door and you enter a set of rooms snug or comfortable or elegant. One is so out of reach of intruders, so undiverted from one's occupations by externals, so free from cold rushing winds through hall-doors, one feels in a downy nest high up in a good old tree. I have always had a hankering after this sort of life and I find it was a true instinct of what would suit me. Just opposite my windows is the street in which the Sisters of Charity live [1] and if I look out, I generally see either one of them or a sober-looking ecclesiastic. Then a walk of five minutes takes me out of all streets within sight of beauties that I am sure you too would love, if you did not share my enthusiasm for the town. I have to write to Rosehill again today about the newspapers so I have scribbled a little bit to you to make the postage pay for a little more, but I have not another minute having promised to go out before dinner, so dearest take my letter as a hasty kiss just to let you know how constantly I love you—how the longer I live and the more I have felt the better I

9. Sara Hennell's *Memoir of Charles Christian Hennell* shows plainly that she never ceased to idolize her brother.

1. From her windows at D'Albert's house, which still stands, GE saw almost all the Rue des Chanoines; the Sisters of Charity were at 122, now 11 Rue Calvin.

know how to value you. That is at least one redeeming point in your
Pollian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, GENEVA, [4 DECEMBER 1849]

MS: Yale. *Address:* C. Bray Esq | Rosehill | Coventry | Angleterre. *Postmarks:* GENEVE | 4 | DECE | 49 | 8½s; COVENTRY | DE 9 | 1849. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 238–240.

107 Rue des Chanoines.

Dear Mr. Bray

I write at once to answer your questions about business. Spinoza and I have been divorced for several months. My want of health has obliged me to renounce all application. I take walks, play on the piano, read Voltaire, talk to my friends, and just take a dose of mathematics every day to prevent my brain from becoming quite soft. Therefore I am by no means eager to supersede any other person's labours, and Mr. Chapman is absolved from observing any delicacy towards me about Spinoza or his translators.[2] If you are anxious to publish the translation in question I could, after a few months, finish the Tractatus Theologico-Politicus to keep it company—but I confess to you, that I think you would do better to abstain from printing a translation. What is wanted in English is not a translation of Spinoza's works, but a true estimate of his life and system. After one has rendered his Latin faithfully into English, one feels that there is another yet more difficult process of translation for the reader to effect, and that the only mode of making Spinoza accessible to a larger number is to study his books, then shut them and give an analysis. For those who read the very words Spinoza wrote, there is the same sort of interest in his style as in the conversation of a person of great capacity who has led a solitary life, and who says from his own soul what all the world is saying by rote, but this interest hardly belongs to a translation.

I am sorry to say that with a very great inclination to swear in your

2. An American, Samuel Hitchcock, had translated the *Ethics* for his elder brother, Maj. Gen. Ethan Allen Hitchcock, who spent a month in London in the autumn of 1849 trying to find it a publisher. (E. A. Hitchcock, *Fifty Years in Camp and Field,* New York, 1909, p. 553.) He offered the manuscript to Chapman, who, having tentatively agreed to publish GE's translation of the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus* (see [18 April 1849]), asked Bray what progress she was making. The Hitchcock translation, still unpublished, is extant in six copies, three of them in E. A. Hitchcock's hand, in the Library of Congress. For this information I am indebted to the great Spinoza collector, the late Adolph S. Oko.

favour about the rent, I have not the slightest recollection of what you have paid or not paid. Dear Cara also. Your letter is very sweet to me, giving me a picture of your quiet life. How shall I enable you to imagine mine, since you know nothing of the localities? My good friends here only change for the better. Mde. D'Albert is all affection, M. D'Albert all delicacy and intelligence, the friends to whom they have introduced me very kind in their attentions. In fact I want nothing but a little more money to feel more at ease about my fires etc. etc. I am in an atmosphere of love and refinement—even the little servant Jeanie seems to love me and does me good every time she comes into the room. I can say anything to M. and Mde. D'Albert. M. D'A. understands everything and if Madame does not understand she *believes*—that is she seems always sure that I mean something edifying. She kisses me like a mother, and I am baby enough to find that a great addition to my happiness. Au reste, I am careful for nothing. I am a sort of supernumerary spoon, and there will be no damage to the set if I am lost. It is different with you, and I cannot help being saddened by the idea of losses and possible renunciations that may be required of you. My heart ties are not loosened by distance—it is not in the nature of ties to be so—and when I think of my loved ones as those to whom I can be a comfort or a help I long to be with them again. Otherwise I can only think with a shudder of returning to England. It looks to me like a land of gloom, of ennui, of platitude, but in the midst of all this it is the land of duty and affection, and the only ardent hope I have for my future life is to have given to me some woman's duty, some possibility of devoting myself where I may see a daily result of pure calm blessedness in the life of another.

Dear Cara—carry my kindest remembrances to Clapton and Woodford. May you find our precious Mr. Hennell well enough to enjoy your visit thoroughly.[3] We have had some severe weather here but not more so than I have often felt in England. At present it is much milder. All possible Christmas pleasures and comforts to you all.

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

3. Mrs. Bray stayed at Woodford 10–19 December 1849.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[GENEVA, 4 DECEMBER 1849]

MS: Yale. *Excerpts published:* Cross, I, 240–241.

[*On the same sheet with the preceding letter.*]
Dear Sara

It is three weeks since you wrote the letter which I have received only this morning—the pleasant visit to Chetham [?] is past and you are by this time at Rosehill,[4] which after all is only an exchange of pleasures. How do you look? I hope that bandeau of silvery locks is not widening too fast on the head I love so well—that the eyes are as bright as ever. Your letter tells me they will beam as kindly as ever when I see them once more. Never make apologies about your letters or your words or anything else. It is your soul to which I am wedded, and do I not know too well how the poor soul is doubly belied, first by the impossibility of being in word and act as great, as loving, as good as it wills to be—and again by the miserable weaknesses of the friends who see the words and acts through all sorts of mists raised by their own passions and preoccupations. In all these matters I am the chief of sinners, and I am tempted to rejoice in the offences of my friends because they make me feel less humiliation.

Mrs. Follen is the authoress of that pretty story 'The Log Cabin,'[5] is she not? I am quite satisfied to be at Geneva instead of Paris—in fact I am becoming passionately attached to the mountains, the lake, the streets, my own room and above all the dear people with whom I live. I have scribbled so fast and so horribly you will hardly be able to read what I have written but your imagination is sure to substitute something better than the reality.

Thy faithful spouse
Pollian.

4. Miss Hennell came to Rosehill 1 December 1849. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

5. *The Log Cabin: Or, the World before You,* published anonymously in Boston and London, 1844, was not by Mrs. Follen but by another American, Mrs. Hannah Farnham Sawyer Lee (1780–1865). For Mrs. Follen see [15 February 1851].

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY AND SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, GENEVA, [22 DECEMBER 1849]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Dec. 1849. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 241–242.

Chez M. D'Albert Durade. | 107 Rue des Chanoines.

Dear Friends all

A thousand Christmas pleasures and blessings to you—good resolutions and bright hopes for the New Year! Amen. People who can't be witty exert themselves to be pious or affectionate. Henceforth I tell you nothing whatever about myself, for if I speak of agreeables and say I am contented, Mr. Bray writes me word that you are all trying to forget me. If I were to tell you of disagreeables and privations and sadness, he would write that he should like me to go to hell for a few months that I might learn to be contented—also Sara would write, 'If you are unhappy now, you will be so à fortiori ten years hence.' Now since I have a decided objection to doses sent by post which upset one's digestion for a fortnight, I am determined to give you no pretext for sending me either blue pill or bitters. You shall not know whether I am well or ill, contented or discontented, warm or cold, fat or thin. But remember that I am so far from being of the same mind as Mr. Bray, that good news of you is necessary to my comfort. I walk more briskly and jump out of bed more promptly after a letter that tells me you are well—comfortable—that business is promising—that men begin to speak well of you, etc. "I am comforted in your comfort" as saith St. Paul to his troublesome Corinthians.[6] When one is cabin'd, cribbed, confined [7] in oneself, it is good to be enlarged in one's friends. Good Mr. Marshall! [8] We wish to keep even unamiable people when death calls for them—much more good souls like him. I am glad he had had one more pleasant visit to Cara for her to think of. Dear Sara's letter is very charming, not at all physicky—rather an agreeable draught of vin sucré. I thank her for the extracts, and above all for the rejected leader [9] at which I have laughed aloud again and again, at the risk of being thought mad by Mde. D'Albert on the other side of the wall. The proposal to leave out the foreign news and advertisements is delicious

6. II Corinthians 7:13.

7. *Macbeth,* III, iv, 24.

8. William Marshall (1776–1849), Mrs. James Hennell's brother, died 5 December at his house in Wellington Terrace, St. John's Wood. For an account of him see the *Christian Reformer,* 6 (1850), 63, 124.

9. Evidently a *jeu d'esprit* by Charles C. Hennell.

—the logic is enough to raise the ghost of Aristotle. Even now I cannot think of a single sentence without convulsions of laughter. Dear Mr. Hennell! We shall never look upon his like.[10]

I do not know exactly the expense from Geneva to Paris, but I am told it is certainly about 90 frs. per malle poste. The newspapers come and do not cost more than 10 c. I have not inquired about the cause of the variations, but I think it was probably the omission of the printing office people to put on the stamps. Mde. de Ludwigsdorff had recommended Mr. Munroe to me—in vain—for I do not want grocery and if I wanted anything else that want would be extinguished by a greater —the want of money.

I am attending a course of lectures on Experimental Physics by M. le professeur de la Rive,[1] the inventor amongst other things of the electro-plating. I do not tell you whether I enjoy them or not. The lectures occur every Wednesday and Saturday.[2] It is time for me to go. I am distressed to send you this shabby last fragment of paper and to write in such a hurry, but the days are really only two hours long, and I have so many things to do that I go to bed every night miserable because I have left out something I meant to do. Good bye dear souls— Forget me, if you like, you cannot oblige me to forget you, and the active is worth twice of the passive all the world over.

Mary Ann.

The earth is covered with snow and the government is levelling the fortifications. This last fact will do to put among your "Varieties."[3]

10. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, ii, 187.

1. Arthur Auguste de la Rive (1802–73) taught physics at the University of Geneva 1825–46; a conservative in politics, he resigned his professorship after the Revolution and founded the Gymnase Libre, where he taught chemistry and physics. His invention of a process of gold plating had won him in 1840 an award from the Paris Académie des Sciences. In the winter of 1849–50 he gave a course of twenty-six lectures at the Athénée and Hôtel de Ville intended particularly for ladies. I am indebted to M. Bernard Gagnebin of Geneva for this information.

2. Cross was probably mistaken in dating this letter 23 December; Saturday was the 22d.

3. In the Coventry *Herald*.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, GENEVA, [28 JANUARY 1850]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Charles Bray Esq | Rose Hill | Coventry | England. *Postmarks:* GENEVE | 28 | JANV | 50 | 8½M; COVENTRY | JA 31 | 1850 | A. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 243–244.

107 Rue des Chanoines.

Dear Friends

How are you? You leave me a long time without news of you, though I told you they were necessary as a counteractive to the horrors of this terrible winter. Are you really so occupied as to have absolutely no time to think of me? I console myself at least today, now we have a blue sky once more after two months of mist, with thinking that I am excluded by pleasanter ideas—that at least you are well and comfortable, and I ought to content myself with that. Or was my last letter so shabby that you refuse to count it as one? That would be more just than kind. I do not mind how short your letters are, so that they tell me the essential about yourselves. The news does not interest me, and we can tell each other every thing of that sort much more quickly when I am with you. Long letters are only possible when one feels separated by a gulf of time as well as space. I like now to save everything that I may have all to tell you when I am in England. I am sure this reason ought to satisfy you—it is a proof that I think a great deal of our reunion.

The fact is I am much of Touchstone's mind—in respect my life is at Geneva I like it very well, but in respect it is not with you it is a very vile life.[4] I have no yearnings to exchange lake and mountains for Bishop Street and the Radford Fields,[5] but I have a great yearning to kiss you all and talk to you for three days running. But perhaps you are beginning to think differently, and I may as well spare myself all pains to convince you that I love you. At least write to tell me so. I do not think it will be possible for me to undertake the journey before the end of March. I look forward to it with great dread. I see myself looking utterly miserable, ready to leave all my luggage behind me at Paris for the sake of escaping the trouble of it.

We have had Alboni[6] here—a very fat syren. There has been some capital acting of comedies by friends of M. D'Albert—a M. Chancel,[7] an advocate, is superior to any professional actor of comedy I

4. *As You Like It,* III, ii, 13.

5. From Foleshill one went through the Radford Fields and Bishop St. to the center of Coventry.

6. Marietta Alboni (1823–94), celebrated Italian contralto.

7. David Alexandre Jules Chancel (1800?–77). His first wife died in 1847;

have ever seen. He reads vaudevilles so marvellously that one seems to have a whole troop of actors before one in his single person. He is a handsome man of fifty, full of wit and talent, and he married about a year ago an ugly old maid—but this is less wonderful at Geneva than elsewhere.

Good bye, dear souls. I am persuaded that you are perfect and that I am good for nothing and I will not listen to what Satan says urging me to be angry with you.

Your affectionate
Mary Ann.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, GENEVA, [4 FEBRUARY 1850]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Address:* Mrs. Houghton | Willenhall House | Coventry | England. *Postmarks:* GENEVE | 4 | FEVR | 50 | 4s; COVENTRY | FE 8 | 1850 | A. *Hitherto unpublished.*

107 Rue des Chanoines | Geneva.

My dear Fanny

I am in horrible anxiety about you for none of the rest of the family seem to know anything of you, and it is five months at least since I heard from you. Are you too ill, or too wretched or too indifferent to write to me? Either of the three suppositions is bad enough, but if I must choose I would prefer the last. In any case I cannot rest longer without satisfying at least my own affection by assuring you that you are just as near to my heart now I am at Geneva as when I was at Coventry. At the end of two months I shall probably be there again, but I confess [I dis]like the idea of remaining tw[o] months [here] in utter i[g]norance about you. Perhaps Chrissey has told you all about me and my change o[f] residence. I have found excellent, kind fri[en]ds, with whom I feel *at home*. Do not [s]uppose that I feel hurt or angry when you do not write to me—I am convinced there is some satisfactory explanation to be given—I am only *anxious* about your health and comfort. I should be quite contented with only half a dozen lines if they assured me you were well and tolerably comfortable. I am quite unable to conceive that this little boon is impossible to be granted. I have scribbled this letter in three minutes to set you an example. Write to

23 March 1849 he married Mlle Jeanne Augusta Susanne Pallard, who had been governess to the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Weimar before her marriage in 1829 to William I, later Emperor of Germany.

me just as carelessly and you will not find it troublesome. Ever, dear Fanny,

Your affectionate sister
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, GENEVA, 9 FEBRUARY 1850

Text: Cross, I, 244–246. *MS:* Sold at Sotheby's, 6 March 1934, item 440.

