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GEORGE ELIOT LETTERS

In Six Volumes

II

THE

George Eliot Letters

EDITED BY Gordon S. Haight

Professor of English, Yale University



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LETTERS 1852-1858

*

The Westminster Review

1852 January 1	GE's first number of the *Westminster Review*.
1852 January	Meets Bessie Rayner Parkes.
1852 June	Rumor that GE is engaged to Spencer.
1852 June	GE meets Barbara Leigh Smith.
1852 July–August	At Broadstairs.
1852 October	Visits the George Combes at Edinburgh and Harriet Martineau at Ambleside.
1852 December 20	Edward Clarke dies.

*

*

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [12 JANUARY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Jan. 12. | 1852. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 267–268.

Dearest Cara

With my wonted forgetfulness, I have left my small keys somewhere in my room—at least I hope so, for they are not with me. Will you send me them by the post as soon as possible?

I had a comfortable journey—all alone, except from <Rugby> Weedon to Blisworth. When I saw a coated animal getting into my carriage, I thought of all horrible stories of madmen in railways, but his white neck-cloth and thin mincing voice soon convinced me that he was one of those exceedingly tame brutes, the clergy.

A kind welcome and a good dinner—that is the whole of my history at present. Tell Mrs. C. Hennell the matter of the children is still undecided. Mrs. Bugden is coming tonight.[1] I am in anything but company trim or spirits. I can do nothing in return for all your kindness, dear Cara, but love you, as I do most heartily, you and all yours—for their own sake first—but if it were not so—for yours. In haste and darkness

Your affectionate
Pollian.

1. Mrs. Bugden and Mrs. Charles Hennell conducted a school for children from three to seven years of age. Chapman's daughter Beatrice had been a pupil there in May and June 1851, and Mrs. Bugden wanted his son Ernest also. Though their father favored the plan, Mrs Chapman preferred to have the children at home. An advertisement of the school in the *Leader*, 17 July 1852, p. 692, shows that it was planned on "progressive" lines; obedience is enforced "by appealing to the understanding and the sympathies, by directing attention to the natural consequences of conduct, and by fostering a love of excellence . . . and while the teaching of dogmatic creeds on the assumption of their unquestionable truth is scrupulously avoided, as prejudicial to the due exercise and development of the intellectual faculties, the utmost endeavours are made to educe and strengthen those elements of character which are the foundation of true religious feeling. Knowledge is made attractive. . . . For reference, etc., apply to Mr. John Chapman, Publisher, 142, Strand."

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [21 JANUARY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Jan. 21. 1852. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 268–270.

142 Strand | Wednesday.

Many thanks, dear Sara for the critique.[2] It is amusing enough to compare the diverse and contradictory opinions given by people and journals on every single article in the Review. Mr. Johnson [3] agrees with you in having an antipathy to James Martineau—therefore won't read the article. Herbert Spencer has tried and can't. Crabbe Robinson thinks it splendid—is shocked that the article on France should be in the same cover,[4] whereas Mr. Hodgkin [5] of the Economist—a great man though you may not know it—thinks the 'Ethics' good for nothing, and the article on France the best of all.

I have brought the James Martineau affair [1] to a satisfactory termination. I convinced Mr. C. that he had expressed himself in a way calculated to mislead and that he owed an admission of this to J. M. He got up early one morning to write this with a renewed request that J. M. would accept the supplementary cheque which had been refused —was taken ill, unable to write, and finally asked me to write for him, he signing the letter. Yesterday came a very kind reply, accepting the cheque, which I had requested him to do in *justice* to Mr. C., and very graciously acknowledging Froude's compliment which I had sent him. Of course, there was the quotation *"Laudari a laudato viro."* [2] So ends the affair, Mr. C. having saved his colours. "C'était une grande affaire, ce crise drole."

Harriet Martineau called on Monday morning, with Mr. Atkinson —very kind and cordial, but unhappily not able to stay long enough to dispel the repulsion excited by the *vulgarity* (I use the word in a moral sense) of her looks and gestures. Mr. Atkinson wrinkles up his

2. On the first number of the *Westminster Review* edited by GE.

3. Andrew Johnson.

4. For Henry Crabb Robinson see [15 February 1851]. Even the editors of the *Westminster Review* regarded the article on French politics as so radical that it had to appear as an "Independent Contribution."

5. Thomas Hodgskin (1787–1869), who according to Herbert Spencer, "wrote the reviews and a good part of the leading articles for the *Economist*." (*Autobiography*, I, 347.) He was the author of books on free trade and the Corn Laws and edited Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*, Vols. 22–92 (1831–47).

1. Martineau's article "The Ethics of Christendom" ran to 65 pages, one-third longer than the average.

2. Cicero, *Epistolae ad Familiares*, v, 12.

forehead horizontally and draws in his lips—has a good anterior lobe, but I should think it is not well fed with blood. I honour Harriet Martineau for her powers and industry and should be glad to think highly of her. I have no doubt that she is fascinating when there is time for talk.

We have had two agreeable soirées. Last Monday, I was talking and listening for two hours to Pierre Leroux [3]—a dreamy genius. He was expounding to me his ideas. He belongs neither to the school of Proudhon which represents Liberty only, nor to that of Louis Blanc which represents Equality only, nor to that of Cabet which represents Fraternity. Pierre Leroux' système is the "synthèse" which combines all three. He has found the true 'pont' which is to unite the love of self with the love of one's neighbour. He is, you know a very voluminous writer. George Sand has dedicated some of her books to him. He dilated on his views of the origin of Christianity—Strauss deficient because he has not shewn the *identity of the teaching of Jesus* with that of the *Essenes*. This is Leroux' favourite idea. I told him of your brother.[4] He moreover traces Essenism back to Egypt and thence to India, the cradle of all religions etc. etc. with much more which he uttered with an unction rather amusing in a soirée tête-à-tête. "Est-ce-que nous sommes faits pour chercher le bonheur? Est-ce là votre idée, dîtes moi." "Mais non—nous sommes faites, je pense, pour nous développer le plus que possible." "Ah! c'est ça." He is in utter poverty—going to lecture—autrement il faut mourir—has a wife and children with him. He came to London in his early days, when he was 25, to find work as a printer—all the world was in mourning for the Princess Charlotte, "et moi, je me trouvais avoir un *habit pomme-vert*." So he got no work, went back to Paris, by hook or by crook founded the "Globe" journal, knew St. Simon, disagrees with him entirely as with all other theorists except Pierre Leroux.

We are trying Mazzini to write on Freedom v. Despotism.[5] Don't tell, of course. Froude is too busy translating the "Wahlverwandschaften" for Bohn [6] to do anything for us worth having. We have re-

3. Pierre Leroux (1798–1871), humanitarian philosopher, a member of the Constitutional Assembly in 1848 and the Legislative Assembly in 1849, had fled from France after the coup d'état of 1851.

4. Hennell's *An Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity*, 1838, stressed Christ's relation to the Essenes.

5. Giuseppe Mazzini's article appeared as "Europe: Its Condition and Prospects," *Westminster Review*, 57 (April 1852), 442–467.

6. *Goethe's Works*, Bohn's Standard Library, 5 vols., 1848–55. Most of Vol. IV, where *Elective Affinities* appears, is the work of R. D. Boylan.

ceived an admirable article on "The New Puritanism" i.e. physical puritanism, from Dr. Browne the chemist of Edinburgh which I think will go in the next number.[7]

I am afraid there is nothing to interest you much in this hasty scribble, but somehow the scum on the surface is all I can give anyone this morning. I have a sore finger which makes it a bore to write.

Thine
Pollian.

Love to Cara. I hope to hear from her on Monday morning.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [22 JANUARY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Jan. 22. *Extracts published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 45, 66.

142 Strand.

Dear Friend

On opening the mysterious-looking letter you have sent me I find it addressed to "Dear Matilda." I have not read farther than the first sentence, and return it to you that you may enclose the cards you speak of with it and send it to the P.O. again.

I had headache yesterday. I have burnt my hand so that I am not in the best condition imaginable, especially for writing. Mr. Chapman's hearing is not worse than usual, but he looks horribly ghastly and wants change, of which he has had none at all for months. I have declared my resolution to leave at the end of this quarter—*but say nothing about it.* Mrs. Chapman is increasingly polite and attentive, and I have many comforts here that I could hardly expect elsewhere, but———

There is an article in the last Quarterly on 'Physiognomy' which you should read. It is by Lady Eastlake—Miss Rigby that was.[8] On the whole our number is very superior even in attractiveness to either the Edinburgh or the Quarterly. In the Edinburgh there is a famous shewing up of Bishop Philpotts. The sketch of his history begins thus: "Bp P. is probably descended from the celebrated Archdeacon Philpotts who in the reign of Ed[ward] VI published his 'Reasons for spitting upon an Arian.' " There is also an article on Parliamentary Re-

7. Samuel Brown (1817–56) discussed such fads as mesmerism, homeopathy, and vegetarianism in his article, *Westminster Review,* 57 (April 1852), 405–442.

8. Elizabeth, Lady Eastlake (1809–93), a daughter of Edward Rigby of Norwich, was married in 1849 to Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy. Her article appears in the *Quarterly Review,* 90 (December 1851), 62–91.

form,[9] which I have not yet read. It is better written than ours, they say, but not so practical.

Please to thank your Mr. Spencer [1] for his letter to me in answer to a question I put to him. God bless you, make you happy, and keep you thin. I wish you the utmost thinness compatible with your happiness. I have several other letters to write so good bye.

M[ari]an.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON, [29 JANUARY 1852]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Thursday.

My dear Miss Parkes

I too regretted that I happened to be out yesterday when you and Mrs. Parkes [2] were kind enough to call on me.

Another unfortunate coincidence is, that an evening party at Mr. Mackay's at which I have promised to be present, occurs on Saturday evening. But for this I should have looked forward with pleasure to spending the evening with you.

Mr. Chapman's evening parties have commenced now, and we all wish very much that you could be amongst us now and then. Can you not manage this? Monday is the day fixed on, and if you would accept so informal an invitation as this and come any Monday evening that you had no pleasanter engagement, you would be doing a kindness to others if not to yourself. Dear Miss Parkes,

Yours very truly
Marian Evans.

9. *Edinburgh Review,* 95 (January 1852), 59–94, 94–122.

1. William Spencer, editor of the Coventry *Herald.*

2. Eliza Rayner Priestley (1796–1877), eldest granddaughter of Dr. Joseph Priestley (1733–1804), theologian and scientist, was born in America but brought to England at the age of six. In 1824 she married Joseph Parkes, a lawyer in Birmingham, who took a leading part in agitation for the Reform Bill.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 30? JANUARY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Many happy returns of the day to you, dear friend. May every 31st of January[3] in reserve for you find you richer in pleasant thoughts, in friends and in worldly goods.

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [31 JANUARY 1852]

MS: Yale *Endorsed* Jany 31 | 1852 *Extract published:* Cross, I, 270, as part of [21 January 1852].

142 Strand | Saturday.

Dear Sara

Mrs. Chapman said she should charge Mrs C. Hennell last night with a message of invitation to you. I am sure she will be heartily glad to see you and so will Mr Chapman Just now we are in rather uninteresting circumstances—Mr. C. up to the ears in a business affair all about Bookselling and discounts,[4] which things grate horribly on my ears—and the weather is generally detestable, so that hardly any going out can be done.

Mrs. Chapman is going to Leamington for a week on business, and I remember you said that you should not like to be here when she was out. I say all these things, not to prevent you from coming now if you feel inclined, but just to let you know how the land lies. To me it will be a pleasure to have you,—come when you will.

We are going to Mr. Mackay's tonight, but I am in a miserable state of languor and low spirits in which everything is a trouble to me.

I must tell you a bit of Louis Blanc's English which Mr. Spencer was reciting the other night. The petit homme called on Thornton

3 Bray was born 31 January 1811.

4. The price of books was fixed by a small group of London publishers known as the Booksellers' Association, which set the discount for the retail trade at 10 per cent. Chapman maintained that the Association had no authority over the price of imported books, which at this time he announced he would sell at cost plus a small commission. He was summoned before the committee of the Association, which canceled his membership. For details of the struggle, in which Chapman triumphed over the monopoly, see *George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 50–53.

Hunt, I think, and said "I come to tell you how you are. I was at you the other day. But you were not." [5] Best love to all

Your faithful
Pollian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY AND SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [LONDON, 2 FEBRUARY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. 2. *Mostly published.* Cross, I, 270—271.

Monday.

Dear Friends all

Thanks for the budget of this morning, and congratulations on the success of the birthday festivities. We went to quite a gay party at Mr. Mackay's on Saturday—Miss Rowan,[6] a learned lady in spectacles, Mr. Vansittart Neale,[7] and other small celebrities. Good Mr. Mackay has been taking trouble to get me to Hastings for my health—calling on Miss Fellowes, daughter of the Religion of the Universe,[8] and inducing her to write me a note of invitation. But Mr. Chapman can't spare my head and hands this week.

Sara will be heartily welcome, and Mrs. C. said she would write and tell her so this morning. Unfortunately I had an invitation to the Parkes's [9] to meet Cobden on Saturday evening—I was sorry to miss that. Miss Parkes is a dear, ardent, honest creature, and I hope we shall be good friends.[1]

5. In his *Autobiography*, I, 459–460, Spencer says that Blanc "spoke English remarkably well, having a good choice of words which he put together correctly and articulated with great distinctness—greater distinctness, indeed, than is usual among ourselves Moreover, he had acquired the English cadence much more nearly than foreigners generally do."

6 Frederica MacLean Rowan (1814–82) translated many German and Swedish books.

7. Edward Vansittart Neale (1810–92), M.A. Oriel College, Oxford, 1836, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, frequently acted as legal adviser to cooperative societies.

8. Robert Fellowes (1771–1847), philanthropist and liberal, published *The Religion of the Universe* in 1836. His daughter Frances Maseres Fellowes was married 31 March 1852 to R. W. Mackay.

9. Joseph Parkes, whose daughter Bessie GE had been seeing at Chapman's. He headed the committee to provide for the publication of GE's translation of Strauss in 1846.

1. Miss Parkes wrote to Barbara Leigh Smith 6 March 1852: "I don't know whether you will like Miss Evans. At least I know you will *like* her for her large unprejudiced mind, her complete superiority to most women But whether you or I should ever *love* her, as a friend, I don't know at all. There is as yet no high moral purpose in the impression she makes, and it is that alone which commands love. I think she will alter. Large angels take a long time unfolding their wings; but when they do, soar out of sight Miss Evans either has no wings, or, which I think is the case, they are coming, budding." (*TLS*, 20 November 1948, p 653.)

I have nothing else to tell you. I am steeped in dullness within and without. Heaven send some lions tonight to meet Fox,[2] who is coming. In haste,

Ever your
Marian.

I have opened my letter to send you an advertisement we found in the Times today. "To Gentlemen. A *converted* medical man, of gentlemanly habits, and fond of Scriptural conversation, wishes to meet with gentleman of Calvinistic views, thirsting after truth, in want of a Daily Companion. A little temporal aid will be expected in return. Address, *Verus*"![3]

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 7 FEBRUARY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. 8. *Brief extract published:* Cross, I, 271.

Saturday.

Dearest Cara

I have requested my Sister[4] to send to Rosehill a parcel containing some clothes which she has had made for me. Will you ask Sara to be so kind as to bring the said parcel with her luggage on Monday?

Mrs. C. Hennell brings me rather an unsatisfactory account of Mr. Bray—that his chest is not well and that he still does not get sleep enough. I hope business is not helping to keep him awake. My love to him, and I want to see him very much.

We are going to Mr. Ellis's, at Champion Hill tomorrow evening. I am better now—have rid myself of all distasteful work and am trying to lose the glorious distinction of humanity, looking before and after.[5] We shall be glad to have Sara. She tells me you are better and rather enjoying Miss Lynn,[6] whereat also I am pleased. Dr. Brabant has been here—getting rather fatuous, I think.

Ever thine
Pollian.

2. William Johnson Fox.
3. In the *Times*, 2 February 1852, p. 9. The italics are GE's.
4. Mrs. Henry Houghton.
5. Shelley, "To a Skylark," stanza 18
6. Eliza Lynn stayed at Rosehill 30 January—13 February 1852.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, 16 FEBRUARY [1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. 16. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 271—272.

Dear Friend

I have not merely had a headache—I have been really ill, and feel very much shattered. I must tell you this to account for my not writing on Saturday after your dear letter which came to comfort me in bed.

I am a hideous hag now, but if I don't get up some better looks before next Tuesday week, seeing you will at least make me look brighter. Do come on Monday and be with us in the evening. Why not? as Bunsby says.[7] I want to introduce you to somebody.[8]

Sara is the dearest creature, ready to find pleasure in the smallest things, else she would have had little pleasure in this visit. We dined yesterday at Mr. Peter Taylor's,[9] at Sydenham. I was not fit to go, especially to make my début at a strange place, but the country air was a temptation. Sara seemed to like it. This morning she is sitting quietly by my fire reading Social Statics with many interjections. Miss Parkes is very pretty in her attentions, called yesterday to see how I was and looked affectionately at me.

I was quite interested in Cara's letter—the description of the Stratford visit [10] etc., but I think it is very healthy for you to be alone a little while, much as I should enjoy breaking your solitude. The thick of the work is just beginning and I am bound in honour not to run away from it, as I have shirked all labour but what is strictly editorial this quarter. But we will talk of this when you come.

I wish I could hear some better news about business—do remember

7. Captain Jack Bunsby, Captain Cuttle's oracle in Dickens's *Dombey and Son,* ch. 39.

8. Monday was the regular evening for Chapman's receptions. GE probably wanted to introduce Herbert Spencer, who was her most intimate friend at this time. In a letter to Edward Lott 23 April 1852 Spencer writes: "We have been for some time past on very intimate terms. I am very frequently at Chapman's, and the greatness of her intellect conjoined with her womanly qualities and manner, generally keep me by her side most of the evening." (*Autobiography,* I, 394–395.)

9. Peter Alfred Taylor (1819–91), a silk mercer in the firm founded by his grandfather Samuel Courtauld. Of an old Unitarian family, he held radical opinions in religion as well as politics; he was a friend of Mazzini and chairman of the Society of Friends of Italy. In 1842 he married Clementia Doughty (d. 1908), who shared his interests. See Florence M. Gladstone, *Aubrey House, Kensington,* 1922.

10. The Brays took Eliza Lynn to Stratford-on-Avon 12 February, returning the next day.

what God made man for.[1] I had a long letter from Geo. Combe the other day in which *he* too inquires about Thornton Hunt and asks me if possible to remove him from "the category of the reckless." [2]

Much love to Cara and you from your ever affectionate

Marian.

142 Strand | February 16th.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 28 FEBRUARY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. 20. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 272.

Saturday.

Dearest Cara

I long very much to see your hand-writing—to have a word from your own self.

Sara writes that she is enjoying her visit extremely and is coming to us on Monday. But I suppose you have heard more than I have.

We went to the meeting of the Association for the Abolition of the Taxes on Knowledge on Wednesday—I that I might hear Cobden [3] in whom I was wofully disappointed. George Dawson's speech, which the Newspapers don't report, was admirable. Dobson Collett,[4] too, was really clever.

I received a note from Miss Lynn last evening—owing, it appears, to Mr. Bray's having mentioned my intention to leave here. She wished to mention to me some friends of hers in Cavendish Sq. who have two rooms to let. I called on her this morning and had a long talk. But the lodgings are not at all what I want, and altogether I think it undesirable to fix on a London residence at present as I want to go to Brighton for a month or two next quarter. I am seriously concerned at my languid body and feel the necessity of taking some measures to get vigour.

1. Cf. The Westminster Catechism: "What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and to enjoy him forever."

2. This may be an allusion to Hunt's liaison with Mrs. George Henry Lewes, who had borne him a daughter 21 October 1851 registered as Rose Agnes Lewes. (*Leader*, 25 October 1851, p. 1012, and Somerset House.)

3. At St. Martin's Hall. Richard Cobden (1804–65), M.P. for the West Riding of Yorkshire, was leader of the Anti-Corn Law League; his speech is reported at some length in the *Leader*, 28 February 1852, p. 192, with briefer accounts of the others.

4. Collet Dobson Collet (1812–98) was Secretary of the London Committee for the Repeal of the Advertisement Duty and of the Newspaper Stamp Abolition Committee, which became An Association for Promoting the Repeal of Taxes on Knowledge 13 February 1851.

Mr. Bray will perhaps care to know that Miss Swanwick [5] called on me the other day. I mentioned my proposition that Mr. Bray should call on her with me when he next comes to town, and she expressed pleasure.

Lewes inquired for Sara last Monday in a tone of interest; he was charmed with her, as who would not be that has any taste. Do write to me, dear Cara—I want comforting—this world looks ugly just now, all people rather worse than I have been used to think them. Put me in love with my kind again, by giving me a glimpse at your own inward self since I cannot see the outer one. In haste

Ever your
Marian.

GE TO MRS. PETER ALFRED TAYLOR, LONDON, 6 MARCH 1852

Text: Cross, I, 272–273.

I can sympathise with you in your troubles, having been a housekeeper myself, and known disappointment in trusted servants.[6] Ah, well! we have a good share of the benefits of our civilisation; it is but fair that we should feel some of the burthen of its imperfections.

Thank you a thousand times for wishing to see me again. I should really like to see you in your own nice, fresh, healthy-looking home again; but until the end of March I fear I shall be a prisoner from the necessity for constant work. Still it is possible that I may have a day, though I am quite unable to say when.

You will be still more surprised at the notice of the 'Westminster' in 'The People,' when you know that Maccoll [7] himself wrote it. I have not seen it, but had been told of its ill-nature. However, he is too good a

5. Anna Swanwick (1813–99) had published her translation of the first part of *Faust* in 1850. She was active in the work of establishing colleges for women, serving on the councils of Queen's College and Bedford College, London, and helping to found Girton College, Cambridge. Spencer lists her among the ladies he used to meet at Chapman's soirees. (*Autobiography*, I, 347.)

6. "Mr. Taylor is socially a great favorite, and his London residence, Aubrey House, is the center of a delightful society. His wife is a most accomplished lady, whom he knew first as the governess of his sisters; and she, like Mrs. Fawcett, is an active leader in all public movements relating to the condition of woman. They have no children, but their cultivation and literary tastes draw round them a large circle of those whose names are best known in literature and art" (R. J. Hinton, *English Radical Leaders*, New York, 1875, p. 70.)

7. i.e., Maccall. An advertisement in the *Westminster Review* for January 1852 (Parrish Collection, Princeton) announces that the Rev. Charles Clarke, editor of the *Freeman*, has transferred it to the Rev. William Maccall, who will amalgamate it with the *People*.

man to write otherwise than sincerely; and our opinion of a book often depends on the state of the liver!

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 8 MARCH 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* March 9. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Monday.

Dear Mr. Bray

I did not send you 'Social Statics'[8] because I thought you would admire the book—far from it—but because you expressed a wish to have it, and I have not often the opportunity or the power of gratifying a wish of yours.

Mr. Chapman begs me to apologize that the information you requested has not been sent to you before, but I have forgotten the reason which he stated for the delay. He says that he has not succeeded in tracing the route mentioned by Mr. Noel.[1] All he can tell you is this: "Parcels can be forwarded by Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company to Malta, and from Malta there is a conveyance to Athens. This is the only mode of transit to Greece that I can hear of." I copy from a note which he gave me.

I shall be very glad to see you next week, and still more so to hear that your anxieties about the business of the season are diminishing. Miss Ronalds called on me the other day—induced, I fancy, by hearing of me from Mrs. Ellis, who is a great intimate of hers. Tell Cara her letter last week was infinitely precious to me. I didn't write to her on Saturday from sheer want of time. Tell Sara, Miss Ronalds spoke of her with great admiration from her impressions when she called at Rosehill last summer. Love to all from

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO MRS. PETER ALFRED TAYLOR, LONDON, 27 MARCH 1852

Text: Cross, I, 274–275.

I am grieved to find that you have to pay for that fine temperament of yours in attacks of neuralgia. Your silence did not surprise me, after the account you had given me of your domestic circumstances, but I

8. By Herbert Spencer, 1851.

1. Edward Noel lived on the island of Euboea, Greece.

have wished for you on Monday evenings. Your cordial assurance that you shall be glad to see me sometimes is one of those pleasant things—those life-preservers—which relenting destiny sends me now and then to buoy me up. For you must know that I am not a little desponding now and then, and think that old friends will die off, while I shall be left without the power to make new ones. You know how sad one feels when a great procession has swept by one, and the last notes of its music have died away, leaving one alone with the fields and sky. I feel so about life sometimes. It is a help to read such a life as Margaret Fuller's. How inexpressibly touching that passage from her journal—"I shall always reign through the intellect, but the life! the life! O my God! shall that never be sweet?" [2] I am thankful, as if for myself, that it was sweet at last. But I am running on about feelings when I ought to tell you facts. I am going on Wednesday to my friends in Warwickshire for about ten days or a fortnight. When I come back I hope you will be quite strong and able to receive visitors without effort—Mr Taylor too.

I *did* go to the *conversazione;* [3] but you have less to regret than you think. Mazzini's speeches are better read than heard. Proofs are come demanding my immediate attention, so I must end this hasty scribble.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 29 MARCH 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* March 23. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Cara

I shall get into the train on Wednesday, nothing doubting that your arms will be open to receive me, as they have ever been at the end of my journeyings. I long to see you more than any one, for I have had no glimpse of you during the quarter.

I suppose the Herald came to me this morning that I might see

2. The notice of the *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller,* 3 vols., 1852, in the *Westminster Review,* 57 (April 1852), 665–666, seems to be by GE, though the rest of the "Contemporary Literature of America" is not in her style. This passage is quoted somewhat inaccurately; cf. *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli,* 2 vols., Boston, 1852, I, 237.

3. A meeting of the Society of the Friends of Italy at the Freemasons' Tavern 24 March 1852, F. W. Newman presiding. Amidst loud cheers Mazzini declared that the Papacy was the curse of Italy and that if the French and Austrian forces were withdrawn the Pope would run away, thus solving the question. Destruction of the Papacy as a spiritual and temporal power was his aim. See the *Examiner,* 27 March 1852, p. 203.

the capital article about the City Mission.[4] Surely the sapient editor of the Standard is not Mr. Drake! [5]

I had a call from Mr. Atkinson (of the firm Martineau and Atkinson) the other day—of which more anon. I am busy today—have three long letters to write, so good bye, dearest dear. I have three or four dearest dears—they take it in turn week and week about. Love to Sara and the Pater.

Ever thy
Marian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 30 MARCH 1852]

MS: Yale. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 273–274.

Tuesday.

Dear Cara

I had two offers last night—not of marriage, but of music—which I find it impossible to resist. Mr. Herbert Spencer proposed to take me on Thursday to hear William Tell,[6] and Miss Parkes asked me to go with her to hear the Creation on Friday.[7] I have had so little music this quarter and these two things are so exactly what I should like that I

4. The Coventry *Standard,* a conservative paper, opposed most of the reforms Bray was advocating in the *Herald.* The City Mission, established at Coventry in the autumn of 1851 "to help bring the Gospel to the neglected and debased districts of the city," had aroused objections from both churchmen and dissenters. E. H. Delf and John Sibree, the Independent ministers, wrote in defense of the work. Finally the *Standard* terminated the correspondence 26 March 1852. Thereupon Bray published Delf's rejected letter in the *Herald,* 26 March 1852, p. 3b, with an editorial defending the Mission. He accused the *Standard* of believing "that the main object of the Church is not to save souls, (except those who can afford to pay for it;) but to make money." (p. 4a.)

5. William Drake (1813–96) was at this time Lecturer to St. John's Parish, Coventry, and Second Master at the Coventry Grammar School from 1841 to 1857, when he became Vicar of Holy Trinity. (Boase, Supplement.) A note in the *Standard,* 5 March 1852, announces new arrangements by which the editor will "only be responsible for the leading articles and occasional literary notices. The general compilation of the paper and the insertion of correspondence, will not be under his superintendance." There is no record of Drake's acting as editor.

6 At the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, 1 April 1852, when Herr Anders made his debut as Arnoldo in Rossini's opera.

7. Haydn's *Creation* at Exeter Hall 2 April 1852. Miss Parkes wrote to Barbara Leigh Smith 27 March 1852: "Miss Evans I see more of; and she becomes a friend to me. She seems to love me, and, though I don't see exactly why, I am very glad at it. I suppose it is an 'instinctive affection.' As I know her better, the harsh heavy look of her face softens into a very beautiful tender expression" (*TLS,* 20 November 1948, p. 653.)

have determined to put off, for the sake of them, my other pleasure of seeing you. So pray keep your precious welcome warm for me until Saturday, when I shall *positively* set off by the 2 o'clock train.[8] Miss Martineau (Harriet) has written me a most cordial invitation to go and see her[1] before July, but that is impossible. She has made me joint trustee with Mr. Atkinson of the fund for the publication of Comte.[2] I liked Atkinson very well the other day. You see I am cautious. Of new acquaintances one can never be sure because one likes them *one* day that it will be so the next. Of old friends one is sure that it will be the same yesterday, today, and forever.

Love to Mr. Bray and Sara. I have not written to the latter this long time because I have been busy—but my heart has been inditing of many a good matter[3] to her.

Thy affectionate
Marian

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, 17 APRIL [1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1852. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 275.

142 Strand | April 17.

Dear Friend

I send you your share of Geo. Combe's missive. Mine contains a sequel to the mesmeric case which is very interesting and which I will send you when I have done with it.

A very kind letter is come from James Martineau this morning, shewing his thorough willingness to write for us, and his appreciation of the subject proposed to him, but one of his daughters is seriously ill and he cannot pledge himself to prepare anything by July.[4]

There was an article on the Bookselling affair in the Times of yesterday[5] which must be the knell of the Association. Dickens is to preside at a meeting in this house on the subject some day next week. Mr.

8. Mrs. Bray's Diary records her stay at Rosehill 3–14 April 1852.

1. At Ambleside, Westmoreland.

2. Of the £500 Edward Lombe sent to Harriet Martineau, Chapman persuaded her to keep only £150 for her work as translator, applying the rest to the cost of publication. Miss Martineau invested the money in the Three per Cents. After Lombe's death 1 March 1852 she added a codicil to her will appointing H. G. Atkinson and GE joint trustees in case she should die before the translation was completed In her *Autobiography*, ed. M. W. Chapman, 2 vols., Boston, 1877, II, 67, she does not mention GE in this connection.

3. Psalms 45:1.

4. He managed, however, to write a review of *The Restoration of Belief*, *Westminster Review*, 58 (July 1852), 173–204.

5. An editorial on p. 4. Except for the *Times*, the *Athenaeum*, and the *Leader* most of the London papers sided with the Booksellers' Association.

Chapman called on him yesterday with Bentley,[6] and found him very straight-forward and agreeable. Splendid library, of course, with soft carpet, couches etc. such as become a sympathizer with the suffering classes. How can we sufficiently pity the needy unless we know fully the blessings of plenty?

I am longing for the arrival of my wardrobe, for my clothes are all helter-skelter. Pray keep an account of all the expenses, Mr. Simms [7] and the carpenters etc.

The one source of my low spirits was the parting with you in the midst of such bad news about everything, and the thought I can do nothing but cry when sorrows come. However, I came home and went to sleep from sheer want of spirit to do anything else, and Providence in an hour or two took pity on me and sent Herbert Spencer to ask me to go to the Lyceum and see 'The Chain of Events.' [8] It is a very long chain and drags rather heavily. No sparkle, but a sort of Dickens-like sentimentality all through—in short, I think it might please you. As a series of tableaux I never saw anything equal to it. But to my mind it is execrable moral taste to have a storm and shipwreck with all its horrors on the stage. I could only scream and cover my eyes. It was revolting to hear the cheers and clapping of the audience. But perhaps all that was pure philosophy, and they were so thoroughly imbued with your beloved optimism [9] that they felt more than ever reconciled to the scheme of things.

I am sorry to have lost these few days with you, but *not sorry* to have come, for there are various things to be done which I am more satisfied to have the doing of.

Of course this letter is for all. My blessings on you all.

Your affectionate
Marian.

The opinions on the various articles in the Review are, as before, ridiculously various. The Economist calls the article on Quakerism "admirably written." Greg says the article on India is "very masterly": while he calls Mazzini's "sad stuff"—"mere verbiage." [1]

6. Richard Bentley (1794–1871), publisher in ordinary to the Queen, had left the Association to join the "Free-Traders."

7. A carrier at Coventry. (F. White, *Warwickshire*, 1850, p. 563.)

8. The *Critic*, 15 April 1852, p. 217, reviews it as "a French piece (done by Mr. G. H. Lewes)." GE's rather severe criticism betrays no interest in GHL at this time.

9. See Charles Bray's *Philosophy of Necessity*, 1841, especially ch. 2, "On the Advantages of Evil."

1. "The Early Quakers and Quakerism," 57 (April 1852), 593–624, by W. E. Forster; "The Government of India," pp. 357–405, by John Chapman (1801–54), the publisher's cousin; "Europe: Its Condition and Prospects," pp. 442–467, by Mazzini.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[LONDON, 21 APRIL 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 21. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 275–276.

Wednesday Morning.

My dear Sara

I am lost in amazement at your letter and cannot rest without writing an answer before I do anything else, though alas! that answer cannot reach you till tomorrow.

It is perhaps vain to inquire what fancied foundation Mr. Bray may have had for his assertion about me. I hope it is enough to say that he was never more completely in error. If there is any change in my affection for you, it is that I love you more than ever, not less. I have as perfect a friendship for you as my imperfect nature can feel—a friendship in which deep respect and admiration are sweetened by a sort of flesh-and-blood sisterly feeling and the happy consciousness that I have your affection, however undeservedly, in return. I have confidence that this friendship can never be shaken—that it must last while I last, and that the supposition of its ever being weakened by a momentary irritation is too contemptibly absurd for me to take the trouble to deny it. I am not conscious of having felt even that transient irritation towards you for a long, long time on my own account. I have admitted to Mr. Bray that I perceived what it was in you that frequently repelled him and chilled his affection for you, but as far as I can remember, I have chiefly to repent of having been too severe upon *him* rather than upon you in relation to this matter.

As to your whole conduct to me from the first day I knew you, it has been so generous and sympathetic, that if I did not heartily love you I should feel deep gratitude—but love excludes gratitude. It would be a sad day indeed for me in which I was "alienated" from you, for I should never replace you. It is impossible that I should ever love two women better than I love you and Cara—indeed it seems to me that I can never love any so well, and it is certain that I can never have any friend—not even a husband—who would supply the loss of those associations with the past which belong to you.

I have been interrupted two or three times, and I feel that I have not written as I should have liked. But, dear Sara, do believe in my love for you and that it will remain as long as I have my senses, because it is interwoven with my best nature and is dependent, not on any ac-

cidents of manner but on long experience which has confirmed the instinctive attraction of earlier days.

No more this morning—for I am busy, but I will write again soon.

Marian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [26 APRIL 1852]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dearest Friends

I have been out all morning looking at pictures and am come home half dead with fatigue, but I cannot let another post go without sending you a line to say that I will write tomorrow.

What your notes tell me is of more interest than anything else in the world. Love always as she loves you

Your affectionate
Marian.

142 Strand | Monday.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [27 APRIL 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Apr? 22. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 277–278.

142 Strand | Tuesday.

Dearest Friends

I find it very difficult to resign myself to the fact of your having parted with the old place in Much Park Street,[2] and am still impatient and rebellious. Well, we will love each other the better, the more destiny chooses to flout us.

I received the newspaper and proof this morning. The answer is admirable—much improved, of course, by the expurgatorial process. There are some capital bits in it, and the winding up with the quotation from Whateley is exceedingly well-chosen.[3]

Our fortunes here are as usual—chequered—

2. The office of Charles Bray and Co., ribbon manufacturers.

3. In refuting John Sibree's letter against secular education Bray quotes from Archbishop Whateley's charge to his clergy in 1848 a passage on the necessity of knowledge of the natural laws. (*Herald,* 23 April 1852.)