It is one of the provoking contrarieties of destiny that I should have written my croaking letter when your own kind consolatory one was on its way to me. I have been happier ever since it came. After mourning two or three months over Chrissey's account of your troubles, I can only dwell on that part of your letter which tells that there is a little more blue in your sky—that you have faith in the coming Spring. Shall you be as glad to see me as to hear the cuckoo? I mean to return to England as soon as the Jura is passable without sledges—probably the end of March or beginning of April. I have a little *Heimweh* "as it regards" my friends. I yearn to see those I have loved the longest, but I shall feel real grief at parting from the excellent people with whom I am living. I feel they are my *friends*—without entering into or even knowing the greater part of my views, they understand my character, and have a real interest in me. I have infinite tenderness from Mme. d'Albert. I call her always "maman"; and she is just the creature one loves to lean on [8] and be petted by. In fact, I am too much indulged, and shall go back to England as undisciplined as ever.

This terribly severe winter has been a drawback on my recovering my strength. I have lost whole weeks from headache, etc., but I am certainly better now than when I came to Mme. d'Albert. You tell me to give you these details, so I obey. Decidedly England is the most comfortable country to be in in winter—at least for all except those who are rich enough to buy English comforts everywhere. I hate myself for caring about carpets, easy-chairs, and coal fires—one's soul is under a curse, and can preach no truth while one is in bondage to the flesh in this way; but alas! habit is the purgatory in which we suffer for our past sins. I hear much music. We have a reunion of musical friends every Monday. For the rest I have refused *soirées*, which are as stupid and unprofitable at Geneva as in England. I save all more interesting details, that I may

8. Cf. Charles Bray's phrase about GE's "always requiring some one to lean upon." (*Autobiography*, p. 75.)

have them to tell you when I am with you. I am going now to a *séance* on Experimental Physics by the celebrated Professor de la Rive. This letter will at least convince you that I am not eaten up by wolves, as they have been fearing at Rosehill. The English papers tell of wolves descending from the Jura and devouring the inhabitants of the villages, but we have been in happy ignorance of these editors' horrors.[9]

TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, GENEVA,
[15 FEBRUARY 1850]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Charles Bray Esq | Rosehill | Coventry | England. *Postmarks:* GENEVE | 15 | FEVR | 50 | 8½s; COVENTRY | FE 19 | 1850. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 246–248.

107 Rue des Chanoines | Geneva.

Dear Friends

If you saw the Jura today! The snow reveals its forests ravines and precipices, and it stands in relief against a pure blue sky. The snow is on the mountains only now, and one is tempted to walk all day, particularly when one lies in bed till 10, as your exemplary friend sometimes does. Do not pity me too much, dear Cara, I have positively had no evils to endure but such as have arisen from the state of my health and spirits. I have had no discipline, and shall return to you more of a spoiled child than ever. Indeed I think I am destined to be so to the end—one of the odious swarm of voracious caterpillars, soon to be swept away from the earth by a tempest. Your stories about the wolves and the snow are apocryphal. The Radicals are the only wild beasts of whom the good citizens of Geneva [ar]e in fear, and the winter here, though severe, has been less so than [a]t Trieste, for example, and other places farther south.

I am getting [bet]ter—bodily. I have much less head-ache, but the least excitement [fa]tigues me. Certainly if one cannot have a malady to carry one [off] rapidly, the only sensible thing is to get well and fat, and I believe I [sh]all be driven to that alternative. Do you know if Mrs. [Pear]s has received my letter, written a few days after the arrival [of] the one you sent me from her? I unhappily mislaid her letter [and] forgot her direction, so I was obliged to put Leamington merely. Tell me some news of her when you write again. I congratulate you on the birthday pleasures. It is amusing enough to see how those small celeb-

9. "Twelve houses have been carried away by an avalanche at Capvert, and several travellers have been devoured by the wolves." (*Times*, 1 February 1850, p. 6e).

rities, the Cowden Clarkes,[1] make their living out of Shakspeare.

You know that George Sand writes for the theatre? Her François le Champi, une comédie,[2] is simplicity and purity itself. The seven devils are cast out. We are going to have more acting here on Wednesday. M. Chancel's talent makes Maman's soirées quite brilliant. You will be amused to hear that I am sitting for my portrait—at M. D'Albert's request—not mine. If it turns out well, I shall long to steal it to give to you—but M. D'Albert talks of painting a second [*ten words deleted*] and in that case I shall certainly beg one.[3] The idea of making a study of my visage is droll enough.

I have the kindest possible letters from my brother and sisters promising me the warmest welcome. This helps to give me courage for the journey, but the strongest magnet of all is a certain little group of three persons whom I hope to find together at Rose-hill. I shall be quite disappointed if Sara be not with you when I arrive.[4] Something has been said of M. D'Albert's accompanying me to Paris, but I am afraid he cannot afford the journey—and alas! I cannot afford to pay for him.

I am saddened when I think of all the horrible anxieties of trade. M. D'A. tells me that a large proportion of the trade of St. Etienne has transported itself to Basle. If I had children I would make them carpenters and shoemakers—that is the way to make them Messiahs and Jacob Bœhms. As for us who are dependent on carpets and easy chairs —we are reprobates, and shall never enter into the kingdom of heaven. I go to the Genevese churches every Sunday and nourish my heterodoxy

1. Charles Cowden-Clarke (1787–1877) stayed with the Brays 30 January 1850, when he lectured on Shakespeare at Coventry. His wife Mary Victoria (1809–98) compiled the *Complete Concordance to Shakespeare*, 1844–45, and was about to publish *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*, 1850.

2. Dramatized by George Sand in 1849 from her own novel of that name, 1846.

3. M. D'Albert-Durade painted at least three copies of the original (A).

A. National Portrait Gallery, No. 1405. 13½ x 10½ in. Purchased from the painter's son Alphonse in June 1905.

B. The copy given to GE. 13¾ x 10½ in. Sold with the manuscripts and other relics of GE by the executors of the estate of Mrs. Charles Lee Lewes at Sotheby's, 27 June 1923, item 637. Purchased by Spencer for £6. Present whereabouts unknown.

C. Copy of A painted for Mr. Cross in 1881. 13 x 11 in. Engraved by G. J. Stodard for the frontispiece of Cross, II. Given to the Coventry City Libraries by Miss Elsie Druce in June 1927.

D. Enlargement of A made in 1885, 25 x 21 in. Given to the Bibliothèque Publique et Universitaire of Geneva by the painter's sons in 1886. Reproduced in *Genava*, 12 (1934), Plate xx, facing p. 304.

In a letter to GE 19 January 1877 M. D'Albert-Durade referred to A as "ce malheureux essai de ressemblance qui n'est qu'une poupée que je puis revêtir des differentes expressions restées dans mon souvenir."

4. Miss Hennell left Rosehill 4 February 1850. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

with orthodox sermons. However there are some clever men here in the church, and I am fortunate in being here at a time when the very cleverest is giving a series of conferences.

I think I have never told you that we have a long German youth of seventeen in the house—he has been here ever since Christmas—the most taciturn and awkward of lads. He said very naïvely when I reproached him for not talking to a German young lady in a soirée, when he was seated next her at table, "Je ne savais que faire de mes jambes." They had placed the poor garçon against one of those card-tables—all legs, like himself. Write to me again soon a little scrap like mine. I enclose a little letter for Mr. Bray all to himself, to put him in a good humour. I shall annihilate little Cara with kisses, drown Sara with my eyes—and not quarrel with Mr. Bray all the first evening.

Your affectionate
Pollian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, GENEVA, 1 MARCH [1850]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Charles Bray Esq | Rosehill | Coventry | England. *Postmarks:* GENEVE | 1 | MARS | 50 | 2S; COVENTRY | MR 4 | 1850 | B. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 248.

107 Rue des Chanoines | March 1st.

Dear Friend

The weather is so glorious that I think I may set out on my journey soon after the 15th. If you can get the money forwarded to me, will you do so as soon as possible, that I may be ready for departure. I am not quite certain yet that M. D'Albert will not be able to accompany me to Paris—in any case a package of so little value will get along safely enough. You are a perfectly detestable set of friends—you are so slow to write. I am determined to abuse you for the sake of getting a letter tomorrow—if one complains very loudly it is su[re] to turn ou[t] that one is unjust. I am so ex[cited] at the idea of the time being so near when I am to leave Geneva—a real grief—and see my friends in England—a perfectly overwhelming joy—that I can do nothing. I am frightened to think what an idle wretch I am becoming. And you all do not write me one word to tell me you long for me. Your hearts are perfect flint and you have no bowels. I have a great mind to elope to Constantinople and never see any one any more!

Your highly-deserving and very little-minded[?] friend
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[COVENTRY, 26 MARCH 1850]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 1850. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 251.

Dear Sara

No—I am not in England—I am only nearer to the beings I love best. I try to forget all geography and that I have placed myself irretrievably out of reach of nature's brightest glories and beauties to shiver in a wintry flat. I am unspeakably grateful to find these dear creatures [5] looking well and happy in spite of worldly cares, but your dear face and voice are wanting to me. But I must wait with patience and perhaps by the time I have finished my visits to my relations, you will be ready to come to Rose Hill again. I want you, dear, to scold me and make me good. I am idle and naughty—on ne peut plus—sinking into heathenish ignorance and woman's frivolity—remember you are one of my guardian angels.

Will you send me word of the address of the gentleman who has a collection of Turner's pictures which he opens weekly to the public? [6] I want M. D'Albert to see it. I mean the collection from which you stole my soap-bubbles. I was ill in London after our rough passage from Calais, and unable to move from the Hotel—I should have thought my sickness much harder to bear if I had known there was a possibility of seeing you and going to Mr. Chapman's. More next time

From your
Pollian.

5. GE left Geneva 18 March 1850 with M. D'Albert-Durade, who accompanied her to London. Her letter to him 20 March 1875 recalls their journey by sledge over the Alps and how his "admirable portrait of 'Maman' won the agents of the Douane to a gracious behaviour. The March wind was less formidable to me then, and I had no fear of neuralgia from a moment's draught of air." GE stayed at Rosehill 25–29 March before visiting her brother and sisters.

6. "Mr. B. G[odfrey] Windus's Turner drawings, at Tottenham, five miles from St. Paul's; (shown every Tuesday to strangers bringing letters of introduction.)" (Peter Cunningham, *London in 1856*, 1856, p. xliii.) Ruskin describes the collection in *Praeterita*, II, ch. I: "Nobody, in all England, at that time,—and Turner was already sixty,—*cared*, in the true sense of the word for Turner, but the retired coachmaker of Tottenham, and I."

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, GRIFF, [30 MARCH 1850]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Griff | Saturday.

My dear Fanny

You see I am in England! Your letter has been forwarded to me from Geneva. I set out on my journey last Monday week and reached Coventry last Monday morning. M. D'Albert accompanied me to London and so smoothed the horrors of the way for me. But I am sad at the sight of my own country and feel more of an outcast here than at Geneva. To see you again will help to cheer me. I was very pleased to have Jane's [7] letter. I shall write to tell her so as soon as I have some decent writing materials. Love to Henry.

Your affectionate
Polly

GE TO MARTHA JACKSON, GRIFF, 4 APRIL 1850

MS: British Museum. *Extracts published: Bookman,* 3 (1893), 120.

Griffe,[8] April 4th / 50

My dear Patty

It is now nearly ten months since your letter was written, and yet I only received it the other day, for I see by the date of it that it was written the very day on which I set out for the Continent. My sister took charge of all the letters which came for me during my absence, and when she gave them to me, I immediately recognized the hand of that dear little friend who lives as vividly in my recollection as if I had only parted from her yesterday. You would perhaps think my present ideas somewhat changed, but you would find my affections much the same, dear Martha, as when you were in danger of ruining my clean collar with your embraces. For two months after my departure from England I was travelling from place to place—through France to Marseilles —from Marseilles to Genoa—then to Milan—then across the Simplon into Switzerland. At last I settled at Geneva and remained there eight months, the last six of them in a charming family to which I am become warmly attached.

7. Jane Attenborough Evans, wife of GE's half-brother Robert.

8. This spelling is unmistakable in the MS. Kelly's *Post Office Directory of London and Birmingham,* 1845, pp. 640, 718, etc., spells it Griffe.

I set out on my return home on the 18th of March and reached Coventry on the 25th. I am paying visits to my relatives at present. I am not yet decided as to my future plans—whether I shall remain in England or return to Geneva. If the former, I shall probably spend many months of the year in London. In that case I shall see you sometimes, shall I not? Ah! dear Patty, I have seen much trial since we met, and so have you. My return to England is anything but joyous to me, for old associations are rather painful than otherwise to me. We are apt to complain of the weight of duty, but when it is taken from us, and we are left at liberty to choose for ourselves, we find that the old life was the easier one.

When you write to Jessie [9] assure her of my constant affection. I suppose she is quite a grave mamma now. I should hardly recognize her. As for you I fancy you much the same as the dear Patty whom I loved and caressed of old. You must be infinitely precious to your dear Mamma now. I hope her health is good. Your sister Sarah, does she write poetry still? I suppose your brother is married, and that you are living only with your Mamma and sister, but as I have never seen your whereabouts I can make no picture of you in my mind. A thousand thanks dear Martha that you should have thought of me and written to me so kindly. I hope you heard from Miss Franklin that I was out of England, that you might not suppose me utterly insensible to friendship. All blessing attend you dear. So earnestly wishes

Your affectionate
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, GRIFF, [11 APRIL 1850]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April? 1850. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 251–252.

Griff | Thursday.

My dear Sara

Will you send the enclosed note to Mrs. C. Hennell? I am not quite sure about her direction, but I am anxious to thank her for her kindness in inviting me. Will you also send me an account of Mr. Chapman's prices for lodgers [1]—and if you know anything of other boarding houses

9. Jessie Barclay, their old school friend, had married John Dickenson Jackson.

1. Mr. Sydney Race of Nottingham contributed two valuable articles on John Chapman to *Notes and Queries*, 180 (1941), 293–295, 347–349. The following appears on pp. 294–295:

Visitors to London are respectfully

etc. in London will you tell me what you can? I am not asking you merely for the sake of giving you trouble. I am really anxious to know.