"Twist ye, twine ye, even so
Mingle human weal and woe." [4]

In the first place, the Bookselling affair promises to be a complete triumph over the Association. But, *en revanche,* Mr. C.'s business is flagging fearfully, and he is in the lowest spirits about it. I am not without hope that 'there's a good time coming' [5] for it seems reasonable to expect that the numerous introductions he has had of late to first-rate men, the general approval of his article,[6] will win him *prestige* as a publisher—and that is the direction in which it is most desirable that his business should expand. Grote is very friendly, and has propitiated J. S. Mill, who will write for us, when we want him. At the same time it must be confessed that our Review Treasury is almost exhausted and no new funds pour in. So it is really creditable to be jolly.

We had quite a brilliant soirée yesterday evening. W. R. Greg, Foster (of Rawden),[7] Francis Newman, the Ellises, and Louis Blanc were the stars of greatest magnitude. I had a pleasant talk with Greg and Foster. Greg was "much pleased to have made my acquaintance." Foster, on the whole, appeared to think that people should be glad to make *his* acquaintance. Greg is a short man, with a hooked nose and an imperfect enunciation from defective teeth, but his brain is large, the anterior lobe very fine and a moral region to correspond. Black, wiry, curly hair, and every indication of a first-rate temperament. But when you see him across the room, you are unpleasantly impressed, and can't believe that he wrote his own books. Mrs. Charles Hennell was here with her tall, honest-looking brother, Herbert.[8] He strikes me more agreeably than any Brabant I have ever seen. We have some very nice Americans here—the Pughs, friends of the Parkes's—really refined, intellectual people. Miss Pugh,[9] an elderly lady, is a great abolitionist, and was one of the Women's Convention that came to England in 1840 and was not allowed to join the *Men's* Convention. But I suppose we shall soon

4. Scott, *Guy Mannering,* ch. 4. The second line reads "Mingle shades of joy and woe."

5. The opening line of Charles Mackay's poem "The Good Time Coming."

6. "The Commerce of Literature," *Westminster Review,* 57 (April 1852), 511–554, an attack on the booksellers' monopoly and the paper tax.

7. William Edward Forster (1818–86). Liberal statesman, lived at Rawdon, Yorkshire 1850–52. (*DNB.*)

8. Herbert Brabant took an M.D. degree at St. Andrews in 1858 and practiced medicine at Havant, Hampshire. (*The Medical Directory of Great Britain and Ireland,* 1871.)

9. Sarah Pugh (1800–84), abolitionist, of Chester County, Pennsylvania, was one of the female delegates whose credentials were rejected by the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London 12 June 1840. See *A Memorial of Sarah Pugh,* Philadelphia, 1888.

be able to say, *'Nous avons changé tout cela,'* [1] in spite of Mr. Bray and all retrogradists.

I went to the opera on Saturday—I Martiri, at Covent Garden—with my "excellent friend Herbert Spencer," as Lewes calls him. We have agreed that we are not in love with each other,[3] and that there is no reason why we should not have as much of each other's society as we like. He is a good, delightful creature and I always feel better for being with him.

I am sorry to hear of Miss Parkes being hurt. I hope you have explained that my stay was short and that I really had not time to go to Leamington. Is Mr. Bray coming to London soon, as he supposed? I enclose Geo. Combe's sequel to the Mesmeric Case. Please return it. This letter is of course for Sara as well. I have not time to write to all three separately. Bless you, dear ones.

Ever your true
Marian.

Mrs. Chapman's thanks for the Fig-pudding.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 1 MAY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* May 2. 1852. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 278.

Dearest Friends

I like to remind you of me on Sunday morning when you look at the flowers and listen to music, so I send a few lines, though I have not much time to spare today. After Tuesday I will write you a longer letter and tell you all about everything.

Thank you for the Herald. Your quotations are conclusive but I wish you had left out the allusion to the "prophets" of the present day, and confined yourself to the illustration of the effect of italics.[4]

Dr. Brabant called yesterday and brought bad news—namely, that his £800 must be repaid in the course of 2 years. This is *entre nous.*

I am going to the Opera tonight to hear the *Huguenots.*[5] See what a fine thing it is to pick up people who are short-sighted enough to like

1. Molière, *Le Médecin malgré lui,* II, iv.

3. See Introduction: Spencer.

4. Bray omitted italics from Sibree's letter in the *Herald,* 23 April 1852 because they were not in the book he quoted from. If the last word were italicized in the text "Saddle me the ass, and they saddled *him,*" it would be unjust to the prophet, Bray says; he might think differently about "some of the 'prophets' of our own day." (*Herald,* 30 April, 1852, p. 4c.)

5. This confirms the date.

one.[6] I send an autograph of Douglas Jerrold's for Sara. More on Wednesday.

Ever your
Marian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, 5 MAY [1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1852. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 278–280; *George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 52.

Wednesday | May 5.

Dearest Friends

The meeting last night[7] went off triumphantly, and I saluted Mr. Chapman with "See the Conquering Hero Comes" on the piano at 12 o'clock, for not until then was the last magnate except Herbert Spencer out of the house. I sat *at* the door for a short time, but soon got a chair within it and heard and saw everything.

Dickens in the chair—a position he fills remarkably well, preserving a courteous neutrality of eyebrow, and speaking with clearness and decision. His appearance is certainly disappointing—no benevolence in the face and I think little in the head—the anterior lobe not by any means remarkable. In fact he is not distinguished looking in any way —neither handsome nor ugly, neither fat nor thin, neither tall nor short.

Mr. Chapman read his statement[8] very well and looked distinguished and refined even in that assemblage of intellectuals. Letters were read from R. Chambers, Geo. Combe, MacCulloch, Cobden, James Wilson, De Morgan etc.[9] Babbage moved the first resolution[1]—an ugly man and a bad speaker but a great authority. Charles Knight[2] is a

6. An allusion to Spencer?

7. For accounts of the meeting held by the opponents of the Booksellers' Association at Chapman's house see the *Times,* 6 May 1852, p. 6b, and the *Leader,* 8 May 1852, pp. 433–434. Sympathy with Chapman's opposition to price fixing prompted R. H. Macy and Co. to publish an account of his struggle in *The Author's Wallet,* compiled by Paul Hollister, New York, 1934.

8. It is reprinted in *The Author's Wallet,* pp. 46–64.

9. The *Leader* lists the following from whom letters were read: "Mr. Cobden, M.P., Mr. Thomas Carlyle [whose letter is quoted entire], Mr. John Stuart Mill, Professor de Morgan, Mr. Henry Cole, Mr. James Wilson, M.P., Mr. W. J. Fox, M.P., Mr. George Combe, Mr. J. R. McCulloch, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., Mr. R. Chambers of Edinburgh, Mr. Leigh Hunt, Mr. R. W. Mackay, Mr. A. D. Rich, Mr. R. W. Proctor, Dr. Pereira, and others."

1. Charles Babbage (1792–1871), mathematician and inventor of a calculating machine. All five resolutions are published in the *Leader.*

2. Charles Knight (1791–1873).

beautiful elderly man with a modest but firm enunciation, and he made a wise and telling speech which silenced one or two vulgar, ignorant booksellers who had got into the meeting by mistake. One of these—Willis—no—Southron [3]—began by complimenting Dickens—"views held by such worthy and important gentlemen, *which is your worthy person in the chair.*" Dickens looked respectfully neutral. These four [4] booksellers were a capital foil to all the other men in the room, and they happened to sit all in a row. Their faces contrasted with those of the authors were in every sense a primâ facie argument against them. The most telling speech of the evening was Prof. Tom Taylor's [5]—as witty and brilliant as one of George Dawson's. Professor Owen's [6] too was remarkably good. He had a resolution to move as to the bad effect of the trade restrictions on scientific works, and gave his own experience in illustration. Speaking of the slow and small sale of scientific books of a high class, he said, in his silvery bland way, alluding to Willis's boast that the retail booksellers *recommended* the works of less known authors—"for which limited sale we are doubtless indebted to the kind recommendation of our friends, the retail booksellers"—whereupon these worthies, taking it for a bonâ fide compliment, cheered enthusiastically. Dr. Lankester,[7] Prof. Newman, Robert Bell [8] and others spoke well, and every resolution was carried. Owen has a tremendous head and looked, as he was, the greatest celebrity of the meeting. Geo. Cruikshanks, too, made a capital speech, in an admirable moral spirit. He is the most homely, genuine looking man, not unlike the pictures of Captain Cuttle.[9]

So now I hope poor Mr. Chap. will have a little time to attend to his business which is needing him awfully—in fact his private affairs are wearing a melancholy aspect. However he has worked well and in a good spirit at this great question and has shewn a degree of talent, and power of mastering a subject which have won him general admiration.

I forgot to say that the sense of the meeting was decidedly against a

3. George Willis and Henry Sotheran were partners at 136 Strand.

4. The *Leader* mentions also Trelawney Saunders, who declared that the Booksellers' Association protected the profits of retailers.

5. Tom Taylor (1817–80), dramatist and editor of *Punch*, was at this time Assistant Secretary to the London Board of Health.

6. Richard Owen (1804–92), naturalist, was Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology 1836–56.

7. Edwin Lankester (1814–74), Senior Physician to the Farringdon Dispensary and a lecturer at the medical school adjoining St. George's Hospital.

8. Robert Bell (1800–67), journalist and editor of Bell's English Poets.

9. In Dickens's *Dombey and Son*, illustrated not by George Cruikshank but by H. K. Browne.

deputation to Lord Campbell [1]—the absurdity of making an individual opinion of importance in the matter was very strongly expressed on all hands, so the resolutions are to be sent to him with the names of the authors giving their adhesion, and a short note from Charles Dickens. By the way, I shall be able to pick up some autographs for Sara.

I went to hear the Huguenots on Saturday evening. It was a rich treat. Mario and Grisi and Formes and that finest of orchestras under Costa.

Dear Miss Parkes came straight to me on Saturday after her journey home—it appears she *did* expect an invitation.

I am going to a concert to-night—Jetty Trefts, Sivori, Formes etc.[2] This is all very fine, but in the meantime I am getting as haggard as an old witch under London atmosphere and influences.

Write again very soon and tell me something about yourselves. I shall be glad to have sent me my Shakspeare, Goethe, Byron and Wordsworth, if you will be so good as to take the trouble of packing them.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
LONDON, [13 MAY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Cara

Miss Swanwick begs me to forward the enclosed note to Mr. Bray.

Thank you, dearie, for your last little note. You don't see the Times, or you would be edified this morning by a capital speech of Gladstone's on the Bookselling Question—i.e. in the House of Commons on occasion of his motion for abolishing the paper and stamp duties—a motion negatived, however, by a considerable majority.[3]

I am going to Sydenham this morning to stay all night.[4] Tell Sara I

1. John Campbell, 1st Baron Campbell (1779–1861), at this time Lord Chief Justice. He had been instrumental in getting the Copyright Act passed in 1842. The Association had agreed to submit their case to a committee consisting of Lord Campbell, Dean Milman, and George Grote, accepting their decision without appeal.

2. Annual concert of Emanuel Abraham Aguilar (1824–1904), pianist, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Mlle Jetty Trefts, soprano; Karl Johann Formes, bass; Ernesto Camillo Sivori, violinist.

3. *Times*, 13 May 1852, p. 3a, d.

4. At Mrs. Peter Alfred Taylor's.

will write to her when I come back. I am so grieved to hear of her renewed cold.

Ever thy
Marian.

Strand | Thursday Morning.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES,
[LONDON, 13 MAY 1852]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | 2 Saville Row. *Postmark:* Strand C. | MY 13 | 1852 | A. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Friend

I am going to Sydenham this morning to stay all night, so I am obliged to give up the pleasure of spending this evening with you, as I should have liked to do.

I enclose a letter pro forma for Mrs. Parkes.

Your affectionate
Marian Evans.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [17 MAY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* May 17. *Hitherto unpublished.*

"Central Situation" [5] | Monday.

Dear Friend

Your letter to Parker is excellent, bravissimo. I hope you are not yourself the "Liberal Churchman," though I fear there is no one else in Coventry who could write so smartly. I confess I think you have been in the wrong in some of your witticisms at Mr. Sibree's expense, and I should be still more sorry if you twisted the flag of 'the Church' as a trick of expediency.[6]

I am so sad to hear of Cara's tooth-ache. Send me better news of her when you can.

Your affectionate Friend
Marian Evans.

5. An allusion to the advertisement of Chapman's house at 142 Strand: "The central position of the House . . . affords peculiar facilities to Strangers and to all who wish to economise their time." See [11 April 1850].

6. For details of this newspaper war, which began 19 March with Bray's remark that the best way to study Revelation is to study the laws of nature, see [24 May 1852].

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[LONDON, 17 MAY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* May 13. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Monday.

Dear Sara

Headache again this morning—the evening and the morning being the fifth day [7] of it, so I take unkindly to letter writing as to everything else. I spent Thursday and Friday at the Taylors, at Sydenham, thereby missing something better of course—namely seeing Fonblanque [8] at Mrs. Parkes's. Mrs. Sidney Hawks, formerly Miss Ashurst,[9] came to Mrs. Taylor's on Friday and smoked her cigarette with a charming nonchalance. Harriet Martineau has sent us an article on Niebuhr [1] (don't tell). By the way she is a perfect lady in her letters and in little matters of detail, so far as I have seen, and shews to advantage compared with her brother.

Yesterday we dined at Mr. Johnson's at Shacklewell. Your Adonis Mr. Badler was there. There is a charming drawing hanging up in the dining-room—*The Pleiads*—a group of female forms, of course, with a star on each of their heads. I liked it particularly. Can't you do something of the same sort?

I'm so glad to hear that your cold is on the wane.

Ever thine
Pollian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 24 MAY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 281.

Monday.

Dearest Friends

I was very naughty not to write to you on Saturday, but I don't feel resigned to the punishment of hearing nothing from any of you this

7. Genesis 1:23.

8. Albany Fonblanque (1793–1872), editor of the *Examiner* 1830–47 and its proprietor, had been one of the early contributors to the *Westminster Review*.

9. Daughter of William Henry Ashurst (1792–1855), who was active with Peter Taylor in the Friends of Italy and a supporter of many radical causes. "He was an outspoken advocate of the political and social equality of the sexes. He brought up his daughters in habits of independent thought and action." (*DNB*.)

1. "Political Life and Sentiments of Niebuhr," *Westminster Review*, 58 (July 1852), 142–173.

morning. My days have slipt away in a most mysterious fashion lately —chiefly I suppose in long walks and long talks.

When shall you be out of hot water? I am tired of having all my friends at feud with somebody or other. The Gordon affair [2] I deeply regret—and I must say that had you—Mr. Bray—been the author of the circular signed "a liberal churchman"—his retort would have been richly deserved. You say nothing about Cara's tooth so I hope it has been quiet lately.

Our Monday evenings are dying off—not universally regretted—but we are expecting one or two people tonight. I have nothing to tell except that I went to the opera on Thursday and heard La Juive [3]—and moreover fell in love with Prince Albert who was unusually animated and prominent. He has a noble, genial intelligent expression and is altogether a man to be proud of. As for the Queen, she is deplorable—worse and worse the more one looks at her—so utterly mean in contour and expression.

I am going next Thursday to see Grisi in Norma.[4] She is quite beautiful this season, thinner than she was and really younger looking. I know this is a stupid letter, but I will write when I am more in the vein. This is to assure you of my constant thought and love.

Pollian.

2. Bray's advocacy of purely secular education made him the target of Churchmen and Dissenters alike. Between March and June 1852 W. T. Rosevear, the Baptist, John Gordon, the Unitarian, and John Sibree, the Independent minister all wrote long letters to the *Herald*, which Bray published with longer rebuttals In May Gordon circulated a handbill defending Sibree from the attack made on him in a similar handbill printed at the *Herald* office and signed "A Liberal Churchman." A letter over this signature appeared in the *Herald*, 28 May 1852, p. 4d–e, retorting sarcastically to Gordon. Gordon apparently stood stoutly by his principles When G. J Holyoake, the freethinker and socialist agitator, was greeted by a hooting audience in St. Mary's Hall, Coventry (21 October 1853), Mr. Gordon stepped on the stage and asked for fair play to all opinions. "No voice so powerful and eloquent as his does Coventry hold," said the *Leader*, 5 November 1853, p. 1070. When he left Coventry in 1854 a public dinner was given him, and the *Standard* printed an appreciative letter about him.

3. At Covent Garden 20 May 1852, when Gueymard, the French tenor, made his début. The Queen and Prince Albert were present "and remained from the beginning to the end of the performance" (*Times*, 22 May 1852.)

4. At Covent Garden 27 May 1852. GE probably went to both performances with Spencer, who had free admission as subeditor of the *Economist*.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
LONDON, 27 MAY [1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1852. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 281–282; *George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 53–54.

142 Strand | May 27.

Dearest Cara

Delighted to have a letter from *you* once again, and to know that the tooth-ache has fled—without carrying away the tooth, I hope.

You talk of poor Mr. Chapman's laurels—alas, alas, he is suffering the most torturing anxiety, advertising for a partner in half-despair of getting another kind of aid from Mr. Gardner. (These are secrets of course). The immediate difficulty is how to pay the authorship of the next number of the W.R.—a sum of £250!

He sits in the shop the greater part of the day now, and is about to part with Mr. Beveridge, as a step in retrenchment. I suppose I am telling you these things on the ordinary principle of consolation—"You see there are others as badly off as you"—but I am afraid this is no balm to you good creatures who have the weakness to care almost as much for other people's sorrows as for your own.

The weather is horrid and depresses me more than I have ever felt it before. I look like one of those old hags we used to see by the wayside in Italy—only a little worse, for want of the dark eyes and dark hair in contrast with the parchment.

My brightest spot next to my love of *old* friends, is the deliciously calm *new* friendship that Herbert Spencer gives me. We see each other every day and have a delightful *camaraderie* in everything. But for him, my life would be desolate enough now, with poor Mr. C. so occupied and so sad—but he runs away with a great deal of my time.

Kate Martineau called the other day with a friend of hers. I have not been to see the Mackays yet. The Chapmans brought rather a melancholy account of him. They think him rather worse than otherwise for the marriage.[5] I am so grieved to hear that Sara does not get better. What a wretched lot of old shrivelled creatures we shall be bye-and-bye. Never mind, the uglier we get in the eyes of others the lovelier we shall be to each other—that has always been my firm faith about friendship, and now it is in a slight degree my experience.

Has Mr. Bray described to you Millais' picture of 'the Huguenot

5. Robert William Mackay was married at Christ Church, Marylebone, 31 March 1852 to Miss Frances Maseres Fellowes, daughter of the Rev. Robert Fellowes. See *Gentleman's Magazine,* 191 (May 1852), 512.

Knight'? [6] The face of the woman is never to be forgotten—I wish you could see it.

The Americans happily are pouring in now—hitherto there has been an alarming paucity of lodgers.

Miss Parkes had a grand ball last night. I was asked, but refused to go.[7] I hug letters from you all with rapture—do let me hear as often as you can. Madame D'Albert has sent me the sweetest letter just like herself and I feel grateful to have such a heart remembering and loving me on the other side of the Jura. They are very well and flourishing.

A thousand loves to Sara and Mr. Bray.

Your
Marian.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES,
LONDON, [1 JUNE 1852]

MS: New York Public Library. *Address:* Miss Parkes | 2 Saville Row. *Postmark:* 8 NT 8 | JU 1 | 1852. *Hitherto unpublished.*

142 Strand | Tuesday.

Dear Friend

The malicious little Pucks who manage human affairs of course contrive that we should always miss each other. I am so confident that they would play us the same trick if I walked to Savile [8] Row for the sake of seeing you, that in the impossibility of finding time to do half what I want to do just now I must beg you to "consider yourself called upon"—and to have the charity to turn in here whenever any business or pleasure brings you into my neighbourhood without regard to reciprocity in visits. I was very sorry to lose the pleasure you so kindly intended for me—of seeing Miss Leigh Smith. I hope some compensation is in reserve for me.

By the bye, I think our projected visit to the Academy which was to depend on your being disengaged must be put off for a week or two, which will be of no consequence to any of us, as we have all seen the pictures.

Yours, with hearty love
Marian Evans.

6. "The Huguenot on St. Bartholomew's Day," at the Royal Academy. The *Leader*, 8 May 1852, p. 450, pronounces it "the master-piece of the Exhibition."

7. Henry Crabb Robinson attended; "came home between 1 and 2, brought by Mrs. P. Martineau. A numerous party, as I expected, chiefly of political and sectarian friends." (MS Diary, Dr. Williams's Library.)

8. Like the maps of the time, GE wavers between one *l* and two; this is the correct spelling.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY AND SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [LONDON, 2 JUNE 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed.* June 2. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 282; *George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 42–43.

Wednesday.

Dear Trio

No good news yet, but I have a Micawber-faith that something will turn up. Geo. Combe called yesterday while I was out, and by some chance he talked of Mr. Bray's affairs—thinks the Editor of the Herald has too small a head to make the paper answer and that you should have a partner in the ribbon business. I suppose he came primed with all this to say to me and not finding me, let it off at Mr. Chapman. Don't of course let him (Geo. Combe) be aware that I have told you. Mrs. Combe [9] called the other day, looking perfectly beautiful—a blooming complexion like a girl of fifteen and a smile as bright and cheery as a flower-garden.

We went to Miss Swanwick's for a stupid evening on Saturday—12 women and 2½ men! The house is brimful of Americans with varying degrees of disagreeableness, but one is glad to think they pay well for their lodging. Good Mr. Mackay called on me yesterday, though I have not yet paid my wedding visit. He looked more miserable and ashamed of presuming to exist than I ever saw him. I asked him how they liked Weymouth (where they staid). "Not at all, not at all, but it was not the fault of the place"! I think I shall go this evening.

I am bothered to death with article-reading and scrap-work of all sorts—it is clear my poor head will never produce anything under these circumstances, but I am patient while Mr. C. is in such a preliminary [predicament?] and only care to help him as much as I can.

I am ashamed to teaze you so—but I must beg you to send me Geo. Sand's works (tomorrow or Friday if possible) and also I shall be grateful if you will lend me—what I think you have—an English edition of *Corinne,* and Miss Austin's "Sense and Sensibility." [1]

Dear Sara, the Catalogue [2] is really coming out—the wrapper is printed!

9. Mrs. George Combe was Cecilia Siddons, daughter of the actress Mrs. Sarah Siddons.

1. George Sand and Jane Austen were among the novelists discussed in Lewes's "The Lady Novelists," *Westminster Review,* 58 (July 1852), 129–141. George Willis Cooke, *George Eliot: A Critical Study,* Boston, 1883, ch. 7, attributes this article to GE, and other writers (e.g., H H. Bonnell, *Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot, Jane Austen,* New York, 1902, p. 374) have copied the error.

2. The British Museum received *An Analytical Catalogue of Mr. Chapman's Publications* 14 June 1852.

Disraeli is divinely handsome if one can trust his portrait[3] in the exhibition.

Harriet Martineau's article on Niebuhr will not go in the July number.[4] I am sorry for it—it is admirable. After all she is a *trump*—the only English woman that possesses thoroughly the art of writing. I am in such a hurry that you must not wonder at my hop skip and jump style—By the bye, we met that odious Mrs. Richard Greaves at Miss Swanwick's. She is fearful—her whole organization seems made for the sake of her teeth—if indeed they are not false. Farewell, dear ones,

Your
Marian.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES,
[LONDON, 4? JUNE? 1852]

MS. The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Friday.

Chère Enfant

I find there are unexpected obstacles to my making any proposition to Mrs. Chapman about the visitors on Monday evening, so, if you do not receive an invitation from her, you must not come.

Forgive me my mistake, and ask your sweet-faced friend to forgive me too.

Marian Evans.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 5 JUNE 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* June 5. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 282–283.

Saturday.

Dearest Friends

Many thanks for the books which came yesterday so nicely packed. We went to Mr. Mackay's on Wednesday evening, and met there Miss Marshall[5] and several other Misses. Mr. M. looked more cheery and smart in his own house as usual. Mrs. M. is disagreeably nervous and wanting in ease. One feels very glad when she has done her duty-talk.

3. By Francis Grant at the Royal Academy.

4. It did, however: 58 (July 1852), 142–173.

5. Miss Mary Marshall, a cousin of Mrs. Bray.

On Thursday morning I went to St. Paul's to see the Charity Children assembled and hear their singing.[6] Berlioz[7] says it is the finest thing he has heard in England and this opinion of his induced me to go. I was not disappointed—it is worth doing once especially as we got out before the sermon.

I had a long call from George Combe yesterday. They are going to the Continent after their stay in London. He says, he thinks the Westminster, under *my* management the most important means of enlightenment of a literary nature in existence—the Edinburgh, under Jeffrey, nothing to it etc. etc!!! *I* wish I thought so too. A Mr. Bastard[8] has agreed to give £60 in the form of payment for articles, but no more extensive help has presented itself. Mr. Atkinson paid me a long visit the other day—I can't help liking him though if one could feel ill naturedly towards him there is occasion if not matter for ridicule. He has no profession or occupation—does not even mesmerize, as he has found it injure his health.

The Herald came to me this morning. Unless when there is something you particularly wish me to see, it seems a pity to send it, as I have no time to read it. A thousand loves to you all.

Your
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[LONDON, 9 JUNE 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 1852. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 283–284.

Wednesday.

Dear Sara

If you have not an autograph of Lewes I think you will like the enclosed—as a very characteristic one.

After all, I begin to hope that our next number will be the best

6. The Anniversary Meeting of the Charity Schools. See the *Times*, 4 June 1852, p. 8. The meeting is described by John Weale, *London Exhibited in 1852*, 1852, p. 629, as "the assemblage of between *seven and eight thousand* boys and girls, clothed and educated by voluntary subscriptions. The effect of the mass treble produced by this multitude of youthful voices is beyond description. . . . The meeting takes place at Morning Service . . . the children being elevated on galleries round the dome, the congregation filling the area under the dome and in the nave."

7. Hector Berlioz (1802–69), French composer.

8. Thomas Hollock Bastard (1796–1898) of Charlton Marshall, Blandford, Dorsetshire, like Combe, was interested in educational reform. (Boase and *Times*, 12 February 1898, p. 12.)

yet. Forbes [9] is good—Froude [1] ditto—and James Martineau,[2] if I may judge from a glance at a few of his pages, admirable. Lewes has written us an agreeable article on Lady Novelists—there is a mysterious contribution to the Independent Section—F. Newman [3] has done his best, and we are hoping that an article on Edinburgh Literary Men yet to come will be very good—if not, we shall put in Niebuhr, which is capital.[4]

These are grand secrets, so don't tell Mr. Bray the names without giving him a long lecture beforehand.

Ever thine,
Pollian.

Did you have the Catalogue?

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 14 JUNE 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 12. 1852. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 284; *George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 49.

Monday.

Dearest Friends

The opera, Chiswick Flower Show, the French play, and the Lyceum,[5] all in one week, brought their natural consequences of headache and hysterics all yesterday. At 5 o'clock I felt quite sure that life was unendurable and that I must consider the most feasible method of suicide as soon as the revises are gone to press. This morning, however, the weather and I are both better, having cried ourselves out and used up all our clouds, and I can even contemplate living six months longer. Was there ever anything more dreary than this June?

Pray what are Mr. and Mrs. Pears doing? I thought they were coming to town in May. My love to them, however. Tell Sara, the mysterious contribution is rejected and there will be no Independent in this num-

9. [Edward Forbes], "The Future of Geology," *Westminster Review,* 58 (July 1852), 67–94.

1. [James Anthony Froude], "England's Forgotten Worthies," pp. 32–67.

2. [James Martineau], "The Restoration of Belief," pp 173–204.

3. [Francis William Newman], "The Tendencies of England" [i.e., toward socialism], pp. 110–128.

4. "Lord Jeffrey and the Edinburgh Review," pp. 95–110, and [Harriet Martineau], "The Political Life and Sentiments of Niebuhr," pp. 142–173, both appeared.

5. The letter is dated by these events. *Robert le diable* at Covent Garden 8 June 1852; the French plays *La Dernière Conquête* and *Le Lait d'Anesse* at the St. James's Theater 11 June; the Chiswick flower show 12 June. At the Lyceum GHL's *Taking by Storm* was running, and a new farce *Very Suspicious* was produced for the first time 12 June.

ber. I shall write to her another day. The house is quite full—the Brewitts,[6] Mrs. Chapman's relations, being here with the little deaf and dumb boy—an interesting creature.[7]

I am distressed to hear that you are all ailing with Influenza. I should like to see you very much—nay, it is fast becoming a necessity to me—so don't be surprized if I announce an intention of that sort by and bye. I told Herbert Spencer of your invitation, Mr. Bray, not mentioning that you asked him *with me*. He said he should like to accept it—but I think it would be better for him to go down when I am with you. We certainly could not go together, for all the world is setting us down as engaged—a most disagreeable thing if one chose to make oneself uncomfortable. 'Tell it not in Gath' [8] however—that is to say, please to avoid mentioning our names together, and pray burn this note, that it may not lie on the chimney piece for general inspection.

Your faithful
Marian.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON, [15 JUNE 1852]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope.* Miss Parkes | Salt Hill Hotel | near Slough. *Postmarks:* EM | JU 15 | 1852; SLOUGH | JU 16 | 1852. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Tuesday Morning.

Dear Hamadryad

Your picture of the country was so enchanting to me at breakfast this morning that I forthwith formed the project of setting off by the train to join you and spend a few hours with you among said brooks and corn-fields. But on inquiring into the details of the journey I found so many lions in the way that my sluggard body shrank from carrying my longing spirit whither it would be. So I write instead to bless you for remembering me and to wish you forty—only about forty—more birthdays [9] each happier than its predecessor—which is quite possible with children and grandchildren around you. Life, it is true, is gener-

6. Bellamy Brewitt (1809–86), Mrs. John Chapman's brother, B. A. Peterhouse, Cambridge, 1833, was Curate at Truro 1849–52 and at Wells 1853–56, and Vicar of Westbury-sub-Mendip, Somerset, 1857–86. (*Alumni Cantabrigienses*)

7. Walter John Chapman (1848–1914?), third child of John and Susanna Chapman, deaf and dumb from birth, was brought up from infancy by Mr. Brewitt. He married and had a daughter, and is described by Mr. Sydney Race of Nottingham, who knew him, as "alert and well-informed, despite his great handicap." See *Notes and Queries*, 180 (26 April 1941), 294.

8. II Samuel 1:20.

9. Miss Parkes was born 16 June 1829.

ally a deplorable anti-climax if one lives to old age, but that is because the old have not learned to live a sympathetic life while they were young, and you, who will touch more closely on the Millenium than I, will both get a glimpse and give an example of better things.

I am sadly in need of those same confidences nature is giving you —for between theatre-going and proof-reading, my spiritual eyes are burning as dim and bleared as gas-lights and crying have made my bodily ones. But I must wait another fortnight, and then go to the glorious sea to get regenerating baptism—who knows that nature will not give me some confidences too, and send me back so wise and strong that even you, saucy one, will venerate me once more? In haste ever

Your affectionate
Marian Evans.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY AND SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [LONDON], 21 JUNE 1852

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 283.

June 21. 1852.

Dear Trio

Your joint assurance of welcome strengthens the centripetal force that would carry me to you, but on the other hand sundry considerations are in favour of the centrifugal force which I suppose will carry me to Broadstairs or Ramsgate. On the whole I prefer to keep my visit to you as a *bonne bouche* when I am just in the best physical and mental state for enjoying it. I hope to get away on Saturday or on Wednesday at the latest.

Who should walk in the other day but Mrs. Pears? I was delighted to have her for an hour—though half the pleasure was destroyed by seeing her suffer from a bad headache.

I think the 3d number of the W.R. will be capital—thoroughly readable and yet not frothy. Poor Mr. Chapman has been in agonies of anxiety about money matters, but there is a patch of blue visible between the clouds now. Nothing has happened worth telling you.

Pray is the opposition paper come out? [1] Mr. Beveridge told Mr. Chapman that it was—indeed I think Mr. C. said he had seen a number of it, and moreover that it was partly printed in London!! Do you know that dodge? There is a printing office where the *general* news of

1. The Coventry *Advertiser and Warwickshire Express*, started by T. A. Marrs 4 June 1852 to represent "the advanced school of progress," lasted only until 28 August.

provincial papers is done—the other half of the space being filled up in the country with the local news.

I have nothing more to say—so I had better say it.

Ever your true and loving
Marian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON], 23 JUNE [1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1852. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 283.

June 23.

Dear Friend

I have assured Herbert Spencer that you will think it a sufficiently formal answer to the invitation you sent him through Mr. Lewes if I tell you that he will prefer waiting for the pleasure of a visit to you until I am with you—if you will have him then. *Entre nous,* if Mr. Lewes should not accept your invitation now, pray don't ask him when I am with you—not that I don't like him—*au contraire*—but I want nothing so Londonish when I go to enjoy the fields and hedgerows and yet more, friends of ten years' growth.

Mr. Chapman says I can't leave before today week, as he will be unable to escort me [2]—that is to say, he and Mrs. C.—before then. I wish you could all go with me instead.

I spent the evening at Mr. Parkes's on Monday. Yesterday Herbert Spencer brought his father [3] to see me—a large-brained, highly informed man, with a certain quaintness and simplicity—altogether very pleasing.

Good Geo. Combe is making efforts for Mr. C. and I hope something will come of them.

Love to Cara and Sara and a kiss for Nelly 

Ever your affectionate
Marian Evans.

I should be *so* grateful for a remnant of ribbon—white if possible.

2. To Broadstairs, where GE spent her holiday.

3. William George Spencer (1790–1866). Herbert Spencer wrote Cross 21 October 1884 that until 1881 he had "never dropped a word to any one—not even my father" concerning the relations between GE and himself.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [LONDON, 25 JUNE 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 1852. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Sara

These are very shabby autographs which I send you, but as Mr. C. is an amateur of autographs himself, I find it difficult to get even these. J. S. Mill, C. Knight, Theodore Parker,[4] and R. M. Milnes, "our good Richard," are the names.

I enclose a letter of Mr. Atkinson's for your edification. Please to return it. I have just had a very charming one from Miss Parkes, too, who is out at Slough and asked me to go to her among the cornfields. She is a dear, good creature. I wish I could throw myself heartily into the love of other women besides you and Cara—but somehow the male friends always eclipse the female—pardon the word.

Ever thine, in haste,
Pollian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 29 JUNE 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 28. 1852. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Tuesday.

Dear Friend

It flashed across my mind yesterday that I had never answered Cara's question about Alison on 'Population.'[5] Mr. Chapman *has* it. Pray did he purchase of you Mill's 'Analysis of the Human Mind,'[6] or have you it still? Thank you a thousand times for the ribbon. But you sent me some rather hard words with it. I am not going to the coast *with* any one[7]—but simply to do my health good—heaven knows with need enough. Shall you not be better pleased to see me looking bright and well than sad and wizened? For I *mean* to go to you after I come back, if you will have me then.

4. Chapman had published several books by Theodore Parker (1810–60), the American Unitarian, and was about to bring out *A Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion*, 1852.

5. Archibald Alison (1792–1867), *The Principles of Population and Their Connection with Human Happiness*, 2 vols., Edinburgh, 1840.

6. James Mill (1773–1836), *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*, 2 vols., 1829.

7. In his *Autobiography*, I, 407, Spencer remarks with careful vagueness of this summer: "Two of my weekly vacations were spent at the sea side; and later on in the season, I had a few pleasant days with Miss Evans's friends, the Brays, at Coventry."

You are to be pleased to accept half the Catalogues sent as a present from me—Mr. C. will have it so.

Geo. Combe is indefatigable in writing and thinking for us. I hope some good will come to Mr. C. from his efforts. Our next number will be worth reading, I think. Don't you see what a splendid list of subjects we have? [8]

Best of loves to Cara. By the bye, I must tell you that Miss Florence Nightingale has read the Philosophy of Necessity and asked about you —as an author.[9] In haste

Yours affectionately
Marian Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[LONDON, 29 JUNE 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* June. *Brief extracts published:* Cross, I, 284; *George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 48.

Tuesday Morning.

My dear Sara

Mrs. S. Smith [1] *had* called on me before she received your letter of introduction, and Miss Florence Nightingale with her. I like them both, especially Mrs. S. Smith, who has more freedom and simplicity than any *un*distinguished woman of her age I ever saw. By freedom and simplicity, I mean non-subjection to "formulas." They came again last night with Miss Carter,[2] your Hilary—and Madame Mohl,[3] whose

8 The table of contents of the July *Westminster Review* was being advertised in the papers: "On the 30th inst. will be published," etc.

9. Florence Nightingale (1820–1910), having returned from studying nursing at Kaiserswerth was apparently "on the brink of conversion to Catholicism. . . . During the summer of this year she began an attempt to formulate 'a new religion for the Artizans of England,' aiming at demonstrating that free thought is not incompatible with belief in God. . . . The moral world, she contended, was ruled by laws as fixed in their operation as those which science had recently discovered ruled the physical world. . . . When Manning read her manuscript, he decided that she was not in the requisite state of mind for admission into the Church of Rome." (Cecil Woodham-Smith, *Florence Nightingale,* New York, London, Toronto, McGraw-Hill [1951], pp. 64–65. The influence of Bray's *The Philosophy of Necessity* is obvious.

1. Mrs. Samuel Smith (1798–1889) was Mary Shore, a sister of William Edward Shore Nightingale, father of Florence. Her husband was a brother of Mrs. Nightingale. Mrs. Smith sympathized with Florence's aspirations and supported her in opposition to her family. She visited her at Scutari during the Crimean War and lived with her as companion for several years afterward.

2. Joanna Hilary Bonham Carter, eldest daughter of John Bonham Carter. Miss Hennell had been her governess at Ditcham, near Petersfield, in 1838; a warm friendship between them lasted until Hilary's death in 1865.

3. Mary Clarke Mohl (1793–1883),

make-up was certainly extraordinary, but I suppose she is a superior woman. We had quite a constellation, a beautiful American authoress, Miss Sara Clarke, alias Grace Greenwood,[4] being the greatest star.

I went to Kew yesterday on a scientific expedition with Herbert Spencer, who has all sorts of theories about plants—I should have said a *proof*-hunting expedition. Of course, if the flowers didn't correspond to the theories, we said, *'tant pis pour les fleurs.'* [5]

Mr. Chapman begged me to accept a dozen catalogues that I might present them to you and Mr. Bray, and I did not refuse, so you must do me the honour etc. Miss Parkes has introduced me to *Barbara* Smith,[6] whose expression I like exceedingly. I hope to know more of her.

Can you send me Miss Field's [7] address at Ramsgate? but don't say that I asked for it, as I should like to be free either to see her or not.

I go to Broadstairs on Saturday. I am sadly in want of the change, and would much rather present myself to you all when I can do you more credit as a friend.

Ever your loving
Pollian.

Write, some of you.
I wrote Miss Julia Smith etc. on the Catalogue as you desired.

born in London, educated in France, where she was an intimate of Mme Récamier, had married Julius Mohl, the orientalist, in 1847. Her *salon* in the Rue du Bac attracted celebrities for nearly forty years.

4. Sara Jane Clarke (1823–1904), born in Pompey, New York, had published *Greenwood Leaves*, 1850 and 1852; *Poems*, 1851; and *Recollections of My Childhood and Other Stories*, 1852, before going abroad. On returning home in 1853 she was married to Leander K. Lippincott of Philadelphia, with whom she edited a juvenile monthly. For her account of the evening at 142 Strand see the *Congregationalist*, 10 (April 1881), 293–299.

5. Frederic Harrison once spoke of Spencer's *Descriptive Sociology* as "a pile of clippings made to order" and insinuated that he "presented people with a garbled collection of extracts to prove a foregone conclusion." See Spencer's letter to J. W. Cross, 27 October 1884. (Yale.)

6. Barbara Leigh Smith, later Mme Bodichon (1827–91). See Introduction.

7. Lucy Field, daughter of the Rev. William Field, Unitarian minister at Warwick, was the principal teacher in the school her mother conducted at Leam House. Bessie Parkes had been educated there.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 30 JUNE 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 1. 1852. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Cara

Good, delightful Miss Montgomery[8] has just been here and has been asking me for news of Mr. Noel. She is going to Germany in a week and I have promised to send her what news I can get from you as this must be before *I* go. Write at once that I may hear from you on Friday. She wishes to know if Mr. Noel gets the Papers etc. and anything else you can tell me about him. I think you have said nothing to me about him since I saw her before. Oceans of love. In great haste

Your
Marian.

Wednesday.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 2 JULY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Last sentence published:* Cross, I, 284.

Friday Morning.

Dear Cara

Miss Montgomery's address is 76, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park. I have extracted all about Mr. Noel from your letter of this morning and sent it to her, but I am sure she will be glad to have some later news, for she asks like one who really wants to know.

I am very jealous of Miss Field. You don't care about me in the least.

I am busy packing today and am going to Mr. Parkes's to dinner.

Ever thine
Marian.

8. Mary Millicent Montgomery, described in 1813 by Lady Byron as "my most valued friend," was one of the few intimates who survived her. Edward Noel, according to E. C. Mayne, had estranged himself from Lady Byron "for some obscure but violently resented reason, and left her appeals for reconciliation unanswered." Miss Montgomery, however, remained on friendly terms with him. In 1846 Lady Byron wrote: "It never seems to strike M.M., when he goes to her for aid and comfort, that heartily as I rejoice in his receiving that comfort, I am not quite so sublimated as to rejoice also in being cast aside." (*The Life . . . of . . . Lady Noel Byron,* 1929, pp. 374, 376.)

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, BROADSTAIRS, [4 JULY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 4. 1852. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 285.

Chandos Cottage | Broadstairs.

Dear Cara

I warn you against Ramsgate which is a strip of London come out for an airing. Broadstairs is perfect, and I have the snuggest little lodgings conceivable with a motherly good woman and a nice little damsel of 14 to wait on me. There are only my two rooms in this cottage, but lodgings are plentiful in the place. Miss Field was once in these same lodgings and wanted to come here now, but that her medical man prescribed Ramsgate. I have a sitting-room about 8 feet by 9 and a bedroom a little larger, yet in that small space there is almost every comfort. Miss Field called last night with her brother,[9] but unfortunately I was out and so missed her. I pay a guinea a week for my rooms, so I shall not ruin myself by staying a month unless I commit excesses in coffee and sugar.

I am thinking whether it would not be wise to retire from the world and live here for the rest of my days. With some fresh paper on the walls and an easy chair I think I could resign myself. Come and tell me your opinion.

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, BROADSTAIRS, 13 JULY [1852]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Chandos Cottage | Broadstairs | July 13.

Dear Friend

I cannot let the post go without sending you a line in answer to your letter of this morning which distressed me very much—but I am obliged to write very hurriedly, as I am not alone. I am ashamed that I did not acknowledge the receipt of the income-tax papers. I quite thought I had done so, and can only account for the omission by the agitation of feeling and the occupation of thought which I have had lately. Pray forgive me, and believe that I am not ungrateful for your kind atten-

9. Lucy Field had several brothers and sisters who often visited the Brays.

tion to me. Do not add to the burthen of sadness which I have already by writing me harsh reproving letters. I sent the papers to Somerset House according to the address, but I have heard nothing of them since. I will write again to-morrow or the next day. This evening I am obliged to hurry.

Ever your affectionate
Marian E.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, BROADSTAIRS, [14 JULY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 12. 1852. *Extract published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 62.

Wednesday.

Dear Friend

When I wrote to you yesterday I promised myself that I would send you a better edition of my thoughts and feelings about you today.

It is a thousand pities that you and Cara have given up coming here. After Tenby, this is the nicest sea place I have seen—so quiet and full of natural beauty. I saw Miss Field on Monday, and am to take tea with her to-morrow. She is very intimate with the Sharps,[1] intelligent Unitarians, who are here in a pleasant cottage. Mr. Sharp is the brother of Saml Sharp,[2] the historian of Egypt, an odd fish but a clever.

Mr. Chapman wrote me word yesterday that he was going to you a second time to 'explain his explanation.'[3] I trust your benevolence and fellow-feeling, or rather your sense of the importance, on other grounds than personal ones, that his position should be maintained will enable you to bear these visitations with patience. Of course, I am in great anxiety about him, and what is worse, I can do nothing. I have had a letter from Geo. Combe today containing the same hopeless opinion as the one you forwarded to me. I am surprized that you

1. Daniel Sharpe (1806–56), geologist. The youngest son of Sutton Sharpe, a brewer, he had spent a few years in Portugal before settling in London, where at this time he was a partner in the leading firm of Portuguese traders. He was an amateur archeologist and a geologist of considerable attainments. His sister Mary Sharpe was married to Lucy's brother Edwin Wilkins Field in 1830 but died the next year. (*DNB,* Boase.)

2. Samuel Sharpe (1799–1881), Egyptologist, was the second son of Sutton Sharpe. He entered the bank owned by his uncles Henry and Samuel Rogers (1763–1855, the poet), of which he was a partner 1821–61. He wrote several books on Egyptian history and hieroglyphics and was active all his life in Unitarian affairs. See P. W. Claydon, *Samuel Sharpe,* 1883.

3. Chapman was at Rosehill 7–9 July and again 13 July. He was also there over the weekend 31 July—2 August 1852. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

and he think so ill of Mr. C's affairs. My impression was that the business was in a thoroughly promising condition apart from the need of temporary assistance in capital.

Thank Sara for her note. I will write to her in a day or two, but I am sadly behind now with sundry readings and letters which have accumulated for the last few days.

Perhaps you and Cara will yet think better of it and come. Do. If nothing happens to oblige me to return to London I think of staying here longer than a month—probably till after August. Now August will be the best month for you to come. Perpend.

My nice, kind, blue-eyed landlady sprained her ancle the other day and has been obliged to keep her bed ever since. I like her and my lodgings vastly. Now pray forgive me all my sins of omission and commission—even if you are quite clear that you are immaculate and that I have nothing to forgive in you. It must be so easy to forgive when one is conscious of being all in the right. I confess I have never known that luxury—for I am your faulty but affectionate Friend

Marian.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES,
BROADSTAIRS, [15 JULY 1852]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | 2 Savile Row | London. *Endorsed:* July 16. Weybridge day. *Postmarks:* RAMSGATE | JY 15 | 1852 | C; NW? | 16 JY 16 | 1852. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Chandos Cottage | Broadstairs.

Dear Bessie

In return for those two glorious salmons of yours I send you a *sprat,* because I am not in the humour to write much and I mean to pay you the greatest of compliments—that of neglecting you without making any apologies—wherefrom you may gather that I truly love you.

Treating people ill is an infallible sign of special love with me.

Now, dear child, don't be playing pranks and shocking people, because I am told they lay it all to me and my bad influence over you. But I appeal to you whether I have not been the soberest properest of friends—whether the pink of conventionalism could have shewn a graver disapproval of your *chaussure* than I? But thus it is that goodness is misapprehended and maligned in this ill-conditioned world—*human* world that is—for the world of sea and sky and rocks and flowers

is anything but ill-conditioned. I am imbibing its peaceful beauty and dignity and half determining never to go back to that human world with its jealousies and unrest.

Publish the poems [4] with all my heart, but don't stop there. Work on and on and do better things still. I too will try to follow my own advice—and thus we can enjoy the Nile and all other things as workers —*willing* workers together with the Unnameable.

Ever thine
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, BROADSTAIRS, 16 JULY [1852]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 285–286.

Broadstairs | July 16.

Dear Sara

I thought of you last night when I was in a state of mingled rapture and torture—rapture at the sight of a glorious evening sky, torture at the sight and hearing of the belabouring given to the poor donkey which was drawing me from Ramsgate home. You will hear from Miss Field that her sister Alice has joined her.

I had a note from Miss Florence Nightingale yesterday. I was much pleased with her. There is a loftiness of mind about her which is well expressed by her form and manners. My talk the evening Miss Carter was at Mr. Chapman's [5] was chiefly with Miss Nightingale and Mrs. S. Smith. I have so profound a faith in your *likings,* if not in your *dislikings,* that I am quite sure any unfavourable impression about your Hilary is the sign of a want in me rather than in her. Had she been a person whom you had not prepared me to respect, I should have thought her rather affected and the least bit snobbish—that is thinking of her conventional rank and afraid lest you should overlook it. I was the more surprized at this that her friends seemed so entirely the reverse. I am far more agreeably impressed with Barbara Smith—one of the *tabooed* family [6]—who is Bessie Parkes's intimate friend.

Glad you are pleased with the Westminster. I do think it a rich number—matter for a fortnight's reading and thought. Lewes has not

4. *Poems,* by Bessie Rayner Parkes, published by John Chapman in November 1852.

5. 28 June 1852.

6. Benjamin Leigh Smith (1783–1860). See Introduction: Bodichon.

half done it justice in the Leader.[7] To my mind the Niebuhr article is as good as any of them.

If you could see me in my quiet nook! I am half ashamed of being in such clover both spiritually and materially while some of my friends are on the dusty highways without a tuft of grass or a flower to cheer them. A letter from you will be delightful. We seem to have said very little to each other lately. But I always know—rejoice to know that there is the same Sara for me as there is the same green earth and arched sky when I am good and wise enough to like the best things.

Ever thine
Pollian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, BROADSTAIRS, 21 JULY 1852

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 286–287.

Broadstairs | July 21. 52.

Dear Friend

Do not be anxious about me—there is no cause. I am profiting, body and mind, from quiet walks and talks with Nature—gathering 'Lady's Bedstraw'[8] and 'Rest Harrow' and other pretty things—picking up shells (not in the Newtonian sense,[9] but literally)—reading Aristotle to find out what is the chief good, and eating mutton chops that I may have strength to pursue it. If you insist on my writing about "Emotions," why, I must get some up expressly for the purpose. But I must own I would rather not, for it is the grand wish and object of my life to get rid of them as far as possible, seeing they have already had more than their share of my nervous energy.

Glad to hear that you don't think so desperately of Mr. Chapman's case. I shall not be in town on the 2d of August—at least I pray Heaven to forbid it.

It is a disappointment not to see you and Cara here, and I confess it passes my logic to understand why, if you wish to see me, as you say you

7. *Leader,* 10 July 1852, p. 663. GHL comments on four of the nine articles, omitting his own as well as Miss Martineau's article on Niebuhr.

8. Our Lady's Bedstraw, an old name for the *Galium verum.*

9. A short time before his death Newton said: "I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." (Sir David Brewster, *The Life of Sir Isaac Newton,* 1831, p. 338.)

do, you should choose to go in the opposite direction. But you know this failure to see the sequence between your actions and your feelings is an old deficiency of mine. However, I can sincerely say that I am grateful for all feeling and for all attention you can give me and am ever, under all circumstances,

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, BROADSTAIRS, [24–25 JULY 1852]

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Endorsed:* Marian Evans | July 25. 1852. *Published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 58–61.

Broadstairs | Saturday Evening.

Dear Friend

I laid Mr. Gilpin's note with the accompanying pamphlet on my desk the morning I left London, meaning to commend them to your care. I dare say you will find them in my room. If not, I believe the purport of Mr. Gilpin's note was that the writer of said pamphlet wished to know if an article on "Free Schools in Worcestershire" [1] (the subject of the pamphlet) would be accepted for the Westminster. I am not sure whether it was requested that the pamphlet should be noticed by us.

I return Froude's letter and Martineau's. Of course you will let Froude have his 26 pages.[2] As to Martineau, there is no doubt that he will write—"Self-interest well understood" [3] will secure that. Pray, how came you to tell him that J. S. Mill [4] was going to write? I have told you all along that he would flatly contradict Martineau and that there was nothing for it but to announce contradiction on our title-page. I think M. is right as to the 'idea' of a quarterly, but it is plain that the Westminster can't realize that 'idea.' However, if I were its proprietor and could afford to make it what I liked, it should certainly not represent the Martineau "School of thought." Not that I mean to decry him, or to speak superciliously of one so immeasurably superior to myself—I simply mean that I can't see things through spectacles of his colour.

1. George Griffith, *The Free Schools of Worcestershire and Their Fulfilment,* published by Charles Gilpin in monthly numbers, the first being dated May 1852.

2. J. A. Froude's article "The Oxford Commission," which headed the October number, ran to 31 pages.

3. Edmund Burke, "Reflections on the Revolution in France," *Works,* new ed., 1808–13, v, 270.

4. "Whewell's Moral Philosophy," *Westminster Review,* 58 (October 1852), 349–385.

What do you think of sending the note which I enclose to Miss Bronty? The thrice-announced parcel has just arrived. As to my disgraceful mistake about the stamps, I can only say—peccavi, peccavi. The only excuse I have to make is that I just glanced at the envelope in which you forwarded the same M.S. to me, and saw only two stamps on it. I need not say that I did not pause to use my reasoning faculty in the matter.

Don't suggest 'Fashion' as a subject to any one else—I should like to keep it.[5]

Sunday—This morning came (with the Athenæum and Leader, for which thanks) a letter from Geo. Combe announcing Dr. S. Brown's refusal to write said article for October. I enclose the letters of both. Please return Geo. Combe's with *the one of his which I sent you some time ago.* (See last page of my letter.) I am sorry for Dr. B's defection as I am very favourably impressed with the character of his mind. I wish Mr. Bastard would wait until January [6] and still get Dr. B. [7] to write. I shall say so to Geo. Combe. If yes, what do you say to Lewes on Lamarck? [8]

I have noticed the advertisement of the British Q[uarterl]y this morning.[9] Its list of subjects is excellent. I wish you could contrive to let me see the number when it comes out. They have one subject of which I am jealous—"Pre-Raphaelism in Painting and Literature." We have no good writer on such subjects on our staff. Ought we not, too, to try and enlist David Masson, who is one of the Br[itish] Q[uarterly] set? He wrote that article in the Leader on the Patagonian Missionaries,[1] which I thought very beautiful. Seeing 'Margaret Fuller' among their subjects makes me rather regret having missed the first moment for writing an article on her life myself, but I think she still may come in as one of a triad or quaternion.

I feel that I am a wretched helpmate to you, almost out of the world and incog. so far as I am in it. When you can afford to pay an Editor, if that time will ever come, you must get one. If you believe in Free Will, in the Theism that looks on manhood as a type of the godhead and on Jesus as the Ideal Man, get one belonging to the Martineau

5. Herbert Spencer finally wrote the article, "Manners and Fashion," 61 (April 1854), 357–392.

6. Perhaps "Charity, Noxious and Beneficent," 59 (January 1853), 62–88.

7. Samuel Brown's article was "The Atomic Theory before Christ and Since," 59 (January 1853), 167–196.

8. GHL wrote only his usual "Contemporary Literature of France" section, pp. 317–326.

9. *Times,* 24 July 1852, p. 10.

1. David Masson (1822–1907). His article in the *Leader,* 8 May 1852, pp. 442–443, is unsigned. GE may have learned it was his from GHL.

'School of thought,' and he will drill you a regiment of writers who will produce a Prospective on a larger scale, and so the Westminster may come to have 'dignity' in the eyes of Liverpool.

If not—if you believe, as I do, that the thought which is to mould the Future has for its root a belief in necessity, that a nobler presentation of humanity has yet to be given in resignation to individual nothingness, than could ever be shewn of a being who believes in the phantasmagoria of hope unsustained by reason—why then get a man of another calibre and let him write a fresh Prospectus, and if Liverpool theology and ethics are to be admitted, let them be put in the "dangerous ward," *alias,* the Independent Section.

The only third course is the present one, that of Editorial compromise. Martineau writes much that we can agree with and admire. Newman ditto, J. S. Mill still more, Froude a little less and so on. These men can write more openly in the Westminster than anywhere else. They are amongst the world's vanguard, though not all in the foremost line; it is good for the world, therefore, that they should have every facility for speaking out. Ergo, since each can't have a periodical to himself, it is good that there should be one which is common to them—id est, the Westminster. The grand mistake with respect to this plan is the paragraph in the Prospectus which announces the Independent Section and which thus makes the Editors responsible for everything outside that railing—Ah me! how wise we all are après coup.

If we don't have Lewes's article on Lamarck, I think you had better sound him when he comes back and see what hope there is in him for October.[2] Defective as his articles are, they are the best we can get *of the kind.*

An article on Chalmers [3] would not be 'light.' It is important that this Hereditary Transmission business should be settled as soon as possible, and so I shall tell Combe, that we may know whether we want 1 article or 2. Apropos of Combe, I think you are too sore on the subject of the 'Copyright'—you did not tell him the terms when you agreed that he should write. Besides for your purposes his article is a bone picked quite clean—let him use it up in his Papin's digester [4] if he will.

2. GHL contributed "Goethe as a Man of Science," *Westminster Review,* 58 (October 1852), 479–506.

3. Thomas Chalmers (1780–1847), leader of the Free Church of Scotland. His *Memoirs,* 4 vols., 1849–52, had just been completed. He is noticed only briefly in the "Contemporary Literature" section [by Ebenezer Syme], 58 (October 1852), 554–555.

4. A pressure cooker described by Denis Papin, *A New Digester or Engine for Softning Bones,* 1681. Combe was interested in several other periodicals and probably wanted to reprint his article.

It is amusing to see J. Martineau so confidently setting down the Niebuhr article as Newman's and so deluding himself into praising it.[5] It is to me the most entirely satisfactory article in the number. I thought Lewes's criticism in the Leader [6] very poor and undiscriminating.

The publishing world seems utterly stagnant—nothing coming out which would do as a peg for an article. I am running on, scribbling to no purpose and you will hardly thank me. Miss Hennell writes the following opinion of the English article: [7] "I have just read Syme's Eng. article. Most of it is very good; whenever he is in earnest he is good. But in the theological it is mostly slash and scoff, without giving us any confidence that he has any opinions of his own, and in other parts his style is quite too coarse, especially Nell Gwyn. One feels that he does not write as a gentleman." I congratulate you on your ability to be cheerful *malgré tout.*

Yours etc.
Marian Evans.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, BROADSTAIRS, [29 JULY 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 29. 53. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Chandos Cottage | Broadstairs.

Dear Friend

I shall be very glad to see you on Tuesday, and still more glad if Cara will think it worth while to come with you.[8] There is every facility of accommodation. You can have a bed at the Hotel, and be my guests during the day.

You must not expect to find me very flourishing physically, but I hope to be better by Tuesday. Till then, believe me

Your affectionate Friend
Marian Evans.

Best love to Cara and Sara.

5. Harriet Martineau had not spoken to her brother James since his harsh review of her *Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development* in the *Prospective Review,* 7 (1851), 224–262.

6. *Leader,* 10 July 1852, p. 663.

7. "Contemporary Literature of England," *Westminster Review,* 58 (July 1852), 247–272. Peter Cunningham's *The Story of Nell Gwyn* is noticed on pp. 254–255.

8. The Brays left Coventry for London with Chapman 2 August 1852; the following day "To Marian at Broadstairs." Mr. Bray stayed until 5 August, Mrs. Bray until the 12th. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[BROADSTAIRS, 19 AUGUST 1852]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 287; *George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 62.

Broadstairs | Thursday.

Dearest Cara

Are you really the better for having been here? Since you left I have been continually regretting that I could not make your visit pleasanter. I was irritable and out of sorts. But you have an apparatus for secreting happiness—that's it.

Providence, seeing that I wanted weaning from this place, has sent a swarm of harvest-bugs and lady-birds to bite my legs. These, with the half blank, half dissipated feeling which comes on after having companions and losing them, make me think of returning to London on Saturday week with more resignation than I have felt before. Mr. Chapman writes to me in the hastiest fashion and tells me nothing of what he has been doing in business matters during the last week. The issue of the Cobden business is just what I expected. I find he is a churchman.[9]

The sentence you quote is a good specimen of Mr. Chapman's skill in "the art of sinking," not in poetry, but in letter-writing. But it is nothing worse than bungling. He feels better than he writes, just as some other acquaintances of ours write better than they feel. I am sure I ought to have sympathy enough with people who mean well and do ill, for the grand occupation of my life has been contributing to hell-paving.

Thanks for the sermon—it made us [10] laugh well over our tea on Monday.

I am very well—minus the bites—and 'plucky,' a word which I propose to substitute for happy, as more truthful.

Best love to Sara and kind regards to your visitors.[1]

Ever your loving
Marian.

9. The Coventry City Libraries have a letter from Richard Cobden to Charles Bray, London, 12 August 1852, in which he explains "the circumstances which unfortunately prevent my acceding to your application in behalf of Mr. Chapman. I have no doubt whatever of his claims to the assistance of liberal men. But I am already overwhelmed with other demands upon my resources."

10. Herbert Spencer?

1. Mrs. Charles C. Hennell with her son Frank and his nurse stayed at Rosehill 7–22 August 1852; Chapman arrived the 14th, probably just for the weekend. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

GE TO MRS. PETER ALFRED TAYLOR, BROADSTAIRS, 19 AUGUST 1852

Text: Cross, I, 287–288.

For the last two months I have been at this pretty, quiet place, which 'David Copperfield' has made classic [2]—far away from London noise and smoke.

I am sorry now that I brought with me Fox's Lectures,[3] which I had not managed to read before I left town. But I shall return thither at the end of next week, and I will at once forward the volume to Cary Lane.[4]

One sees no novels less than a year old at the sea-side, so I am unacquainted with the 'Blithedale Romance,' except through the reviews, which have whetted my curiosity more than usual. Hawthorne is a grand favourite of mine, and I shall be sorry if he do not go on surpassing himself. It is sad to hear of your only going out to consult a physician. Illness seems to me the one woe for which there is no comfort—no compensation. But perhaps you find it otherwise, for you have a less rebellious spirit than I, and suffering seems to make you look all the more gentle.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, BROADSTAIRS, 22 AUGUST 1852

Text: Cross, I, 288–289.

Thinking of you this morning—as I often do, though you may not suppose so—it was "borne in on my mind" that I must write to you, and I obey the inspiration without waiting to consider whether there may be a corresponding desire on your part to hear from me. I live in a world of cares and joys, so remote from the one in which we used to sympathise with each other, that I find positive communication with you difficult. But I am not unfaithful to old loves—they were sincere, and they are lasting. I hope you will not think it too much trouble to write me a little news of yourself. I want very much to know if your health continues good, and if there has been any change in your circumstances, that I may have something like a true conception of you. All is well with

2. Broadstairs owes its rise into popularity to its association with Dickens, who wrote a good deal of *David Copperfield* there. See B. W. Matz, "Dickens's Association with Broadstairs," *Dickensian,* 4 (June 1908), 148–160.

3. William Johnson Fox, *Lectures Addressed Chiefly to the Working Classes,* 4 vols., 1845–49.

4. Mr. Taylor was in the firm of his uncle Samuel Courtauld, a crape manufacturer with offices in Carey Lane.

me so far as my individuality is concerned—but I have plenty of friends' troubles to sorrow over.[5] I hope you have none to add to the number.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [30 AUGUST 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Aug. 29. 1852. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 289.

142 Strand | Monday.

My dear Sara

I celebrated my return to London [6] by the usual observances—that is to say, a violent headache and sickness. The headache is not yet gone, and of course I am in the worst spirits, under the influence of blue devils *alias* blue pill, and my opinion of things is not worth a straw. I tell you this that you may know why I only send you this scrap instead of the long letter which I have *in petto* for you and which would otherwise have been written yesterday.

Mr. Chapman says that Mr. Bray meant to come to London to-day if he obtained an affirmative from Mr. Flower [7] about another of these miserable loans. I loathe the very mention of them.

Love to all. I shall write very soon.

Your loving
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, 2 SEPTEMBER [1852]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 289–290; *George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 63.

142 Strand | September 2.

Dear Sara

Somehow my letters—except those which come under the inexorable imperative *must* (the 'ought' I manage well enough to shirk)—will not get written. The fact is, I am in a croaking mood and I am waiting and waiting for it to pass by. But in the meantime the week is passing by, and I shall break my promise. So if my pen croaks in spite of my resolu-

5. Probably Chapman's financial and domestic difficulties.

6. Saturday, 28 August 1852.

7. Edward Fordham Flower (1805–83), for thirty years a brewer at Stratford-on-Avon. His wife was Celina, daughter of John Greaves of Radford House, near Leamington. The Brays visited them 22–29 August 1852.

tions to the contrary, please to take no notice of it, but set it all down disordered *eingeweide*.

To tell you editorial secrets—the articles are raining in. Froude is good—writes very judiciously and pleasantly, except that at the er he brings on Bengal lights and goes off in a Carlylian flourish. Forbes too is come—but is poor—(on Botany). Herbert Spencer says *his* article will have a "light appearance" by reason of its quotations which brea the page but I suspect it will be like those stone sweet-meats which che the children. Altogether this number is not likely to be anywhere nea the last.

Mr. Chapman says he wrote to Mr. Bray last night, so you know th last of his affairs. It seems that he is to go on. He makes a great poin of my remaining here till Christmas, at all events, and I cannot unde present "cums" say no. But ever since I came back I have felt somethin like the madness which imagines that the four walls are contracting an going to crush one.

No sooner did I get in on Saturday than Mr. Atkinson called, an talked for 2 hours. He is very pleasant and intelligent and one can help liking him. He shewed me a letter of Harriet Martineau's, i which she complains that she is overdone in her Irish peregrinations and in which she, with incomprehensible ignorance, jeers at Lewes fo "introducing *Psychology* as a science in his Comte papers." [3] Why Com himself holds Psychology to be a necessary link in the chain of scienc —Lewes only suggests a change in its relations. *Entre nous* she writ very sillily on the subject. But I am frightened to have told you this, fo everything I say to any one at Rosehill gets around by some incompr hensible means to Lewes—Lewes can tell you the whole state of you domestic affairs, if you like, of course with additions, if not emend tions, by the editor or editors. I have heard nothing of the Combes ye

There is a great, dreary article on the Colonies [4] by my side asking fo reading and abridgement, so I can't go on scribbling—indeed my hanc

8. "The Oxford Commission," *Westminster Review*, 58 (October 1852), 317–348. Froude himself struck out the offensive ending.

9. [Edward Forbes], "Plants and Botanists," pp. 385–398.

1. "The Philosophy of Style," pp. 435–459. Many of the quotations are in verse.

2. Her *Letters from Ireland* were appearing in the *Daily News*.

3. In the 18th and last of his articles on Comte's Positive Philosophy GHL wrote: "I propose, therefore, to keep th Physical Sciences as Comte arranges ther and to introduce a new fundament science—Psychology—as the basis of S ciology; that is to say, I begin the Scien of Humanity with a preliminary Scien of Human Nature." (*Leader*, 14 Augu 1852, p. 786.)

4. "Our Colonial Empire," by Joh Chapman (1801–54), a cousin of the pul lisher, *Westminster Review*, 58 (Octob 1852), pp. 398–435.

are so hot and tremulous this morning that it will be better for you if I leave off.

Dearest Sara, your little loving notes are very precious to me, but I say nothing about matters of feeling till my good genius has returned from his excursions—the evil one has possession just now. Love to all.

Your
Pollian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 11 SEPTEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Sep. 11. 1852. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 290–291.

Saturday.

Dear Cara

The week has really yielded nothing worth telling you. I am a few degrees more wizened and muddle-headed, and the articles for the Review are on the whole unsatisfactory. I fear a discerning public will think this number a sad falling off.[5]

This is the greater pity that said public is patronizing us well at present. Scarcely a day passes that some one does not write to order the Review as a permanent subscriber.

I should think Mr. Bray and Mr. C. have done corresponding now. I have not seen any letters between them lately. It was a vexation to me that Mr. Bray should have applied to Mr. Flower. I felt sure the result would be a negative. But God bless him for that and all his other good deeds.

You may as well expect news from an old spider or bat as from me. I can only tell you what I think of the Blithedale Romance,[6] of Uncle

5. GHL devoted two and a half columns to this number in the *Leader,* 2 October 1852, pp. 949–950, beginning: "It is a matter of general remark, that the *Westminster Review,* since it passed into MR. CHAPMAN'S hands, has recovered the former importance it acquired when under the editorship of JOHN STUART MILL. It is now a Review that people talk about, ask for at the clubs, and read with respect. The variety and general excellence of its articles are not surpassed by any Review." The *Critic,* 15 October 1852, p. 538, though disagreeing wholly with the policy of "promoting infidelity in religion and radicalism in politics," praised the vigor of most of the articles.

6. It might be GE who reviewed Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance* in the "Contemporary Literature of America" section, *Westminster Review,* 58 (October 1852), 592–598, in which she calls it "unmistakably the finest production of genius in either hemisphere, for this quarter at least." But she finds that Hawthorne's moral faculty is "morbid as well as weak; all his characters partake of the same infirmity." Objecting to his failure to exhibit the working of the socialistic settlement, she says: "He confines himself to the delineation of its picturesque phases as a 'thing of beauty,' and either has no particular convictions respecting its deeper relations, or hesitates to express them."

Tom's Cabin, and the American Fishery Dispute—all which I am ver sure you don't want to know—any more than Mr. Bray, who says he hate 'intellectual gossip.' (I know he doesn't hate *unintellectual* gossip).

Do have pity on me and make a little variety in my life by all send ing me a scrap—never mind if it be only six lines apiece—to-morrow Perhaps something will befal me one day or other—as it is, nothing hap pens to me but the ringing of the dinner bell and the arrival of a proof I have no courage to walk out.

Love to al
Pollian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 18 SEPTEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed.* Sep. 18. *Extract published.* Cross, I, 291.

Dear Friend

I am counting the hours till Monday when I hope to see your kin face. Do not disappoint me, for I am sure no one can want to see yo so much as I. Try not to have the headache, and to that end eat n duck before starting, and do not shout facetiæ in the ears of your fellow travellers. To-day looks like the commencement of the deluge [7]—bu in spite of that I am better and in better spirits than I have generall been since I came back.

Miss Martineau writes, kindly saying that she looks forward wit pleasure to my visit to her, and I really think it will be worth doing. have seen nothing of the Combes yet, but I have heard that they ar to return to Edinburgh.

Lewes called on me the other day and told me of a conversation wit Prof. Owen, in which the latter declared his conviction that the cere brum was not the organ of the mind, but the cerebellum rather! H founds on the enormous comparative size of brain in the grampus The professor has a huge anterior lobe of his own.[8] What would Geo Combe say if I were to tell him? [9] But every great man has his paradox and that of the first anatomist in Europe ought to be a startling one.

Love to al
Marian.

(p. 597.) The rhetorical style makes GE's authorship doubtful.

7. *Gentleman's Magazine,* 191 (October 1852), 440, reports "constant heavy rain" for 18 September 1852.

8. Cf GE's remark on his "tremendous head" 5 May [1852].

9. In his *Elements of Phrenology* New York, 1847, pp 40–44, Combe main tained that the cerebral lobes are th seat of the mind but objected to compar ing the brains of different species.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[LONDON, 25 SEPTEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Sep. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 291–292.

Saturday.

Dear Sara

We shall make a respectable figure after all—nine articles and two or three of them good, the rest not bad. The Contemp[orar]y Literature, too, is rather better done this time. The Review has been selling well lately, in spite of its being the end of the quarter. We have made splendid provision for January—Froude,[1] H. Martineau,[2] Theodore Parker,[3] Sam. Brown [4] etc. Certainly this part of Mr. C.'s affairs is hopeful enough.

The Autumnal freshness of the mornings makes me dream of mellowing woods and gossamer threads. I am really longing for my journey.[5]

Mr. and Mrs. Mackay called on me the other day, looking better and happier than I have seen them. Bessie Parkes spent last evening with me—chatting of experiences. These are the only events since Mr. Bray left.