O the dismal weather and the dismal country and the dismal people. It was some envious demon that drove me across the Jura [2] to come and see people who don't want me. However I am determined to sell everything I possess except a portmanteau and carpet-bag and the necessary contents and be a stranger and a foreigner on the earth for ever more. But I must see you first—that is a yearning I still have in spite of disappointments. My love to Mrs. Hennell.

Ever your faithful
Pollian.

informed that the House occupied by Mr. John Chapman, Publisher, being a very large and superior one, and having been recently built for a First Class Hotel, has been furnished and the requisite arrangements effected with a view of affording to Ladies and Gentlemen either for a few days or a longer period, the advantages of an Hotel, combined with the quiet and comfort of a Private Residence. The number of Visitors is limited to ten or twelve persons, and the Sleeping Rooms are all quite free from noise.

The central position of the House (midway between the City and West End, near the Theatres and Houses of Parliament, and within reach of the Thames Steamers and of Omnibuses to all parts of the Metropolis) affords peculiar facilities to Strangers and to all who wish to economise their time. For terms and address see the other side. Reference is permitted to be made in America to Messrs. Little and Brown, Booksellers, Boston, and will be given in England if required.

To American Gentlemen desirous of adding to their Libraries while in London, Mr. Chapman is prepared to render every aid they may require, being from his long experience as an extensive purchaser of all kinds of Old and New Books for Exportation, enabled to do so on the most advantageous terms.

[*On the other side of the card:*]

Mrs. Chapman's Terms
Board and Residence at 142 Strand.
10 doors west of Somerset House.

	per wk.
Visitors occupying First class Bed rooms	2 10 0
Visitors occupying Second class Bed rooms	2 5 0
For a Second Person in any of the Rooms	1 10 0
Fires in Bed Rooms	3 6
Boot Cleaning and Attendance	3 6

Exclusive of Wines, Spirits and Malt Liquors.

Friends introduced to dinner 3/–.

Breakfast hour ½ past 8 o'clock.
Luncheon 1 o'clock. Dinner at 6 o'clock.
Tea ½ past 8 o'clock.

2. Cross omits the rest of this sentence.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
MERIDEN, [1 MAY 1850]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1850. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 252.

Meriden [3] | Wednesday.

My dear Cara

Have you any engagement for the week after next? If not, may I join you on Saturday the 4th and invite M. D'Albert to come down on the following Monday? [4] It appears he cannot stay in England longer than until about the second week in May. I am uncomfortable at the idea of burthening even your friendship with the entertainment of a person purely for my sake. It is indeed the greatest of all the great kindnesses you have shewn me.

Write me two or three kind words, dear Cara. I have been so ill at ease ever since I have been in England that I am quite discouraged. Tell Mr. Bray to write me something at the end of yours. I hope the ribbons have been selling well—that all things are brightening with the brightening sky. What news have you had from Clapton and from Sara?

If you see a black box of mine come from Griff will you give it houseroom until I am with you? I packed up my unnecessary clothes in it.

Dear Chrissey is much kinder than any one else in the family and I am happiest with her. She is generous and sympathizing and really cares for my happiness. But I am delighted to feel that I am of no importance to any of them, and have no motive for living amongst them. I have often told you I thought Melchisedec [5] the only happy man, and I think so more than ever. Mrs. Pears I hear is come to Allesley.[6] I shall go to see her some morning when Edward drives to Allesley. Ever dear Cara

Your affectionate
Pollian.

3. After her visit at Griff with Isaac Evans, GE went to Meriden to visit her sister Mrs. Edward Clarke.

4. It was so arranged. Mrs. Bray's Diary shows that GE stayed at Rosehill 4–11 May; D'Albert-Durade, 7–10 May. GE took him to see Kenilworth and Warwick. (D'Albert-Durade to Cross, 15 February 1885.)

5. Hebrews 7:3: "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life."

6. Her husband Abijah Hill Pears had a house there. See F. White, *General and Commercial Directory . . . of . . . Birmingham . . .* , Sheffield, 1856, p. 733.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [30 NOVEMBER 1850]

MS: Yale. *Extract published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 13–14.

142 Strand.[7]

Dear Friends

I mean to set off by the train that starts from Euston Sq. at 40 minutes past 11 on Monday. I have bought the Lucifers and done my duty about the Lamp shade, but to get one it will be necessary to send the old one as a pattern. We had a large soirée last night, but I will not tell you anything till I am seated in the red arm chair with my feet on the fender. I only hope you are all well and jolly. I have enjoyed my visit very much and am to come again in January.

Miss Lynn [8] was here last night. She says she was "never so attracted to a woman before as to me"—I am "such a loveable person." She is so different from all I had imagined her that I was quite startled. Spectacles! and altogether an L.L.[9] looking person.

Ever your
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, MERIDEN, 24 DECEMBER [1850]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1850. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Meriden | December 24th.

All Christmas blessings to you dear Sara. The other morning as I was lying in bed I had a clear revelation of my own deficiencies towards you, and of the justice of your feelings. This, like all other self-insight comes too late but it is an irresistible impulse to tell you of it. I hope you got home without railway misadventures.[10]

Ever thine
Pollian.

7. GE returned to Rosehill 4 June 1850, where R. W. Mackay and John Chapman came in October. She went to London to stay at the Chapmans' 18 November—2 December. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

8. Eliza Lynn Linton (1822–98). Chapman was preparing to publish her novel *Realities,* 1851.

9. Literary Lady. See *Martin Chuzzlewit,* ch. 34.

10. Miss Hennell left Rosehill 20 December. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.) GE had gone to Meriden to spend the holidays with her sister Chrissey.

Mr. Slack refuses to print the answer to Dr. Beard! [11]

11. In the *British Quarterly Review,* 12 (November 1850), 443–476, John Relly Beard (1800–76), a Unitarian minister of Manchester, published a severe review of R. W. Mackay's *The Progress of the Intellect, as Exemplified in the Religious Development of the Greeks and Hebrews,* 2 vols., London, John Chapman, 1850. GE met Mackay when he came with Chapman to Coventry in October 1850 (Mrs. Bray's Diary) and wrote an enthusiastic article on his book in the *Westminster Review,* 54 (January 1851), 353–368. The *Westminster,* owned at this time by W. E. Hickson, was edited by Henry James Slack (1818–96), a Unitarian.

142 Strand

1851 January 8	GE goes to live at 142 Strand.
1851 March 24	Driven away by jealousy of Mrs. Chapman and Elisabeth Tilley; returns to Rosehill.
1851 May	Chapman buys the *Westminster Review*.
1851 June 2	GE writes the prospectus for him.
1851 September 29	Returns to 142 Strand as assistant editor.
1851 October	Meets Spencer and George Henry Lewes.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [8 JANUARY 1851]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

142 Strand.

Dearest Cara

I send you Sara's letter at once though there is little in it besides her plans about our doings. Of course I came safely enough [1]—explain it which way you will—'Caesar and his fortunes,' [2] or, Naught is never in danger. We have just dined and my weary body is capable barely of digestion.

My room looks charmingly comfortable—Dr. Hodgson [3] is here, and a Mr. Jarvis,[4] an American, evidently a noodle. There is besides a little old-young lady, a cousin of Mr. Chapman's.[5] Mr. C. met me at the station and I had no trouble. Bless you, dear creatures. Do not forget your

Pollian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [28 JANUARY 1851]

MS: Benjamin Collection, Columbia. *Hitherto unpublished.*

142 Strand.

Dearest Friends

I take for granted that you will like to hear what I am doing. On Friday evening I got out of bed to go and hear Faraday lecture at the

1. GE arrived at Euston Station 8 January 1851 at 3 P.M. (Chapman's Diary.)

2. From Plutarch's life of Caesar. *Lives*, Modern Library, New York [1932], p. 877.

3. William Ballantyne Hodgson (1815–80), educational reformer, had been since 1847 Principal of Chorlton High School in Manchester. He was also a member of the Council of University College, London. For GE's previous meeting with him see Mrs. Bray to Mrs. C. C. Hennell [28 July 1844].

4. I formerly thought that this might be James Jackson Jarves, the collector of Italian primitives, who was in London in 1851. But Mr. Francis Steegmuller has shown me a letter Jarves wrote at this time from San Francisco, which absolves him from the charge of being the "noodle."

5. Marianne Chapman, a schoolmistress, who occasionally visited Chapman.

theatre of the Royal Society[6]—Mr. Mackay[7] having kindly given me a ticket. You must know Faraday's lectures are as fashionable an amusement as the Opera—so there was store of ladies, who according to Mr. Mackay rain quite an adverse influence and spoil the lectures.[8] It always does one good to see a thoroughly enthusiastic man of science like Faraday. He told us we little knew how many hours he had spent in blowing minute soap bubbles—like a certain other philosopher of my acquaintance.[9] When we got home we found Dr. Travis[1] and two or three other people.[2] Dr. T. is a charming man—so spiritual and æsthetic looking that one is quite startled when he begins to retail dry Robert-Owenisms.

Good Mr. Mackay had invited me to dine at his house with Mr. and Mrs. Chapman on Sunday and not content with this he came in the morning to make himself quite sure we were coming and to tell us that he had had his piano tuned. We found a very pleasant party—Dr. Arnott,[3] Leslie,[4] the painter with his wife and daughter and Mr. Vincent, Mr. Mackay's nephew, a good solid-looking young man. You have no idea how much Mr. M. is improved when one sees him in his own house. The dinner was excellent—the conversation quite amusing—Leslie and Dr. Arnott contributing plenty of quiet humorous anecdote. Then came a new batch of young people to tea—Miss Constables and their brother,[5] and another gentleman or two. The piano was very tolerable. Dr. Arnott is a delightful old bachelor.[6] I

6. Michael Faraday (1791–1867) was an impressive lecturer. "Except by those well acquainted with his subjects, his Friday evening discourses were sometimes difficult to follow. But he exercised a magic on his hearers which often sent them away persuaded that they knew all about a subject of which they knew but little." (*DNB.*)

7. Robert William Mackay (1803–82) and Chapman accompanied GE to the lecture, which was on the magnetism of oxygen. (Chapman's Diary, 24 January 1851.)

8. Cf. Milton, "L'Allegro," lines 121–122. Mackay was a bachelor.

9. Charles Bray.

1. Henry Travis is described by W. B. Hodgson, *Life and Letters,* Edinburgh, 1883, p. 80, as "an independent gentleman and a staunch spiritualist . . . a young man with a very fine countenance, beaming with benevolence, and which when once seen it is difficult to forget; but he is obviously an impracticable dreamer, bound in verbal formulas, and rotating darkly in a vortex of insane speculation."

2. Among them Mrs. Peter Alfred Taylor. (Chapman's Diary, 24 January 1851.)

3. Neil Arnott (1788–1874), a physician in ordinary to the Queen, was one of the witnesses at the marriage of G. H. Lewes and Agnes Jervis, whose second son was named Thornton Arnott Lewes.

4. Charles Robert Leslie (1794–1858), a friend of Irving, Scott, Landseer, and Constable. His *Life of Constable* was published in 1843. He is not mentioned again in GE's letters.

5. Seven children were left orphans on the death of John Constable in 1837.

6. He married in 1856 in his 68th year.

talked to him a good deal while he was there but he slipped away soon after tea. Mr. Mackay shewed me some of his sketches of pictures, which he made in Italy. They are full of genius—just what one would like to be able to do oneself. Mrs. Leslie asked me to go to Mr. Leslie's studio with Mr. Mackay some day. I should like it vastly—for Leslie strikes me as quite an original man—worth seeing again.

I am attending Professor Newman's course of lectures on Geometry at the Ladies' College [7] every Monday and Thursday. You will say that I can't afford this, which is 'dreadful true'—but the fact is that I happened to say I should like to do so and good-natured Mr. Chapman went straightway and bought me a ticket which he begged me to accept. I refused to accept it—and have paid for it—wherefore I must stint myself in some direction—clearly in white gloves and probably in clean collars.

Dr. Brabant sends me word of what I had not observed in the Leader—that Sara's Essay has gained the prize! [8] I am heartily glad and must write her a word today to tell her so. By the bye Dr. Brabant has very magnanimously written a letter in the last Inquirer vindicating Mr. Mackay from Dr. Beard's accusations.[9] It is exceedingly well done and he speaks of Mr. M. as "a friend whom I esteem, to whose learning I defer and whose moral courage I greatly admire."

Miss Martineau's book [1] is come out, but there was not so great a

7. Francis William Newman (1805–87), brother of John Henry Newman, was one of the founders of "the Ladies' College," or Bedford College, as it was later called; from 1849 to 1851 he lectured there on mathematics, philosophy, ancient history, and political economy. M. J. Tuke is mistaken in saying (*A History of Bedford College for Women, 1849–1937*, London, Oxford University Press, 1939, p. 281) that GE was "entered for a Latin class in the year in which the college was opened," i.e., October 1849. See letter by Kathleen Tillotson, "George Eliot and Bedford College," *TLS*, 30 April, 1949, p. 261, and reply by Gordon S. Haight, 3 June 1949, p. 365.

8. "The Prize Essay on I John ii 18.—The prize has been awarded to the writer of the essay signing S. S. H."(*Leader*, 25 January 1851, p. 80.) The prize was offered 28 September 1850 in the columns of the *Leader* by George Baillie (1802–70), who signed himself "A Constant Reader." In his Diary, 8 February 1851, Chapman writes: "Had the pleasure of handing Miss H. her £5 prize for the essay on Antichrist."

9. In a letter to the editor of the *Inquirer*, 25 January 1851, pp. 54–55, Dr. R. H. Brabant defends Mackay's *The Progress of the Intellect* from the unjust criticism in the *British Quarterly Review*. Mackay was like Brabant a follower of Baur and Strauss, while Beard staunchly upheld the traditional interpretation of the Bible. The controversy continued with a reply from "The Reviewer," 1 February 1851, pp. 69–70, and a rebuttal from Brabant, 8 February 1851, p. 86.

1. Henry George Atkinson and Harriet Martineau, *Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development*, published by Chapman, 1851.

sale the first day as was anticipated. Mr. Chapman's feud with Miss Lynn about her novel is not yet terminated [2]—I conclude Sara has told you something of the matter in her letter. Did she tell you that Shoberl [3] the publisher said—"I assure you, Sir, I am most careful on the score of Politics, Religion, and indeed all the *proprieties.*"

When am I to have Mr. Bray's promised letter? or to see him in propria persona. I shall be so glad of either. There is really no time to do anything here I am a poor never-having-time-to-clean-myself potter's wessel.