Ever thine
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 1. 1852. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Sara

I know your hair will stand on end at the typographical errors in the latter half of the German article and in several cases in the later sheet of the Review.[6] Don't impute them to my carelessness. The printers were so hurried the last day that no revise of Greg's article [7] or of the two last sheets of the Review was seen—and that tiresome Mrs. Sinnett [8] pretends to correct her proof and leaves it as you see. I have

1. "Mary Tudor," *Westminster Review,* 59 (January 1853), 1–34.
2. "The Condition and Prospects of Ireland," pp. 35–62.
3. "History and Ideas of the Mormons," pp. 196–230.
4. "The Atomic Theory before Christ and Since," pp. 167–196.
5. To Edinburgh and Ambleside.
6. *Westminster Review,* 58 (October 1852), 613, "traegdy," "villany"; 616, "dissidencee"; 618, "anarchial." The last two are in GHL's "Contemporary Literature of France" section.
7. "The Duke of Wellington," pp. 531–549.
8. Mrs. Edward Sinnett.

been stamping with rage—nay, swearing this morning at the sight of these things and the misspelling in the title-page.[9] I think the English article very unsatisfactory this time. Syme wrote it. I can't make out what opinions he has—he writes first from one point of view then from another. It is a relief to grumble to you.

Pollian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY AND SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [LONDON, 2 OCTOBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Oc. 2. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 292.

Saturday.

Dear Trio

Pity me—I have had the headache for four days incessantly. But now I am well and even the Strand seems an elysium by contrast.

I set off on Tuesday for Edinburgh—by express. This is awfully expensive, but it seems the only way of reaching there alive with my frail body. I have had the kindest notes from the Combes and from Harriet Martineau.

I should think you have got the Review by this time. Let me know what you all think of it. I have no time for anything—my headache has wasted so much. Of course I shall write when I have been at Edinburgh a day. A thousand loves to you all.

Your
Marian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,[1] [LONDON, 2? OCTOBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Cara, you naughty creature, I believe you are not well and are playing the hypocrite with your usual unscrupulousness.

I insist on your sending me a true account of yourself. Miss Parkes says you looked wretchedly when she saw you. Do write me a letter all about yourself. Fancy we are walking in our pretty bay at Broadstairs.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

9. In the quotation from Goethe "überall" appears with one *l*.

1. Probably enclosed with the preceding letter.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, EDINBURGH, 7 OCTOBER 1852

MS: Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 292–293.

Edinburgh | October 7. 1852.

Dear Friends

Here I am in this beautiful Auld Reekie once more—hardly recognizing myself for the same person as the damozel who left it by the coach with a heavy heart some six years ago.[2]

The Combes are all kindness and I am in clover—an elegant house,[3] glorious fires, and a comfortable carriage—in short just in the circumstances to nourish sleek optimism, convince one that this is "le meilleur des mondes possibles" and make one shudder at the impiety of all who doubt it. Last evening Mr. Robert Cox [4] came to tea, to be introduced to me as my *cicerone* through the lions of Edinburgh, and we are to set out on an expedition tomorrow morning. Mr. Williams,[5] too, the master of the Secular School was here, and I have been today to hear him give one of his lessons. The talk last night was pleasant enough, though of course all the interlocutors besides Mr. Combe have little to do but shape elegant modes of negation and affirmation like the people who are talked to by Socrates in Plato's dialogues—'Certainly, that I firmly believe' etc. I have a beautiful view from my room window—masses of wood, distant hills, the Firth, and four splendid buildings dotted far apart—not an ugly object to be seen. When I look out in the morning it is as if I had waked up in Utopia or Icaria [6] or one of Owen's parallelograms. The weather is perfect—all the more delightful to me for its northern sharpness which is just what I wanted to brace me. I have been out walking and driving all day and have only time before dinner to send this "paar worte"—but I may have still less time to-morrow. Much love to you all.

Your ever affectionate
Marian.

2. Actually seven years. See [2 October 1845].

3. At 45 Melville St.

4. Robert Cox (1810–72), Combe's nephew, had edited the *Phrenological Journal* and was at this time agitating for the running of Sunday trains in Scotland.

5. W. Matthieu Williams (1820–92), Headmaster of Williams Secular School, established by George Combe in 1848 on the Birkbeck model. (*DNB* and Charles Gibbon, *Life of George Combe,* 2 vols., 1878, II, 247–249.)

6. The community established in 1849 by Étienne Cabet at Nauvoo, Illinois.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, EDINBURGH, 12 OCTOBER 1852

MS: Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 293–294.

Edinburgh | October 12. 1852.

Dear Friends

Between the beauty of the weather and the scenery, and the kindness of good people I am tipsy with pleasure. But I shall tell you nothing of what I see and do, because that would be taking off some of the edge from your pleasure in seeing me. One's dear friend who has nothing at all to tell one is a bore. Is it not so—honour bright?

I enjoy talking to Mr. Combe—he can tell me many things, especially about men in America and elsewhere, which are valuable, and besides I sometimes manage to get in more than a negative or affirmative. He and Mrs. C. are really affectionate to me, and the mild warmth of their regard, with the perfect order and elegance of everything about me, are just the soothing influence to do me good. They urge me to stay longer, but I shall adhere to my original determination of going to Miss Martineau's on the *20th,* and I do not *mean* to stay with her longer than the *25th.*

I shall probably not be at Rosehill more than a week or ten days —so that I shall not interfere seriously with Mrs. C. Hennell's arrangements.

We are going to-day to Craig Crook (Jeffrey's place),[7] a beautiful spot which old October has mellowed into his richest tints. Such a view of Edinburgh from it! In haste

Your ever affectionate
Marian.

More another day.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [EDINBURGH, 12 OCTOBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Oc. 12. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 294.

My dear Sara

I am in your debt I don't know how many letters deep, and I cannot ever say, 'Have patience with me and I will pay thee all'[8]—I can

7. Craigcrook, 3 miles northwest of Edinburgh, was the summer home of Francis Jeffrey from 1815 till his death in 1850.

8. Matthew 18:26.

only ask for full and free forgiveness. Of course all the letters I send to Rosehill are addressed to you as much as to the others, but I feel that your share in the weekly dispatches to me often demand a special answer, and if my pen were as ready as my thought, you would often have such an answer.

We shall soon be face to face and not talking to each other through letters darkly, so I reserve all I have to say till then. Glad, however, that you liked the article on the Ox[ford] Com[missio]n. Froude himself had the good taste to strike out the Boanerges passage at the end.[9] Those who know the article on Whewell to be Mill's generally think it good, but I confess that to me it is unsatisfactory.

The sun *does* shine here, albeit this is the 12th of October. I wish you could see the view from Salisbury Crag!

Your loving and longing-to-see-you

Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, EDINBURGH, [18 OCTOBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Oc. 19. 1852. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 294–295.

Edinburgh | Monday Evening.

Dear Sara

Yes, he is an apostle. An apostle, it is true, with a back and front drawingroom, but still earnest, convinced, consistent, having fought a good fight and now peacefully enjoying the retrospect of it. I shall leave these good friends on Wednesday evening with regret, almost with repentings that I did not determine to pay them a longer visit. I have had a pleasant note from Miss Martineau this morning with a vignette of her house [1]—I suppose to make me like all the better the idea of going there. I will not fail to deliver your message. Thanks many for your letter—I have read it once but shall save another reading, as you recommend, for the railway, for these last two days are quite full here. Mrs. Crewe came to dinner on Saturday. She is really agreeable, and I shall be glad to see more of her in London, where she is going to reside.[2] She comes to tea to-morrow.

Give my thanks to Mr. Bray for the newspapers—I read the sanitary

9. See 2 September [1852].

1. Engraved on her note paper. See her *Autobiography*, ed. M. W. Chapman, 2 vols., Boston, 1877, II, 433, where it is reproduced.

2. Mrs. Crewe is not mentioned again.

letters and thought them good. Wretched news as usual from London. Beatrice [3] is at home with scarlet fever!

Love to the dear souls next door.[4] It is 12 o'clock at night and time I was in bed.

Pollian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. BRAY,
[AMBLESIDE, 21 OCTOBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Oc. 22. 1852. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 295.

Ambleside | Thursday Night.

Dear Friends

The coach brought me to Miss Martineau's gate at ½ past 6 yesterday evening and she was there with a beaming face to welcome me. Mr. Atkinson joined us this morning, and is a very agreeable addition. There has been an intelligent gentleman visitor today who is interested in Miss Martineau's Building Society,[5] and we have all been trudging about looking at cottages and enjoying the sight of the mountains, spite of the rain and mist.

The weather is not promising—that is the worst of it. Miss M. is charming in her own home—quite handsome from her animation and intelligence. She came behind me, put her hands round me and kissed me in the prettiest way this evening, telling me she was so glad she had got me here. I hardly know yet whether I shall leave on the 25th (Monday), but I will write again and let you know. I send you her note that you may have an idea of "The Knoll."

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

3. John Chapman's daughter, born 28 December 1844.

4. Since 20 March 1851 Miss Hennell and her mother had lived at Ivy Cottage, next door to Rosehill.

5. In 1848 Harriet Martineau initiated a cooperative scheme for building workmen's cottages. Thirteen had been built by 1855. See her *Autobiography*, ed. M. W. Chapman, 2 vols., Boston, 1877, II, 8–9.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. BRAY, AMBLESIDE, [24 OCTOBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Oc. 24. 1852. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 295.

Ambleside | Sunday Morning.

Dear Friends

I shall set off from here on Tuesday morning and shall be *due* at the Coventry station, I believe, at 5.50. But I do not care about having any one to meet me there unless it be quite convenient to you.

We had a fine day yesterday and went to Borrowdale. I have not been well since I have been here—still I manage to enjoy, certainly not myself, but my companions and the scenery.

Ever your faithful
Marian Evans.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, COVENTRY, [27 OCTOBER 1852]

MS: Princeton. *Endorsed:* Oct. 17/52 [*an obvious error, for GE did not reach Rosehill until 26 October*]. *Brief extract published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 61.

Rosehill | Wednesday.

Dear Friend

My authority about Fanny Lewald's book [6] was Robert Chambers,[7] *seconded* by Dr. Schmitz.[8] She was R. Chambers's guest during her stay in Edinburgh. He said that her descriptions were ludicrously incorrect. Of course the thing is no affair of mine, but I thought you would wish me to tell you what I had heard.

I shall return to town some day before the end of next week—probably Wednesday or Thursday. You are mistaken about my health. I have not had one headache since I left London and I never had a journey which did me so much good as this.

You seem to have a great many irons in the fire about the next number of the Review. I certainly think you should not commit us both

6. The notice of Fanny Lewald's *England und Schottland: Reise Tagebuch,* 1852, in the *Westminster Review,* 58 (July 1852), 301–302, mentioned some of the book's more glaring errors. GE had apparently written Chapman from Edinburgh about the opinion of it held there.

7. Robert Chambers (1802–71), author and publisher.

8. Leonhard Schmitz (1807–90), Rector of the High School, Edinburgh, 1845–66, translated many works from German into English and vice versa.

to Mill and Chapman.[9] These contingent articles are very tiresome.

I thought you had put a definite request to J. Martineau to write on Kingsley's book and the Hist[or]y of Belief.[1] *Now* you say you wish he would write an article on the Church. You remember that Fox was for the Ballot? [2] Not that that signifies—it is one "glorious profession" as Mrs. J. Martineau says to her husband.

I was beginning to cross my letter by mistake. I do not think you need trouble yourself to write that long letter you talk of to Mr. Bray. He seems to know very well how matters stand.

Yours faithfully
Marian Evans

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, COVENTRY, 30 OCTOBER 1852

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | 9 Pelham Crescent | Hastings. *Postmarks.* COVENTRY | OC 30 | 1852; HASTINGS | NO 1 | 1852 | A. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosehill, Coventry | October 30, 1852.

Dear Bessie

I kept my resolution in spite of Edinburgh attractions and invitations, so the address on your letter was all right.

It comforts me to know that you are eating blackberries and polking. For some reason, or for no reason, I parted from you with rather a melancholy idea about you—that you were not well and that you were going down there to be dull. I shall know better another time than to spend any anxiety upon you.

I have had a delightful month—nothing but petting and admiration, beautiful scenery and agreeable talks. See what it is to go among people who know little of one! The long drives I had in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh were just what I wanted for my health and spirits. The soft outline of the Pentland Hills, the rich hanging woods, the

9. The October number contained articles by both J. S. Mill and John Chapman (1801–54); neither contributed to the next number.

1. Charles Kingsley's *Hypatia* began to run serially in *Fraser's Magazine*, January 1852. In James Martineau's article "Early Christianity, Its Creed and Heresies," *Westminster Review*, 59 (April 1853), there is no mention of *Hypatia*, which was given 8 pages in an article called "The Progress of Fiction as an Art," 60 (October 1853), 342–374, probably by GE. Christian Charles Josias Bunsen's *Hippolytus and His Age*, 4 vols., 1852, was briefly noticed in the "Contemporary Literature of England" section, 59 (January 1853), 264–266, and at length in Martineau's article.

2. W. J. Fox in his "Representative Reform," 57 (January 1852), 1–41.

bracing air, and Mrs. Combe's silvery voice and bright beautiful eyes were the best of medicines. They were the alterative—then came the tonic in the shape of Harriet Martineau with her simple, energetic life, her Building Society, her winter Lectures and her cordial interest in all human things.

Now I am here for a week among affectionate long-tried friends, and I feel brave for anything that is to come after. That is quite enough about myself. You perceive that I am thriving—that being extremely comfortable, I am resigned. I have noticed that my resignation always flourishes best in that kind of soil.

Like Sir Charles Grandison? I should be sorry to be the heathen that did not like that book. I don't like Harriet Byron much, she is too proper and insipid. Lady G. is the gem, with her marmoset.[3]

Tell your noble-looking Barbara—I cannot call her Miss Smith, at least to you—that I only hope she will keep up her desire to make an "indelible impression" on me. It will be no hard task. The material she has to work upon is very impressible and I am sure the mould is first-rate.

I don't love you while I am writing to you, but when I have finished my letter I shall be as ever,

Your affectionate Friend
Marian Evans.

Mrs. Bray sends kind remembrances to you.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 6 NOVEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Nov. 6. 1852. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 296.

Saturday.

Dearest Friends

To get into a first class carriage, fall asleep, and awake to find oneself where one would be, is almost as good as having Prince Hussein's carpet. This was my easy way of getting to London on Thursday. Good Mr. C.[4] at the station waiting for me and delighted to see me. By 5 o'clock I had unpacked all my boxes and made my room tidy, and then I began to feel some satisfaction in being settled down where I am of most use just now. After dinner came Herbert Spencer and spent the

3. GE read Richardson's novel on the Isle of Wight. See 13 October [1847]. Harriet is the orphan-heroine, rescued by Sir Charles; Charlotte, Lady G., is his sister.

4. All references to Chapman in this letter were omitted by Cross.

evening with me.[5] Yesterday morning Mr. Greg [6] called, on his way to Paris, to express his regret that he did not see me at Ambleside. He is very pleasing, but somehow or other he frightens me dreadfully.

Things seem to be going on tolerably well here. Mr. Chapman listens most amiably to my report of the fault people find with him. He is better than they think. I have read Kingsley's Phaethon [7] this morning, and long to cut it up. Kingsley provokes me more and more. I am going to plunge into Thackeray's novel [8] now, so good-bye.

God bless you all.[9]

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [11 NOVEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Nov. 10. 1852. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Strand | Thursday.

Dear Cara

After receiving your letter on Tuesday morning, I went to Mrs. Follen [1] to learn Miss Montgomery's address, not knowing even whether she had returned from the Continent.

I found that she had taken lodgings at 13, Upper Seymour Street, in order to be near Lady Byron who is nursing Lady Lovelace [2] in this sad ending of her career—*cancer.* Miss M.'s time is almost entirely occupied with these friends and Mrs. Follen was doubtful whether I should be able to see her. However I trudged to 13, Seymour Street, having first written a note to leave in case I did not see Miss M. She was not at home and I left the note which told your news of Mr. Noel and asked her to send an account of her health etc. that I might transmit it to you. Last night came the note which I enclose.[3] She says nothing about

5. Cross omits "with me." Spencer visited at Rosehill 30 October—1 November while GE was there. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

6. W. R. Greg had settled in the Lake District in 1842 on account of his wife's health. See his *Enigmas of Life,* 20th ed., 1905, pp. xiv, xli.

7. Charles Kingsley, *Phaethon: Or, Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers,* Cambridge, 1852.

8. *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.,* 3 vols., 1852.

9. Unsigned.

1. Eliza Lee Cabot Follen (1787–1860) was one of the links between Lady Byron and Harriet Beecher Stowe. See Forrest Wilson, *Crusader in Crinoline: The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe* [1941], pp. 423–424.

2. Lady Byron spent the last weeks at 6 Great Cumberland Place, the home of her daughter Augusta Ada, Countess of Lovelace, who died 29 November 1852 in her 37th year. See E. C. Mayne, *Life . . . of . . . Lady . . . Byron,* 1929, pp. 435–436.

3. At Yale. In Switzerland Mr. Lentwein, an old school-fellow of Noel's and a land proprietor in Euboea, told her that Noel and his children had suffered from fever.

herself, but I gathered from Mrs. Follen that she is as well as her general delicacy of health will allow her to be—with no particular ailment or doctoring going forward.

Poor Mr. Chapman is under the cloud again, not seeing his way—but Mr. Bray will be here soon and will hear all.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 13 NOVEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 296–297; *George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 64, 66.

Saturday.

Dear Friends

O this hideous fog! Let me grumble, for I have had headache the last three days and there seems little prospect of anything else in such an atmosphere. I am ready to vow that I will not live in the Strand again after Christmas. If I were not choked by the fog, the time would trot pleasantly withal, but of what use are brains and friends when one lives in a light such as might be got in the chimney?

I went to one of Jullien's concerts the other night and endured the Polkas for the sake of Zampa and Mendelssohn's Scherzo.[4] I amused myself with imagining Mr. Bray's curses if he had been there to hear the hop, skip, and jump of the dance music thundered by the drums and squealed by the pipes.

'Esmond' is the most uncomfortable book you can imagine. You remember, Cara, how you disliked 'François le Champi' (George Sand's). Well, the story of Esmond is just the same. The hero is in love with the daughter all through the book, and marries the mother at the end.

Mr. Chapman's affairs are just like the fog. Instead of a *thousand,* he wants £1200 now! The Lord have mercy on him!

You should read the debates on the opening of Parliament in the 'Times.' Lord Brougham, 'the greatest of English orators' perpetrates the most delicious *non sequitur* I have seen for a long time. "My Lords, I believe that any disturbance of the repose of the world is very remote, *because it is our undeniable right and an unquestionable duty* to be

4. Louis Antoine Jullien (1812–60), French musical director, began his English concerts designed to popularize music in 1842. His last series began at Drury Lane 8 November 1852. The program mentioned here, including *Zampa, ou la fiancée de marbre,* by L. J. F. Hérold, was given 11 November.

prepared with the means of defence should such an event occur." [5] These are thy gods O Israel! [6]

Pollian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [22 NOVEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Nov. 20. 1852. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 297–298.

142 Strand | Monday.

Dear Friends

I perceive your reading of the golden rule is "Do as you are done by," and I shall be wiser than to expect a letter from you another Monday morning when I have not earned it by my Saturday's billet. The fact is, both callers and work thicken—the former sadly interfering with the latter. I will just tell you how it was last Saturday and that will give you an idea of my days. My task was to read an article of Greg's in the N[orth] British on Taxation,[7] a heap of newspaper articles and all that J. S. Mill says on the same subject.[8] When I had got some way into this *magnum mare,* in comes Mr. Chapman with a thick German volume. "Will you read enough of this to give me your opinion of it?" Then of course I must have a walk after lunch, and when I had sat down again thinking that I had two clear hours before dinner—rap at the door—Mr. Lewes—who of course sits talking till the second bell rings. After dinner another visitor—and so behold me at 11 P.M. still very far at sea on the subject of taxation but too tired to keep my eyes open.

We had Bryant,[9] the poet last evening—a pleasant, quiet, elderly man. To-day the supreme felicity of a call from Dr. Brabant. He is coming to stay next month, partly attracted by the fact that Mr.

5. GE has quoted rather freely from the *Times,* 12 November 1852, p. 2: "I hope,—I trust, that such days are far distant Nay, my lords, I go further, and on the whole I will say I believe they are remote; because it is our right undeniable, our bounden duty unquestionable, to take all such measures and all such precautions as shall fully and effectually provide for a defence against them, should they unhappily occur. (Cheers)."

6. Exodus 32 4.

7. "Principles of Taxation," *North British Review,* 16 (1851), 49–88.

8. In *Principles of Political Economy,* 1848.

9. William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878) noted in his diary the evening at Chapman's, "where I met the Rev. Thomas J. Upham, an old poetic correspondent of mine; a blue-stocking lady, who writes for the 'Westminster Review,' named Ellans; and a Mr. Spencer, a bookseller." (Parke Godwin, *A Biography of William Cullen Bryant,* 2 vols, New York, 1883, II, 66.) Godwin, Bryant's son-in-law, discovered that Miss Ellans was Marian Evans and Spencer a writer of books.

Neuberg [1] is to spend the winter here. We shall be quite brilliant.

Do you know of this second sample of plagiarism by Disraeli, detected by the Morn[in]g Chronicle? [2] It is worth sending for its cool impudence. Write me some news about trade, at all events. I could tolerate even Louis Napoleon,[3] if somehow or other he could have a favourable influence on the Coventry trade. In haste

Your faithful
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[LONDON, 23 NOVEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed.* Nov. 23. 1852. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Tuesday Morning.

Dear Sara

I have been ill and chiefly in bed ever since Friday, and yesterday [4] especially I was a wretch after a night of racking headache. Otherwise I should have written to you. I *did* think of you.

The chrysanthemums and mignonette were very sweet to me in every sense—or rather I may say to the inward and the outward sense.

Ever your true
Pollian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
LONDON, [4 DECEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed* Dec. 4 1852 *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 298–299; *George Eliot and John Chapman*, p. 64.

142 Strand | Saturday Morning.

Dearest Creatures

Another week almost "with the years beyond the flood"! [5] What has it brought you? Customers, I hope, who will not return their purchases

1 Joseph Neuberg had recently returned from Germany, where he traveled with Carlyle August–October 1852.

2 For his eulogy on the Duke of Wellington in the House of Commons 15 November 1852 Disraeli lifted several of his most effective passages from Thiers's funeral oration on Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr. The *Globe* exposed the plagiarism the next day, printing the two in parallel columns For the second example see also the *Leader*, 20 November 1852, p 114.

3. Louis Napoleon had just maneuvered the election by which the Second Empire was established; he was proclaimed Emperor 2 December 1852.

4. GE's birthday, 22 November; Miss Hennell's, 23 November.

5. *Night Thoughts*, I, 60.

—and finer weather than we have had here to cure Cara's cold. To me it has brought articles to read—for the most part satisfactory—new callers and letters to nibble at my time—meeting of the Ass[ociatio]n for the Abolition of Taxes on Knowledge [6]—and dismal statements of the affairs of Chapmandom. To-day Mr. C. goes to Brighton to see Mr. Courtauld,[7] who has *volunteered* to interest himself in said affairs.

I had a pleasant letter from H. Martineau this morning. She denounces the Vagabond Letters [8] so strongly that I have copied what she says and sent it to Mr. Pigott [9] (without mentioning her name of course.) He, poor fellow, is throwing his capital into the Leader abyss to no purpose, I fear.

I am invited to go to the Lee Smiths' [1] on Monday evening to meet Mr. Robert Noel.[2] Herbert Spencer is invited too, because Mr. Noel wants especially to see him. Barbara Smith speaks of Mr. R. Noel as their "dear German friend."

So the Budget is come out—and I am to pay Income Tax. All very right. Of course an enlightened personage like me has no "ignorant impatience of taxation." I am glad to hear of the Lectures to Young Men and the banquet of the Labourer's Friend Society. "Be not weary in well-doing." [3]

I have been having the heartiest laugh at Mr. Chapman. He was talking of the hopefulness of certain "aspects" of his business, such as that several publications have been recently offered him etc. "Then," he said, in rather an affected, 'proper' drawl, looking pious, "there are these 'Letters from Ireland' [4] which I hope will be something rather bet-

6. At the annual meeting of the Association for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge at Exeter Hall 1 December 1852 a deputation was appointed to urge the Prime Minister to press for repeal of the Newspaper Stamp Act.

7. Samuel Courtauld (1793–1881), silk manufacturer, was a Liberal and a Unitarian. He led the fight against compulsory church rates. Among his many benefactions were £500 to Bedford College and an annuity of £400 to W. J. Fox. He was an uncle of P. A. Taylor.

8. A rambling series of sketches in the *Leader*, 22 installments at irregular intervals, 14 August 1852—29 October 1853. The marked volume of GHL's contributions at Yale shows clearly that they were not by him.

9. Edward Frederick Smyth Pigott (1824–95) took an active part in the *Leader* from its first number (30 March 1850) to the last (24 November 1860). A warm friend of GHL, he occasionally substituted for him, signing his articles "Le Chat-Huant." The last twenty years of his life he was Examiner of Plays in the Lord Chamberlain's Office. (Boase.)

1. i e., Benjamin Leigh Smith.

2. Robert Noel, second son of the Rev. Thomas Noel and elder brother of Edward, lived in Bohemia. When in England he often stayed with the Leigh Smiths in Blandford Square.

3. Galatians 6:9.

4. Chapman reprinted Harriet Martineau's *Letters from Ireland* from the *Daily News*.

ter than a *poke in the eye.*" "Let your moderation be known unto all men," [5] I said. That is better than the Swedish woman cooking the rail that the bird had sat on.

I have been interrupted and so have written any silly thing that was uppermost. Never mind—any modern instance is better than wise saws.

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON,
[6 DECEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Dec. 5. 1852. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 299.

Monday Morning.

Dear Friend

You are *always* welcome—and I have an easy chair in my room now, so I am worth coming to see. I will remember to ask Mr. Noel his address. I should think he is staying with the Smiths, in Blandford Square.

What weather! [6]

Mr. C. is not yet come back so I cannot tell you the result of his visit till Wednesday.

Ever your affectionate
Marian Evans.

Thanks to Sara for her letter. She must not mind paying the income tax —it is a right principle that Dizzy is going upon and with her great conscientiousness she ought to enjoy being flayed on a right principle. Love to her and Cara.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON,
[6 DECEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Dec. 6. 1852. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Monday Night.

Dear Friend

Mr. Noel says he will come to meet [you] in *my room* on Wednesday at any hour you will appoint. Please to send me a note by to-morrow night's post and fix some hour after 12½.

Your tired to death
Marian.

5. Philippians 4:5.

6. The average temperature for 6 December 1852 was 35.5°; the wind was north.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. BRAY, LONDON, [10 DECEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Dec. 11. 1852. *Published:* Cross, I, 299.

Friday Night.

Dear Friends

I am not well—all out of sorts—and what do you think I am minded to do? Take a return ticket and set off by the train to-morrow [7] 12 o'clock, have a talk with you and a blow over the 'hill,' and come back betimes on Monday. I the rather indulge myself in this because I think I shall not be able to be with you until some time after Christmas. Pray forgive me for not sending you word before. I have only just made up my mind.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO WILLIAM FINDLAY WATSON, LONDON, 14 DECEMBER 1852

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished*

Miss Marian Evans presents her compliments to Mr. Watson [8] and begs to thank him for the characteristic sketch of Mr. Combe which he has been kind enough to send her. She believes she heard Mr. Watson say that he would like to possess the autograph of Mazzini,[9] which she has much pleasure in sending him as an earnest of future additions by her to Mr. Watson's valuable collection.

142 Strand | December 14. 1852

Mr. W. F. Watson

7. Mrs. Bray's Diary shows that GE came 11 December 1852 and left on the 13th.

8. William Findlay Watson, bookseller and autograph collector, whom GE met in Edinburgh during her visit to the Combes in October 1852.

9. Watson's collection of autographs in the NLS includes Mazzini's letter, MS 591, No 2106. Addressed to John Chapman from King's Road, Chelsea, Thursday morning, it proposes that instead of a sketch Mazzini should write about 10 pages on the "mighty struggle that is going on between Liberty and Despotism," etc. His "Europe Its Condition and Prospects" appeared in the *Westminster Review*, 57 (April 1852), 442–467.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 20 DECEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Dec. 20. 1852. *Published:* Cross, I, 300.

Dear Friend

I am very wretched today on many accounts and am only able to write you two or three lines. I have heard this morning that Mr. Clark [10] is dangerously ill. Poor Chrissey and her children. Thank you for your kind letter.

I am ever your affectionate

Marian Evans.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, 21 DECEMBER [1852]

MS. Yale. *Endorsed.* 1852. *Mostly published* Cross, I, 300.

142 Strand | December 21.

Dear Friend

I dare say you will have heard before you receive this that Edward Clarke is dead.[1] I am to go to the Funeral which will take place on Friday. I am debating with myself as to what I ought to do now for poor Chrissey—but I must wait until I have been on the spot and seen my brother.[2] Love to Cara and Sara.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

I have re-opened my letter to say that if you hear no more from me, I shall trust to your goodness to give me a bed on Thursday night and to hire a horse for me to take me to Meriden on Friday morning.[3] This is a work of charity that I know you will not grudge.

10 Edward Clarke. The MS is clear.

1. 20 December. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, 193 (February 1853), 218, records his death.

2. Isaac Pearson Evans.

3. Mrs Bray's Diary shows that GE came 23 December 1852 and left [Friday] the 24th.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON, [21 DECEMBER 1852]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | 2 Saville Row. *Postmark:* Strand C | DE 22 | 1852 | B. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Tuesday Evening.

Dear Bessie

My brother-in-law is dead, and I go down to my sister on Thursday. So I cannot be with you in the evening as we proposed.

Thanks for your precious words of cheering and sympathy. I am quite calm today—queen of myself and of circumstances.

Write to me when I am away—at Mrs. E. Clarke's, Meriden. But do not come to see me to-morrow—I must keep myself from the excitement of talking.

Ever your faithful and loving friend
Marian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, MERIDEN, 25 DECEMBER [1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Dec. 1852. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 300–301.

Meriden | Christmas Day.

Dear Friends

Your love and goodness are a comforting presence to me everywhere —whether I am ninety or only nine miles away from you. Chrissey bears her trouble much better than I expected. Money matters are not in the *very* worst state. We hope that an advantageous arrangement may be made about the practice, and there is a considerable sum in debts to be collected. Scarcely anything, however, is to come from the father's property—almost all had been anticipated by loans.

I shall return to town on Wednesday by a train which leaves Hampton [4] at 4.20. It would have been a comfort to see you again before going back, but there are many reasons for not doing so. I am satisfied now that my duties do not lie *here*—though the dear creatures here will be a constant motive for work and economy.

Ever your lovingest
Marian.

4. Hampton-in-Arden, on the London and North Western Railway, 2 miles from Meriden.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY AND SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [31 DECEMBER 1852]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Dec. 31. 1852. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 301.

142 Strand | Friday Morning.

Dear Friends

I arrived here only yesterday. I had agreed with Chrissey that, all things considered, it was wiser for me to return to town—that I could do her no substantial good by staying another week, while I should be losing time as to other matters. Isaac, however, was very indignant to find that I had arranged to leave without consulting him and thereupon flew into a violent passion with me, winding up by saying that he desired I would never "apply to him for anything whatever"—which, seeing that I never have done so, was almost as superfluous as if I had said I would never receive a kindness from him. But he is better than he shewed himself to me and I have no doubt that he will be kind to Chrissey, though not in a very large way. The practice is sold for £1200, and we are hoping that with the interest of that and other money Chrissey will have about £100 a year independently of brothers and sisters. I trust I shall be able to add something to it. Chrissey is to live in a house of my brother's which was once her own [5]—rent free, of course. That will be a great help, and the boys will go to a free grammar school.[6] But I am crossing my note by mistake—so you will thank me to come to an end.

Your
Marian.

5. Under the will of John Evarard, GE's uncle, who died 17 December 1839, a house at Attleborough was bequeathed to her sister Mrs. Edward Clarke. Robert Evans records in his Journal, 24 January 1842, the payment of £250 to Mr. Clarke for the purchase of the house, which Isaac inherited in 1849.

6. A National School, established at Attleborough in 1848.

Feuerbach

1853 January 24	GE determines to leave 142 Strand.
1853 June 18	GE's translation of Feuerbach is announced.
1853 July–September	GE at Tunbridge Wells and St. Leonard's.
1853 October 8–17	At Rosehill.
1853 October 17	Moves to 21 Cambridge St., Hyde Park Square. Her intimacy with GHL begins.
1854 January–May	GE translating Feuerbach.
1854 July	*The Essence of Christianity* published.
1854 July 20	GE and GHL leave for Germany together.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 3 JANUARY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Jany 3. 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Friend

Will you be so good as to pay Mr. Simms [7] for me? and I will return you the guinea when you come to London. It was very kind of you and Cara to walk to the station for the sake of seeing me—I think you are the only beings in the world who would have done it.

I will tell Mr. Chapman about the W.R.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

Thousand loves to Cara.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [LONDON, 3 JANUARY 1853]

MS. Yale. *Endorsed:* Jany 3d. 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Sara

Thanks for your nice bit of fun and affection. I am a miserable diablessa [8] just now, so you must expect nothing from me—but go on giving, asking for nothing again. The first date to be entered in my journal is November 22, 1820.[9] Some day or other how I shall want to thank you! *Now* nothing seems pleasant to me but—*Resurgam.*

Pollian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 8 JANUARY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Jany 8. 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dearest Friend

I am utterly dejected, and, on my own part, can only thank you for your kind words. Mr. Chapman, who is going to Brighton and has not time to write himself, begs me to tell you that he had taken every pre-

7. The carrier at Coventry. (F. White, *Warwickshire,* 1850, p. 563.)

8. GE's nickname Pollian had led to comment on her probable relation to the devil Apollyon.

9. I cannot explain this date. GE may have told Miss Hennell that she was born then instead of 1819. Chapman's Diary notes 22 November 1851 as her 31st birthday, when it was really her 32d. Cross seems to have believed it, too, for the plate on her coffin was inscribed 1820. (*Times,* 30 December 1880.) On the other hand, several references in the letters give her correct age (6–8 November 1838, 22 November 1839, 21 April 1845). The entries in Robert Evans's Journal and the Chilvers Coton Parish Register prove beyond doubt that 1819 was right.

liminary step towards the insertion of Geo. Combe's advertisement.[10] He had seen it inserted in the assistant's book, and had given special injunctions with regard to it. The printers were so hurried at last that they would not allow Mr. C. to have a proof of the advertisement sheet. It is true that if he had seen one, the omission might not have struck him at the right moment, especially as he had the whole burthen of the work upon him. He thinks that the assistant's mistake was probably owing to the fact that there was an advertisement of Dr. *Andrew* Combe's [1] works inserted—which advertisement was confounded with that of G. Combe's works. I do not wonder at Mr. Combe's anger—still I am sorry for Mr. C. Many a worse man incurs less blame. With love to all

Your affectionate
Marian

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [LONDON, 10 JANUARY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Jan. 10. 1853. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 302.

Monday morning.

My dear Sara

Pray do not lay the sins of the article on the Atomic Theory [2] to poor Lewes's charge. How you could take it for his I cannot conceive. It is as remote from his style both of thinking and writing as anything can be. The real author is Dr. Samuel Brown. It is amusing enough that Miss Martineau writes by the same post as you: "Dr. Brown's article is the *beauty* of the whole. Exquisitely beautiful his articles always appear to me; and he is the poet of scientific history." For my own part I dislike the article extremely, but I have had so much unpleasantness about it already (with Dr. Brown himself) that I have not patience to discuss it any further. I confess, however, that I don't see why you call it "vulgar."

I have read your notice of Esmond [3]—but, you know, I can't change my opinion without getting a fresh impression from the book itself. Pray thank Mr. Bray for the paper.

10. The Parrish Collection at Princeton has several numbers of the *Westminster Review* in original wrappers with the advertisements intact. Unfortunately that for January 1853 is not among them.

1. Andrew Combe (1797–1847) practiced medicine in Edinburgh and helped establish the *Phrenological Journal.* He was a younger brother of George Combe.

2. A discursive and unsuccessful effort to relate the development of science, especially chemistry, to the development of religion. *Westminster Review,* 59 (January 1853), 167–196.

3. In the Coventry *Herald,* 7 January 1853, p. 2a-b, praising Thackeray's women.

I am thinking of paying another visit to my sister by and bye, and then I hope I shall manage to see you all. In haste, dear Sara

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY AND SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [LONDON, 15 JANUARY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Jan. 18. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 302.

Saturday.

Dear Trio

This week has yielded nothing to me but a crop of very large headaches. I hope it has been kinder to you—that business is looking up and, like the paper, lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes—as they say at the Bible meetings. The pain is gone from my head at last, but I am feeling very much shattered and find it easier to cry than do anything else. With best love to you all, I am ever

Your faithful
Pollian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 17 JANUARY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1852. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Monday Morning.

Dearest Friend

One word before the work or the pleasure of the day begins. I can't tell you how thankful I am that things are for once better than your fears. Now do be stingy and industrious this next year and throw as much energy into your silk-buying and ribbon-making as you do into your fight with the "parsons."

You are a fine fellow to talk of supporting the Westminster—*for my sake* too. Don't you know that the only thing you can do *for my sake* is to prosper and get comfortable the rest of your days? If you are to be grey and haggard and fretted "what good shall my life do me?" though I had the Westminster and the glory thereof all to myself. The reason I did not answer your last letter *specially* was, that having to write a 'general epistle,' I seemed to have no inspiration for a particular one. But now I am sorry, for I see you think it a neglect.

And have you not "such a friend?"—(as I, I suppose you mean). I am sure nobody cares for nobody more than I care for you, and as for having one's dearest friends under the same meridian with one, that

would be to have two *summa bona* at once, which is clearly contrary to the law or method of nature.

I shall write to you all in a day or two, so I tell you no news. This is only to assure you that your little notes are very precious to me, whether I answer them or not. I am sorely disappointed when I have none of your handwriting. In short you are the dearest, oldest, stupidest, tiresomest, delightfullest, and never-to-be-forgotten-est of friends to me —and I am ever

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON,
[22 JANUARY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Jan. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 302.

Dear Friend

Will you be so kind as to tell me in a few words, what are your objections to Mr. Chapman's letter to Mr. Combe? Mr. Chapman and I differ in our opinions—or rather feelings—on this subject, and I should be glad to check my own judgment by that of a third person.

I will ask Mr. Atkinson more about Lady Monson.[4] All I know of her at present is that she gives literary soirées. I am very glad to hear that Miss Lynn has a kind friend in her. I am sure she needs friends, and I begin to feel for other people's wants and sorrows a little more than I used to do. Heaven help us! said the old religions—the new one, from its very lack of that faith, will teach us all the more to help one another.

I am so sorry to hear that Cara has been having toothache again. Love to her and to Sara. Tell the latter she is as good as a group of spice islands to me—she wafts the pleasantest influences even from a distance. I will write to her to-morrow, if possible.

Couldn't "Jane" [5] tell you what ribbons will be worn this spring?

Your affectionate
Marian.

4. See [25 January 1853].

5. Mrs. Gerald Massey, according to her advertisement in the *Leader*, 3 April 1852, p. 332, "Professor of Phrenology (generally known as the clairvoyante Jane)," stayed with the Brays 25–29 January 1853. In his *Autobiography*, pp. 107–108, Bray writes: "At another time we had Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Massey staying with us. She exhibited in public, professing to be able to read without her eyes. Her eyes were carefully tied over, or you were allowed to put your hands over her face, but I noticed that she could not read till the bandage was considerably displaced, and she was obliged to go to the light, and if, when you held her eyes, you did it effectually, she always complained that you hurt her till you gave her more space."

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 24 JANUARY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Extract published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 66–67.

Monday Morning.

Dear Friend

At last I have determined to leave this house and get another home for myself. Many reasons, besides my health, concur to make me desire this change. I suppose I must stay here, however, until the April number is out of our hands.

You once said that you would help me in such a case, and if you do not repent of that word I shall be most grateful for the kindness. I hope you will arrange to spend a quiet hour with me when you come to town.

You ask why I think Miss Lynn in want of friends. I *know* that she has great difficulty in obtaining any literary employment, and one can easily see how this must seriously affect her comfort in many ways.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 25 JANUARY 1853]

MS Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Tuesday Morning.

Dear Friend

Thank you for your letter of this morning. I have shewn it to Mr. C. You seem to be under the very great mistake of supposing that I dictate Mr. C's letters.[6] I have nothing to do with their composition, and I must protest against being regarded as responsible for anything in the management of his affairs beyond the mere letter-press of the Review—and even that is not always what I will. Every conversation I have had with him on this affair of Mr. Combe's has been painful. I am sorry for Mr. Chapman, however, and I do not wish to dilate on his deficiencies. I quite agree with you in your opinion of Mr. Combe's letter. Indeed, I have again and again said to Mr. Chapman, that I consider Mr. Combe's conduct to him *throughout* unexceptionable. I ought to say, however, that Mr. Chapman does his best in everything —which is more than any one can say of *me,* so that I have very little

6. On the back of this letter Mr. Bray has written: "My dear Mr. Combe, I thought perhaps you would like to see Miss E's letter. I never supposed that she dictated Mr. C's letters. She says the most that can be said for him. Ever yours, C.B. Thursday Morning."

right to criticize him. I know no one who works harder or seeks fewer indulgences than he.

I questioned Mr. Atkinson yesterday about Lady Monson.[7] All I could learn is, that he likes her, that she paints well, is not otherwise clever, is between 40 and 50, and was separated from her husband a week after her marriage. From another person I learn that she is Mr. Larken's sister, (Mr. Larken of Leader celebrity).[8]

I am dreadfully behindhand with every thing, from having been so long idle. Tell Sara that is the reason if I am silent.

Yours etc.
Marian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [29 JANUARY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Jan. 29. 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

142 Strand | Saturday.

Dear Friends

On Tuesday morning I was seized with rheumatism in my right shoulder which on Wednesday got so bad that we sent for Mr. Dunn.[9] The consequence was that my shoulder was packed in wadding. I was put to bed and duly dosed. Frightful pain and sickness on Thursday, but improvement in every way yesterday, and now this morning I am able to write to you that I *have been* ill, which I do, that, if Mr. Bray should find me looking rather "gashly," he may not be surprized.[1]

7. Theodosia, Dowager Lady Monson (1803–91), daughter of Latham Blacker of Warkworth, Northumberland, was married 21 June 1832 to Frederick John, 5th Baron Monson (1809–41). They are described by the Duchesse de Dino (*Chronique,* 10 February 1834): "Lord Monson, petite figure d'homme ou plustôt d'enfant, timide et silencieux, par embarras de sa petite taille et de sa faiblesse de corps; puis Lady Monson, contrast frappant de son mari, grande et blonde Anglaise, raide, osseuse avec de longue traits, de large mains, une large poitrine plate, un air de veille fille, des mouvements anguleux, tout d'une pièce, mais polie et attentive." (Cokayne, *Complete Peerage,* IX, 73.) Lady Monson had many friendships with women, among them Mrs. Jameson and Matilda Hays.

8. GE's second informant was referring to Eliza, Lady Monson (1803–63), wife of the 6th Baron Monson, by whom she had nine children. She was the youngest daughter of Edmund Larken and sister of the Rev. Edmund Roberts Larken (1810–95) of Burton Rectory, one of the principal supporters of the *Leader.*

9. Robert Dunn, surgeon, lived near the Chapmans at 15 Norfolk St., Strand.

1. Mr. Bray went to London 31 January 1853 and "returned with Marian" 3 February. GE stayed two days, went to visit her sister at Attleborough 5–10 February, and spent two more days at Rosehill before returning to London 12 February. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

No more at present from your still be-nightcapped and be-wadded friend
Marian.

GE TO MRS. PETER ALFRED TAYLOR, LONDON, 1 FEBRUARY 1853

Text: Cross, I, 302–305.

My complaint, of which I am now happily rid, was rheumatism in the right arm—a sufficient reason, you will see, for my employing a scribe to write that promise which I now fulfil. I am going into the country, perhaps for a fortnight, so that if you are kind enough to come here on Wednesday evening, I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you. All the more reason for writing to you, in spite of cold feet and the vilest pens in the world.

Francis Newman is likely to come once or twice in the season—not more. He has, of course, a multitude of engagements, and many more attractive ones than a *soirée* in the Strand. Never mention me to him in the character of Editress. I think—at least I am told—that he has no high esteem of woman's powers and functions. But let that pass. He is a very pure, noble being, and it is good only to look at such.

The article on Slavery, in the last number of the 'Westminster'—which I think the best article of them all—is by W. E. Forster, a Yorkshire manufacturer, who married Dr Arnold's daughter.[2] He is a very earnest, independent thinker, and worth a gross of literary hacks who have the "trick" of writing. I hope you are interested in the Slavery question, and in America generally—that cradle of the future. I used resolutely to turn away from American politics, and declare that the United States was the last region of the world I should care to visit. Even now I almost loathe the *common* American type of character. But I am converted to a profound interest in the history, the laws, the social and religious phases of North America, and long for some knowledge of them. Is it not cheering to think of the youthfulness of this little planet, and the immensely greater youthfulness of our race upon it? —to think that the higher moral tendencies of human nature are yet only in their germ? I feel this more thoroughly when I think of that great Western Continent, with its infant cities, its huge uncleared forests, and its unamalgamated races.

2. "American Slavery, and Emancipation by the Free States," *Westminster Review*, 59 (January 1853), 125–167, urged support of the Northern cause and predicted that Southern defiance would not bring on a war. William Edward Forster married Jane Martha (1821–99), eldest daughter of Dr. Thomas Arnold, in 1850.

I daresay you have guessed that the article on Ireland is Harriet Martineau's. Herbert Spencer did *not* contribute to the last number. *Apropos* of articles, do you see the 'Prospective Review'? There is an admirable critique of Kingsley's 'Phaethon' in it, by James Martineau. But perhaps you may not be as much in love with Kingsley's genius, and as much "riled" by his faults, as I am.

Of course you have read 'Ruth' [3] by this time. Its style was a great refreshment to me, from its finish and fulness. How women have the courage to write and publishers the spirit to buy at a high price the false and feeble representations of life and character that most feminine novels give, is a constant marvel to me. 'Ruth,' with all its merits, will not be an enduring or classical fiction—will it? Mrs Gaskell seems to me to be constantly misled by a love of sharp contrasts—of "dramatic" effects. She is not contented with the subdued colouring—the half tints of real life. Hence she agitates one for the moment, but she does not secure one's lasting sympathy; her scenes and characters do not become typical. But how pretty and graphic are the touches of description! That little attic in the minister's house, for example, which, with its pure white dimity bed-curtains, its bright-green walls, and the rich brown of its stained floor, remind one of a snowdrop springing out of the soil. Then the rich humour of Sally, and the sly satire in the description of Mr Bradshaw. Mrs Gaskell has certainly a charming mind, and one cannot help loving her as one reads her books.

A notable book just come out is Wharton's 'Summary of the Laws relating to Women.' [4] "Enfranchisement of women" only makes creeping progress; and that is best, for woman does not yet deserve a much better lot than man gives her.

I am writing to you the last thing, and am so tired that I am not quite sure whether I finish my sentences. But your divining power will supply their deficiencies.

3. Elizabeth Gaskell published *Ruth* in January 1853, Charlotte Bronte having agreed to defer the appearance of *Villette* for a few weeks in order to avoid comparisons. See her *Life of Charlotte Bronte*, 2 vols., 1857, II, 227–228.

4. John Jane Smith Wharton, *An Exposition of the Laws Relating to the Women of England*, 1853.

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES TO BARBARA LEIGH SMITH, 12 FEBRUARY 1853

Text: Times Literary Supplement, 20 November 1948, p. 653.

Do you know, Marian Evans has changed to me lately, has seemed to have finally made up her mind to love me. It took her some time to consider those wretched poison drops of evil speaking, and I saw it, and shrunk from it just as you can fancy, but I have learnt my lesson of patience somewhat bitterly, and held my tongue, and let her consider at leisure, and she has thrown them to the winds. She said the other day, having made me sit close to her, and looking full into my eyes: "I thought when I first knew you, you had a great deal of self-esteem in the sense of putting forth your own opinions, but I have quite lost the impression. I suppose when we love people, we lose the sense of their faults." I was inexpressibly touched. I nearly cried. The odd mixture of truth and fondness in Marian is so great. She never spares, but expresses every opinion, good and bad, with the most unflinching plainness, and yet she seems able to see faults without losing tenderness.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON,] 15 FEBRUARY [1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1853. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 306.

February 15.

Dear Cara

I am glad to have the wool but still more glad to think of the kind heart that remembered my little want and took the trouble to supply it.

I am only just returned to a sense of the real world about me for I have been reading Villette,[5] a still more wonderful book than Jane Eyre. There is something almost preternatural in its power.

I have never been out of doors since I entered them on Saturday[6] —they say I must go, so I can only scribble these two or three words else I shall not get my walk before dusk.

Love to all.[7]

5. Charlotte Brontë's *Villette,* 3 vols., 1853, is advertised in the *Publishers' Circular,* 1 February 1853, as "Just published."

6. The day she returned from Coventry.

7. Unsigned.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 19 FEBRUARY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 301.

Saturday.

Dear Friends

What news of the ribbon trade? Pray tell me, for that is of as much consequence to me as the American Copyright.[8] Here is Harriet Martineau's pleasant letter to amuse you. I suppose you have seen Robert Owen's "Manifesto" [9] or I would send you that.

I am out of spirits about the W[estminster] R[eview]. The editorship is not satisfactory and I should be glad to run away from it altogether. But one thing is clear—that the Review would be a great deal worse if I were not here. This is the only thought that consoles me.

We are thinking of sending Chrissey's eldest boy [1] to Australia. Mrs. Whichcote,[2] of Meriden, a patient of his father's, has offered to place him under suitable protection at Adelaide and I strongly recommend Chrissey to accept her offer—that is, if she will let it be available a year hence. So I have bought Sidney's book on Australia [3] and am going to send it to Chrissey to enlighten her about matters there and accustom her mind to the subject.

Mrs. C. Hennell was here the other night, looking very well, but only in middling spirits—I thought. What think you of Lord John's speech? [4] I suppose the answer to that question is already in the Herald. You are 'jolly' I daresay, as good people have a right to be. Tell me as much of your happiness as you can, that I may rejoice in your joy—having none of my own.

Ever your faithful
Marian.

8. The Senate of the United States was debating a bill to grant copyright to foreign authors. If it were passed, the *Westminster Review* could circulate there without fear of pirating.

9. Robert Owen's *Manifesto . . . to All Governments and Peoples. Peace, Charity, Love, Union, and Progress . . .*, reprinted in 1853 as a 4-page pamphlet from his *Rational Quarterly Review and Journal.* (British Museum.)

1. Edward Clarke, Jr., born in 1838.

2. Wife of Col. George Whichcote of Ryleye House, Meriden. (F. White, *Warwickshire*, 1850, p. 872.) He had been on half-pay since 1825. (*Hart's Army List.*)

3. Samuel Sidney, *The Three Colonies of Australia: New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia; Their Pastures, Copper Mines, and Gold Fields*, 1852. It had been praised in the *Westminster Review*, 59 (January 1853), 284–285, in an article by Ebenezer Syme, who emigrated there in the spring of 1853.

4. Lord John Russell spoke 17 February 1853 in favor of an address to the Queen protesting against the persecution of the Protestant Madiai in Tuscany, declaring that he considered the attempt to inculcate any religious doctrine by penalties morally wrong. (*Times*, 18 February 1853, p. 3.)

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON, [24 FEBRUARY 1853]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | 2 Saville Row. *Postmark:* RD | 5E | FE 24 | 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Thursday.

Dear Friend

I shall be very happy to dine with you on Sunday. Thanks for the kind attention.

There was nothing much to regret last night. Mr. Huxley[5] and David Masson were the only notables, unless you will allow Mr. Atkinson to be one.

I ask not what hidden law of your being has determined your long absence from me. You will come again some day, like Encke's comet.[6] Till then and always

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 26 FEBRUARY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed.* Feb. 25. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 306–307.

Saturday.

Dear Friends

Do you observe that we are on the eve of having an American Copyright?[7] In which case the fortune of the Westminster is made, always supposing that periodicals are not excepted—which would be a most unbecoming piece of envy in the Gods.

I suppose you got my last Saturday's note, which, it appears, was too late for the post. We had an agreeable evening on Wednesday—a Mr. Huxley being the centre of interest. Since then I have been headachy and in a perpetual rage over an article that gives me no end of

5. Thomas Henry Huxley (1825–95) wrote reviews of scientific books for the *Westminster Review* beginning with 61 (January 1854), 251–270.

6. Discovered in 1818 and named for J. F. Encke, the German astronomer, who studied its orbit. It returns every 3.3 years and had last been seen in March 1852.

7. GHL announced it as a "certainty" in his "Literature" section of the *Leader*, 26 February 1853, p. 210. "The thing is no longer a speculation nor an agitation, it is on the eve of its birth as a fact." It was not adopted till 1891.

trouble and will not be satisfactory after all. I should like to stick red hot skewers through the writer whose style is as sprawling as his handwriting. I send Sara another Mazzini autograph to replace the one I took from her.[8]

Dear Chrissey writes me letters that agitate me. People have offered to send her little ones to the Infant Orphan Asylum—and the idea of the thing rends her heart. I think she ought to be provided for without any such measures.

For the rest, I am in excellent spirits, though not in the best health or temper. Mrs. Chapman knows that I am going to leave, and I think I shall manage it in the beginning of April. I am in for loads of work next quarter, but I shall not tell you what I am going to do.[1] Good-bye, dear souls. Write me some little scraps to-morrow.

Ever your
Pollian.

Forgive me if I forget anything for my head is distraught. I am most anxious to hear a more hopeful account of poor Harry.[2] Lameness seems worse than death for him. Mrs. C. Hennell was here last Sunday, looking, as you said, rather dejected.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON,] 5 MARCH 1853

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 307–308.

March 5. 1853.

Dear Friends

I send you a critique from the 'Churchman' which will amuse you. Please to return it.

Mr. Chapman asked me the other day whether he had better send a copy of Newman's Horace [3] to the Coventry Herald. The work being published on commission, of course, he is bound to regulate its distribution to provincial papers with strict regard to Newman's interests. Should you notice it, and would the notice be at all influential on the Coventry public? Newman has honored me with a presentation copy.

8. See 14 December 1852.

1. An advertisement in the *Leader*, 18 June 1853, p. 600, announced as in preparation for Chapman's Quarterly Series a translation of Ludwig Feuerbach's *Das Wesen des Christenthums*, 1841, and an original work, *The Idea of a Future Life*, by "the Translator of Strauss's Life of Jesus."

2. Harry Bray, whose illness Mrs. Bray notes in her Diary at the end of February 1853.

3. Francis William Newman, *The Odes of Horace Translated*, 1853.

I have been to Blandford Sq. (Leigh Smiths) [4] to an evening party this week. These soirées are a terrible *corvée* even without gas-lights—especially when one gets introduced to a man who squints and one is haunted by the squint for an hour after getting home as one sometimes sees one's own eyes in the glass in an incipient bilious attack. Dined at Mr. Parkes's on Sunday, and am invited to go there again to-night to meet said Smiths, but I think I shall not go, the weather being wet and I ailing.

Better news of Harry, to-morrow I hope, and of Cara's tooth.

Dear Mr. Bray—do you remember the "boiled mutton chops" in the Leader.[5] I don't think that dish would suit me.

I want to know what *you* think of Villette. Lewes was describing Currer Bell to me yesterday as a little, plain, provincial, sickly-looking old maid.[6] Yet what passion, what fire in her! Quite as much as in George Sand, only the clothing is less voluptuous.

Pray what does Sara mean by saying that my having plenty to do must be a great treat to me? I will trouble her to be more respectful to my serene editorship. The Review is to be stunning this time—very superior to the last both in variety and general interest. I am going to write to Col. Thompson [7] who has asked leave to insert an article at the eleventh hour.

I am very jolly—and ever your affectionate

Marian.

4. Benjamin Leigh Smith and his family lived at 5 Blandford Square.

5. "Politics are as flat, in the ordinary routine, as boiled mutton chops daily." (*Leader*, 14 June 1851, p. 549. Cf. 15 June 1851.)

6. In a letter to Mrs. Gaskell GHL wrote: "I was invited to meet her at your house. You remember she asked you not to point me out to her, but allow her to discover me if she could. She *did* recognize me almost as soon as I came into the room. You tried me in the same way; I was less sagacious. However, I sat by her side a great part of the evening, and was greatly interested in her conversation." (E. C. Gaskell, *Life of Charlotte Bronte*, 2 vols., 1857, II, 152–153.) Miss Bronte reported to Ellen Nussey that GHL's face almost moved her to tears, "it is so wonderfully like Emily, her eyes, her features, the very nose, the somewhat prominent mouth, the forehead, even at moments, the expression." (T. J. Wise, ed., *The Shakespeare Head Bronte*, 19 vols., Oxford, 1932–38, XIV, 118) For an account of her relations with GHL see Franklin Gary, "Charlotte Bronte and George Henry Lewes," *PMLA*, 51 (June 1936), 518–542.

7. Thomas Perronet Thompson (1783–1869), "French Writers on French Policy," *Westminster Review*, 59 (April 1853), 451–473. Colonel Thompson had purchased the *Westminster* in 1829 and edited it until 1836, contributing over one hundred articles during those years. (*DNB*.)

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 12 MARCH 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. 19. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 306.

Saturday.

Dear Creatures

It is nearly post time and I have only just remembered that it is my day for writing to you. I come from reading a letter of John Sibree's —to *me,* not to my editorship, a very pleasing letter, telling of his doings, his aspirations, and his little daughters.

Many things have happened this week but I can't think of them in a trice. Mr. Chapman went with Mr. Neuberg to Carlyle's the other night. Carlyle said he had had a letter from Dr. Stamm [8] announcing an intended call—a letter which made him expect nothing less than *Elijah the Tishbite.* I called on Miss Montgomery on Thursday and delivered Mr. Noel's message. She is a thoroughly nice person and I quite enjoy a chat with her. Mrs. Follen shewed me a delightful letter which she has had from Mrs. Stowe [9] telling all about herself. She begins by saying—"I am a little bit of a woman, rather more than forty, as withered and dry as a pinch of snuff—never very well worth looking at in my best days, and now a decidedly used up article." At 25 she married a man "rich in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, but alas! rich in nothing else." The proceeds of her first writings she devoted to buying her first feather bed! The whole letter is most fascinating and makes one love her.

Villette—Villette—have you read it?

Our next number is to be "grand, fundamental, and imposing." Mr. Bray deserves to be immortalized for inventing that phrase.

Herbert Spencer admires Mr. Hennell's portrait [1] greatly and sees "a resemblance to both sisters in it."

I must write three lines to Chrissey so there is no help for this stupid letter.

Ever your
Marian.

If you wanted to send a message would you send it by your eyes or by your nose? A dreadfully vulgar riddle.[2]

8. Perhaps Fernand Stamm, author of *Die wichtigsten Angelegenheiten der Gemeinde. Ein treuer Führer bei ihrer Neugestaltung,* Prague, 1850.

9. Dated Andover, February 16. It is published in Annie Fields, *Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe,* Boston and New York, 1897, pp. 172–178.

1. George Richmond's portrait of Charles Christian Hennell (1840), now in the possession of his great-grandson, the Rev. Michael M. Hennell. An en-

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 18 MARCH 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* March 19. 1853. *Brief extracts published:* Cross, I, 307; *George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 67.

Friday.

Dear Friend

A younger sister of Miss Tilley's—a poor girl quite dependent on her own labour as a milliner—is going to Australia, where two of her brothers are already settled.[3] She is recommended to take out a few goods, as of course any form of property is better than money at Sydney, and Mrs. Chapman has suggested that you would perhaps not object to sell her a few half pieces of ribbon. I know you will not mind a little trouble for the sake of accommodating a poor girl, but perhaps there are other reasons, which I do not think of for your disliking to sell a small quantity of goods. Of course the newest fashions are not wanted on the other side of the globe, but a milliner will not like ugly things —so if you can do these good people the kindness to supply them, perhaps you will send a few patterns for them to choose from. You have not answered my question about the Horace yet.

I have been ready to tear my hair with disappointment about the next number of the W[estminster] R[eview]. We are actually obliged to pay for one paper and put it in the fire. The English Contemporary Literature[4] is worse than ever and the article on Ruth and Villette[5] is unsatisfactory. Then one of the articles is half as long again as it ought to be.[6] In short I am a miserable Editor.

Instead of changing my street, I have changed my room only, and am now installed in Mr. Chapman's. It is very light and pleasant, and I suppose I must be content for a few months longer. Indeed I think I shall never have the energy to move—it seems to be of so little consequence where I am or what I do. In a hurry

Ever your affectionate
Pollian.

I shall write after the middle of next week.

graving of it appears as the frontispiece of Sara Hennell's *Memoir of Charles Christian Hennell,* 1899.

2 Mrs. Nicholas Moseley suggests that it depends upon which runs faster.

3. Sophia Tilley, sister of Chapman's mistress Elisabeth. See *George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 17, 197, 200. One of the brothers in Australia was named William.

4. *Westminster Review,* 59 (April 1853), 585–605.

5. A badly constructed review by GHL, pp. 474–491. GE was perhaps disappointed because *Villette,* which she greatly admired, received more cursory treatment than *Ruth.*

6. [James Martineau's] "Early Christianity, Its Creed and Heresies," pp. 535–584, is the longest article in this issue.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[LONDON, 28 MARCH 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* March 28. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 307.

Monday Morning.

Dear Sara

On Saturday I was correcting proofs literally from morning till night—yesterday ditto—so I have been unable to earn my week's pennyworth. The Review will be better than I once feared, but not so good as I once hoped.

I send the enclosed autographs in the hope that one or two of them may be worth putting in your collection. I suppose the weather has chilled your charity as well as mine. I am very hard and Mephistophelian just now, but I lay it all to this second winter.[7] We had a pleasant evening last Wednesday—Lewes, as always, genial and amusing. He has quite won my liking, in spite of myself.

What do you think of the last Vagabond Letter? I am extremely glad not to be acquainted with Yseult [8]—she is only a degree less insupportable than the Vagabond himself.

Love to the other dear creatures.

Ever your faithful and loving
Marian.

Of course Mr. Bray highly approves the recommendations of the Commissioners on *Divorce.*[9]

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON,
[30 MARCH 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* March 31. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Wednesday.

Dear Friend

I think your offer about the ribbons would have been very acceptable if it had come a little earlier—but now the luggage is all gone to

7. The March of 1853 was one of the coldest remembered; it snowed every day from the 15th to the 27th.

8. Yseult Edwardes, who figures in the *Vagabond Letters* in the *Leader.* In Letter 15 (26 March 1853, pp. 308–309) she startles her husband and friends during a discussion of the Essex poisonings by remarking that "she could imagine cases in which a woman, bound to be a wife to a man whom she did not love, might resort to *any* means as an escape." GHL was not the author.

9. The *First Report of the Commissioners Appointed to Inquire into the Law of Divorce* was discussed in the *Leader,* 26 March 1853, p. 294.

Glasgow whence the vessel starts and Miss S. Tilley herself goes tonight. I forget whether I told you that she accompanies Mr. *Syme* [1] and his family.

The *Times* [2] speaks of the American Copyright as a *fait accompli*—so I suppose there is no doubt that the Senate will ratify the treaty.

Tell Sara I would rather not disclose the authorship of the articles until they have been read. I consider—no—I will not say which I think the poorest.

I am right glad to hear that you are flourishing under extra work. Why did you send last week's Herald to Herbert Spencer? We could neither of us make out. I am better than I was—the Spring moving in my veins a little, I suppose.

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[LONDON, 4 APRIL 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 4. 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Monday.

Dear Sara

Delighted with your letter this morning—especially with your appreciation of the article on Bunsen.[3] The writer on Thackeray is Theodore Martin (*Bon Gaultier*),[4] the husband of *Helen Faucit.*

Pray read the article on Schopenhauer [5] next—I think it one of the best.

Did I tell you that Mr. C. paid £20 for an article which we were obliged to throw away? One had need to have £700 to spend on every number as they say the Editor of the Edinburgh has.—Bad news about

1. Ebenezer Syme (1826–60), one of Chapman's assistants since 1851. In Melbourne he wrote for the *Age,* which he and a younger brother bought. In 1859 he entered Parliament as an advanced liberal. (*DNB.*)

2. 28 March 1853, p. 4d.

3. [James Martineau's] "Early Christianity, Its Creed and Heresies," *Westminster Review,* 59 (April 1853), 535–584, was devoted principally to C. C. J. Bunsen's *Hippolytus and His Age,* 4 vols., 1852.

4. "Thackeray's Works," pp. 363–388. Theodore Martin (1816–1909) contributed humorous pieces to *Tait's* and *Fraser's;* in 1845 he and W. E. Aytoun published a collection entitled *Bon Gaultier Ballads.* He married in 1851 the actress Helena Saville Faucit (1817–98).

5. "Iconoclasm in German Philosophy," pp. 388–407, by [John Oxenford] (1812–77). The *CBEL,* III, 606, says that this article was the foundation of Schopenhauer's fame.

the American Copyright this morning. People think it will not pass the Senate.[6]

Mrs. Follen and Miss Montgomery have just called—so have Dr. Samuel Brown and his wife—he looking like a ghost, but very cordial notwithstanding my editorial crimes.[7] I have had headache for three days and "don't know which end I stan' on," as poor Mary Hammond used to say. I had a charming letter from Harriet Martineau this morning which I will send you by and bye.

Best love to Mr. Bray and Cara. Tell the former that I had not time to do more than glance down the columns of the Herald before H. S. took it away, and he was going the next day into Derbyshire.[8] I will tell him what to look at, if he has not yet found it out.

I am sadly dispirited by long headache—and I dare not think of a holiday at Rosehill to refresh me, because I could not be in Warwickshire without going to my sister and I don't feel equal to that just now.

Ever your faithful
Pollian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 11 APRIL 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 11. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 308.

Monday Morning.

Dear Creatures

Your letters this morning make sunshine for me and I shall go to Sydenham[9] in good spirits, though a quarter of an hour ago I was thinking the journey a bore. Only I am sorry to hear of Mr. Bray's lumbago—after having had rheumatism myself I know how to sympathize with him.

The Times and the Athenæum still speak confidently about the American Copyright, so perhaps there is no reason for desponding.[1]

Please return H.M's letter.

The article on Schopenhauer is Oxenford's. That on Ruth and

6. The New York *Herald* reported that the bill had been "referred to a Committee, who have not acted on it; it will hardly be returned to the Senate in time for action prior to the adjournment." (*Examiner*, 9 April 1853, p. 231.)

7. See [10 January 1853].

8. To visit his parents in Derby.

9. To visit Mrs. Peter Alfred Taylor.

1. The *Athenaeum*, 9 April 1853, p. 448, reports postponement for a week by the Senate but expects a favorable vote, even though the American papers speak doubtfully of it.

Villette G. H. Lewes's! His, too, is the one on Alex. Smith.[2] "French Writers on Fr[ench] Policy" [3] is by Col. Perronet Thompson. There is an amusing article on *Human Hair* in the Quarterly.[4] The Edinburgh is a good number—better than ours.

What do you think of my going to Australia with Chrissey and all her family?—to settle them and then come back. I am just going to write to her and suggest the idea. When *will* Mr. Bray come to London? Not but that he is wise to keep away from it.

Bless you all. I can sing a *Jubilate Deo* when you are comfortable. One wants *something* to keep up one's faith in happiness—a ray or two for one's friends if not for oneself. <Lewes has been quite a pleasant friend to me lately.>

Much love from your ever affectionate
Pollian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 16 APRIL 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 16. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 308; *George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 68.

Saturday Morning.

Dear Cara

My chief trouble is poor Chrissey. Think of her in that ugly small house with six children who are inevitably made naughty by being thrown close together from morning till night. To live with her in that hideous neighbourhood amongst ignorant bigots is impossible to me. It would be moral asphyxia and I had better take the other kind—charcoal myself and leave my money, perhaps more acceptable than my labour and affection. Then I dare not incur the *material* responsibility of taking her away from Isaac's house and its attendant pecuniary advantages. My health might fail and other things might happen to make her, as well as me, regret the change.

Yet how odious it seems that I, who preach self-devotion, should make myself comfortable here while there is a whole family to whom, by renunciation of my egotism I could give almost everything they want. And the work I can do in other directions is so trivial!

The little Chapmans have whooping cough and from having been quite beautiful with healthy bloom they have become pale as death. I

2. "Poems of Alexander Smith," *Westminster Review,* 59 (April 1853), 522–534.

3. Pages 451–473.

4. *Quarterly Review,* 92 (1852–53), 305–328.

have an increasing regard for Mrs. Chapman. Her character has shewn some admirable phases lately, and indeed I think both *he* and *she* deserve far more respect than you are disposed to give them.

We had an agreeable soirée last Wednesday. I fell in love with Helen Faucit. She is the most poetic woman I have seen for a long while. Her conversation is not remarkable in any way but there is the ineffable charm of a fine character which makes itself felt in her face, voice and manner.

I am taking doses of agreeable follies, as you recommend, dear Cara. Last night I went to the French Theatre and tonight I am going to the opera to hear William Tell.[5] People are very good to me. Mr. Lewes especially is kind and attentive and has quite won my regard after having a good deal of my vituperation. Like a few other people in the world, he is much better than he seems—<human as [?]> a man of heart and conscience wearing a mask of flippancy.

Herbert Spencer means to quit his position as sub-editor of the Economist and trust to writing. This is *entre nous*. I rather tremble for him—with his nature, article-writing for bread will be worse than he has just now persuaded himself to think. Still this editorship is a horrid *gêne* and tethers him to London all the year, with the exception of a few days' holiday now and then.

By the bye, Kate Martineau and her Father [6] came on Wednesday. They were both very cordial and wish to see me at Highbury again.

I am going to write to George Combe to whom I am in debt two letters deep—so, dear Cara, good bye—and do not let my grumbling letters alarm you for me. Chrissey will never consent to go to Australia she says.

When the warm days come and the bearskin is under the acacia you must have me again. Love to Sara. Her letter about Hippolytus was read <aloud> to three gentlemen—so she must not think her writing thrown away.

Ever your faithful
Marian.

5. The play was *Loisa* by Mme Marguerite Chardon Ancelot (1792–1875). Rossini's *William Tell* had its second performance of the season before a crowded house 16 April. (*Times*, 18 April 1853, p. 2.)

6. Peter Martineau.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 30 APRIL 1853]

MS. Yale. *Endorsed:* April 30. 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Saturday.[7]

Dear Friends

My cough seems to get worse instead of better and I am as miserable as my best friend or worst enemy could desire to see me. The pain in my throat makes me quite hysterical this afternoon. I am not well enough to go visiting yet for I really want nursing. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman are gone to Brighton with Ernest this morning.

Ever your affectionate

Marian.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON,
[APRIL? 1853]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Bessie

I am not well today and think it would hardly be prudent for me to turn out this damp evening. *C'est ennuyeux,* but I hope to be more fortunate another time.

Ever your faithful
Marian.