Your
Pollian.

GE TO MARY [SIBREE], LONDON, [JANUARY 1851]

MS: Miss Emily Driscoll. *Hitherto unpublished.*

142 Strand.

Dear Mary,

Your letter gave me hearty pleasure, for though I am among new people and very much occupied with egotistic thoughts and feelings, I have not lost old sympathies.

Pray write to me again when there is increasing probability that my most earnest wish for you will be fulfilled. I like to hear all details about yourself and your brother. Your little pictures of quiet happiness do me good.

I have calls for every moment here and I have to struggle with a weak physique that makes everything a labour to me. I know your large heart will not require more than this to make you pardon my writing so shortly to you.

I am just now interrupted, so dear love goodbye and believe me ever
Your true and affectionate
Mary Ann Evans.

2. Eliza Lynn's first novels, *Azeth the Egyptian,* 1846, and *Amymone, a Romance of the Days of Pericles,* 1848, were criticized for their remoteness from contemporary life. In *Realities,* which Chapman had agreed to publish, she leaned so far the other way in depicting the sordid aspects of the London theater that he refused to issue the book unless she modified certain passages which Mrs. Chapman had objected to. Miss Lynn put the matter in the hands of her lawyer, who asked Chapman to find another publisher for it. After four others had refused it Saunders and Otley eventually published *Realities* in May 1851. See Chapman's Diary, 1–18 January and 10 February 1851.

3. William Shoberl (d. 1853), a publisher at 20 Great Marlborough St., London.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [15 FEBRUARY 1851]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 258–259.

142 Strand.

Dearest Friends

I hope I am right in thinking of you as quite well—having Mrs. C. Hennell and Frank [4] with you spending pleasant days and nights—and last, not least, prospering in business, making a grand succès of the "idea for spring." [5] Since Sara left on Monday, nothing very particular has happened—we have been rather duller than usual. Mrs. C. has had a bad cough, the drawing room has been turned topsy-turvy in the absence of visitors, and everything has been so-so, the weather included. Mr. Mackay has been very kind in coming and walking out with me and that is the only variety I have had. Last night, however, we had an agreeable enough gathering. Foxton [6] came, smelling horribly of tobacco, and sat talking with me an hour and a half by the timepiece till I was half dead. I think him an ugly, médiocre man. He says George Dawson has invited Wilson [7] (you know whom I mean?) to go down to Birmingham and preach for him. Foxton you know is trying with Carlyle and others to get a chapel for Wilson at the West End in which he is to figure as a seceding clergyman.

I enclose you two notes from Empson [8] as a guarantee that I have been trying to work. Mr. Chapman wrote to him (he is the editor of the Edinburgh Review) sending him the article on Mackay, and proposing that I should write one for the Edinburgh either on Mackay again, on Miss Martineau's work or on another subject [9] for which he had employed Mr. Chapman to get him an article. Again, I proposed to

4. Mrs. Bray's Diary for 12 February 1851: "Rufa and Frank came."

5. A new design for ribbons.

6. Frederick J. Foxton, author of *Popular Christianity, Its Transition State and Probable Development,* published in Chapman's Catholic Series in 1849.

7. Thomas Wilson (b. 1811), A.B. Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, 1833, was Curate of St. Peter's Mancroft, Norwich, in 1847, when he lost his faith and left the Church. In December 1850 he became Professor of English at Bedford College; when his religious orthodoxy was questioned he resigned 5 March 1851. Later he went to Germany to teach English at a girls' school in Weimar, where he married a German lady and lived for many years near the town in a manor house given them by the Duke. See Allibone, III, 2785; M. Betham-Edwards, *Reminiscences,* 1898, pp. 326–338; M. J. Tuke, *A History of Bedford College for Women, 1849–1937,* 1939, p. 315; and Boase, VI, 923.

8. William Empson (1791–1852), editor of the *Edinburgh Review* from 1847 till his death.

9. Slavery. See Chapman's Diary, 9 February 1851.

write a review of Greg [1] for the Wesminster not for money, but for love—of the subject as connected with the Inquiry.[2] Mr. Hickson [3] referred the matter to Slack again and he writes that he shall not have room for it and that the subject will not suit on this occasion, so you see I am obliged to be idle and I like it best. You will be pleased to see that Mr. C. spoke of me to Empson as a man. Miss Lynn's affair with Mr. C. is closed by her accepting £ 5 as compensation! [4]

I hope Mr. Bray is coming soon to tell me everything about you. I think I shall cry for joy to see him. But do send me a little note on Monday morning. Does Betsy go on well? and do she and Jane [5] agree? Mrs. Follen [6] called the other day in extreme horror at Miss Martineau's book, quoting as very rich a motto for the title-page proposed by a gentleman [7] of her acquaintance "There is no God, and Harriet Martineau is his prophet."

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
LONDON, [12 MARCH 1851]

MS: Benjamin Collection, Columbia. *Hitherto unpublished.*

142 Strand.

Dearest Cara

Sundry matters have decided that I should stay here until Saturday week [8]—resign yourself then to kissing and being kissed. You seem dearer to me every time I go back to you.

1. William Rathbone Greg, *The Creed of Christendom,* published by Chapman in 1851.

2. C. C. Hennell's *Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity.*

3. William Edward Hickson (1803–70), proprietor of the *Westminster Review* 1840–51.

4. See Chapman's Diary, 10 February 1851.

5. Mrs. Bray's servants. See [15 April 1859].

6. Eliza Lee Cabot Follen (1787–1860), Abolitionist, widow of Charles Follen, Professor of German at Harvard. They traveled with Harriet Martineau during her visit to the United States 1835–36. Henry Crabb Robinson wrote his brother Thomas 24 May 1851: "Thursday week I attended to the Flaxman Gallery—A Yankee party—Mrs. Follen and her sister Miss Cabot—These ladies were the intimate friends of Dr. Channing, which confers a sort of distinction on Americans, more certainly than the praises of Harriet Martineau, which Mrs. F. by no means reciprocates without qualification." (MS in Dr. Williams's Library.) In his Journal, 8 February 1851, Robinson wrote: "I called at Chapman's and there saw Miss [Mary Ann Evans, *added in pencil by a later hand*] translator of Strauss—no recommendation to me, certainly, but the contrary, and yet there was something about her which pleased me much both in look and voice. She spoke of Harriet Martineau's and Atkinson's letters as studiously offensive. It seems as if this book is absolutely atheistic!"

7. Douglas Jerrold, according to Mary Howitt, *An Autobiography,* Boston and New York, 1889, II, 69.

8. It was Monday, 24 March, when GE returned to Coventry. For the cir-

On Monday went to tea at Mr. Mackay's and called on Rufa by *her invitation* on our way home. Yesterday Mr. C. took me to Tottenham to see Mr. Windus's Turners.[9] On Friday we had a new man—a Mr. Louis,[1] born a Jew—believing in Christianity—that is to say as a set of symbols expressing his philosophic creed. Very accomplished, played on the piano to Mrs. Chapman's utter disgust—she hating Mendelssohnianism. Thornton Hunt [2] came again and to my vexation went away without my being introduced to him—for which I reviled Mr. Chapman whereto he answers by revilings.

I hope you are all getting blooming again. I thought Rufa looking very pale—and invalidish. She told us Mr. Bray had pronounced Frank the most spoiled of all children he had seen.

Ever thy
Pollian.

There are no Visitors—i.e. who pay—yet.

GE TO ELINOR MARY BRAY, LONDON, [12 MARCH 1851]

MS: Coventry Public Libraries. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My Dear Nelly

You cannot think how pleased the old woman in the red cloak was with the nice little bag which you and Mamma sent her. She is glad too that you should have a tortoise if you like it, but for her part she thinks it rather an ugly pet. Ernest and Beatrice [3] have a canary of which they are very fond. It is a pretty little thing, but I would rather see birds flying about free and happy in the trees than shut up in a cage. What do you think?

Frank told me he was very sorry to leave you when he came back to London,[4] and I dare say you were not glad to part with him. He told me this one night when I went to see his Mamma. He was in bed and

cumstances of her leaving 142 Strand see *George Eliot and John Chapman*, pp. 15–23.

9. B. G. Windus's Turner drawings were shown on Tuesdays.

1. Possibly Leopold David Lewis (1828–90), son of a London physician David Lewis. Educated at King's College School, London, he was admitted a solicitor in 1850 and practiced for 25 years. But he is better known for his adaptation for Henry Irving of *The Bells*.

2. Thornton Leigh Hunt (1810–73), son of Leigh Hunt, was editing the *Leader*, which with G. H. Lewes and others he had established in 1850. GE did not meet him until 31 May 1851, when he came to Rosehill for the weekend. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

3. Children of John Chapman, seven and five, respectively.

4. Mrs. Hennell and her son Frank left Rosehill 8 March 1851. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

lifted his round rosy face from the pillow to watch us taking off our bonnets.

Good bye, dear Nelly. I often think of you because I very often think of Papa and Mamma and then little Nelly comes into my mind along with them like the little buds that *will* be gathered with the wide open carnations and roses in summer. You see I have no more room.

Your affectionate
Auntie Pollian.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, COVENTRY, 4 APRIL [1851]

MS: Berg Collection, New York Public Library. *Published:* B. C. Williams, *George Eliot,* New York, 1936, pp. 69–70.

Rosehill | April 4.

Dear Mr. Chapman

I send you in another envelope a note written under my first impression on reading your packet of letters.[5] On further consideration I consent to continue the Catalogue, since I am ashamed of perpetual vacillations, on condition that you state or rather, I should hope, *re*-state to Mrs. C. the fact that I am doing it, not because I 'like,' but in compliance with your request. You are aware that I never had the slightest wish to undertake the thing on my own account. If I continue it, it will be with the utmost repugnance, and only on the understanding that I shall accept no remuneration.

Yours etc.
Marian Evans.

JOHN CHAPMAN'S DIARY,[6] 8 APRIL—5 MAY 1851

MS: Yale. *Published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 150–163 *passim.*

8 April 1851: Mr. Mackay called and staid some time, to whom I read Miss Evans's letter received this morning concerning the 'Catalogue raisonnée' which I wish to get up.

5. Letters to him from Mrs. Chapman, berating him for his intimacy with GE who was corresponding with him about *An Analytical Catalogue of Mr. Chapman's Publications,* published in June 1852. GE wrote many of the summaries of which the book consists, but his assistant Ebenezer Syme and others also contributed. For the tense situation at 142 Strand and Chapman's complex relations with his wife, his mistress Elisabeth Tilley, and GE see *George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 15–27.

6. These extracts record letters of this period which have not been found.

14 April 1851: Received a note from Miss Evans applauding Mackay's 'suggestions' for the Catalogue and enclosing specimen critiques from her on Newman's books.

18 April 1851: Received a letter from M. in answer to my inquiry in which she expresses her willingness to abridge Strauss for £100;—she is beginning to like the Catalogue work, and is now doing Miss Martineau's letters.

21 April 1851: Received from Miss E. a letter addressed to Susanna it was written in an able and excellent manner, and will I hope result in good. I forwarded it as she requested [to Truro], as she did not know the address.

23 April 1851: <An interesting letter from Miss E. who is I am sorry to say still suffering.>

28 April 1851: <I had a short simple note from M. this morning, which E[lisabeth Tilley] read and then flew into a great passion, and begged me not to speak to her.>

29 April 1851: Sent Susanna my last letter before her return, enclosing one from Miss Evans for her, and hope they will become better friends now.

5 May 1851: Received a cool letter from Miss Evans about the Catalogue, regret to learn she has been ill.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, COVENTRY, 9 MAY [1851]

Text: B. C. Williams, *George Eliot,* New York, Macmillan, 1936, pp. 71–72. *MS:* Listed by Paul Victorius, London, Catalogue 1 (1935), item 83.

Rosehill | May 9.

Dear Mr. Chapman:

I often seem to write pettishly when I only mean to write emphatically, so your canons of interpretation must be liberal.

I agree to write the article on Greg,[7] etc., though I am rather indisposed to do anything in a hurry just now. I suppose it is highly desirable to have it ready for the next number, otherwise I should be glad to defer it until the next but one. Fine May days may come and tempt me to be idle.

I congratulate you on the acquisition of the Westminster. You do

7. In recording his call on Hickson to make the formal offer to purchase the *Westminster Review* Chapman adds, "he promised to insert Miss Evans' article on Greg and Hennell wrote to tell her so." (Diary, 8 May 1851.) It was supplanted, however, by James Martineau's and finally appeared in the *Leader,* 20 September 1851, pp. 897–899.

not tell me the terms on which you have obtained it—whether othe parties besides yourself have been concerned in the matter.

There is some uncertainty about the arrangements for my seein the exhibition.[8] Of course, I wish to be in London at the same tim with Mrs. Bray, but she and Mr. Bray are invited to stay with Mis Marshall,[9] who has not accommodation for me—at least she has no asked me to accompany them. However, Mrs. Bray will manage for m somehow, and in the meantime I do not trouble myself.

I do not see that my letters bear so poor a proportion to yours. generally answer you very promptly, and should do so if you wrot more frequently. Rosehill furnishes no chronicles worth sending to yo —unless you care to know that a nightingale has fallen in love with ou Paradise and sings to us night and day.

I make use of the stamp to send you my notice of the "Rationale," which I hope you will approve. Pray be candid—that is the first, sec ond and third thing I require, though I am a woman and seem pettish You know you must allow me to criticize your criticism.

I am astonished that your house is not yet full, but it must surel soon be so. It will be vexatious if you have not some compensation for extra turmoil. I should think you are right glad to have Mrs. Chap man again to enliven you all.[2] When you have Mr. Hogg,[3] I hop you will begin to enjoy the exhibition and everything else better tha you lately have been able to do.

Yours truly
Marian Evans.

I am pretty well now.

8. The Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations at the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park opened 1 May.

9. Mrs. Bray's cousin Mary Marshall lived at 4 Leonard Place, Kensington.

1. James Martineau, *The Rationale of Religious Inquiry; or, the Question Stated of Reason, the Bible, and the Church*, in Chapman's Catholic Series, 1844. The account of the book appears in *An Analyt cal Catalogue of Mr. Chapman's Publica tions*, 1852, pp. 16–17.

2. Mrs. Chapman returned fror Truro 2 May 1851. The remark is ironi

3. "Mr. Hogg came from Liverpoc this evening as my chief assistant. I hop now I shall get some relief." (Chapman' Diary, 9 May 1851.)

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, COVENTRY, 12 JUNE 1851

Text: Maggs Bros. Catalogue 309 (May–June 1913), item 1740.