3 o'clock.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 2 MAY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished. Endorsed:* May 8. 1853.

Monday.

Dear Creatures

I certainly have been better since yesterday morning, and if I had not been, such kind letters as came to me this morning would have made me so. I think I may hope to travel without a *basin* by Thursday,[8] so if you hear no more from me expect me on that day. A thousand bless-

7. A reference in [25 May 1853] to "the last five weeks" places the beginning of GE's illness about 20 April Chapman's children Ernest and Beatrice were just recovering from whooping cough.

8. Mrs. Bray's Diary shows that GE came Thursday, 5 May 1853, and went on the 23d.

ings on you all for your goodness. Don't be figuring to yourselves a very horrid looking visitor. Remember I always make the worst of my ailments.

Ever your
Marian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
[LONDON, 4 MAY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* May 4. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Wednesday.

Dear Friends

I am to set off by the express which leaves London at 10.58 and gets to Coventry at 12.58. I have been very ill again since Monday and am grieved to put such a burthen upon you, but Mr. Dunn says there's no hope of my being better without change of air. Happy that I have such good Samaritans as you.

Your grateful
Marian.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, [LONDON], 13 MAY 1853

Text: Maggs Bros. Catalogue 320 (January–February 1914), item 212.

You may put down 'The Idea of a Future Life' [9] on your list if you will put it far enough on.

M. E.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, COVENTRY,
15 MAY [1853]

MS: Berg Collection, New York Public Library. *Address:* Miss Parkes | James Buckton Esq | Chapel Town | Leeds. *Postmarks:* [COVEN]TRY | MY 15 | 1853; LEEDS | MY 16 | 1853 | A. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosehill | Coventry | May 15.

Dear Bessie

I have been a wretched invalid for more than a month with a, to me, quite new ailment—namely, a bad cough, which, like the East wind, obstinately refuses to go. I have been here in country air and

9. The first mention of a projected work which GE seems never to have written. Chapman announced it in the *Leader*, 18 June 1853, p. 600, as in preparation for his Quarterly Series.

quiet for the last ten days, but these medicines seem as ineffectual as Mr. Dunn's doses. I have made up my mind to be in London again on the 23d, cough or no cough; so we shall soon see each other again. A great pleasure that will be to me, dear pet. You must first give me three hugs and a dozen kisses, and then tell me the story of all you have done in those long weeks that you have been away.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

Lucy Field[1] and the young ladies are coming here on Wednesday.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 25 MAY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* May 24. 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Wednesday.

Dear Friend

The only thing I am sorry for *now* about that affair of the car is your vexation in consequence of it. Pray think no more of it. I am sure the influenza has made me guilty of far worse sins. I have forgotten everything for the last five weeks except my own uncomfortable sensations.

The worst consequence of my non-appearance at the station when I was expected was, that I missed the joke of having Dr. Hodgson,[2] who has let his beard grow, introduced to me as Mr. Hale, an American. Mr. Chapman amused himself with imagining the cross looks I should give him for bringing an odious Yankee to meet me. I have been to the Exhibition this morning with Dr. Hodgson and am of course tired to death. I feel weaker here—from the greater warmth I suppose—than I did in the country.

I am very grateful to you and Cara for having me and bearing with me when I was so poorly and disagreeable. I hope you will enjoy your summer pleasures all the more for the thought that you have done me good. In haste

Your affectionate
Marian.

Love to Cara and Sara.

1. Miss Parkes was educated at the school at Leam kept by the Rev. William Field and his family. Miss Lucy Field, a friend of Mrs. Bray, was the principal teacher at this time.

2. Hodgson had recently returned from a trip on the Continent with Joseph Neuberg. (*Life and Letters of William Ballantyne Hodgson*, ed. J. M. D. Meiklejohn, Edinburgh, 1883, p. 127.)

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [LONDON, 28 MAY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* May 31. 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Saturday Morning.

Dear Sara

Condole with me. I find Foxton's article detestable, and quite enough to damn the Review. I think we shall be obliged to offend him by declining it.[3] So much for bad news. For good, I have nothing better than that the 'Society for the Conversion of the Jews' has converted *one* Jew during the last year and has spent £4400.

Mr. and Mrs. Combe are at Kingston, and I am going to dine with them there (at Dr. Cox's)[4] to-morrow. That is to say, if the lumbago, which seems to have succeeded the influenza, will let me.

I hope you are in better condition than I and are at this moment enjoying a trudge backwards and forwards "to earn an appetite."

Your affectionate
Pollian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 30 MAY 1853]

MS. Yale. *Endorsed:* May 30. 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Monday.

Dear Cara

The hamper which you have had the trouble of packing for me, in addition to your other good deeds, has not yet made its appearance. I had a pleasant though rather fatiguing visit yesterday. Mr. Combe is looking well—his eyes more terrible than ever—but Mrs. Combe is quite ill with that horrid disease of the mucous membrane, which always makes people hypochondriacal. I made a very agreeable new acquaintance—a Mrs. G. Taylor,[5] of whom I had heard from Kate Martineau.

I was little better than a "body" on Thursday and Friday, with head and back-ache, but I revived on Saturday evening and went to the opera to hear Ernani. I took the opportunity of judging whether Mr.

3. I cannot identify it in the July number.

4. Combe's nephew Dr. Abram Cox lived at Kingston-on-Thames. (Charles Gibbon, *Life of George Combe,* 2 vols., 1878, II, 292.)

5. Perhaps the wife of George Ledwell Taylor (1788–1873), architect and archeologist.

Bray could endure sitting through an opera in the pit, and I really think he may venture.

Rachel is to appear only once in Phèdre [6]—the part in which I most want to see her. Don't be having tooth-ache and lying awake this week as a preparation for enjoying London.[7] Love to all from

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO MRS. BRAY, [LONDON, 13 JUNE 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* June 13. 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Monday.

Dear Cara

As a matter of course I forgot to give you your handkerchief at the right moment, so I send it by post.

I was at the Zoological Gardens on Saturday, but did not see you there. I hope you went, however, and saw not only the fashionables, but the much more interesting sight of the wondrous zoophytes and other marine queerities in the Vivarium.[8]

Wishing you undisturbed enjoyment of your rest at home, I am ever, dear Cara

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY AND SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [LONDON, 17 JUNE 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* June 17. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 309.

Friday Morning.

Dear Cara and Sara

Mr. Barclay [9] put an end to my pain in ten minutes by stopping my hollow tooth, and moreover consoled me by telling me that I need feel no

6. Rachel appeared in Racine's tragedy only once this season, 1 June 1853.

7. Mr. and Mrs. Bray went to London 6 June 1853 and stayed till the 12th. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

8. A collection of living zoophytes, mollusca, fish, and other marine animals was being exhibited on Saturday, 11 June 1853; the band of the 1st Life Guards played at 4. (*Times*, 13 June 1853, p. 4.)

9. Henry Barclay of Heath and Barclay, dentists, 34 Bedford Row. GE's schoolmate Martha Jackson later became his second wife and emigrated with him to Cape Town, where for a time he was the only dentist.

anxiety about the state of my teeth in general. So I am radiant with benevolence, as it is so easy to be when one is perfectly comfortable. Not that I am quite *that,* for my cough has been worse again the last few days.

On Wednesday I dined at Sir James Clark's [1] where the Combes are staying and had a very pleasant evening—nice Dr. Arnott [2] and Mr. Barton being the other guests. At 10 o'clock the Clarks went to the Queen's ball [3] and I had the amusement of seeing them in their court dresses.

The Combes have taken lodgings in Oxford Terrace where I mean to go, and where I hope Sara will come to stay with me some time. It is better than the Strand—trees waving before the windows, and no noise of omnibuses.

Last Saturday evening I had quite a new pleasure. We went to see Rachel again,[4] and sat on the stage between the scenes. When the drop-scene fell, we walked about and saw the green room and all the dingy, dusty paraphernalia that make up theatrical splendour. I have not yet seen the 'Vashti' of Currer Bell [5] in Rachel, though there was some approach to it in Adrienne Lecouvreur.

We are going to have a party to-night to meet Mrs. Cornwallis [6]—a lady who reads Egyptian hieroglyphs and for aught I know the arrow-headed and cuneiform characters to boot. I shall write again soon—these few lines to thank you both for writing to me.

Your faithful
Pollian.

1. Sir James Clark (1788–1870), since 1837 a physician in ordinary, to Queen Victoria, lived at 22 Brook St., Grosvenor Square.

2. Neil Arnott (1788–1874), like Clark a Scot and a physician in ordinary to the Queen, was a bachelor until 1856.

3. The Queen's State Ball at Buckingham Palace 15 June 1853 was the first held there after the redecoration of the Grand Hall. (*Times,* 16 June 1853, p. 5d.)

4. In *Adrienne Lecouvreur* at the St. James's. GE went with GHL.

5. "Vashti," ch. 23 of *Villette,* was inspired by Rachel, whom Charlotte Bronte saw 7 June 1851. See T. J. Wise, ed., *The Shakespeare Head Brontë,* 19 vols., Oxford, 1932–38, XIV, 244–245.

6. Caroline Frances Cornwallis (1786–1858), a child prodigy, learned Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and German at an early age. She rejected an offer of marriage from Sismondi but remained friendly with him; he later lent her his house in Italy, where she studied Tuscan criminal procedure. In 1853 she was bracketed for a £200 prize offered by Lady Byron for the best essay on juvenile delinquency. She wrote two articles for the *Westminster Review:* "The Property of Married Women," 66 (October 1856), 331–360, and "Capabilities and Disabilities of Women," 67 (January 1857), 42–73.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [25 JUNE 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* June 25. 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Saturday Morning.

Dear Sara

If there are some opinions in the 1st article of the Rev[iew] which give you pause, pray mitigate your concern by reflecting that they are contradicted in the 2d. So of the 3d and 4th, and I daresay there are sundry other pretty discrepancies in the remainder to accommodate differing tastes and theories. I hope to have the benefit of your criticism both by letter and *by Herald.*

When I was reading your congratulations that my teeth were "settled" I was racked with pain, and the next day I had the tooth which *Mr. Barclay had stopped* taken out by another dentist—a man with 'bowels' who will risk giving chloroform. I was quite unconscious during the extraction and only began to protest that I would not submit to the operation when the tooth was lying on the table before me.

This affair hindered me from dining at Sir J. Clark's again to meet the Combes and the Pulzskys [7]—for which I was more sorry than for the loss of most dinings-out. On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. C.[8] and I went to Blandford Sq. to meet Mr. R. Noel, who was more agreeable than I ever saw him before. Tell Mr. Bray that Mr. N. spoke very admiringly of him and inquired about him with much interest. He called on me the next day with Mrs. Jameson [9] *twice* and I was unfortunately not in. Vexing that, for I wanted to see Mrs. J., and this is the third time I have missed doing so.

7. After Kossuth's fall in 1849, Francis Aurelius Pulszky (1814–97), Hungarian revolutionist, fled to England with his wife Theresa Walder Pulszky (b. 1815). She was the author of *Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady*, 1850; together they wrote *Tales and Traditions of Hungary*, 3 vols., 1851. They accompanied Kossuth to America and published their observations under the title *White, Red, and Black. Sketches of Society in the United States, during the Visit of Their Guest*, 3 vols., 1853. (Allibone, II, 1704; C. Gibbon, *Life of George Combe*, 2 vols., 1878, II, 285; Mary Howitt, *An Autobiography*, 2 vols., Boston and New York, 1889, II, 78–80, 367.)

8. Combe.

9. Anna Brownell Murphy Jameson (1794–1860), who separated from her husband soon after their marriage in 1825, had been a friend of Robert Noel since 1833. He introduced her to Lady Byron, with whom she enjoyed a warm friendship until 1852, when, after Ada's death, Lady Byron learned that Mrs. Jameson had concealed from her much that she knew of Ada's affairs. (E. C. Mayne, *The Life and Letters of . . . Lady Noel Byron*, 1929, 376–379.)

I am going to hear Berlioz' new opera tonight [1]—an 'experience' I have looked forward to with great expectation.

What do you mean by saying that you fear the Whitby trip will drop through? Surely not. Business is not disappointing? I take tea with the Combes tomorrow and am to see the Pulzskys at whom I am a little frightened—*she* being a genius and *he* an encyclopædia.

Love to the good friends who think it worth having—and even if not —*love*.

Your faithful
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [LONDON, 28 JUNE 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* June 28. 1853. *Brief extracts published:* Cross, I, 309.

Tuesday.

Dear Sara

Pack up your trunk and come to London on Friday (or Thursday if you can) and then on Saturday we will go to Ockley near Dorking, where are staying Miss Julia Smith,[2] Barbara Smith and Bessie Parkes.

They invited me and Mrs. Chapman to go to them and I am sure they—at least Miss Julia Smith—would be more pleased to see you than either of us. I had a packet of invitations this very morning and it struck me that here was just the thing to make it worth your while to come to London and see the Exhibition and do other pleasant things. My only fear is that you may hesitate to leave the two children.[3] But surely Mrs. C. Hennell and Cara might manage with them, for a week.

It would not be an expensive journey for you—only the railway to London and back. Don't say nay, but come like a good Gemahlinn.

1. *Benvenuto Cellini* had its premiere 25 June 1853, it was not a success.

2. Julia Smith (1799–1883), youngest sister of Benjamin Leigh Smith, befriended his five children after their mother's death when Barbara, the eldest, was only seven. A friend of Harriet Martineau and other liberals, Miss Smith was one of the most outspoken advocates of the rights of women. She was one of the founders of Bedford College, where she and Barbara were both entered as students in 1849. (M. J. Tuke, *A History of Bedford College*, 1939, p. 313)

3. Nelly Bray and Frank Hennell, who with his mother Mrs. C. C. Hennell stayed at Rosehill 17 June—25 July 1853. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

I shall write to the Ockley party to-day[4] and tell them of the probability that they will see you.

Your affectionate
Marian.

Mrs. Chapman writes to invite you by the same post.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON, [29 JUNE 1853]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Bessie

You will see the letter I enclose to your best beloved,[5] so I need not repeat to you what I have said to her. If the Chapmans join us, they will decide about the time and the train etc.—if not, I will take care to let you know.

Mr. Chapman is possessed of your messages—but he begs me to say, that he will be much obliged if you will always write any business commands for him on a separate piece of paper, if you choose to enclose them in a letter to me, as in that case the said piece of paper goes among the other orders of the day into the hands of the assistant, and there is less risk of delay or omission.

I was so sorry to have missed you when you came to say good bye. I sometimes wonder if you expect me to return calls and repay civilities like a Christian or whether it is sufficiently understood between us that I am a heathen and an outlaw. In haste

Ever your loving
Marian.

GE TO BARBARA LEIGH SMITH, LONDON, 29 JUNE [1853]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Hitherto unpublished.*

142 Strand | June 29.

My dear Miss Smith

I am trying to induce my friend Miss Hennell to come to London this week, and I feel confident that if I succeed, Miss Julia Smith—and

4. The Countess of Iddesleigh has an envelope: Miss Parkes | King's Arms | Ockley | near Dorking. *Postmarks:* Strand C. 1853 | 28 JU 28 | 1 T; DORKING | JU 29 | 1853 | A. The letter has not been found.

5. Barbara Leigh Smith.

therefore all of you—will be glad to see her with me at Ockley. I assure you she is far better worth knowing than I.

We must rest our hopes on the changeableness of the weather, and trust that as it is cold and rainy now, on Saturday it will be warm and sunny.[6]

Ever yours truly
Marian Evans.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON,
[30 JUNE 1853]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope.* Miss Parkes | King's Arms | Ockley | Dorking. *Endorsed:* July 1st 53. *Postmarks:* 30 JU | 1853; DORKING | JY 1 | 1853 | A. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Bessie

Mr. Chapman finds on renewing his study of the map, that Ockley lies considerably south of the railway to Dorking. Hence it will be the best economy of railway and omnibus travelling for us to go to Dorking and accept your kind offer to bring the cart for us. We shall get to Dorking at 5.52.

Miss Hennell has promised to come tomorrow so our party will be four in number. No time to say another word more

Ever your loving
Marian

Thursday Evening.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON,
12 JULY 1853

MS: Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | Post Office | Bournemouth | Poole | Dorsetshire. *Postmarks:* Strand C | 13 JY | 1853; BOURNEMOUTH | JY 13 | 1853 | A; POOLE | JY 13 | 1853 B. *Hitherto unpublished.*

142 Strand | July 12. 1853.

Dear Bessie

A few fibres of my brain in another place and I should have been on the Rhine by this time. The Combes [7] asked me to go with them and stay in Switzerland until September, but the reasons *contra* prevailed—

6. The prediction was not fulfilled. Saturday, 1 July, was even colder, with heavy rain; in London hail fell. (*Gentleman's Magazine.*)

7. Mr. and Mrs. George Combe sailed for Antwerp 10 July 1853. (C. Gibbon, *The Life of George Combe,* 2 vols., 1878, II, 325.)

by virtue of the locality of said fibres. (I know you like materialism, so I talk it to indulge you.)

Sir James Clark [8] says that I have a perfectly sound constitution—lungs and heart all right—but that I am a soft pulpy individual, certainly not fit for a Strand life.

Heaven preserve me from reading Miss Hume's Poems! There was a high panegyric on them in the Morning Advertiser [9]—but I was quite cowed by their first extract and had not courage to proceed. But I will read as many verses of your "Poem preparing for the press" as you like to send me. Miss Hennell and I were heartily amused by your specimen.[1]

Would Bournemouth be any less pleasant to you for my being in it, supposing I felt in want of the neighbourhood of dear, brave women friends?

Tell your Barbara—whom I love—that I shall write to her à propos of her letter when I am inspired. Meanwhile I treasure it as a true word from a true human being. Tell her, too, that I am quite straight with good, clear-eyed Mr. Atkinson. I happened to say to her that he had been mysteriously silent to me of late. In haste, ever, dear Bessie,

Your loving
Marian.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 16 JULY [1853]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | Bournemouth | near Poole | Dorsetshire. *Postmarks:* TUNBRIDGE WELLS | JY 16 | 1853 | B; POOLE | JY 18 | 1853; BOURNEMOUTH | JY 19 | 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Pelham House | Tunbridge Wells | July 16.

Dear Bessie

Why *will* you go to out-of-the-way places to which the Railway makes serpentine lines through all manner of country?

8. See [17 June 1853].

9. Mary C. Hume (later Mrs. Rotherby), *The Bridesmaid, Count Stephen, and Other Poems,* published by John Chapman, 1853. The review in the *Morning Advertiser,* 7 July 1853, p. 6, begins: "When moral purity, intellectual beauty, religious truth, refined taste, and feminine grace, appeal to the better feelings of our nature, he must be a harsh and ungenial critic who can withstand the appeal." The first quotation is the Dedicatory Sonnet.

1. Perhaps her "Summer Sketches," included in *Poems,* 2d ed., 1854. They are letters in verse; the first, dated 28 June, discusses a model village, Redhill, Ockley; the second, dated July 1853, is a symposium of ladies in which one may recognize Bessie as Lilian; Barbara as Ella, the painter; Julia Smith as Mistress Clare; and GE as Helen.

I came to this place yesterday, wishing to keep inland for a little while. A very beautiful place it is, but so dear—this being the fashionable season for it—that I don't think I can stay. There are plenty of Blanche Amorys [2] and other worldlinesses about, but they are too insignificant to spoil one's impression of the large, free beauty nature has all round here. The greatest drawback is the fact of having to pay two guineas a week for two rooms. Ockley would have been better, after all.

Here is a note which I hardly know why I send you, for there is nothing in it. However I had the impulse to say two or three words to you this morning.

Your loving
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, [27 JULY 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 26. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Pelham House | T. W. Wednesday.

Dear Sara

I hope you are enjoying repose in your nest after your flight. Any news of you and your fellow birds will be acceptable. I shall be glad to hear that Cara is well—free from tooth and head ache—and that Mr. Bray is happy in his editing etc. Is Harry come or coming back?

I am jolly; much the better for the air of this lovely place, which is growing into my affections. There is one of the prettiest of villages near here—Southboro'—with smooth-shaven green and wooded slopes and nothing ugly within sight or hearing.

I am rather longing for some sea-breezes however, and may run off to Hastings or St. Leonard's which lie temptingly in a line with the station here. The frightful expense of this place is one motive for leaving it. The Bournemouth party is gone to Stonehenge [3] this week.

With love to all, ever dear Sara

Your affectionate
Marian.

2. The affected worldling in Thackeray's *Pendennis*.

3. The MS is clear. Probably Herbert Spencer, who was visiting the Richard Potters at Stonehouse, Gloucestershire. See his *Autobiography*, I, 427. They may have visited Stonehenge on the way from Bournemouth.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 30 JULY 1853

Text: Maggs Bros. Catalogue 333 (Spring 1915), item 106.

Pelham House, T. W.

I have also read 15 pages of Miss Lupton's translation,[4] comparing it with the original. I think it may be made tolerable by revisal, but that revisal must be entrusted to a person of conscientiousness and ability. She appears to understand the author very well, but she has no nice sense of style and the value of words. Her grammar is sometimes defective, like her spelling. . . . There are many faults such as tautology, which shew a want of repeated revision on her own part. . . . Still you are not likely to get anyone who will do Ewald better, if at all, and Miss L.'s heart seems to be so thoroughly in the thing. . . .

I have DeQuincey's Autobiographical Sketches [5] with me, and have now done with them.

Marian Evans

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, ST. LEONARD'S, [3 AUGUST 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Aug. 3. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 309–310.

Park Cottage | West Hill | St. Leonard's.

Dear Cara

Your letter, which only reached me this morning, was just what I wanted, telling me everything about everybody. I must persist in hoping that you will get to the coast in spite of unpropitious appearances. I never felt the delight of the thorough change that the coast gives one so much as now, and I shall be longing to be off with you again in October. St. Leonard's, like other things, has been making progress in the last five years. It joins Hastings now—houses all the way sans intermission. I am on a delightful hill, looking over the heads of the

4. Miss C. Lupton accompanied Miss Anna Swanwick and one of Dr. Zumpt's daughters from London to Germany in 1838. "In order to satisfy Miss Lupton's desire to learn Hebrew, with a view to translating [Georg Heinrich August] Ewald's *History of Israel*," a search was made for a professor to instruct her and Anna See Mary L. Bruce, *Anna Swanwick*, 1903, pp. 26, 29.

5. *Autobiographic Sketches*, ed. James Hogg, 2 vols., 1853–54, was the occasion for an article "Thomas De Quincey and His Works," *Westminster Review*, 61 (April 1854), 519–537, by [Henry A. Bright].

houses on the main road, and having a vast expanse of sea and sky for my only view.

It gave me quite a pang of distress to read of Mr. Noel's troubles bodily and other. I trust the hand is not less *usable* for the accident and consequent deformity.

I can only sigh too at the prospect of your having poor Harry [6] back again. But you and Mr. Bray like duties better than I—selfish sybarite that I am.

I shall be very glad of edification from the article on Russia, by whomsoever written. Pray let me have it.

The lights in your picture—which otherwise certainly does make the world look rather like a Bochim [7] to me—are the tea-drinkings in Stoneleigh Park,[8] and I like to think that you are all there this lovely afternoon. The bright weather and genial air—so different from what I have had for a year before—make me feel as happy and stupid as a well-conditioned cow. I sit looking at the sea and the sleepy ships with a purely animal *bien-être*. The person in whose house I am lodging—a nice honest and, I fancy, Unitarian body, about 40—went to school to Mrs. Lalor [9] and has now some little girls from her school passing their holidays here.

I shall be very grateful for any scraps of news about you whenever one of the trio will be benevolent enough to write in spite of their disinclination—for that is the history of all letter-writing, unless indeed one wants to hear from the other "party." I am not sure that I shall remain long at these lodgings. Love to all. Ever dear Cara,

Your affectionate
Marian.

6. According to Mrs. Bray's Diary Harry Bray stayed only two days, 12–14 September; he left for the West Indies 15 October 1853 but was with the Brays again for Christmas 1855.

7. A place west of the Jordan near Gilgal. The name means "the weepers." See Judges 2.1–5.

8. About four miles south of Coventry, the seat of William Henry Leigh, 2d Baron Leigh of Stoneleigh. Supported by Bray's Coventry *Herald*, he stood unsuccessfully in 1847 as the first Free Trade candidate as M.P. for North Warwickshire.

9. In a letter to a Mrs. Ouvry (MS at Yale, undated) Mrs. Gaskell writes about a Miss Baecks who keeps a girls' school at Hampstead "along with her sister Mrs. Lalor (equally good though not equally charming) My daughter was at school there." John Lalor (1814–56), born a Catholic, became a Unitarian after reading Channing's essay on Fénelon. For several years he was on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, and in 1844 he became editor of the Unitarian weekly, the *Inquirer*.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, ST. LEONARD'S, 9 AUGUST [1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 310.

St. Leonard's | August 9.

Dear Friend

Thanks many for the Herald, which one reads with avidity at St. Leonard's, whatever one may do in London. It would have been a satisfaction to your benevolence to see me sitting on the beach laughing at its many jokes (i.e. the Herald's) and sympathizing with your indignation against Judge Maule.[10]

You always used to send me an account of the results of stock-taking, and I missed that proof of your understanding my affection very much. Do you mean that you gained £200 exclusive of housekeeping etc. or only that altogether? It always helps me to be happy when I know that you are so, but I do not choose to vindicate myself against doubts of that, because it is unworthy of you to entertain them. I am going on as well as possible physically—really getting stout, and, as I have been telling Mrs. Chapman, being regenerated by baptism and——beer drinking! This latter sacrament I have taken to for the last week and find it very efficacious.

If I had chosen to go to the Continent I should have gone with the Combes. I have had a letter from Mr. Combe today in which he says that Mrs. C. is much better. But perhaps you have heard this before.

I should like to have a good laugh with you immensely. How nice it would be to meet you and Cara on the beach this evening, and instead of sending you such a miserable interpreter of one's feelings as a letter, give you the look and the hand of warm affection! This British Channel really looks as blue as the Mediterranean today. What weather! Love to all from

Your affectionate
Marian.

10. Sir William Henry Maule (1788–1858) sat at the Warwick Assizes in a suit for damages brought by Constant Derra de Moroda against George Dawson and three of his friends who in 1851 had caused the detention as an impostor of a woman named von Beck, who posed as a Hungarian baroness. The jury awarded Derra £800 and costs, of which Dawson's share was £500. His friend Bray attacked the decision in the *Herald,* and the *Leader* carried a number of articles on it, one of which (13 August 1853, p. 782) bore the title "How Justice May Be Mauled." For a summary of the case see the *Times,* 4 August 1853, p. 7e.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
ST. LEONARD'S, [12? AUGUST 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Aug. 2. 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Park Cottage | West Hill | St. Leonard's.

Dear Cara

Thanks for your extract, which I return. I am amused at the editorial interpolations.

I am enjoying the sea extremely and find that, in spite of Sir J. Clark,[1] it is just what I wanted. The weather is glorious [2]—the sea blue and calm—and I have a delightful window from which I can see its "many-twinkling smile" [3] as I write. Love to all from

Your ever affectionate
Marian.

I think Froude ought to see your hint about his imitation of Carlyle.[4]

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
ST. LEONARD'S [18 AUGUST 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Aug. 18. 1853. *Extracts published.* Cross, I, 310–311.

Spa Cottage | St. Leonard's.

Dear Sara

For the first time in my experience I am positively revelling in the Prospective! I have been dying with laughter over one passage in the article on Shakspeare which was made for Herbert Spencer and which I long to quote to him. "No doubt there is some reason why negroes have woolly hair (and if you look into a philosophical treatise, no doubt you will find that the author could have made out that it would be so, if he had not, by a mysterious misfortune, known from infancy that it was a fact)—still one could *not* have supposed it oneself." [5] James

1. Sir James Clark had written *The Influence of Climate in the Prevention and Cure of Chronic Diseases,* 1829, and *A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption,* 1835.

2. The meteorological record places this letter between 8 and 15 August, a period fair or fine and without rain.

3. J. Keble, "Second Sunday after Trinity," *The Christian Year.*

4. In "John Knox," *Westminster Review,* 60 (July 1853), 1–50. For Carlylean echoes see pp. 9, 13, 22, etc.

5. *Prospective Review,* 9 (1853), 421. GE has interpolated the second "not."

Martineau transcends himself in beauty of imagery in the article on Sir W. Hamilton,[6] but I have not finished him yet.

Yesterday it rained sans intermission, and of course I said *cui bono?* and found my troubles almost more than I could bear—but today the sun shines [7] and there is blue above and blue below—consequently I find life very glorious and myself a particularly fortunate diabolessa.

Lady Boothby (Mrs. Nisbett) [8] is here—is building a house on a hill and shews her fine form and very withered but still suggestive-of-prettiness face (highly rouged) on the parade every day. (There is a bit of news to interest Mr. Bray.) Mr. Brooks,[9] a member of Parliament, is her friend and supplies her with £800 a year whereby she lives at ease. The landlord of my lodgings is a German—comes from Saxe-Weimar, knows well the Duchess of Orleans, and talked to me this morning of *Mr.* Schiller and *Mr.* Goethe. A propos of Goethe, there is a most true, discriminating passage about him in the said article on Shakespeare.[1] *Mr.* Goethe is one of my companions here, and I had felt some days before reading the passage the truth which it expresses. Love to all.

Thy affectionate
Marian.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, ST. LEONARD'S, [23 AUGUST 1853]

MS: Berg Collection, New York Public Library. *Address:* Miss Parkes | 2 Savile Row | London. *Postmark.* ST. LEONARD'S-BY-SEA | AU 23 | 1853 | A. *Hitherto unpublished.*

St. Leonards | Tuesday Morning.

Dear Friend

I hope this will be in time to tell you that your letter was a sunbeam to me on this cloudy morning. Good health go with you on your interesting tour—You have all the other requisites.

6. The praise is ironic. The article (pp. 340–384) abounds with bad metaphors: "The student of physical science, having strung its facts together on the hypotheses in vogue when he was thirty, finds his mental cabinet disarranged and his picture of nature confused by the new theoretical conceptions which, ere he be sixty, supply the catchwords of analogy and connexion." (p. 341.)

7. The meteorological record shows rain for 16–17 August and fair weather the 18th.

8. In 1844 Louisa Cranstoun Nesbitt (1812?–58), the actress, had taken as her second husband Sir William Boothby, Bart., of Ashbourne Hall, Derbyshire. After his death in 1846 she returned to the stage until 1851, when she retired to St. Leonard's.

9. No one named Brooks sat in Parliament 1830–54. Perhaps the honor belongs to Sir Arthur Brinsley Brooke (1797–1854), M.P. for Fermanagh from 1840 until his death.

1. Cross, I, 311–312, reprints the passage from the *Prospective Review,* 9 (1853), 417–418.

I know you will sometimes think kindly of one who is

Ever your loving
Marian.

I run with this to the post before ½ past 9 lest the evening post should be too late to catch you.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, ST. LEONARD'S, [4 SEPTEMBER 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Aug. 25. 1853. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Friend

Here is a letter of Geo. Combe's which may amuse you. Please to give the slip from the Herald to Sara with my love and thanks both for that and for her letter. I am too idle to discuss either the Westminster or the Herald today. What a sky we have after the storms! [2] I hope there is nothing to mar your enjoyment of it. This is my last Sunday here. I return on Thursday or Friday to town. With best love to Cara

Ever yours affectionately
Marian.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [17 SEPTEMBER 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Sep. 7th. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Saturday.

Dear Friends

I meant to write to you today but am come in dead tired from an expedition to Hyde Park to see some lodgings. How are you all? I want to know sadly, but am really unable to deserve any news by writing a letter.

Your affectionate
Marian.

2. The meteorological record shows showers 28–31 August 1853, heavy rains 1–2 September, and fair weather 3–6 September. Sunday was the 4th.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 19 SEPTEMBER 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Sep. 19. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 312–313.

Monday.

Dear Friends

Your packet was a real treat to me this morning and made me enjoy my walk in the Park all the better. As for me, I am in the best health and spirits, with no cloud but the fact that Mr. Chapman seems a little more oppressed than usual just now, which causes me some regretful feeling about leaving.

I have had a letter from Mr. Combe today urging me to go to Edinburgh, but I have made an engagement with Mr. Chapman to do work which will oblige me to remain in London. I shall manage, however, to run away for a week to my sister and I hope I shall see you either going or returning.

Mrs. Perry [3] is a very bonny, pleasant looking woman, with a smart drawing-room and liberal opinions—in short such a friend as self-interest well-understood [4] would induce one to cultivate.

I have not yet fixed on any lodgings, and I think of advertising, as a certain situation is a sine quâ non. I find it difficult to meet with anything at once tolerable and cheap. My theory is to *live* entirely—that is, pay rent and find food—out of my positive income,[5] and then work for as large a surplus as I can get.

Cheap and pleasant lodgings are obtainable enough if one doesn't mind going 4 miles away from the centre, but not so when one must be within a reasonable distance at the West End.

The next number of the Review will be better than usual. Froude writes on the Book of Job! [6] He at first talked of an article on the three great *subjective* Poems—Job, Faust and Hamlet. An admirable subject—but it has shrunk to the Book of Job alone.

Herbert Spencer inquires after you. He made the pen with which I write. So you see he is a useful member of society.

Mr. Bray says, with dreadful truth, that my letters are uninterest-

3. Possibly the wife of John George Perry (1802–70), Medical Inspector of Prisons, who was a friend of George Combe. (C. Gibbon, *Life of George Combe,* 2 vols., 1878, II, 324, and Boase.)

4. Burke. See [24–25 July 1852].

5. By will Robert Evans left GE £2,000 in trust and £100 cash; her positive income was not more than £100 a year.

6. *Westminster Review,* 60 (October 1853), 417–450.

ing. I'm very sorry, but it will be all the kinder of you if you will send me your interesting ones gratuitously. A visitor.

Your faithful
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [1 OCTOBER 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Oct. 1st. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 313–314.

142 Strand | Saturday Evening.

My dear Sara

I meant to write to you today in time for tonight's post, but I have been busied about my lodgings all afternoon. I am not going to Albion St., but to 21 Cambridge St., Hyde Park Square.

You will have seen by the papers that Savill and Edward's printing office was burnt down yesterday morning.[7] The W[estminster] R[eview] narrowly escaped the fate of the Leader, the Lit[erary] Gazette and poor Dr. Vaughan's [8] elaborate article on the Religious Tendencies of the Age, intended for the next number of the B[ritish] Quarterly.

I hope you will be pleased with our present number. If you don't think the Universal Postulate [9] first-rate, I shall renounce you as a critic.

Why don't you write grumbling letters to me when you are out of humour with life, instead of making me ashamed of myself for ever having grumbled to you? I have been a more good-for-nothing correspondent than usual lately—this affair of getting lodgings, added to my other matters, has taken up my time and thoughts. But I don't deserve to be punished for this by your not writing to me for the next six weeks.

I have promised to do some work tonight and tomorrow for a per-

7. The presses and composing room of Savill and Edwards, 4 Chandos St., Strand, were entirely destroyed 30 September 1853. The *Leader* was able to appear through the courtesy of the *Weekly News,* which placed proofs at its disposal.

8. Robert Alfred Vaughan (1823–57), son of the editor of the *British Quarterly Review,* studied under Tholuck at Halle 1846–47. In 1850 he accepted a call from Ebenezer Chapel, Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham, where he remained until ill health forced him to resign in 1855.

9. Herbert Spencer's article in the *Westminster Review,* 60 (October 1853), 513–550, was the original sketch of his *First Principles,* 1862.

son [1] who is rather more idle than myself, so I have not a moment to spare.

Ever your loving
Pollian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY,
LONDON, [20 OCTOBER 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Oc. 22. 1853. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 315, as part of a letter to Miss Hennell.