I am chiefly concerned that you should have appeared to overlook Hickson's [4] interest or have failed in etiquette towards him. If you had asked him for an introduction to J. S. Mill, it was clearly wrong to introduce yourself by letter. . . .

I am quite willing to agree to your proposition about the nominal editorship, or to anything else really for the interest of the Review. On the whole I think with you as to the expediency of your plan. Perhaps it was better to send a written answer to James Martineau. . . . I heartily wish the prospectus had been longer delayed and thought over before it was sent out to any of the dons.[5] . . . Everything has been too hurried. But you will say, 'After meat, mustard.' Your wisdom comes too late. Still, the moral is not useless. Caution for the future.

Marian Evans.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, [COVENTRY], 15 JUNE [1851]

MS: Berg Collection, New York Public Library. *Endorsed:* 51. Miss Evans. *Published:* B. C. Williams, *George Eliot,* New York, 1936, pp. 72–74.

My dear Friend:

If, as I suppose, you intend to rewrite the letter to Mill,[6] would it not be better if the 1st Paragraph read thus—"joint aims, so as best to further the main purpose of the future proprietor, which is, to make the Review the organ of the ablest and most liberal thinkers of the time." For "organ" in the 2d paragraph read "medium." I wish, too, you would leave out the dashes, which weaken instead of strengthening the impression on the reader. In the 3rd Paragraph for "I am convinced

4. Chapman sent proofs of his prospectus for the *Westminster Review* to W. E. Hickson and others 4 June 1851. Hickson was annoyed that Chapman should have done anything about a prospectus; "I find the chief reason," Chapman wrote, "is a personal and *small* one; to use his own words he does not like to be regarded for so long a time before he actually relinquishes the Review as the 'Setting Sun' and from whom therefore men anxious about the 'Westminster' may transfer their interest in order to give it to the 'rising man' before the time of actual change arrives!—I have consented to be quiet for the present." (*George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 178.)

5. Perhaps "donors"?

6. Chapman had sent GE a tentative draft of his letter in reply to John Stuart Mill's animadversions on the prospectus.

that" read "that, I am convinced"; for "gratefully received," which sounds too much like a craving for alms, read "duly valued." "Securing air" is an absurd expression and is of course a slip of the pen. I should like the 4th Paragraph better if it began thus—"In the sketch submitted to you there is perhaps an unnecessary air of conservatism." I think Mr. Lombe [7] is a capital man, who knows what he means and will not pay for what he does *not* mean. I do not see that he wants 'smoothing down,' or that he is a person on whom the process should be tried. Hickson's method with him seems not to have answered, since according to Mr. Lombe's account there had been letters of remonstrance from him, threatening to remove his support unless his views were more fully represented. Why should you shirk the direct fulfilment of his proposition?—the obtaining as good articles as possible on his chosen subjects—since he seems to choose well. I thoroughly agree with him about the hereditary "legislators." [8] I suppose when he wrote this letter he had not received your last.

I was disappointed not to have fuller details in your letter about your conversations with Johnson,[9] Spencer,[1] and the rest, but do not forget that you have told me nothing. Combe's [2] letter is pleasant and gentlemanly—Dr. Hodgson's friendly, but surprizingly uncritical for him. He is right about the clause on the suffrage—it is as vague as 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's'—*what* things are Caesar's being left undetermined.

Good Mrs. Hunt [3] has left behind a very pleasant impression. I think she is the most thoroughly unaffected being I ever saw. I am afraid the Leader is not prospering. The names of Thornton Hunt, Lewes, Linton and several more were specified last week in the papers

7. Edward Lombe (1800–52), of Melton Hall, Wymondham, Norfolk, was one of the most generous supporters of the *Westminster Review*. A wealthy and eccentric radical, he had lived abroad for twenty-five years, bestowing by letter his benefactions in support of free thought, secular control of education, and reform of the House of Lords. See *George Eliot and John Chapman*, pp. 54–55.

8. In deference to Lombe's wishes the opening article of Chapman's first number was "Representative Reform," by [W. J. Fox], 57 (January 1852), 1–41.

9. Andrew Johnson (1815–80), clerk in the bullion office of the Bank of England, was a friend of Freiligrath, Karl Marx, and other German revolutionaries. His translation of F. W. J. von Schelling's *The Philosophy of Art* was published by Chapman in 1845. It is amusing to find Marx writing Engels 28 October 1852: "Wenn Du mir *wichtige* Sachen zu schreiben hast, so tu es unter der Adresse: A. Johnson, Esq., (Bullion Office, Bank of England)." (*Marx-Engels Briefwechsel*, Berlin, 1929, I, 424.)

1. Herbert Spencer (1820–1903), at this time subeditor of the *Economist* at 340 Strand, opposite Chapman's, became one of GE's best friends.

2. George Combe (1788–1858), the phrenologist.

3. Kate Gliddon Hunt, wife of Thornton Hunt, visited the Brays in May and June 1851.

as withdrawing from partnership [4] in the concern—which seems to imply a presentiment of failure. We are all amused at Thornton Hunt's illustration in yesterday's Leader of "boiled mutton chops"—that must be a peculiarly Hammersmith dish.[5]

Mr. Noel [6] has written to say he is first coming to England. He is invited here with his three children and servant, so we shall probably soon have a house full again. He speaks of returning to Greece.

I shall be awfully poor this half year, more than £12 legacy duty being subtracted from my interest.[7]

Have you fixed on 'Independent Section' as a title? [8]

I am sorry to hear of your having a headache—but it is something to find that you do not complain of a recurrence of *tooth*-ache. I am dreadfully afraid of those fangs left behind. Mrs. Bray was talking of them sympathetically yesterday.[9]

I want to get out into the air, so goodbye.

Yours faithfully,
Marian Evans.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, COVENTRY,
20 JUNE [1851]

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Endorsed:* Miss Evans. *Published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 37–38.

Rosehill, June 20.

My dear Friend

Your last letter was just what I wanted—it paid up your arrears of news.

4. Under "Partnerships Dissolved" the *Examiner,* 14 June 1851, lists: "The Leader Newspaper Company, Crane Court; as far as regards R. Palmer, J. Clayton, T. L. Hunt, W. Fisher, jun., R. Congreve, J. T. Marston, J. J. Metcalfe, T. Ballantyne, G. H. Lewes, and W. J. Linton." The notice appeared in the *London Gazette,* 10 June 1851.

5. "Politics are as dull as boiled mutton chops." (*Leader,* 14 June 1851, p. 549.) The Hunts lived at Hammersmith.

6. Edward Henry Noel, a friend of Mrs. Bray, had an estate on the island of Euboea, bought for him by his cousin Lady Byron. See Chapman's Diary, 27 June 1851, for Mrs. Bray's relations with him.

7. On £2000 left in trust for her by her father.

8. The "Independent Section" of the *Westminster Review* was intended to permit writers who differed widely from the editors to express their opinions freely. It was used in the first two numbers, but seldom thereafter.

9. At Coventry Chapman wrote in his Diary, 2 June 1851: "Experienced intense suffering by the extraction of a tooth which was pulled and broken 3 times by the forceps, and then the Dentist made 3 *vain* efforts to extract the remainder which gave me awful torture."

I have read Mr. Syme's [1] articles, and think them very well done, at least the one on Toulmin Smith.[2] That on Chapman [3] is more careless, and wants revisal. See p. 5, where he is speaking of the relative amount of our Indian and South American exports. He has not said what he means, or rather, what he has said means nothing. I wish you would ask him to do the articles on Ierson,[4] Greenwood,[5] Langford,[6] and Smith's Social Aspects,[7] for all which I have no appetite.

Pray when are we to hear any more of the Strauss abridgment? [8] I have been looking through the work in writing on it for the Catalogue and have been all the time thinking what a capital abridgment I could make.

I congratulate you on your migration, but I hope the room has been duly exorcised since I left it.[9] I pity you, poor soul, with those dismal windows before you instead of chestnut trees and turf. This gold pen is a bad scribbling pen. You see it obstinately refuses to mark every now and then, but I like it exceedingly when I am writing rather slowly. I have delicious walks before breakfast these fine mornings and have said good bye to headache. Mr. Bray is out, Mr. Noel has not yet come, so we are having a charmingly quiet interval.

1. Ebenezer Syme (1826–60), a former Unitarian minister at Sunderland. The *DNB* account of him is drawn largely from the detailed but inaccurate one in Philip Mennell's *The Dictionary of Australasian Biography*, 1892, pp. 453–454. See also J. McCabe, *Life and Letters of G. J. Holyoake*, 2 vols., 1908, I, 224. The *Leader*, 22 May 1852, p. 500, advertises public lectures by Syme on such subjects as "Modern Talmudism," "Confucius," "Jesus, the Galilean Reformer," "Mahomet," and "Is There a Life after Death?"

2. Joshua Toulmin Smith, *Local Self-Government and Centralization*, 1851. The article appears in the *Analytical Catalogue of Mr. Chapman's Publications*, pp. 92–95.

3. John Chapman (1801–54), a cousin of the publisher, *The Cotton and Commerce of India*, 1851. In the *Catalogue*, pp. 84–87.

4. Henry Ierson, *An Introduction to the Religion of Nature*, 1850 (a reprint of *The Decay of Traditional Faith, and Re-establishment of Faith upon Philosophy*). In the *Catalogue* the brief notices appear on pp. 14–15.

5. F. W. P. Greenwood, *Sermons of Consolation*, 3d ed., 1849. In the *Catalogue*, pp. 4–5.

6. John Alfred Langford, *Religious Scepticism and Infidelity*, 1850. In the *Catalogue*, p. 15.

7. John Stores Smith, *Social Aspects*, 1850. In the *Catalogue*, p. 62.

8. Edward Lombe had offered to bear the expense of an abridgment of Strauss's *Life of Jesus* and other works of the same tendency. See Chapman's Diary, 16 April 1851. Two days later GE expressed her willingness to make the abridgment, but Chapman never pursued it.

9. An allusion to the jealousy of GE displayed by Mrs. Chapman and Elisabeth Tilley, perhaps to the occasion when Mrs. Chapman found him with his hand in GE's and said that "<if ever I went to M's room again she will write to Mr. Bray and say that she dislikes her.>" (Chapman's Diary, 18 February 1851.)

There would be the same objection to Miss Bronty [1] as to Thackeray with regard to the article on Modern Novelists. She would have to leave out Currer Bell, who is perhaps the best of them all.

It appears James Martineau [2] was rather apologetic. I shall be glad to know the purport of your second interview with him.

I had left myself hardly time to write before tea, that is, before post time, but I reflected that it would be of no use to write tomorrow.

Yours in haste
Marian Evans.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, COVENTRY, [JULY 1851]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosehill | Wednesday.

Dear Fanny

How have the weeks passed with you since we parted? I shall venture to tell you how mine have passed without your asking me. The week I was here after leaving you we had an interesting visit from two gentlemen—one an elder brother of Mr. Noel's [3] who has been living in Bohemia many years—the other a Dr. Springer [4] a Bohemian patriot—a man of great talent and acquirements with the finest possible eyes —such eyes as do not grow in England. The next week I duly paid my visit to Mrs. Pears who was as affectionate and good as ever. Then I came back and found the inmates returned. Mr. Bray has given up his study to me and I am as snug as possible—my friends are kindest of the kind and the place looks very calm and pretty. So I try to enjoy

1. Charlotte Brontë had been suggested by Chapman to write an article on the modern novelists for the *Westminster Review.*

2. Chapman records 10 June 1851 "a half-sneering, cold letter from [James] Martineau about the Prospectus" for the *Westminster.* But when he lunched with them 16 June, he "spoke frankly and well" about it.

3. Edward Noel's elder brother Robert is described by Ethel Colburn Mayne, *The Life and Letters of Anne Isabella, Lady Noel Byron,* London, Constable, 1929, p. 375, as "cultivated, much-travelled, a noted phrenologist in that golden age of phrenology, and the friend of many well-known men and women." He was married to a German girl of aristocratic parentage and lived at Tetschen, Bohemia. Among his intimates were Goethe's daughter-in-law Ottilie and Mrs. Anna Jameson, in whose letters he is often referred to.

4. Anton Heinrich Springer (1825–91), author, art critic, and Czech revolutionist. For a detailed account of his early life see C. von Wurzbach, *Biographisches Lexikon des Kaiserthums Oesterreich,* 60 vols., Vienna, 1856–90, XXXVI (1877), 268–273.

the good the gods have provided for me without yearning after the unattainable. I shall at all events stay here a month or two. Indeed to move any where just now would be the greatest of evils to me.

But my prime anxiety at this moment is not at all myself but Chrissey—that is her husband. I have had a note from her this morning in which she tells me that "he is very poorly. With all the symptoms of his last serious illness—he is gone out this morning to see his patients, and I trust he may be better tomorrow, but I am very much afraid he will not." Poor dear—this is a fearful anxiety for her.

How are you? And Henry—is he gone to Harrowgate? You must positively write to me however great your disinclination, for my getting to Willenhall is quite hopeless. My legs ache horribly either from the weather or from age.

I suppose Jane [5] has not been to see you yet. Now you are not to wait ten days before you write to me or I will not believe you love me—I cannot threaten you that I will not love you for that will not depend on my will. I cannot help loving other people whether they love me or not.

Mary Ann.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, BISHOP'S TEIGNTON, 1 AUGUST [1851]

MS: Mr. Leo Weitz. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Bishop Steignton [6] | August 1.

My dear Friend

Our visit here has been most unfortunate. Mrs. Bray has been so ill that we have had to call in a medical man. She is better today, and I hope will go on well. I too have been a perfect wretch with a bad cold —a most unusual complaint for me—otherwise I should have answered your letter before.

My decision about Freiligrath [7] would depend more on your wishes and motives in the matter than on anything else, since I know nothing of his general capabilities. If I did only one of the Summaries,[8] I should

5. Mrs. Robert Evans.

6. Cross, I, 256, copies GE's misspelling in referring to her accompanying Mrs. Bray on a visit to Edward Noel at Bishop's Teignton, Devonshire.

7. Ferdinand Freiligrath (1810–76), German poet and revolutionist, expelled from Prussia for his liberalism, came to London 18 May 1851. He stayed with Andrew Johnson, Chapman's friend. Freiligrath agreed to write an article on foreign politics for Chapman's first number of the *Westminster Review* if Johnson would put it into good English, but the plan came to nothing.

8. An editorial note in the *Westminster Review*, 57 (January 1852), 247, announced the new plan of giving "a con-

certainly prefer that of the English literature. I agree with you that Lewes would be likely to do an article on Modern Novelists very well.[9] I advise you to ask him, as I should not like to engage myself to write anything not *ex officio* for the first number.

We are to be in London on the 11th (Monday week). Mr. Noel tells me we shall be at the Paddington Station about 5 o'clock. Do not say anything about Mrs. Bray's illness to Mrs. C. Hennell—as that only causes a report to go from her to Rosehill and heighten alarms. I trust she will soon be well. We shall send Mr. Bray word today, but Mr. Noel advises me to make the very best of the matter as he is inclined to think it a very transient disorder. So do not mention it to any one.

This place is surrounded with trees and does not appear to suit us. But my ailments are of no consequence—they only make me inclined to drown myself. Still I have no doubt I shall survive the temptation and be pretty well to-morrow. I hope your eingeweide are restored to order, and that you are enjoying your brother's visit.[1]

Yours faithfully,
Marian Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, BISHOP'S TEIGNTON, 5 AUGUST [1851]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1851. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 257.

Bishop Steignton | August 5.

Dear Sara

I am grieved indeed if anything might have been written which has not been written to allay your anxiety about Cara. Her letter yesterday explained what has been the matter. The fact is, I felt in a difficulty. The illness would have been trivial in a strong person, and Dr. Walker [2] thought there was no cause for anxiety. But I know so well Cara's unfitness to endure pain, her sad want of latent strength, that I was alarmed. Still I felt it would be wrong to communicate to you an alarm which a

nected survey of the chief additions" to literature during the preceding quarter; "American, French, and German literature will be treated in separate articles of a like comprehensive character with the one on English literature."

9. The subject was finally given up; Lewes supplied an article on Julia von Krüdener instead.

1. "Troubled with Diarrhea all day, but able to go out." (Chapman's Diary, 29 July 1851.) The next day his brother Thomas arrived with his wife to stay until 5 August.

2. Edward Dering Walker, L.R.C.P., London, 1842, and M.R.C.S., England, 1832, is listed in the *London and Provincial Medical Directory*, 1853, as Consulting Physician to the Teignmouth Dispensary.

few days might prove to be needless. I thought it a duty just to let you know that she was not well, and I knew her own handwriting would be pleasanter to you than any other. She is, I trust, getting on fast enough to warrant our setting off from here on Monday. I have been talking to her this morning about the going to London or to Rosehill. She seems to prefer London, as the journey she says is less terrific than the idea of getting to Birmingham late in the midst of a hubbub. A glance or two at the Exposition she thinks would do her no harm. I believe this is what she really feels and that she was not governed by thoughts for other people.

Today we are all going to Teignmouth. She is going in a carriage, of course, and seems to like the idea of sitting by the waves. Her poor face is very pale, but I think she is really getting on. Her illness is a pure accident, for which no one is to blame. She has been guilty of no imprudence since she has been here that I am aware of, made no extra exertion nor run any risks. The weather was as miserable as possible for some days and I think this house must be unhealthy in damp weather, but now the sun is shining gloriously and all things are tolerably promising. I am going to walk on before the rest and have a bath.

Ever your affectionate
Pollian.

GE TO MARY SIBREE, COVENTRY, 28 AUGUST [1851]

MS: Miss Mary Kirby. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosehill | August 28.

Your letter is charming, cher enfant, and cheered me for a whole day. That I do not send you a long letter in return, you must ascribe to no lack of love for you but to a daily increasing lack of love for letter-writing. Your picture of yourself and your environment was so interesting that I ventured to share it with Mrs. Bray. We both rejoice in the prospect of domestic comfort and congenial occupation for your good brother. Pray remember me to him and tell him he has my hearty sympathy. In this matter of letter-writing I wish you would give, asking for nothing again that is, if writing to me be the least pleasure to you. To me the smallest detail about you is interesting, but I cannot write about myself save to one or two people in the world.

We are all quite well—just returned from a visit to Stratford. I shall see you again before very long—for I am to be stationary for the winter

I believe. In the meantime there are but two words of very vital significance for you and me and all mortals—*Resignation* and labour—perhaps there may come as the crown of these divine unselfish love and from this again *light.*

Ever your friend
Mary Ann Evans.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, COVENTRY, 11 SEPTEMBER [1851]

MS: Kroch's Bookstores, Inc., Chicago. *Endorsed:* Miss Evans. 1851. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosehill | September 11.

My dear Friend

I received your missive this morning in perfect safety—Nos. 38310 and 38311 are with me awaiting their halves.[3] I think you had better ask Froude if there is any subject of a fascinating character on which he has been occupied lately or which he would like to throw into the form of an article.[4]

Mr. Bray thinks Hickson's letter rather unpleasant. I shewed it him because he is interested in the business part of the affair. Have you really departed from any agreement made with Hickson, by the move about the Prospectus? Mr. Mackay wants whipping in evidently. It would not do to trust him for an article absolutely wanted.[5] So James Martineau will write after all! [6] I agree with you that the practical result of an article by him will be much the same as one written entirely in our sense and I am clear that no one else on our list would do it so well—Greg is the next best—but he has as many deficiencies in one way as J.M. has in another.

The Combes have given you a false idea about my health. I happened not to be well when they were here [7]—but I am really strong and healthy —and hope to bring a mens sana in corpore sano to London. We have

3. Banknotes in payment of her article on Greg's *The Creed of Christendom,* in the *Leader,* 20 September 1851, pp. 897–899. Chapman, the publisher of the book, had persuaded Thornton Hunt to insert the article. See Chapman's Diary, 20 May 1851.

4. J. A. Froude proposed an article on Mary Stuart, which appeared in the first number of the *Westminster Review* under Chapman's editorship, 57 (January 1852), 96–142.

5. R. W. Mackay had "consented somewhat indistinctly" to write an article on the essence and results of Protestantism, but as GE foresaw, it did not materialize. See Chapman's Diary, 17 August 1851.

6. On Christian ethics. See Chapman's Diary, 9 September 1851.

7. The George Combes visited the Brays 30 August—2 September on their way to London, where Chapman was seeing them.

Collet Dobson [8] here and his coadjutor—Miss Hincks. They are to give a musical entertainment tonight.

I wish you would see if I can have the same piano again as I had when in town before, and make the man let me have it for 16s. per month which is quite enough.

Yours faithfully
Marian Evans.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, COVENTRY, 14 SEPTEMBER [1851]

Text: Maggs Bros. Catalogue 309 (May–June 1913), item 1741.

A trip to Brighton [1] on this perfect Autumn day may be a good thing but lying on the grass is better. I wonder you will commit yourself to an excursion train. Heaven send you may not return home piecemeal.

Marian E.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, COVENTRY, 18 SEPTEMBER [1851]

MS: Wellesley. *Endorsed:* Miss Evans '51. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosehill | September 18.

My dear Friend

The subject of the enclosed letters [2] shall be sacred with me.

I think Call's plan—of a *condensed* translation—the best possible in the hands of a person having the requisite judgment and power of

8. Collet Dobson Collet (1812–98) describes himself in an advertisement in the *Leader*, 18 October 1851, p. 1004, as "late of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, Teacher of Singing." He was for many years musical director of the South Place Chapel, Finsbury, and a singer in the Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace, 1857–97. (Boase, Supplement.)

1. "I left London Bridge this morning with Hodgson and Ireland at 8 for Brighton, where we had a most beautiful day, and sea-bath, after which I had a row." (Chapman's Diary, 14 September 1851.)

2. Having applied to Edward Lombe for help in publishing an abridgment of Comte's *Cours de philosophie positive* proposed by Harriet Martineau, Chapman received an order on Lombe's banker for £500 to be placed to Miss Martineau's credit "in support of a great literary work." (Chapman's Diary, 9 August 1851.) Some weeks later he received a letter from the Rev. Wathen Mark Wilks Call (1817–90) "saying that he has already made an abridged translation of the half of Compte, and that he intends to compress the whole into 2 volumes,—precisely what Miss Martineau proposed to do." Chapman sent her a copy of Call's letter, but she was reluctant to relinquish the commission. (Chapman's Diary, 16 September 1851.) The letters here referred to probably include Call's initial proposal to Chapman, a copy of his to Miss Martineau, and her reply.

writing. It is true that Harriet Martineau's style is admirably adapted for the people, clear, spirited, idiomatic, but I should have less confidence in the equal fitness of her calibre of mind for rendering a trustworthy account of Comte's work. I should augur much greater depth in Call—knowing nothing of him, however, beyond his poetry [3] and a letter or two. But, as Miss M. intimates, the question of what you are to do in the matter turns upon this other question—Does Call's version fulfil the conditions demanded by her and Mr. Lombe's views? —is it one fitted for circulation among the people? *That* you can only ascertain by stating the whole case to him—as I suppose you have done. If he had the prospect of seeing his work ushered into the world by Mr. Lombe's £500 he would perhaps not object to send a specimen to the parties interested. It would be a shame for his labour to be wasted if it be of the right kind. Miss Martineau disclaims any egotism in the affair, but she evidently thinks no one can be so fit for the work as herself. This I doubt—nor do I think her name in the title-page would be of much value now—at least not more than "a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge" [4] as the case may be.

Find out the quality of Call's translation if possible—and if it be satisfactory use your influence on his side—of course with all possible delicacy towards Harriet Martineau, who after all is an admirable woman worth twenty of the people who are sniffing at her.

The Combes are still here [5]—Mrs. Bray in bed—and I rather bored.

Yours faithfully
M. E.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, COVENTRY, [18 SEPTEMBER 1851]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosehill | Thursday.

My dear Fanny

The muslins are the thing, so far as texture goes, especially with glossiness—the Barèges [6] are detestable. I should, however, like a muslin

3. *Reverberations*, published by John Chapman in 1849, is described in *An Analytical Catalogue of Mr. Chapman's Publications*, 1852, p. 92, as "Two verse pamphlets, chiefly on that question which at present occupies so many thoughtful and genial minds, the Condition of the Labouring Masses. Their spirit is akin to that displayed by Carlyle, Maurice, Trench, Kingsley, and others."

4. A graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, B.A. 1843, M.A. 1846, Call was at this time Curate of Marston Bigott, Somerset.

5. The George Combes returned to Rosehill 17 September 1851. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

6. Barège is a light woolen cloth.

with a more prevailing hue. The quality of the spotted one is the best, but the effect is chintzy and would be unbecoming. The one with the reddish flowers would have a better effect but the quality is not so good. I am sure you can judge what I want. If among the new ones, Bailey[7] has a muslin *with flounces,* having a certain tone of colour *not yellow or pink*—in fact such an one as I know you would like—pray choose it for me. I want poor old Mrs. West[8] to make it while I am here, so I shall be glad to have it soon. Do not be anxious about it as it can be exchanged if unsuitable.

I always feel that our interviews are unsatisfactory, because I don't like to talk of myself and my affairs and you may think that I have no sisterly confidence—It is not so, dear Fanny. I am as ever

Your old affectionate
Pollian.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, COVENTRY,
[21 SEPTEMBER 1851]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Fanny

The muslin is beautiful in quality and pattern and will do admirably. Thank you for taking the trouble. I will leave the money with Mr. Bray, so that you will have no further anxiety on the subject.

Glorious weather at last. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman came yesterday to stay till the middle of the day tomorrow.[9] This has robbed me of two otherwise available days for Griff and Meriden, and I fear I shall hardly get to them before I leave.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

Rosehill | Sunday.

7. Henry Baily was a draper at 1 Upper Parade, Leamington. He is listed as Baly in F. White, *Warwickshire,* 1850, p. 634.

8. Mary West, milliner and dressmaker, Hertford St., Coventry. (F. White, *Warwickshire,* 1850, p. 556.)

9. Chapman describes this unfortunate visit in his Diary, 20–22 September 1851.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 3 OCTOBER 1851]

MS: Benjamin Collection, Columbia. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dearest Cara

By an oversight I have left behind the two volumes of Flügel's German Dictionary, which you will find in my room. Will you have the goodness to send them to me by Railway, as they are too bulky for anyone to carry. Also my *scissors* for want of which I am tormented.

Robert Chambers [1] called yesterday—a plain Scotchman with a strong Doric accent and small twinkling eyes. The Papers for the People are to be closed, not being so successful as some others of the Chambers publications—*only* 35,000 have been sold.

Tell Mr. Noel that Mr. Chapman has been exerting himself about the work on mills—I hope, with some good result. Meanwhile the terrible 'Mill' hight John Stuart has ground F. Newman to powder in the Westm[inster]! [2]

When you send my Dictionary I wish you would ask Mr. Bray to let me have Mill's System of Logic which I don't suppose he wants at present. I shall be glad to have it by me for reference. I am training myself up to say adieu to all delights, I care for nothing but doing my work and doing it well.

Tell Sara especially that Greg wishes the writer of the notice in the Leader to know that he did not intend to omit Hennell for whose work he has a high esteem.[3] I can't remember the exact words and have not his letter by me.

Frederika Bremer [4] is not yet arrived. The house is only just exorcised of Dr. Brabant.

Ever thine
Marian.

I have no smaller envelope than this monster one.

1. Robert Chambers (1802–71), publisher and author, whose anonymous *Vestiges of Creation,* 1844, had not yet been acknowledged *Papers for the People* ended with Vol. 12 in December 1851. (*Publisher's Circular,* 4 December 1851, p. 392.)

2. "*Lectures on Political Economy,* by Francis William Newman," *Westminster Review,* 56 (October 1851), 83–101.

3. GE's review of W. R. Greg's *The Creed of Christendom* in the *Leader,* 20 September 1851, pp. 897–899. Toward the end GE pointed out that Charles Hennell's *Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity* has been a valuable aid to Greg, "though, doubtless through a temporary forgetfulness, he speaks in his preface as if he had no predecessor among laymen in the path of free but reverent inquiry into the claims of Christianity."

4. Fredrika Bremer (1801–65), Swedish novelist, had gone to America in 1849 and was stopping in England on her way home.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 4 OCTOBER 1851]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 259–260.

142 Strand.

Dear Friend

Your letter of this morning has set my heart at rest after two or three days' anxiety. Mrs. C. Hennell sent her Father word of Harry's [5] illness, and so I came to know of it. I did not like to teaze you with letters, asking questions or condoling, but I waited with painful anxiety for some news of you. I am glad to think that it has not been illness which has kept you all so silent.