21 Cambridge St.

Dear Cara

Various small obstacles, such as want of stamps, have been a reason, or, if you wish, a pretext for not writing to you to tell you that I got safely here after you, by dint of good coffee and kind looks had sent me on my way rejoicing.[2] I like my lodgings—the housekeeper cooks charming little dinners for me, and I have not one disagreeable to complain of at present, save such as are inseparable from a ground floor. Still, I shall not be at all surprized to find myself in the Strand again at the end of November.

I hope you are likely to survive the heavy dose of theories you have had.[3] Love to all. Alas—alas, the weather [4] and the business!

Extra love and sympathy to Mr. Bray.

Yours ever
Pollian.

1. Cross annotates this passage: "Correcting 'Leader' proofs for Mr Lewes." His information may have come from GE's Journal for the period, extant when he was writing, since he quotes several passages from it, e g. 25 December [1853].

2. GE stayed with the Brays at Rosehill 8–17 October 1853. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

3. Herbert Spencer stayed at Rosehill 16–22 October 1853. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

4. The meteorological record shows cold weather with heavy rains 16–21 October 1853.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [22 OCTOBER 1853]

MS· Yale *Endorsed:* Oct. 22d. 1853. *Mostly published*· Cross, I, 314–315.

21 Cambridge St. | Saturday Morning.

Dear Sara

How are you? I am reading "The Religion of the Heart" [5] and am far more pleased with it than I expected to be. I have just fallen on two passages with which you will agree.

"Parker . . . is full of the poetry of religion; Martineau equally so, with a closer style and incessant eloquence of expression, perhaps a perilous superabundance of it as regards the claims of matter over manner; and his assumptions of perfection in the character of Jesus are so reiterated and peremptory, that in a man of less evident heart and goodness, they might almost look like a very unction of insincerity or of policy,—of doubt forcing itself to seem undoubting."

"Hennell's Christian Theism is one long beautiful Discourse proclaiming the great Bible of Creation, and reconciling Pagan and Christian Philosophy."

To-day is an exceptional day—that is, a fine one. I am hoping for a row (pron. *ro*) on the Serpentine, which is really almost as good as a lake.

Good Sir James Clark stopped me in the Park yesterday as I was sauntering along with eyes on the clouds, and made very fatherly inquiries about me, urging me to spend a quiet evening with him and Lady Clark next week—which I will certainly do; for they are two capital people, without any snobbery.

I don't expect you to write after what you said—I would rather not be associated with boredom in any form, so I will be content to have no letter and be liked a little the better in consequence.

Ever your faithful
Pollian.

Will you tell Cara that I left a small gold brooch on the table in my room with my Father's hair in it? Love to all.

5 Leigh Hunt's *The Religion of the Heart. A Manual of Faith and Duty* had just been published by Chapman. The passages quoted here are found on pp. 178–179.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON,
[29 OCTOBER 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Oct. 29. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 315.

21 Cambridge St.

Dear Friend

If you find your proposition about the Bookcase a feasible one, I shall be very glad to have it put in practice *soon,* as I wish to exchange my present one for a Library Table, of which I am sorely in need.

I had a great deal of chat yesterday with Sir John Forbes,[6] and found him, as you might expect from his books of travel, a very pleasant, unaffected man. Everybody is talking of the article on the Church in the Edinbro' Review.[7] Forbes is immensely tickled by your story about saddling the prophet instead of the ass, which the writer of said article has put in a note. You should read the article in the Quarterly on Electro-Biology—it is by Dr. Carpenter [8]—a "naked neddy" in your esteem, but still the first physiologist in England.

Last night I saw the first fine specimen of a man in the shape of a clergyman that I ever met with—Dawes, the Dean of Hereford.[9] He is the man who has been making the experiment of mingling the middle and lower classes in schools. He has a face so intelligent and benignant that children might grow good by looking at it. [*Four words deleted.*]

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman are just gone, and have brought me the bit of ribbon which Mr. C. forgot to give me the other day. Thanks. Harriet Martineau called yesterday—looking fatter than ever. She is going to her Brother's [1] at Birmingham soon. Mrs. Wills [2] came with

6. Sir John Forbes (1787–1861), Physician to the Queen's Household, was a lifelong friend of Sir James Clark. His travel books are *A Physician's Holiday, or a Month in Switzerland in the Summer of 1848,* 3d ed., 1852, and *Memorandums Made in Ireland in the Autumn of 1852,* 1853.

7. "Church Parties," *Edinburgh Review,* 98 (October 1853), 273–312, a review of Goode, Hook, and Hare as representative of the Low, High, and Broad Church groups

8. William Benjamin Carpenter (1813–85), "Electro-Biology and Mesmerism," *Quarterly Review,* 93 (September 1853), 501–557. Electrobiology was the name given the phenomena of hypnotism by Yankee showmen.

9. Richard Dawes (1793–1867) failed to be elected Master of Downing College, Cambridge, in 1836 because he had voted for the admission of Dissenters into the University. His successful establishment of schools for the lower classes led Lord John Russell to present him to the Deanery of Hereford in 1850.

1. Robert Martineau, a brass manufacturer, lived in Highfield Road, Birmingham. (F. White, *Warwickshire,* 1850, p. 210)

2 Janet (1812–92), youngest sister of the Edinburgh publishers William and Robert Chambers, was the wife of William Henry Wills (1810–80).

her—a nice little Scotch woman, a small edition of Robert Chambers, her brother. Love to Sara and Cara.

Yours ever
Marian Evans.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, 3 NOVEMBER [1853]

MS Yale. *Endorsed:* 1853. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 317.

21 Cambridge Street | November 3.

Dear Friend

Eh bien! I will welcome the Bookcase. Please to add to your other goodness that of letting me know when it will arrive, as the impenetrability of matter positively forbids my having two Bookcases in my room at once. Poor Mr. Chapman has just left me, looking fagged to death from having, as a bit of extra work yesterday, run along the Strand after a thief who had managed to get into the house and *out* of it with £8 worth of plate! [3]

Hitherto I have been spending £9 per month—at least after that rate—but I have had frequent guests. I am exceedingly comfortable and feel quite at home now. Harriet Martineau has been very kind—called again on Tuesday, and yesterday sent to invite me to go to Lady Compton's,[4] where she is staying, on Saturday evening. This, too, in spite of my having vexed her by introducing Mr. Lewes to her, which I did as a desirable bit of peacemaking.[5]

3. The *Leader*, 12 November 1853, p. 1087, gives the following account: "An impudent thief, who gave the name of Henry Devine, but withheld his address and occupation 'out of regard for his family,' was brought up at Bow-street on Saturday, charged with stealing a quantity of plate from Mr. J. Chapman, the bookseller, 142, Strand. About two o'clock one day the housemaid saw the prisoner coolly walk down from the drawing-room, and out into the street; she called out to her master, who at once set off after him. The prisoner ran off at full speed, but Mr. Chapman, attracted by the glitter of his own plate, with which the thief in his flight was now strewing the street, ran faster after him, and eventually tripped him up on his face on the pavement. On appearing before the magistrate, prisoner said, with the greatest effrontery, he 'merely took the plate to enable him to raise money sufficient to go to Australia, and intended to reimburse Mr. Chapman when he got to the gold diggings.' He considered he had been very badly used by Mr. Chapman, who, instead of offering him a glass of ale after his fall, had seized him by the throat, and nearly choked him. He considered 'such conduct anything but gentlemanly, but was willing to forget and forgive, if Mr. Chapman on his part would do the same.' Mr. Henry committed him for trial."

4. At 3 Leinster Terrace, Bayswater.

5. GHL won Miss Martineau's dislike in 1851 by two devastating reviews of her *Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and*

Pray let me know of any opening in the clouds. Love to Cara and Sara.

Yours affectionately
Marian Evans.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON,
[5 NOVEMBER 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Nov. 5. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 315–316; *George Eliot and John Chapman*, p. 72.

21 Cambridge St. | Hyde Park | Saturday.

Dear Friend

I have made arrangements to replace my present Bookcase by a Library Table and Desk, so the sooner the other comes, the better. Will you when you write, remember to send me the address of the London agent for the Fire-lighters?

I think you would find some capital extracts for the Herald in the article on Church Parties in the Edinburgh. The *Record* is attempting a reply to it—in which it talks of the "truculent infidelity of *Voltaire and Robespierre!*" Has Robert Cox sent you his book on the Sabbath? [6] If ever I write a book I will make a present of it to nobody—it is the surest way of taking off the edge of appetite for it, if no more.

I am as well as possible—and certainly when I put my head into the house in the Strand I feel that I have gained, or rather escaped, a great deal physically by my change.

Love to Cara and Sara. I have no news this morning.

Yours affectionately
Marian Evans.

Development (*Leader*, 22 February 1851, p. 178, and 8 March, p. 227). A few weeks later the *Leader* printed without comment an absurd extract from the book headed "Experiences of a Deaf Person," which began: "I fainted one day from having, in a freak, put a musical snuff-box on my head." (5 April 1851, p. 326) Her enmity was intensified by rivalry over Comte. GHL's papers in the *Leader* in 1852 were expanded and published in September 1853 as *Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences: Being an Exposition of the Principles of the Cours de Philosophie Positive of Auguste Comte* in Bohn's Scientific Library, 1853. Miss Martineau's abridged translation, *The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte* in Chapman's Quarterly Series, announced as "nearly ready" 24 September, did not appear until 19 November. The review in the *Leader*, 3 December 1853, pp. 1171–1172, has none of GHL's sparkle, but is more reminiscent of GE's style in the *Analytical Catalogue of Mr. Chapman's Publications*. Her peacemaking was not successful.

6. *Sabbath Laws and Sabbath Duties: Considered in Relation to Their Natural and Scriptural Grounds, and to the Principles of Religious Liberty*, 1853. Cox was George Combe's nephew and shared his view that the Sabbath was made for man.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, LONDON, 7 NOVEMBER 1853

Text Cross, I, 316–317.

Chrissey has just sent me a letter, which tells that you have been suffering severely, and that you are yet very ill. I must satisfy my own feelings, by telling you that I grieve at this, though it will do you little good to know it. Still, when *I* am suffering, I do care for sympathy, and perhaps you are of the same mind. If so, think of me as your loving sister, who remembers all your kindness to her, all the pleasant hours she has had with you, and every little particular of her intercourse with you, however long and far she may have been removed from you. Dear Fanny, I can never be indifferent to your happiness or sorrow, and in this present sad affliction my thoughts and love are with you. I shall teaze you with no words about myself *now*—perhaps by-and-by it will amuse you to have a longer letter.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [8 NOVEMBER 1853]

MS Yale. *Endorsed*: Nov 1853. *Brief extract published:* Cross, I, 316.

21 Cambridge St. | Tuesday.

Dear Sara

Thanks many for both your letters. It must be that tremendous conscientiousness of yours on the hunt for duties that makes you read through the Co[ntemporar]y Lit[erature] of the W[estminster] R[eview]. However it is to be worth reading in future—done on a new plan—the Foreign Lit[erature] blended with the Eng[lish]. J. Martineau is to do the Theology and Philosophy, Huxley the Science and Froude the History!! [7] I am afraid, though, that this will not be a very tempting programme to you.

Pleasant Mrs. Mackay came on Sunday morning and invited me to meet Dr. Elliotson tomorrow. Her husband has made his call this morning, looking frightened as to the eyes and clean as to the collar. He is full of the book on Christianity and I hope will really get it done before long.[8] I always like to see him and talk to him. He seems so kind—so full of good-will towards one.

7. The new plan was first used in January 1854.

8. R. W. Mackay, *A Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Christianity*, 1854.

Have you known the misery of writing with a *tired* steel pen which is reluctant to make a mark? If so, you will know why I leave off.

Ever your loving
Pollian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [LONDON, 15 NOVEMBER 1853]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Friend

Very good of you to send me the Herald that I might have something luminous to read in the fog which has really set in this morning.[6] I have been writing by candlelight except in occasional intervals of slight rarification.

Your article on Prof. Maurice [7] is excellent though certainly not in a style usual to newspaper writers and, I should think, rather strong meat for the Coventry people. Between ourselves I should say Prof. Maurice is muddy rather than "profound." The Prospective calls his essays "the divine vapour of a noble mind" [8]—a complimentary way of saying that he is dim and foggy.

I am sure if you had seen the Bookcase in my room you would have concurred with me as to the desirability of getting it out again. Nevertheless you have done a good deed all the same. Cara is dumb to me—makes no sign of love. Notwithstanding mine is with her.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [18 NOVEMBER 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Nov. 3. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 315.

21 Cambridge St. | Friday.

Dear Sara

When I wrote the other day I had not read your nice little notice of Leigh Hunt's book.[9] I think you have characterized it very justly—at

6. The meteorological record shows foggy weather with sleet and rain 15–16 November 1853.

7. "Dismissal of Professor Maurice by the Council of King's College," Coventry *Herald,* 11 November 1853, p. 4b.

8. "Maurice's *Theological Essays,*" *Prospective Review,* 9 (1853), 560–599. "Mr. Maurice's present work only gives us the spiritual vapour of a fine mind." (p. 561.)

9. *The Religion of the Heart,* in the Coventry *Herald,* 11 November 1853, p. 2a.

least all the praise you have given it is appropriate, but of course you have charitably suppressed a great deal of disprobation which is equally just. I can't help laughing at the imbecility of that pious dictum—that if Shelley had lived till now he would have been a Christian—that is, he would have been old woman enough for it by this time.

We had a pleasant evening at Mr. Mackay's on Wednesday, Dr. Arnott [1] my especial favorite being there. I was considerably surprized at the sight of Dr. Elliotson—I had expected a tall graceful man. He is *rauh* and stumpy in person and abrupt in manner. But Mrs. Mackay says he is the "best man living." He expressed considerable indignation about Carpenter's article—not unjustly I think—because it blinks all the facts of mesmerism.[2] Mary Marshall was there. She seems very sadly out of health. I saw old Mrs. Atkinson the other day—a really fine old woman, full of the sweet milk of human kindness.

Mr. Lewes was at Cambridge about a fortnight ago, and found that Herbert Spencer was a great deal talked of there, for the article on the Universal Postulate as well as other things. Mr. Lewes himself has a knot of devotees there who make his history of Philosophy [3] a private text-book.

Miss Martineau's Comte is out now. Do you mean to do *it* or Mr. Lewes's? [4] We can get no one to write an article on Comte for the next number of the Westminster—Bain,[5] our last hope, refusing.

I dare say this gossip is not very interesting to you, but a headache this morning inclined me to fill up ten minutes by writing it.

Ever thy loving
Pollian.

1. Neil Arnott.

2. Born in London, John Elliotson (1791–1868) was educated at Edinburgh and Jesus College, Cambridge. He established himself as one of the best physicians in London and was Professor of Medicine at London University 1832–38. In 1837 he began to practice mesmerism as a therapeutic treatment, and his dislike of Carpenter's article "Electro-Biology and Mesmerism," *Quarterly Review*, 93 (September 1853), 501–557, sprang from the scornful tone it takes toward the phenomena. He was one of the trustees of the funds for the Philosophical Institution established at Mile End in 1841; the other two were C. C. Hennell and Robert Fellowes, Mrs Mackay's father.

3. *A Biographical History of Philosophy*, 4 vols., 1845–46; 2d ed., 2 vols., 1852.

4. See [3 November 1853], n. 3. A copy of GHL's *Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences*, inscribed "Marian Evans From G H L., was sold at Sotheby's, 27 June 1923, item 544.

5. Alexander Bain (1818–1903), psychologist, at this time a lecturer at Bedford College.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [25 NOVEMBER 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Nov. 22. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 317–318.

21 Cambridge Street | Friday Morning.

Dear Sara

Sundry hindrances external and internal have prevented me from fulfilling my desire to write to you. Chiefly an uncomfortable state of body—indeed I am now writing on my knee because I don't feel able to sit up at the desk. But you know that my life is a perpetual *werden.* I have not the less felt all that your letter *said.* Thank you for it dear, and for all the helpful love you have given me for the last ten years. I begin this year [2] more happily than I have done most years of my life. "Notre vraie destinée," says Comte, "se compose de *resignation* et *d'activité*"—and I seem more disposed to both than I have ever been before. Let us hope that we shall both get stronger by the year's activity—calmer by its resignation. I know it may be just the contrary—don't suspect me of being a canting optimist. We *may* both find ourselves at the end of the year going faster to the hell of conscious moral and intellectual weakness. Still there is a possibility—even a probability —the other way.

My ailments and the fog together have prevented me from going to Blandford Square [3] to see Robert Noel and his wife and to Mrs. Wedgewood's [4] where H. Martineau is staying. I have not seen H. M's Comte yet—she is going to give me a copy—but Mr. Lewes tells me it seems to him *admirably well* done. I don't know whether you noticed the article on Mahomedanism and the Greek Church extracted from the Daily News, in the Leader [5] of last week. That was hers, and I think it excellent. [*Seven words deleted.*] James Martineau tells Mr. Chapman that he shall never write another book on theology! Don't you think that a good sign?

I told Mr. Chapman yesterday that I wished to give up any connection with the editorship of the Westminster. He wishes me to continue the present state of things until April, but admits that he is so straitened for money and for *assistance* in the mechanical part of his

2. GE's 35th. This is a reply to a greeting from Miss Hennell on GE's birthday, 22 November—the previous Tuesday.

3. At Benjamin Leigh Smith's, 5 Blandford Square.

4. Frances Mackintosh, wife of Hensleigh Wedgwood (1803–91), was a member of the Council of Bedford College and like her husband concerned with liberal ideas. They lived at 42 Chester Terrace, Regents Park.

5. *Leader,* 19 November 1853, p. 1108.

business that he feels unable to afford an expense on the less tangible services which I render. I shall be much more satisfied on many accounts to have done with that affair—but I shall find the question of supplies rather a difficult one this year, as I am not likely to get any money either for Feuerbach, which, after all, Mr. Chapman I think will be afraid of publishing in his Series, or for "The Idea of a Future Life," for which I am to have "half profits" = 0/0!

Herbert Spencer writes me word that he has had an attack of palpitation of the heart—but is quite recovered.[6] I am going to quote to him a passage I found in Sainte-Beuve which just fits him. "Quand j'ai dit qu'il n'avait jamais eu de passion et d'excès, je me suis trop avancé; il a eu un excès de *raison.*"

Give my love to Cara and thank her for her kind letter. I shall write to her soon. Love to Mr. Bray too. Tell him to send me word of any new phase in matters of business, and any leader as brilliant as the last I saw.

Ever your loving
Pollian.

I hope you will appreciate this *bon-mot* as thoroughly as I did—"C'est un homme admirable—il *se tait* en sept langues!" [7]

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES,
LONDON, [29 NOVEMBER 1853]

MS. The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | Tuesday Morning.

Dear Bessie

Bad weather [8] and a grumbling state of body are like the "whisperer" of Solomon's days, and alas! of ours too—they "separate chief friends." [9]

I went to Blandford Square on Saturday hoping to see you. Then I thought of getting to you yesterday, but found it impossible. Today

6. Spencer takes great pains in his *Autobiography*, I, 432–433, to attribute the "signs of enfeebled action of the heart" to overdoing on his walking trip in the Alps. "There was no mental cause." And although the cardiac disturbances which began immediately after his return from Switzerland "never afterwards entirely ceased," he lived nearly to the end of his 84th year.

7. Schleiermacher is said to have remarked that "Bekker schweigt in sieben Sprachen." (K. F. Zelter in a letter to Goethe, 15 March 1830.)

8. The last five days in November 1853 had heavy rain; no Tuesday in December was rainy.

9. Proverbs 16:28.

there is mud and rain, and if there were not, I couldn't go out. So, in despair of seeing you, I send you my love by the Post, and ask you always to believe in it, whether you have outward demonstration or not.

I have read through your little book,[1] and have had very sweet tears in my eyes over several passages. As poetry, the "Ballad of the King's Daughter" seems to me immeasurably the best in the book. But the *thoughts* are everywhere what I love.

Give my kind regards to Mrs. Parkes. I hope she is quite recovered from the indisposition of Saturday.

Your loving
Marian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, 2 DECEMBER 1853

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 318–319.

21 Cambridge Street | December 2. 1853.

Dear Cara

So you suspect me of benevolent hypocrisy. "Ut tute es, ita cense[a]s omnes esse," saith the Latin grammar. To prove to you that you are unjust, I am going to detail all my troubles to you. In the first place, the door of my sitting-room doesn't quite fit, and a draught is the consequence. Secondly, there is a piano in the house, which has decidedly entered on its second childhood, and this piano is occasionally played on by Miss Pitt with a really enviable aplomb. Thirdly, the knocks at the door startle me—an annoyance inseparable from a ground-floor room. Fourthly, Mrs. Pitt[2] scolds the servants, *stringendo e fortissimo,* while I am dressing in a morning. Fifthly,—there is no fifthly. I really have not another discomfort when I am well, which, alas, I have not been for the last ten days. Liver or stomach or some other agglomeration of cells has been "striking" like all other employés and has deranged everything else. So while I have been up to the chin in possibilities of enjoyment I have been too sick and headachy to use them. "One thing is needful"[3]—a good digestion.

That quotation reminds me to tell Sara that if she feels inclined to abuse James Martineau I wish she would write me the worst she can

1. Her *Summer Sketches and Other Poems,* published by John Chapman, 1854.

2. Mrs. Pitt is first listed as the tenant of 21 Cambridge St. in the *Post Office London Directory* for 1854. The previous tenant was Miss Champ.

3. Luke 10:42.

say of him, for I am just now thoroughly disgusted with his article in the Prospective in reply to F. Newman's chapter on the Perfection of Jesus.[4] I am angry with Mr. Lewes for having said a word of compliment about it.[5] Love to all.

Your ever affectionate
Pollian.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, LONDON, [2 DECEMBER 1853]

MS: Huntington Library. *Endorsed:* Miss Evans Dec. 1853. *Published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 73–74.

21 Cambridge Street | Friday Morning.

Dear Friend,

Have the goodness to confine the perusal of this letter to yourself, and not to leave it about for the amusement of your amateurs of *lettres inédites.*

There is one subject which I omitted to mention to you yesterday, but which will perhaps be better committed to paper, as it will then be understood to be a matter of business. Friendship is not to be depended on, but business has rather more guarantees.

You seem to be oblivious just now of the fact that you have pledged yourself as well as me to the publication of another work besides Feuerbach in your Series.[6] For the completion of the historical part of that work, *books* are indispensable to me. If I could do as I pleased I would much rather become myself a subscriber to the London Library and save both myself and you the trouble of speaking to you on the subject. But as this said work will occupy nearly the whole of next year and as I am to have no money for it—since the "half profits" are not likely to have any other than a conceptional existence, a "gedachtsein"—I don't see how I can possibly go to any expense in the matter.

I bitterly regret that I allowed myself to be associated with your Series, but since I have done so, I am very anxious to fulfil my engagements both to you and the public. It is in this sense that I wish you to publish Feuerbach, and I beg you to understand that I would much rather that you should publish the work and *not* pay me than pay me and not publish it. I don't think you are sufficiently alive to the ignominy of advertising things, especially as part of a subscription series, which

4. "New Passages from Professor Newman's Creed," *Prospective Review,* 9 (1853), 534–559, a review of the 2d ed. of his *Phases of Faith,* published by Chapman in 1853.

5. In his article on the magazines in the *Leader,* 26 November 1853, pp. 1145–1146; but his praise is for Martineau's eloquence rather than his logic.

6. See [26 February 1853].

never appear. The two requests then which I have to make are first, that you will let me know whether you can, *as a matter of business,* undertake to supply me with the necessary books, and secondly, that you will consider the question of Feuerbach as one which concerns our *honour* first and our pockets after.

I have been making a desk of my knee so I fear some of my words may be illegible, which will be a pity because of course you can't substitute any half as good.

Yours faithfully,
Marian Evans.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON,
[9 DECEMBER 1853]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | Friday Morning.

Dear Friend

If you went to the Haymarket on Wednesday I hope you didn't carry away the impression that that stupid play—the "Hope of the Family" —was by Slingsby Lawrence.[7] I confess, the theatre is generally a very dreary amusement to me. The wit is generally threadbare as well as vulgar—the actors and actresses are neither men and women nor gentlemen and ladies. I mentally resolved last night that it should be a long while before I wasted another evening there.

I rescued the letter I enclose from the flames the other day, thinking it might amuse you all. It shows a phase of human nature of which only editors have the full enjoyment.

The weather is brightening and making life easier.

By the bye, last night two young men—cattle show comers, I think —were chatting behind me, and one of them said—"I remember being

7. A play in three acts by J. Stirling Coyne (1803–68), which opened 3 December 1853 and ran steadily. Slingsby Lawrence was the nom-de-plume GHL used for his plays. He reviewed *The Hope of the Family* more tolerantly than GE. Some of his remarks about the man who has what Mrs. Slipslop calls a "fondling" palmed off on him as his son glance at the situation in GHL's own family: "One is always the son of somebody; but, happily, one is not always the father of somebody. I congratulate myself in ranging under that category every time I see my friends revelling in the 'blessings of boys.' . . . But then, as I always say, if men will have sons, why their blood be on their own heads." (*Leader,* 10 December 1853, p. 1195.) Agnes Lewes's third child by Thornton Hunt was born 9 October 1853 and registered as Ethel Isabella Lewes Hunt also had a daughter Beatrice Mary Leigh by his own wife 16 November 1853 (*Leader,* 16 October 1853, p. 1005, and 19 November 1853, p. 1125; Somerset House.)

at a dinner at Coventry, where one man said in reply to some accusation "I never said you *was*." "No," answered another fellow, "I'm sure you couldn't possibly have said anything so ungrammatical!" "That is the *smartest thing I ever heard in my life*," said my narrator.

Ever yours affectionately,
Marian Evans.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, [LONDON, 17? DECEMBER 1853]

MS Berg Collection, New York Public Library. *Endorsed*: Miss Evans. Dec. 1853. *Published*: B. C. Williams, *George Eliot*, New York, Macmillan, 1936, p. 99.

PRIVATE
Dear Friend

May I beg that you will not send Mr. Huxley's M.S.[8] to the printer until you have seen me again? I have found out that he is in the wrong in his remark on the embryological doctrine at p. 33 of Mr. Lewes's book, and also that the ridicule he throws on the remark about the gallionella ferruginea is not well founded. At all events I think you will wish for the sake of the Review as well as from your own sense of justice that such a *purely* contemptuous notice should not be admitted unless it be well warranted. The case is the more delicate as the criticism of Mr. Lewes comes after the unmitigated praise of Miss Martineau. I hope to see you tomorrow afternoon.

How came you to mention to Miss M. that you saw the proof of Mr. Lewes's book *"in <my> Miss Evans's room"*? I think you must admit that your mention of my name was quite gratuitous.

So far you were naughty—but never mind.

Yours faithfully
Marian Evans.

8 Thomas Henry Huxley's "Science" section, *Westminster Review*, 61 (January 1854) 254–270. Beginning with a paragraph of praise of Miss Martineau's condensation of *The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte*, Huxley devoted more than 2 pages to an attack on the scientific errors in GHL's *Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences*. His suggestion (p. 255) that GHL was a mere book scientist "without the discipline and knowledge which result from being a worker also" was particularly stinging. In his advocacy of the evolutionary hypothesis GHL was far in advance of Huxley at this time, his facility in languages having given him an acquaintance with the researches of Continental scientists of which Huxley knew nothing. In an earlier skirmish GHL, reviewing an article by Huxley in the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, questioned Huxley's position "with the same freedom he has used towards Schleiden and Schwann." (*Leader*, 5 November 1853, pp. 1073–1075.)

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, LONDON, [19 DECEMBER 1853]

MS: Boston Public Library. *Endorsed:* Miss Evans December 20, 1853. *Published:* *More Books,* 23 (September 1948), 269–270.

PRIVATE 21 Cambridge Street | Monday Morning.

Dear Friend

I am not well enough to go out, so that the deferring of our expedition suits me. I will take my chance of finding you disengaged if I am able to get to you tomorrow, which is very uncertain.

I cannot write anything to be added to the present notice of Mr. Lewes's book, which (the notice) seems to me likely to be a regular "mess."

The only wise thing to be done in the case, so far as I can see, would be to leave it out altogether.[9] You are not bound by any obligation that I know of, to review the book, since you go on a principle of selection not of universal registry, and certainly Mr. Huxley's notice, mitigated or unmitigated, will be of no earthly advantage either to the Westminster Review or to its readers.

So far as your duty is concerned in the matter I think reasons of delicacy would at once present themselves to the reader for your merely mentioning Mr. Lewes's book as a manual containing a brief sketch of Comte's system interspersed with commentary and criticism. Do you really think that if you had been the publisher of Mr. Lewes's book and Bohn the publisher of Miss Martineau's, Mr. Huxley would have written just so? "Tell that to the Marines." [1]

Yours faithfully
Marian Evans.

9. Huxley's article was published unchanged. In a long signed letter to the *Leader,* 14 January 1854, p. 40, GHL replied that he is not a mere "bookman," but has occupied himself with biology both practically and theoretically for more than eighteen years. Acknowledging one real error of fact in his book (sulphur*ic* for sulphur*ous* acid), he shows convincingly that the authorities Huxley relies on had often been superseded within the past two years by French scientists unknown to him.

1. An old saying implying that "the sailors won't believe it." GE probably picked it up in Scott's *Redgauntlet,* ch. 13.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON,
LONDON, [DECEMBER 1853]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

[*The first sheet of this letter is missing.*]
friends men and women and I enjoy life more than I ever did before, not only on account of outward things, but because I have better learned that as Comte and other wise men have said, "Notre vraie destinée se compose de *resignation* et d'*activité*." [2] Still one's own faults are always a heavy chain to drag through life and one can't help groaning under the weight now and then.

I go to Chrissey for a week on the 2d of January. She is anxious about the placing of the boys,[3] and Isaac's ideas on the subject seem to be rather at variance with her hopes. Alas! I wish I had money enough to give her real help.

Love to Henry and all affectionate wishes for you both.

Ever your sister
Polly.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES,
LONDON, 25 DECEMBER [1853]

MS: Berg Collection, New York Public Library. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | Christmasday.

Dear Friend

I dare say you will be surrounded with friends tomorrow, and it is hopeless that you will be able to come to me. But I shall be alone [4] in the evening and sh[ould] be delighted to see you if you are able and kindly willing to bestow an hour or two on me, at 6 or after.

I am going to see my sister next week, and I fear to-morrow evening will be the only one I shall have at liberty before I go.

Ever your loving
Marian.

2. Cf [25 November 1853].

3. Edward Clarke, Jr., was 15, Robert Evans, 14, and Christopher Charles, 8.

4. "Spent Christmas Day alone at Cambridge Street." Cross, I, 319, prints this as part of the letter to Mrs. Bray [29 December 1853]. It is obviously an entry in GE's Journal, of which only the part beginning 21 July 1854 remains.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON, 27 DECEMBER [1853]

MS: Berg Collection, New York Public Library. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | 2 Saville Row. *Endorsed:* Dec. 27. 1854. *Postmark:* Illegible; but in 1854 GE was in Berlin. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | December 27.

Dear Friend

Come to me to-morrow *evening.* I find that I shall be disengaged, and there is nothing I should like better than to have you.

Yours ever
Marian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [29 DECEMBER 1853]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Dec. 28. 1853. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 319.

21 Cambridge St. | Thursday.

Dear Cara

I am to go to Chrissey on Monday the *2d,* and to stay with her till the following Saturday, when I propose to inflict myself on you, since you are resigned.[5]

How shall I thank you enough for sending me that splendid parcel of Beet-root, so nicely packed? I shall certainly eat it and enjoy it, which I fancy is the end you sought, and not thanks. Tell Mr. Bray that I was amused by the article on the cattle show and have quoted it to the amusement of others.[5a] I had already had a copy of the Phrenological letter from Geo. Combe.

Don't suppose that I am looking miserable—*au contraire.* My only complaints just now are idleness and dislike-to-getting-up-in-a-morningness, whereby the day is made too short for what I want to do. I resolve every day to conquer the flesh the next, and of course am a little later in consequence. I dined with Arthur Helps [6] yesterday at Sir James Clark's. Very snug—only he and myself. He is a sleek man with

5. GE stayed at Rosehill 7–12 January 1854. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

5a. In his sardonic comment on the Birmingham cattle show in the Coventry *Herald,* 16 December 1853, p. 4a-b, Bray suggests an exhibition of a pen of laborers marked: "This family fed on 9s. a-week." He concludes: "Surely the heathen pig has at present the advantage."

6. Arthur Helps (1813–75), one of GHL's best friends. After taking his B.A. at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1835, he became private secretary to Spring Rice and later to Lord Morpeth.

close-snipped hair—has a quiet, humorous way of talking, like his books. Love to Sara and all of you.

Ever your
Marian.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON, [1 JANUARY 1854]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | 2 Saville Row. *Postmark:* Albion St. | 10 | JA 2 | 54. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | Sunday Evening.

Dear Friend

I am conscious of having played the hostess most ungracefully the other evening and of having given you poisonously strong tea and been altogether *distraite* and disagreeable.

Forgive me, dear, for I was indeed rather in a state of flurry, and prove that you forgive me by consenting to come to me again when I return.

Till then think of me kindly as your naughty but loving and trying-to-be-better *

Marian.

* In spite of a firm belief in necessity.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, 12 JANUARY 1854

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | January 12. 1854.

Dear Friend

Mr. Lewes tells me that he has written to you about your contemplated second letter to the Leader.[7]

As to the other point, he has heard nothing of it from Thornton Hunt, but, on receiving my letter in which I said that your copy had not been sent to you as usual, he "blew them up at the Office," supposing it to be an irregularity. The functionaries there told him that you were

7. Bray's first letter is perhaps the one headed "Free Speech in Coventry," *Leader,* 5 November 1853, pp. 1070–1071, which describes the Rev. John Gordon's effort to get fair play from an audience hooting G. J. Holyoake. The Coventry *Herald* is commended for having taken the part of the people and progress. The letter is signed N. O. I.

on the Free list and had therefore shared the fate of your compeers. He thinks that Thornton Hunt's delay in answering your letter is probably owing to his wanting to consult Pigott [8] about the matter. He is "very delicate about the paper"—that is, I suppose, he dislikes interfering in anything that can have a pecuniary bearing.

Herbert Spencer is just come in, and asks me to send his kind regards to you. I think you will be quite touched, as I was, to read the enclosed letter of Mr. Combe's. My love to Cara, and thanks to her and you for all your kindness and indulgence towards my bad habits.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, 18 JANUARY [1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1854. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | January 18.

Thank you, dear Sara, for your note. It made me sit down more cheerily to my work this morning. I felt some reluctance to ask [you] to read Feuerbach [9] because I feared he might repel you, but *now,* I may tell you, that I shall feel it a real comfort to have your *prospective* sympathy while I am writing, so be assured you will have the whole cargo of MS. It will be a great one before you get to the end. There are 100 mortal pages of appendix, of closer print than the rest! Your impression of the book exactly corresponds to its effect in Germany. It is considered *the* book of the age there,[10] but Germany and England are *two* countries. People here are as slow to be set on fire as a *stomach.* Then there are the reviewers, who set up a mound of stupidity and unconscientiousness between every really new book and the public. Still I think the really wise and only dignified course for Mr. Chapman would be to publish it in his *Series* as he has announced it.

Thine ever
Pollian.

8. E. F. S. Pigott, one of the principal supporters of the *Leader* after the dissolution of the original partnership.

9. GE asked Miss Hennell to read and criticize her translation of *Das Wesen des Christenthums.*

10. Feuerbach's attack on orthodoxy made him something of a hero with the revolutionists of 1848. "Some of his ideas were taken up by those engaged in the struggle between church and state in Germany, and those who, like F. Engels and Karl Marx, were leaders in the revolt of labour against capital." (*Encyclopaedia Britannica,* 14th ed., IX, 208.)

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON, [21 JANUARY 1854]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | 2 Saville Row. *Postmark:* 12 | JA 21 | 54. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | Saturday Morning.