Dr. Brabant returned to Bath yesterday. He very politely took me to the Crystal Palace, the theatre, and the 'Overland Route.' [6] On Friday we had Foxton, Wilson [7] and some other nice people among others a Mr. Herbert Spencer who has just brought out a large work on "Social Statics," [8] which Lewes pronounces the best book he has seen on the subject. You must see the book if possible. Mr. Chapman is going to send you Miss Martineau's work, or rather Mr. Atkinson's [9] which you must review in the Herald. I have been reading the copy which was to be sent to you, but last night I managed very adroitly to inundate it with grease. Sic transitur—i.e. the money from my pocket. Whatever else one may think of the book it is certainly the boldest I have seen in the English language.

I get nothing done here, there are so many *distractions*—moreover I have hardly been well a day since I came. I wish I were rich enough to go to the coast and have some plunges in the sea to brace me. Nevertheless, do not suppose that I don't enjoy being here. I like seeing the new people etc. and I am afraid I shall think the country rather dull after it.

I am in a hurry today. Mr. C. wants me for something and I must have 2 hours' work before dinner. So imagine everything I have not said or rather reflect that this scrap is quite as much as you deserve after being so slow to write to me.

Your affectionate
Pollian.

5. Harry Bray.

6. The moving diorama of the Overland Route to India at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14 Regent St.

7. Frederick J. Foxton and Thomas Wilson.

8. Spencer's *Social Statics, or the Conditions Essential to Human Happiness Specified, and the First of Them Developed,* 1850, had been out nearly a year. In the *Leader,* 22 February 1851, p. 178, Lewes said: "We remember no work on ethics since that of Spinoza to be compared with it," and he devoted three articles to reviewing it: 15, 22 March and 12 April 1851. GE's summary of the book appears in *An Analytical Catalogue of Mr. Chapman's Publications,* pp. 62–66.

9. *Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development.*

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, 6 OCTOBER [1851]

MS: Benjamin Collection, Columbia. *Hitherto unpublished.*

142 Strand | October 6.

Dear Friend,

I don't advise you to come to see Frederika Bremer—she is old—extremely ugly, and deformed—I should think she is nearly sixty.[1] Her eyes are sore—her teeth horrid. I tell you this, not because I have no veneration for the earthen vessel of such an inspiration as hers, but because I think a pilgrimage to see her would end in disappointment. I have not been introduced to her yet, having been out of the way. Yesterday I dined at Mr. Ellis's at Champion Hill.[2] Mrs. Ellis delightful—Sharon Turner's daughter, you know—Mr. very good, but a bore. Mrs. E. and her son and daughter are going to see George Combe.

I shan't tell you how I cried about you all the other night and how I have felt like an 'orfling' ever since you were gone.[3] But every one is very kind and attentive to me and my only real lasting trouble is my own emptiness. Thank Cara for the parcel and note—eke Sara. Who is J.N.W.J.? who sends me respectful comp[limen]ts.

I think Hickson's article very poor in argument. There is throughout the article [4] a miserable confusion of the universal with the particular—see first in the 3d page where [he] speaks of the worn out machine, the motive power remaining—and the conclusion too, which he puts in large type—Blanco White's sonnet [5] is better than all the rest—indeed as Dr. Hodgson says, the subject is better dealt with in poetry than in prose. In haste—ever

Your affectionate
Marian.

1. She was only a few weeks past 50.

2. William Ellis (1800–81), economist, was the son of Andrew Ellis De Vezian, an insurance underwriter at Lloyd's, where William became his assistant. In 1825 he married Mary, third daughter of the historian Sharon Turner. He was an early friend of John Stuart Mill and wrote for the *Westminster Review* from its beginning in 1824.

3. Mr. Bray escorted GE to London 29 September 1851. Micawber's servant was "a Orfling from St. Luke's workhouse." See *David Copperfield,* ch. 11.

4. "Life and Immortality," *Westminster Review* 56 (October 1851), 168–228.

5. "Mysterious Night! When our first parents knew," quoted on the last page of Hickson's article.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON,
[8 OCTOBER 1851]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 261.

142 Strand | Wednesday.

Dear Friend

The works on Mills etc. are for Mr. Noel's inspection. If he should not want any of them, you or he can return them when you come to London.

I don't know how long Miss Bremer will stay, but you need not wish to see her. She is to me a repulsive person, equally unprepossessing to eye and ear. I never saw a person of her years who appealed less to my purely instinctive veneration. I have to reflect every time I look at her that she is really Fred[rik]a Bremer.

Fox is to write the article on the Suffrage,[6] and we are going to try Carlyle for the Peerage,[7] Ward refusing, on the ground that he thinks the improvement of the physical condition of the people so all-important that he must give all his energies to that. Ward, you know, is the man of the Sewers.[8] He says "Life is a bad business, but we must make the best of it"—to which philosophy I say Amen.

Dr. Hodgson is gone,[9] and all the fun with him. He found in the Minutes of Council on Education the following rhymes, used as copies in one of the schools:

God made bees,
  Bees make honey;
God made man,
  Man makes money;

6. William Johnson Fox (1786–1864), who wrote the initial article for the *Westminster Review* in 1824. His "Representative Reform" was placed at the head of Chapman's first number, 57 (January 1852), 1–41.

7. Carlyle declined, "being clear for silence at present." See his letter to Browning on the subject in *Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling, and Robert Browning*, ed. A. Carlyle, London, T. Fisher Unwin [1923], pp. 288–289, and Chapman's Diary, 10 October 1851.

8. Frederick Oldfield Ward, author of "Sanitary Consolidation" in the *Quarterly Review*, 88 (March 1851), 435–492. Chapman called on him 6 September: "I found him a young handsome man, complaining of feeble health and exhaustion the result of his labors. He rather evaded the question of writing for the Westminster, observing that he had now more calls upon him than he could answer. By invitation I dined with him at 6, met Lewes, passed an agreeable hour but nothing more passed in reference to my object. Ward impressed me as being superior to the average of literary men as much in his moral tone as he is in literary power." (Diary, 6 September 1851.)

9. From 142 Strand; he had not left London.

God made Satan,
  Satan made sin;
God made a place
  To put Satan in.

Kate Martineau [1] has just been here. She inquires with great interest about Cara. Love to this last and to Sara. Kind thoughts and wishes to all.

I was introduced to Lewes the other day in Jeff's shop—a sort of miniature Mirabeau in appearance.[2]

Your
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
LONDON, 9 OCTOBER [1851]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1851. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 263–264.

142 Strand | October 9.

I wish, dear Sara, you could see Miss Bremer's Albums full of portraits, flowers and landscapes, all done by herself. A portrait of Emerson marvellously like—one of Jenny Lind, of Oersted [3] etc. etc.

Last night we had quite a charming soirée—Sir David Brewster [4] and his daughter; Mr. Kay, the brother of Sir J. P. Shuttleworth, and author of a work on popular education [5] you may remember to have seen reviewed in the Leader; the Ellises, the Hodgsons and half a dozen other nice people. Miss Bremer was more genial than I had seen her—played on the piano and smiled benevolently. This morning at breakfast, she told me a very pretty story—all the prettier for her broken English ('The young man had to make his *fate*.') Altogether I am beginning to repent of my repugnance. She did intend to stay another week, but now fears she must leave on Sunday.[6]

Mr. Kay approves our Prospectus in toto. He is a handsome, fine-

1. Daughter of Peter Martineau, 16 Highbury Terrace, where GE visited her 22–23 February 1851. (Chapman's Diary.)

2. After a long walk in Hyde Park 6 October 1851, Chapman and GE called on William Jeffs, who agreed to lend books for the *Westminster Review*. (Chapman's Diary.)

3. Hans Christian Örsted (1777–1851), Danish physicist.

4. Sir David Brewster (1781–1868), scientist, discoverer of the polarization of light.

5. Joseph Kay (1821–78), *Social Conditions and Education of the People in England and Europe*, 2 vols., 1850. His brother Sir James Phillips Kay-Shuttleworth (1804–77) was the founder of popular education in England.

6. She remained until 2 November 1851.

headed man, and a 'good opinion.' We are getting out a circular [7] to accompany the Pros[pectus]. I have been kept down-stairs by Mr. Mackay for the last two hours and am hurried, but it was a necessity to write 'ein paar Worte' to you. Mr. Mackay has written an account of his book for the Catalogue. I have been using my powers of eloquence and flattery this morning to make him begin an article on the Development of Protestantism. He says 'Thank you' and asks me what books I recommend him to read!!

I trust to you to send me word about Cara's health because, you know, she 'tells such lies' about herself.

Miss Bremer has just been telling us of a little girl in America who asked her Mamma if Sunday was not a very *strong* day—since all the rest were *weak* days.

Tell Mr. Bray I made a conquest of a fat clergyman and a thin student last night. Mr. Ellis was more agreeable—really witty. He and Mrs. Ellis particularly cordial to me inviting me to visit them without ceremony.——I love you all better every day, and better the more I see of other people.

Your affectionate
Pollian.

Write all of you and tell me everything. The properest of phrases to Mr. Noel that will express hearty friendship, and kisses to all the children. I am going to one of the Birkbeck schools.[8]

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [13 OCTOBER 1851]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 262–263.

142 Strand | Monday.

Dear Sara

I have read your dear letter twice, and shall read it again.

Mrs. Chapman quite enjoys Miss Bremer's society now, and all the world is doing its devoir to the *great little* authoress.

I went to the Ex[hibition] on Saturday to hear the final God save the Qu[een] and the three times three [1]—'C'était un beau moment,' but

7. A financial circular. See Chapman's Diary, 9 October 1851.

8. William Ellis established (1848–52) five schools for secular education and named them after George Birkbeck, founder of the Mechanics' Institutes.

1. "The public presence in the Exposition ended gloriously on Saturday [11 October] with a brilliant day and a full assemblage." (*Leader*, 18 October 1851, p. 981.) "As the appointed hour of five drew nigh, the public heart got up a spontaneous and irrepressible celebration of its own. From all the great instruments in the building swelled up at once the music of the national hymn:—and fifty

headache, headache! [*9 lines deleted.*] <Miss Tilley is coming back today.>

Mr. Greg thought the Review 'well done, and in a kindly spirit,'—but thought there was not much in it—dreadful true, since there was only all his book. I think he did not like the apology for his want of theological learning—which however was just the thing most needed, for the Eclectic [2] trips him up on that score.

Went to Mr. Mackay's yesterday with Mr. C. Mr. M. will give us £200—Mr. Woodfall [3] also £200. Miss S. Hughes [4] £20. No circulars have yet been sent out.

Newman's article on Direct Legislation [5] is already come. We can get no one to write on the Peerage.

Carlyle was very amusing the other morning to Mr. Chapman about the Ex[hibition]. He has no patience with the Prince and 'that Cole' [6] assembling Sawneys from all parts of the land till you can't get along Piccadilly. He has been worn to death with bores all summer, who present themselves by twos and threes in his study, saying "Here we are," etc., etc.

The 'Thin student' is no such thing but a beneficed clergyman who admires Strauss, discusses the Immortality of the soul, and preaches 'extrumpery' to his poor Dorsetshire parishioners, who have seen nothing beyond their native hedgerows. Love to all. In haste

Pollian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY AND SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [22 OCTOBER 1851]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1851. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 262.

142 Strand.

Dear <Friend> Creatures all

I was annoyed about the Combe affair [7] before, and still more now I see his letter.

thousand voices bore the music through the long arcade. When the strain had ceased, the mighty cheer . . . ran through the vast spaces." (*Athenaeum,* 18 October 1851, p. 1093.)

2. See *Eclectic Review,* 94 (1851), 410.

3. George Woodfall, son of the publisher of the *Letters of Junius,* printed many books for Chapman as well as the *Westminster Review,* 57–63 (January 1852—April 1855).

4. Susan Hughes, a sister of Mrs. R. H. Brabant.

5. [F. W. Newman], "The Latest Continental Theory of Legislation," *Westminster Review,* 57 (January 1852), 143–161.

6. Cf. Chapman's Diary, 10 October 1851: "that blockhead, Cole." Henry Cole (1808–82) was one of the leading members of the committee that organized the Great Exhibition of 1851.

7. Combe gave Chapman the first subscription for the *Westminster Review*

We have had three more £20 subscriptions since you left [8]—Newman, Robert Cox,[9] and a Mr. Birch,[1] without sending circulars.

Professor Forbes [2] is to write us a capital scientific article whereat I rejoice greatly. The Peerage apparently will not 'get itself done' as Carlyle says. I begin to fear that the Lombe patronage will be rather a bondage. The peerage is not an urgent question, nor does one see that, if the undue influence of the Peers on the elections for the Commons were done away with, there would be much mischief from the House of Lords remaining for some time longer in statu quo.

I have been reading Carlyle's life of Sterling with great pleasure —not for its presentation of Sterling but of Carlyle. There are racy bits of description in his best manner and exquisite touches of feeling. Little rapid characterizations of living men too—of Francis Newman for example, "a man of fine university and other attainments, of the sharpest cutting and most restlessly advancing intellect, and of the mildest pious enthusiasm." There is an inimitable description of Coleridge and his eternal monologue, "To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether one like it or not, can in the end be exhilarating to no creature." [3]

I can't write any more having to send an editorial missive to Greg. The business news is disquieting. Love to all from

Your
Pollian.

and the first advertisement (Diary, 13 September 1851.) The disagreement was apparently over the use Chapman was making of Edward Lombe's generous contributions.

8. Mr. Bray was in London 13–16 October 1851. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

9. Robert Cox (1810–72), nephew and biographer of George Combe, was editor of the *Phrenological Journal* 1841–47.

1. William John Birch (1811–63), author of *The Real and the Ideal, or Illustrations of Travel,* 2 vols., 1840; *Paul an Idea, Not a Fact,* By a M.A., formerly of Balliol College, Oxford, 1855; *An Inquiry into the Philosophy and Religion of the Bible,* 1856, etc., published a letter in the *Leader* (8 February 1851, pp. 136–137) on the Catholic question and was listed there (5 June 1852, p. 545) as contributing to Lewes's fund for Comte.

2. Edward Forbes (1815–54), Professor of Botany at King's College, London, and Lecturer to the Geological Society. His article "The Future of Geology" appeared in the *Westminster Review,* 58 (July 1852), 67–94.

3. These descriptions are quoted somewhat inaccurately from Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling,* 1st ed., 1851; that of F. W. Newman is from Part II, ch. 8, p. 210, and the more famous one of Coleridge from Part I, ch. 8, p. 72.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [OCTOBER 1851]

MS: Benjamin Collection, Columbia. *Hitherto unpublished.*

142 Strand.

Of all things I wanted a note from you, dear Cara. Bless you for thinking of me and saying kind things just when I need them. I had a sight of the sky yesterday at Greenwich Park—that too was cheering. On the whole I have everything—that is—every good thing compatible with an ill-conditioned soul and body. Dame Fortune is kinder to me than Dame Nature. Fortune does her part of the work as well as she can, seeing that she is in one perpetual wrestle with said step-dame Nature.

I have no courage to write much unless I am written to. I soon begin to think that there are plenty of other correspondents more interesting —so if you all want to hear from me you know the conditions.

Mrs. Chapman is out still. Mr. Neuberg [4] is here and a Mr. Birch is coming—men of literary tastes and fat purses both. But alas! our subscription list has stood for the last week at Revd. F. J. Foxton.

Mr. Chapman is writing today to Mr. Bray I think telling him news that will a little surprize him.

My table is covered with books—all to be digested by the editorial maw—I foresee terribly hard work for the next 6 weeks. I gave Mr. C. your note to read. He keeps quoting your question "are they kind to you"? *They outer barbarians* he says.

I hope you look forward to your visitors [6] with resignation at least. I fear I shall hardly be able to give myself any holiday before Christmas so I shall not tax your love, as I would willingly do.

Thine ever
Marian.

I am pronouncing a *Commination* on all dressmakers—cursed be they in their needles and pins, cursed in their hooks and buttons, whereby you may know that my gowns all pinch and pull me.

4. Joseph Neuberg (1806–67), a prosperous businessman in Hamburg and Nottingham, had become naturalized in England in 1845. He became acquainted with Carlyle in 1848 and aided him with *Frederick the Great.* (Boase.)

6. Mrs. Bray's Diary shows Mrs. Charles Hennell at Rosehill 1–15 November 1851; Dr. Travis, 8–10 November; Mr. Edward Noel left with him on the 10th.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [2 NOVEMBER 1851]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Nov. 3. 1851. *Extracts published:* Cross, 1, 264–265.

142 Strand.

Dear Sara

I have been quite laid up for the last day or two or I should have written you a word or two yesterday.

I must tell you a good story Miss Bremer got from Emerson. Carlyle was very angry with him for not believing in a devil and to convert him took him amongst all the horrors of London—the gin-shops etc. and finally to the House of Commons plying him at every turn with the question "Do you believe in a devil noo?" Miss Bremer left this morning. She is to have £300 for the English edition of her book on America and Mary Howitt £150 for translating it! [7]

There is a severe attack on Carlyle's Life of Sterling in yesterday's Times [8]—unfair as an account of the book but with some truth in its general remarks about Carlyle. Perhaps Mrs. Hennell has her copy of the Life with her and so you may see it.

Mr. Chapman had the heartiest, most friendly letter possible from Geo. Combe yesterday—he will write for the April number.[9] There is an article evidently by James Martineau in the Prospective which you must read—'On the Unity of the Logical and Intuitive in the ultimate grounds of religious belief.' [1] I rather think the article on Polemical Fictions, with 'Yeast' at the head, must be John Sibree's—ask his sister.[2]

I am reading with great amusement (!) J. H. Newman's Lectures on the Position of Catholics.[3] They are full of clever satire and description. My table is groaning with books and I have done very little with them yet—but I trust in my star which has hitherto helped me to do all I have engaged to do. Pray remember to send by Mrs. C.H. (since she has been kind enough to say she will bring it) the M.S. translation of Schleiermacher's little book and also the book itself.[4]

7. *The Homes of the New World: Impressions of America,* 3 vols., London, A. Hall, Virtue, 1853.

8. 1 November 1851, p. 7a.

9. His article was not published till July 1852.

1. "The Harmony of the Intuitional and Logical Elements in the Ultimate Grounds of Religious Belief," *Prospective Review,* 7 (1851), 472–501.

2. *Prospective Review,* 7 (1851), 404–423.

3. John Henry Newman, *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England: Addressed to the Brothers of the Oratory,* 1851.

4. Nothing more is heard of Schleiermacher's book, which I cannot identify with certainty.

I suppose I shall see Mr. Noel on his way southward in a day or two. I have no news worth telling—and you don't want any—having such a party.

Love to all—to thee especially this week, dear Sara.

Tell Mr. Bray this story. When Bentley gave a dinner to the writers in his Miscellany on its first being started, there was a discussion about the title. 'Let it be the Wits' Miscellany,' said one. 'But if it were not witty?' said another. 'Then,' said Bentley, 'suppose we call it Bentley's Miscellany.' 'No, d—— it,' said Douglas Jerrold. 'Don't go to the other extreme.' [5]

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, 7 NOVEMBER [1851]

MS: Benjamin Collection, Columbia. *Hitherto unpublished.*

142 Strand | Saturday | November 7.

Dear Cara

Who should be announced yesterday but Mr. and Mrs. Pears? Of course I ran down with open arms delighted. In the evening Mr. Chapman and I went to Dr. W. Smith's [6] who lives in the Ultima Thule of Regent's Park Villas. The evening was not brilliant, but it was pleasant to sit by Mrs. Pears on the sofa. We have a thorough November morning after a week of really fine clear healthy days. Of course Mr. Bray will write Kossuth [7]—how can you expect any other? There is after all a little truth in the spiteful sayings of the Times, about the Political Barnums who are making a show of him—still we must be glad when humbug takes a good direction. Perhaps that is the utmost one can expect from poor humans.

5. Richard Bentley (1794–1871) started his *Miscellany* in January 1837 with Dickens as editor. It was not Jerrold, but Richard Harris Barham (1788–1845), author of *The Ingoldsby Legends,* who made this mot. (*DNB*)

6. William Smith (1813–93), lexicographer, author of *A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,* 1842; *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography,* 1849; and many other works. He married in 1834 Mary Crump of Birmingham, a friend of Mrs. Pears. He was an honorary Ph.D. of Leipzig and later received honorary degrees from Glasgow, Oxford, and Dublin. He was knighted in 1892.

7. Louis Kossuth (1802–94), Hungarian patriot, had been living in exile in Turkey since the collapse of the 1848 revolution. In a letter to his sister 11 October 1851 Thomas Carlyle writes: " 'Kossuth is coming!' said a joyful little man (Lewes of the *Leader*) whom I met yesterday on the street: 'Kossuth is coming!' —'Yes,' answered I, 'but Kossuth will *go* again; that is perhaps the beautiful part of the news! All nonsense *goes,* if it cannot be prevented from coming.' " (NLS, MS 514)

Mr. Neuberg who has been here some time is an agreeable, intelligent man. He said the other morning, 'Do you ever feel stupid? I feel sometimes as if there were a wall built up between *me* and *me*.' Is not that just it? All the bright ideas, the fit words and the clever illustrations are on the other side of the wall—are really there, though people wouldn't believe it. I shall be glad to have another glimpse of Mr. Noel before he sets out on his dreary journey.

You have really been living quite *fast* lately—but Mrs. Pears says you are looking all the better—for which blessing at least I sing my Jubilate.

Write, write, write.

In haste
Pollian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, 15 NOVEMBER 1851

Text: Cross, I, 265.

When Mr Noel had finished his farewell visit to-day, Mr Flower[8] was announced, so my morning has run away in chat. Time wears, and I don't get on so fast as I ought, but I must scribble a word or two, else you will make my silence an excuse for writing me no word of yourselves. I am afraid Mr Noel and Mr Bray have given you a poor report of me. The last two days I have been a little better, but I hardly think existing arrangements can last beyond this quarter. Mr Noel says Miss L.[9] is to visit you at Christmas. I hope that is a mistake, as it would deprive me of my hoped-for rest amongst you.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY AND SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, 21 NOVEMBER 1851

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* From Marian in 1851—from Dr. Chapman's—her first year there. *Hitherto unpublished.*

142 Strand | November 21, 1851.

Dear Mr. Bray, Cara and Sara

Mr. Chapman thinks you will all be glad to know that he has had a very friendly letter from Mr. Lombe, dated before George Combe's despatch could have reached him. He writes to introduce a friend and

8. Edward Fordham Flower (1805–83), the "Unitarian brewer" of Stratford-on-Avon, a friend of the Brays, was one of Chapman's creditors.

9. Eliza Lynn.

makes no allusion to the Westminster business except that he hopes "Jemmy" [1] will be up to the mark.

We have just had a long call from Mr. Conyngham,[2] a disciple (not yet run mad) of Robert Owen's. He is a fine, handsome, tall fellow with an honest expression—and a gentleman. His earnest simple talk was quite refreshing. He and Robert Owen called yesterday to propose that Mr. Chapman should let his front shop and first floor [3] for the purpose of a society for the federation of England and America—of course with an ultimate view to Socialism. I have been amused with the group we have just had in Mr. C's room—Mr. Conyngham, Mr. Mackay, and Dr. Brabant. The last, seeing Mr. Conyngham was rather aristocratic, turned out his right leg *à perfection,* and good Mr. Mackay put his pocket handkerchief to his mouth and talked in an unusually minor key.

Mrs. C. Hennell was here the other night, but I didn't see much of her. Miss Bellamy [4] is ill—apparently sinking—and there are four or five boarders in the house, so Mrs. Chapman is rather hurried, Miss Tilley [5] being absent.

Dear Sara, I treasure all your notes, and do not forget that you write to me more than any one else, but I know you understand that I generally scribble my missives to Rosehill in a hurry.

Ever yours, all of you
Marian.

1. Mr. Lombe in his first letter to Chapman had asked for an essay on "the incompatability of Christian Ethics with modern civilization," for which he would pay £50. (Chapman's Diary, 16 April 1851.) "Jemmy" is James Martineau, whose article "The Ethics of Christendom" appeared in Chapman's first number of the *Westminster Review,* 57 (January 1857), 182–226.

2. William Coningham (1815–84) published *Twelve Letters by John Sterling* [to William Coningham] in 1851 and wrote a series of articles called "Notes of a Social Œconomist" in the *Leader,* 20 September 1851–6 March 1852, dealing with workmen's cooperatives. Owen's New Lanark experiment is discussed in No. 11, 13 December 1851, pp. 1185–1186.

3. The Chemical Society rented two rooms at 142 Strand in 1849 but, finding them unsuitable, moved away 7 April 1851.

4. An old lady, an aunt of Mrs. Chapman, who took her to Truro 25 March 1851. See Chapman's Diary.

5. Elisabeth Tilley looked after the Chapman children and helped with the housekeeping.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[LONDON, 24 NOVEMBER 1851]

MS: Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 266.

Monday.

Dear Sara

I did not forget and meant to have written, but on Saturday afternoon [6] I was teazed, and then came Mr. Spencer to ask Mr. Chapman and me to go to the theatre—so I ended the day in a godless manner, seeing the Merry Wives of Windsor.[7]

You must read Carlyle's denunciation of the opera pub[lishe]d in —the Keepsake! The Examiner quotes it at length.[8]

I send you the enclosed from Harriet Martineau. Please to return it. The one from Carlyle you may keep till I come. He is a naughty fellow to write in the Keepsake and not for us—after I wrote him the most insinuating letter,[9] offering him three glorious subjects.

Yesterday we went to Mr. Mackay's, Dr. Brabant being there. All blessings on thee, dear Sara.

Thy faithful
Pollian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
LONDON, 27 NOVEMBER [1851]

MS: Yale. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 266.

142 Strand | November 27.

Dear Cara

I am a wretch today—head aching ever since Saturday—draughts and pills for the last two days—so I write now to save time instead of on Saturday when I hope to be well. So you must understand that I expect a letter on Monday morning. I hope Sara will duly receive her parcel. I gave the commission to Mr. C. Her letter came marked "Too Late."

Carlyle called the other day, strongly recommending Browning the poet as a writer for the Review, and saying "We shall see" about him-

6. Saturday, 22 November, was GE's birthday; Miss Hennell's the next day.

7. GHL, who reviewed the performance in the *Leader,* 29 November 1851, p. 1142, found it dreary rather than comic.

8. *Keepsake for 1852,* pp. 86–92. "It is a world calculated for strangling of heroisms . . . . to its Hells of sweating tailors, distressed needlewomen, and the like, this Opera of yours is the appropriate Heaven." The *Examiner* quotes it, 22 November 1851, p. 741, in its review of the *Keepsake.*

9. I have been unable to find this letter or Carlyle's reply.

self. In other respects we have been stagnating since Monday, and now I must work, work, work—which I have scarcely done two days consecutively since I have been here. Lewes says his article on Julia von Krüdener [1] will be "glorious." He sat in the same box with us at the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and helped to carry off the dolorousness of the play by such remarks as "There's the swan preening," [2] "The swan comes out now and then," and "The play is a farce in five acts. If it were in one act and one didn't see it, it would be very well" etc., etc.

You see I have nothing to tell you, so goodbye, dear deuter.[3] Love—

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [20 DECEMBER 1851]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

142 Strand | Saturday.

Dear Cara

I have been ill for the last three days with racking headache—just when I ought to have been working the hardest—or I should have written to you to thank you for the books. I hope I shall be able to get to you on Wednesday. I will write again and say what time. Thine in the depths of misery and blue devils,

Pollian.

1. *Westminster Review,* 57 (January 1852), 161–182.

2. Ben Jonson calls Shakespeare the "Swan of Avon." In his review in the *Leader,* 29 November 1851, p. 1142, GHL calls it "one of the worst plays, if not altogether the worst, that Shakspeare has left us. . . . But of course, protected as it is by the reverence all Englishmen feel for 'the Swan,' critics leave it in peace." He proceeds then to a severe but carefully detailed examination of the performance.

3. Cf. [15 November 1843].

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [23 DECEMBER 1851]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Dec. 23. 1851. *Published:* Cross, I, 267.

142 Strand | Tuesday.

Dear Friends

Alas! the work is so heavy just for the next three days—all the revises being yet to come in and the proof of my own article [4]—and Mr. Chapman is so overwhelmed with matters of detail that he has earnestly requested me to stay till Saturday. I cannot refuse—but it is a deep disappointment to me. My heart will yearn after you all.

It is the first Christmas day I shall have passed without any Christmas feeling. On Saturday—if you will have me—nothing shall keep me here any longer. I am writing at a high table on a low seat in a great hurry. Don't you think my style is Editorial? Ever dearest Friends

Your loving
Marian.

4. "Contemporary Literature of England," *Westminster Review*, 57 (1852), 247–288, opens with a review of Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling* which is clearly GE's work; but it seems doubtful that she alone had read all the works in history, travel, physiology, theology, poetry, and fiction included in the article. Possibly she combined and edited reviews contributed by various writers in special fields, for her style appears on most pages. In the absence of corroborative evidence it is hazardous to assign the sole authorship to GE.