Dear Friend

I *meant* to call on you the first day I could manage it.

As I seldom do anything *en règle* perhaps it will seem only consistent in me if I ask permission to answer Mrs. Parkes's invitation through you. I want you to make her understand, as gracefully as you can, that I am really obliged and pleased by her kind attention in inviting me and that under other circumstances I should have liked immensely to be of the party on Tuesday. But the fact is, I have no ball-dress, nor anything that would pass muster as one, and I can't afford just now to buy one. It would be a crucifixion of my own taste as well as other people's to appear like a withered cabbage in a flower garden. At a dinner-party, when people think only of conversation, one doesn't mind being a dowdy, but it is the essence of a dance that every one should look fresh and elegant—at least as to their garments.

I did not like to send a note to Mrs. Parkes simply declining, and I could only give my explanation to you. But if you think I had better write to Mrs. Parkes according to form, send me three words to say so. Ever, dear Friend,

Yours faithfully
Marian Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [JANUARY 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* To S. S. Hennell, Jany 17. 1854. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Sara

It has struck me while writing this morning that you may some times mistake Feuerbach's habitual amplification, *which I think it necessary to preserve,* for a "whichever-you-please-my-little-dear" of my own, and so *play the devil* by crossing out what should be kept in. By the bye, let all your crossings be in *pencil* and then there will be no danger. This word to the wise will suffice. You will now be awake to the distinction. Pray get rid of as many dashes as possible. What I put in are always

Feuerbach's. Here is a story for you. Carlyle, meeting FitzBall [11] said, "How is it I never see your name as a dramatic author now?" "Oh" (very much through the nose) "I'm comfortable now; *my mother's dead.*" That mustn't be put in the paper or told to any one. But it will make you all laugh for three minutes—not a trifling boon in this world.

Your faithful
Pollian.

GHL TO JOHN CHAPMAN, LONDON, [1 FEBRUARY 1854]

MS: Col. Richard Gimbel. *Endorsed:* G. H. Lewes Feby 1, 1854. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Chapman

Herewith I return you the volume of the Cyclo. of Anatomy you were good enough to lend me. As I borrowed it for purposes of "Development," the returning it presents a good opportunity for asking you whether you *still* wish the article to appear in the West. Rev.[1]

After the expressions in reference to me in the last number,[2] I cannot think of your being in any way bound by previous engagements and must place myself in the condition of one now for the first time offering such an article. Consider it so. Erase the past, and consider the proposal as *now* made and let me have your answer.

Yours truly
G. H. Lewes.

John Chapman Esq.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, 6 FEBRUARY [1854]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 320.

21 Cambridge Street | February 6.

Dear Friend

In the last number of the Scotsman which I send you, there was a report of a speech by Dr. Guthrie at the Education Meeting, containing a passage which I meant to have copied. He is speaking of the impossibility of teaching morality with the "Bible shut" and says that

11. Edward Fitzball (1792–1873), dramatist and miscellaneous writer.

1. "*Cyclo. Anat. and Phys.,*" probably Robert Bentley Todd's *Cyclopaedia of Anatomy and Physiology,* is cited in GHL's "Life and Doctrine of Geoffroy St. Hilaire," *Westminster Review,* 61 (January 1854), 187. No further article by GHL appeared there until July 1855.

2. See [17 December 1853].

in that case the teacher would be obliged to resort to "congruity and the fitness of things," about which the boy knows nothing more than that the apple is *fit* for his mouth. What is wanted to convince the boy of his sin is "Thou, God, seest me" and "Thou bleeding Lamb, the best morality is love of thee"!! This is too good to be lost. I want it to go into the Leader,[3] and I write to beg of you—I know it is troublesome, but, as Mr. Chapman says, "the cause demands it not I"—to send me this passage either cut out of the paper or copied.

Tell Cara she is pronounced to be quite wrong about Miss Martineau's rendering of Comte. Herbert Spencer, who never praises but upon compulsion and who has no knowledge of the original to help him,[4] says that it appears to him perfectly lucid, and that the difficulty lies in the matter, not in the form.

Mr. Lewes came a few minutes after you left, and desired me to tell you that he was sorry to miss you. With love to Cara,

Ever yours affectionately
Marian Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, 6 FEBRUARY [1854]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge St. | February 6.

My dear Sara

Thank you for your observations. I have not been able to look into the M.S. yet, but when I do I shall consider all your suggestions. Will you have the kindness to return me the M.S. you now have as soon as possible?—that is, of course, when you have read it. I enclose six stamps, that you may send it as a pamphlet, with the ends open, by post.

I shall send you Feuerbach's Preface soon. I wish you could have the German at the same time to amuse you. It is very curious that while

3. Thomas Guthrie (1803–73), Scottish preacher and leader in the Free Church secession of 1843, was known for his work in establishing the Ragged Schools of Edinburgh; but insistence on his right to teach the whole Bible to all the scholars led to the withdrawals of some of his supporters. He and other opponents of purely secular education are ridiculed in the article heading the "Literature" section of the *Leader*, 18 February 1854, p. 163. Though apparently written by GHL, the article is of interest as an early example of GE's collaboration.

4. This confirms Spencer's statement that he knew nothing of Comte when writing *Social Statics*, 1850. He protested against being considered an adherent of Comte both in "The Genesis of Science," *British Quarterly Review*, 20 (July 1854), 108–162, and in *The Classification of the Sciences*, a pamphlet published in 1864; the latter was the cause of a brief coolness between Spencer and GHL.

his text is—*for a German*—concise, lucid and even epigrammatic now and then, his Preface reads like a caricature of the faults of German writing generally, one sentence is nearly a page and a half long! [5] I have done my best to save this from appearing in the English, but I wish you to pay particular attention to the Preface and to mark everything which seems odd and does not flow easily—as it is very important that this preface *should be read.*

Ever your loving
Pollian.

It is such a comfort to have at least *one* person who can appreciate one's work. The dreariness of giving such a translation to Mr. Chapman who neither knows what is in itself good English nor what is the difficulty of truly representing German!

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON, 6 FEBRUARY [1854]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | 2 Saville Row. *Postmarks.* Berkeley St. West; 12 | FE 6 | 54. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | February 6.

Dear Friend

I am pining to see you. I hope you know that I called when Mrs. Parkes and you were out. To save myself that disappointment again, I write to say that I will be at your house at ½ past 3 tomorrow, in the hope that you will have a walk with me. Of course I don't mean that you should defer doing anything you would like to do for the sake of seeing me, but, engagements apart, wait for me. With kindest regards to Mrs. Parkes

Ever your faithful and affectionate
Marian.

5. *Das Wesen des Christenthums,* 2d ed., Leipzig, 1843, pp. x–xi; in *The Essence of Christianity* GE has made it 5 sentences.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [11 FEBRUARY 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. 11. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge St. | Saturday.

Dear Sara

I ought to have thanked you before this for sending me the M.S. but too much for the day has been the evil thereof. Cara too has made me her debtor by sending me the extract from the Scotsman. Thank her for me.

I don't think a translator is bound to reproduce the *occasional* offensive defects of taste in a writer. I confess I have not gone on that principle of damaging faithfulness. Indeed I have felt it necessary in the part you have read to omit a whole sentence. I *could not* do otherwise—and indeed German sarcasm may be fairly said to be untranslateable. I think you would agree with me if the whole case were before you, but it is impossible to say what one wants in a letter. I hope your head is well.

Your faithful
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [27 FEBRUARY 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. 27. 1854. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | Monday Morning.

Dear Sara

The reason I have not written to you is that I have had almost constant headache and mal-aise for the last fortnight or more so that the grasshopper has been a burthen [6]—that is, it would have been if this had been the season for grasshoppers and I within hearing of their chirping. Now I have a cold which I am afraid is turning into a cough. The worst of it is that I can't get on with work, which is eminently needful.

I send you sixpennyworth of M.S. by today's post. If you can manage to read it and send it back by Mr. Noel,[7] so much the better. But I would rather you did not hurry over it. Perhaps Mr. Bray will be coming again soon. Send me word of the parcel's safe arrival, for I should

6. Ecclesiastes 12:5.
7. Robert Noel stayed with the Brays 1–3 March 1854. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

go more hopelessly mad than Carlyle if I had any of my work to do over again.[8]

I have given your letter to Mr. Chapman.

Thank you very much for writing yesterday, dear Sara. There are few people who can be generous enough to *give* even a letter. You see I gracefully leave your gift unreturned—a sort of delicacy at which I am particularly *au fait*.

Ever your faithful and grateful
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [28 FEBRUARY 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. 28. 1854. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | Tuesday.

Dear Sara

I am full of regret for having written you such a dismal note yesterday. I was feeling "desperate" just then, as Miss Parkes would say, but cold and headache both took a favourable turn later in the day—I ate a good dinner and am at work again this morning, hoping that the cough will soon take its flight from me and wing its way across the Baltic to the Emperor Nicolas.[9] So don't spend undue commiseration on me. I have no time to say more.

Pollian.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON, 2 MARCH [1854]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | <Feb> March 2.

Dear Friend

I am really unfortunate both as a visitor and visitee, for on Monday I called at your house, and on Tuesday when you were so good as to wait for me here I missed you by 3 minutes only.

8. An allusion to the manuscript of Carlyle's *French Revolution*, Book I, which J. S. Mill's housemaid used to start the fire.

9. Nicholas I of Russia was much in the news after breaking diplomatic relations with France and England in the dispute that was soon to lead to the Crimean War.

The pictures are very much to my taste, but pray do not suppose that I asked for them—on the contrary your "Bar" [1] kindly offered them and I was nervous—as I still am—lest they should be quite spoiled in my dusty room. I shall not tack them to the wall, but prop them up in sundry places and put them to bed in a sheet of paper every night.

Many thanks to the artist who lends the pictures and to the dear heart and hands which were the agents in bringing them to me. Please to transmit thanks No. 1 and accept thanks No. 2.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, 9 MARCH 1854

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | March 9. 1854.

Dear Sara

Pray keep the M.S. another week. By the week after next I shall have a large parcel for you which I hope Mr. Bray will not object to carry. You know the German fashion of writing über= und wider= natürliche, ausser= und über=weltliche etc. Do you prefer the innovation of introducing this abbreviation into the English, or the awkwardness of repetition? [2]

I am rather surprized that Mr. Noel should "speak slightingly" of Feuerbach, since when he came to England with Dr. Springer [3] he brought a smaller work of Feuerbach's "Das Wesen der Religion" [4] containing the same fundamental ideas as the "Wesen des Christenthums" and expressed great anxiety to have it translated. But perhaps he was speaking in Dr. Springer's sense just then. Au reste, Mr. Noel is not a reading man and, I know, has no clear idea of the contents of Feuerbach's works. But that does not hinder him (Mr. Noel) from being a man of strong sense, of real kindliness and large experience of life especially of life among distinguished people and in remarkable

1. Barbara Leigh Smith. For an account of her painting see H. Burton, *Barbara Bodichon* [1949], pp. 29–30.

2. The abbreviation was kept in the translation. See, e.g., *Das Wesen des Christenthums,* 2d ed., 1843, p. 223, "ausser- und uberweltlichen Wesen" which in *The Essence of Christianity,* p. 149, becomes "extra- and supramundane being."

3. Anton Heinrich Springer (1825–91) came to Rosehill with Robert Noel in the summer of 1851.

4. First published in 1845.

places. I am glad you have had some pleasure in his lecture [5] and society.

I am exceedingly well now and enjoying existence as an imperfectly developed stunted creature may. I like my independent life in lodgings better and better, and want nothing but a little more money. Miss Barbara Smith has lent me some of her pictures, of which I am very fond, to ornament my room with and suggest some prettier ideas than I can extract out of dingy walls and curtains. I am often longing for a little more of "le superflu, chose si necessaire" [6]—much oftener than I remember that half the things I have are "le superflu" for the majority of mankind.

I must tell you a characteristic trait of Herbert Spencer. I happened to say in reference to a criticism I had given of a passage in his article on the Universal Postulate, which passage he expunged in consequence, that the better form for the axiom which is the basis of the syllogism as explained by Mill would be—"Things which have the same fixed relation to the same thing have the same fixed relation to each other." Mill gives "Things which *co-exist* with the same thing" etc. The next day he came to tell me in intense delight how important the suggestion was to him in his work on Psychology—how it had given him just the bridge he wanted etc.—and that he should put a *long note* in his book explaining how he came by the idea. Is he not a dear bit of conscientiousness and scrupulosity? [7]

Mr. Lewes has just come in and put into my hands the enclosed letter from Gerald Massey, which shew Mr. Bray. Be it noted, that the "letter" G. Massey refers to contained the question—when was Mr. L. going to review G.M.'s book, as he (G.M.) *meant to advertise* in the Leader. Also, that Mr. Lewes has been very kind to Gerald Massey *as an author.*[8]

5. "Social Life in Germany," at the Mechanics' Institution, 2 March 1854. (Coventry *Herald,* 10 March 1854, p. 2a.)

6. Voltaire, *Le Mondain,* line 21.

7. Spencer was as good as his word. *Principles of Psychology,* 1855, p. 162: "I ought here to mention that some year and a half since, in the course of a conversation in which the axiom—'Things that coexist with the same thing coexist with each other,' was referred to; it was remarked by a distinguished lady—the translator of Strauss and Feuerbach—that perhaps a better axiom would be—'Things that have a constant relation to the same thing have a constant relation to each other.'" In the 2d, 1872, and subsequent editions, though no longer believing that a formula with only three terms could express ordinary ratiocinations, Spencer kept his acknowledgment to the "distinguished lady—the translator of Strauss and Feuerbach (now universally known as George Eliot)." (New York, 1893, II, 107–108.)

8. Gerald Massey (1828–1907) published his third volume *The Ballad of Babe Christabel and Other Poems* in February 1854. Though advertised each week in the *Leader,* it was not reviewed

I have no time to say any more. I fear you can't read even this.

Pollian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, 15 MARCH 1854

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge St. | March 15. 1854.

Dear Friend

I shall be delighted to see you next Tuesday in all the copiousness of your "flesh." I am even for once glad to hear of the said copiousness, because I have noticed that anxiety makes you thin, and if you are not so, I hope I may take that as a proof that business is not desperate.

I thought it right to let you know the worst side of Gerald Massey, for his sake as well as yours, for Atheneums and Savage Landors can only lead him to perdition.[9] Otherwise I should be sorry to expose a "fellow-sinner."

Best love to Cara. In haste,

Your affectionate
Marian Evans.

until 4 March (p. 211). After nearly a column of extracts, GHL ends with a very severe judgment, which his quotations hardly warrant. A week later (p. 233) he explains that by accident the printers had dropped out the middle of his article, which discussed Massey's defects. Having given it with withering effect, he concludes: "The passage thus restored may explain the verdict which on summing up we had to pronounce upon the writer, but which must have seemed to the reader unjustified by the specimens given, the more so as we appeared to praise the affectations no less than the beauties. (N.B. Since the foregoing was in type we have received a letter from Mr. MASSEY, which proves—if proof were needed—that the want of good sense and taste we noticed in his poems extends to his letters.)"

9. William Hepworth Dixon praised Massey extravagantly in the *Athenæum*, 4 February 1854, p. 139: "In him we have a genuine songster. The faculty divine is there . . . here is another poet." Walter Savage Landor was even more enthusiastic in a letter to the *Morning Chronicle*, 24 February 1854, p. 8. Cf. the severe notice in the *Westminster Review*, 61 (April 1854), 627–628, probably by Mrs Sinnett. The low opinion of Gerald Massey that GE reveals in these letters should dispel the absurd story that he was the original of Felix Holt: "No one indeed can go through the two volumes of Mr. Massey's poems without being struck with what struck George Eliot when, as she made no secret, she drew the portrait of their author in Felix Holt—the innate nobility of the character impressed on them." (John Churton Collins, *Studies in Poetry and Criticism*, London, G. Bell and Sons, 1905, p. 148.) Sir Sidney Lee's repetition of the error in his account of Massey in the *DNB*, Second Supplement (1912), gave it currency.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
LONDON, [MARCH 1854]

MS: Coventry City Libraries. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Sara

I fear you will be very weary of your task, but I must entreat you to continue it. As we shall begin to print soon, I shall be glad if you will return the sheets I now send by post in 6d. parcels as you get done with them. I forgot to tell you that I have agreed with Mr. C. to have no variation of type beyond occasional italics, so you need not trouble yourself about any underlining.

To save you from fidgeting about the s. and p. in the references I must tell you that Feuerbach habitually puts p. (for pagina) in his references to *German* works, so I leave it as he puts it. If it will not be much more trouble to you, please to put the punctuation, additional capitals, and any thing about which you are *quite sure, in ink.* Every stroke of the pen you can save me is so much charity.

I send you the original of the Preface to amuse you with the long-winded sentence pp. ix and x. I feel your reading of Feuerbach as a real act of friendship to me—but it is something still better than that —a contribution towards the perfecting of a mental product, to be reckoned with improving crops of wheat and all other real human work.

Pollian.

Feuerbach's sentences are too uniformly short. Would you weave them together at all, or leave the style intact?

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
LONDON, [31 MARCH 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* March 31. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | Friday.

My dear Sara

As much M.S. as you can send me by Monday morning I shall be glad to receive, as I want to send it to the printer. I have made up my mind that no one will read the book, still less understand it. If you are tired of it, pray say so, for there is no necessity that you should bore yourself with it if you find it a labour.

Pray thank Mr. Bray for his note. I was so stupid as not to think of the foreign Bradshaw or I would not have troubled him.

To-morrow night [1] the opera opens with William Tell—and I go! Ask Mr. Bray if he doesn't envy me? He enjoyed William Tell so last year. Best love to Cara and all spring pleasures to you every one.

Your loving and grateful
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [3 APRIL 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 4. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Thanks, dear Sara, for the M.S. I have a headache today in spite of a ramble in Hampstead Heath yesterday, so I am unable to look over it—that is, the M.S. Certainly I think it quite worth while to send you the rest, and shall only be delighted to do so. But I was afraid of tiring you. The last part will soon be all ready for you—but after that comes the appendix.

I am going to hear William Tell tomorrow. Vivian has not been well so he abstained from the opera on Saturday.[2]

Pray don't impute the Orphic sayings to Alcott.[3] Mr. Lewes dictated the greater number of them to me, as they bubbled up amidst the most careless talk.

More another day. Love to all.

Pollian.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, LONDON, 6 APRIL 1854

Text: Cross, I, 320–321.

Thank you for your very kind letter, which I received this morning. It is pleasant to think of you as quite well, and enjoying your sea breezes.

But do you imagine me sitting with my hands crossed, ready to start for any quarter of the world at the shortest notice? It is not on those terms that people, not rich, live in London. I shall be deep in proof-

1. The date is confirmed by the *Times,* 3 April 1854, p. 10b.

2 In his column "The Arts," *Leader,* 1 April 1854, p. 308, GHL declares that he was kept away from the opening night "by the Destinies—i.e. Bile and Blighted Affection." The second performance was reviewed 8 April 1854, p. 332.

3. "The Orphic Fragments," supposedly written by Cincinnatus Biggs, U.S., are rather clumsy burlesques of Bronson Alcott's "Orphic Sayings," published in the *Dial,* 1840. They fill the space of the usual theatrical reviews in the *Leader,* 1 April 1854, p. 308, and are signed "Vivian."

sheets till the end of May, and shall only dismiss them to make material for new ones. I daresay you will pity me. But as one of Balzac's characters says, after maturity, "La vie n'est que l'exercice d'une habitude dans un milieu préféré"; and I could no more live out of my *milieu,* than the haddocks I daresay you are often having for dinner.

My health is better. I had got into a labyrinth of headaches and palpitations, but I think I am out of it now, and I hope to keep well. I am not the less obliged to you, dear Fanny, for wishing to have me with you. But to leave London now would not be agreeable to me, even if it were morally possible. To see you again would certainly be a pleasure, but I hope that will come to pass without my crossing the Irish Channel.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON,
[14 APRIL 1854]

MS: Coventry City Libraries. *Hitherto unpublished.*

[*The beginning of this letter is lacking.*]
die That vollbracht. Durch ihn ist die menschliebe grundlage für alle Anschauung, für alles Denken ein mit Bewusstsein anerkannter Fels geworden. Menschenkinde, Anthropologie, hat Feuerbach zum Banner gemacht." [4]

My best love to all. I think of business with great anxiety, for everything seems to indicate the oncoming of a trying time.

I have just had a note from Mrs. Pears telling me that she and Mr. Pears will call today. I suppose that I shall hear from him that trade is good, but he is Gideon's fleece.[5]

Miss Tilley says that Mr. Bray talked of bringing you to London this spring. Is there any hope of that? Alas! I can't invite you, for there is not room for two people to turn round in my bedroom.

Have you read the Westminster? I am thinking of doing the Belles Lettres in the Co[ntemporary] Lit[erature] after this quarter. It would be £16.16 a quarter, so I think it would be worth while groaning over. *Mais n'en dis rien.* I see less probability than ever of my having another 6d for Strauss. I believe Mr. Parkes has pocketed all the money paid to him and reimbursed none of the subscribers. In haste,

Your loving
Pollian.

4. I do not know the source of this comment on Feuerbach.

5. i.e., different from everything around. See Judges 6:37–40.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [18 APRIL 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 18. 1854. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 321–322.

21 Cambridge St. | Saturday.

Dear Cara

I was delighted to have a letter from you, but I am not able to answer it as it deserves, for I am rather overdone with the week's work and the prospect of what is to come next. Poor Lewes is ill and is ordered not to put pen to paper for a month, so I have something to do for him in addition to my own work which is rather pressing.[6] He is gone to Arthur Helps in Hampshire [7] for ten days, and I really hope this total cessation from work in obedience to a peremptory order will end in making him better than he has been for the last year.

I am glad to hear that Mr. Noel is safe in spite of the disturbances [8] which were a reasonable ground of anxiety.—I confess, however that I care more about Coventry ribbons than Greek insurrections, and I am not sure that a success against the Russians would cause me half as much joy as a satisfactory stocktaking. Chrissey writes me word that you are so good as to send her a paper constantly. Her two boys seem to be in prospect of satisfactory situations—one at Birmingham and the other at Leicester, and I hope her eldest girl will go to school at Midsummer. She will then have only Charlie who goes to the Grammar school and her two tiny pets at home.[9]

6. GHL's principal symptoms were severe headache, toothache, and a "terrible singing in his ears" which persisted for several years. GHL's signature "Vivian" does not appear in the *Leader*, 15 April—20 May 1854. Most of the book reviews during that period can be safely attributed to GE. In an article on the new periodicals (13 May 1854, pp. 447–448) his view of Comte is loyally defended against the aspersions of the *North British Review:* "In the absence of the writer to whom the exposition of COMTE in the columns of the *Leader* peculiarly belongs, no further comment shall be made on this article than that its strictures are disfigured by a vein of that trivial criticism which consists in alleging that an author's ideas are not beginning to end new." A long paragraph of refutation follows. Even after "Vivian" returns, one recognizes GE's pen in some of the reviews.

7. At Vernon Hill near Bishop's Waltham.

8. When the Russo-Turkish War began in 1853 many Greek patriots sided with Russia and fomented armed uprisings which the government could not control. Epirus was the center of insurrection, but there were also disturbances in the Ionian Islands, where trade and communication were interrupted by the British blockade.

9. The two boys were Edward, 16, and Robert Evans, 14; the eldest girl, Emily Susannah, 10; Christopher Charles, 9; and the "tiny pets" Fanny, 4, and Catherine, 2.

Tell Sara that the MS.S. came all right. She must forgive me for omitting to say so. Mr. and Mrs. Pears I thought looking remarkably young and well. It was really a pleasure to see them.

Mr. Chapman has at length decided to leave his house at Midsummer. Mrs. C. came yesterday to look at a house in Cambridge St.! But I think it will be too expensive.

No opera and no fun for me for the next month! Happily I shall have no time to regret it. Plenty of bright sun on your anemone bed. How lovely your place must look with its fresh leaves!

Love to all from your ever affectionate

Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [21 APRIL 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 21. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Sara

Send me the M.S. as soon as you can. The printers are getting on fast. My head is splitting.

Thine
Pollian.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON, 21 APRIL [1854]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | 5 East Parade | Hastings. *Postmarks:* Berkeley St. West. 1854 | 21 AP 21 | JO; HASTINGS | AP 22 | 1854 | A. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | 21 April.

Dear Bessie

I consider your letter, which blessed my aching eyes this morning, as reward for virtue, for I had several times thought during the last three weeks that some cause of coolness or disgust towards me had arisen to prevent you from writing, to tell me how you were, as you volunteered to do. But I said—Ah well, I have told her that I shall always love her *quand même,* and I resigned myself to having no other satisfaction than that of thinking about you affectionately. The "discipline" having thus answered its purpose—came your letter and gladdened my heart. Mr. Chapman had already told me that you were better.

I have had a great deal of health and enjoyment since I parted from you, and am still mentally flourishing; but for the last week I have had a headache, which Sir James Clark says is nervous and can be cured only by rest. My sprawling writing will tell you how hot and shaky my hand is, but I hope nitric acid and taking things quietly for a day or two will set me right.

The evil one has incited the people next door to have the outside of their house painted, which constitutes a small purgatory for me apart from anything else.

Give my kind regards to Miss Evers, if she remembers me, and believe me always

Your loving
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [26 APRIL 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 26. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | Wednesday.

Dear Sara

Thanks for your last letter. Happily I need not decide on the motto [1] until the last.

I shall not be able to send you the appendix, I believe; indeed how I shall get to the end of it myself I don't know, for I have been almost constantly ill for the last ten days and all head work is literally an agony—or wrestling—to me. There are some passages which you disappoint me very much by not understanding and I should like to write to you about them, but I haven't strength or spirit to do it. I am too entirely without hope about the book to be sensitive. The press will do nothing but abuse or ridicule it—which for those who know what "the press" means, as I do, is not of the slightest consequence to one's own view, but must always affect a publisher's. I dare say Mr. Chapman will think his case pitiable, but if he knew the amount of phosphorous it requires to translate such a book (which he does not) he would think it still more pitiable to have only two shillings a page for it.[2]

Give my love to the married couple who are celebrating their wed-

1. The motto was omitted in *The Essence of Christianity.*

2. The text ran to 340 pages. According to Mathilde Blind GE was paid £50 for *The Essence of Christianity,* but "there was no demand for it in England, and Mr. Chapman lost heavily by its publication." (*George Eliot,* 1883, p. 48.)

ding day [3] in sackcloth and ashes. Tell Mr. Bray I wish he would write to me and let me know how things are really going on. For you all, I desire immense things, but for myself nothing seems desirable but to get out of this headachy world or rather to take my headachy body out of it and make room for a more healthy existence.

Ever yours affectionately
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
LONDON, [29 APRIL 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 30. *Extract published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 81.

21 Cambridge St. | Saturday.

Dear Sara

I have yet another service to beg of you—a very great one. It is to read as quickly as you can the portion of the appendix which I send you by today's post, and to tell me how far it will be necessary to modify it for the Eng[lish] public. I have written it very rapidly and have translated it quite literally so you have the *raw* Feuerbach—not any of my cooking. I am so far removed from the popular feeling on the subject of which it treats that I cannot trust my own judgment. With the ideas of Feuerbach I everywhere agree, but of course I should, of myself, alter the phraseology considerably. Before I do this however, I want you to tell me what I *must* leave out. Mind, I want to keep in as much as possible.[4] Send it me back as soon as possible, and don't think of the *style* but only of the matter and the crudity of expressions. In great haste,

Your ever grateful
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
LONDON, [7 MAY 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* May 8. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge St. | Sunday.

Dear Sara

I am obliged to apply to you again, for I have no one else whom I can ask to give me their impression. Until the last two days I had re-

3. The Charles Brays were married 26 April 1836.

4. The translation of the Appendix follows the original very closely.

solved to omit the 2d 3d and 4th sections in the appendix [5] because they are abstract and Germanized "to a degree" and might repel the reader from the appendix, which contains a great deal of important and accessible matter. But I shrink from omission, so I have determined to ask you for your opinion. You who come to the thing fresh with your brain unfatigued will be better able to judge of the effect on ordinary readers—or rather *extra*ordinary readers who will get so far as the appendix. I will not be affected and make apologies for asking you to read such fearful scribble etc. I know your *Herz* und *Vernunft* both will make the task endurable.

The printers will want the appendix soon, so of course I shall be glad to have these sheets again as soon as possible, but do not hurry so as not to satisfy yourself completely.

The laxity of Feuerbach's language is particularly tiresome in the 2d §. I am obliged to translate sensation in one place and emotion in another.[6] Notice whatever is incomprehensible to you.

Your loving
Pollian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
LONDON, [17 MAY 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* May 17. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | Wednesday.

Dear Sara

I hope you have not thought me ungrateful for not writing before this to thank you for your last kind service. The fact is, at the end of last week I felt regularly "done up" both in body and mind, so I have sent them word at the Leader office that they must expect nothing from me this week,[7] and I am idling about, looking at pictures and Nature—in Kensington Gardens.[8] I am terribly out of spirits just now and the pleasantest thought I have is that whatever I may feel af-

5. § 2. "Feeling alone is the object of feeling." § 3. "God is man's highest feeling of self. . . ." § 4. "The distinction between the 'heathen,' or philosophic, and the Christian God—the non-human, or pantheistic, and the human, personal God—reduces itself only to the distinction between the understanding or reason, and the heart or feelings."

6. e.g., p. 277.

7. The 3 pages of the "Literature" section of the *Leader* are padded with unusually long extracts. A few brief paragraphs have GE's touch: e.g., 20 May 1854, p. 474.

8. The meteorological record for Wednesday, 17 May 1854, was fair with a noon temperature of 64°, the highest in the month.

fects no one else—happens in a little "island cut off from other lands."

The proof-reading of Feuerbach is really a pleasure to me and opens up afresh to me what there is of truth and beauty in the book. I find scarcely any need of italics—hardly one instance in 20 pages. I am more and more convinced that a good style not only does not require them, but excludes them. But at present I intend to have the first sentence or par[agraph] in every § of the appendix in italics, just to indicate what is the *text* of the §.[9] In the original there is no numbering of the different parts in the appendix.

On Monday I went to look at the French pictures among which is that unforgettable Francesca di Rimini of Ary Scheffer's.[1] It surpasses one's expectations from the engraving. I could look at it for hours. There is nothing at the Royal Acad[emy] to affect one in the same way —or indeed at all. I never was less interested in the exhibition there. But perhaps this was owing to my mood and my aching legs. I have been there ever since breakfast time this morning and am come back in a miserably uninspired state—which is rarely the case with me after seeing pictures.

I had a very kind letter from Mr. Combe the other day, and it really did me good. Kindness becomes more and more precious to one in proportion as one learns not to expect it.

There is enough about myself to last for the next three months. How are *you?* What are you enjoying or *not* enjoying? I hope Mr. Bray will have imbibed some good hope for trade by his visit to London, and so put you all in spirits to receive the Combes.[2] Love to you all from

Your ever affectionate
Pollian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON,
[19 MAY 1854]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 322–323.

21 Cambridge Street | Friday.

Dear Cara

My various aches determined themselves into an attack of rheumatism which sent me to bed yesterday; but I am better this morning and, as you see, able to sit up and write. My troubles are purely psychical

9. It was so printed.

1. At the Pall Mall Gallery. This painting by Ary Scheffer (1795–1858) is now in the Wallace Collection.

2. The George Combes stayed at Rosehill 20–23 May 1854; Mr. Bray was in London 22 May. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

—self-dissatisfaction and despair of achieving anything worth the doing. I can truly say, they vanish into nothing before any fear for the happiness of those I love. Thank you for letting me know how things are, for indeed I could not bear to be shut out from your anxieties. Mr. Bray is the best judge of what is right to be done and there is nothing for this as for all other difficulties but to be brave and patient. When I spoke of myself as an island, I did not mean that I was so exceptionally. We are all islands—

> "Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
> Our hermit spirits dwell and roam apart"— [3]

and this seclusion is sometimes the most intensely felt at the very moment your friend is caressing you or consoling you. But this gradually becomes a source of satisfaction instead of repining. When we are young we think our troubles a mighty business—that the world is spread out expressly as a stage for the particular drama of our lives and that we have a right to rant and foam at the mouth if we are crossed. I have done enough of that in my time. But we begin at last to understand that these things are important only to one's own consciousness, which is but as a globule of dew on a rose-leaf that at mid-day there will be no trace of. This is no high-flown sentimentality, but a simple reflection which I find useful to me every day.

Tell Sara I *did* notice Hunt's picture, he being an immense admiration of mine, and that I *did* read Ruskin's letter.[4] I understand all the beauties Ruskin points out, and it is impossible to look at the picture without feeling the power there is in it—but it is too mediæval and pietistic to be rejoiced in as a product of the present age. At least that was my feeling on Monday; perhaps when I go again I may be more in harmony with it. There is one thing to make one laugh aloud at the Exhibition and that is a huge portrait of the Archb[isho]p of Canterbury [5]—a head and face made all the more pitiably contemptible by the appareil of sanctified dignity which surrounds it. I wonder the clergy don't get up a "Society for the suppression of archiepiscopal portraits." They really are calculated to do as much harm to the Church as the Marquis of Blandford's bill.[6]

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

4. Holman Hunt's *The Light of the World* was attracting much attention at the Royal Academy. John Ruskin's letters to the *Times,* 5 and 25 May 1854, urged the merits of the Pre-Raphaelite painters.

5. John Bird Sumner (1780–1862), Archbishop of Canterbury, by Henry William Pickersgill (1782–1875), who painted most of the notables of his day.

6. Lord Blandford's Episcopal and Capitular Estates bill sought to reform the inequalities of bishops' incomes and to bring the Church into closer relation

Mr. Chapman has taken a house in Blandford Sq.[7] He had thought of a larger and more expensive one in Dorset Sq. which he would have taken if I would have become their lodger—but I could not make up my mind to this for sundry reasons, though on many grounds I should like it.

I have had a nice letter from Chrissey this morning. Her two boys are suitably provided with situations, and Emily, the eldest girl is at school for a little while, so now she has only the three youngest at home.

Herbert Spencer is not quite recovered from his palpitations, but is better. He inquired after you all when he wrote.

I expect to see Mr. Lewes back again today. His poor head—his only fortune—is not well yet, and he has had the misery of being ennuyé with idleness without perceiving the compensating improvement. Still I hope the good he has been getting has been greater than he has been conscious of.

Tell Sara I expect Feuerbach will be all in print by the end of next week and there are no skippings except such as have been made on very urgent grounds.

Mr. Atkinson called on Sunday and read me a letter of Harriet Martineau's denouncing "Vanity Fair" and reprobating his admiration of it. H.M. extols "Esmond" but thinks "Vanity Fair" a raking up of dirt and rotten eggs, a miserably mistaken criticism *selon moi*. The distinction drawn between Esmond and Vanity Fair seems to me quite unfounded. There is the same spirit—there are the same characters in both—Lady C.[8] is Amelia, Esmond is Dobbin, and Trix is Becky—pure egoism—in the one instance an adventuress trying to become a great lady, in the other, a born great lady whose selfish duplicity consequently takes a different turn. There is not a pin to choose between them morally—and yet they are as good as the mass of women—only a little more clever and beautiful.

I don't think you will have read to the end, for the scribble is unreadable. But read and believe that I am ever

Your affectionate
Marian.

with modern conditions. It was read for the second time 17 May 1854 and then postponed for the session.

7. Chapman leased 43 Blandford Square June 1854–June 1857.

8. Rachel, Lady Castlewood.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON,
[27 MAY 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* May 23. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 322; *George Eliot and John Chapman*, p. 74.

21 Cambridge St. | Saturday.

Dear Friend

Thanks many for the pretty bit of ribbon which came to me this morning.

I have finally decided not to live with the Chapmans. The consideration that determined me was, that I could not feel at liberty to leave them after causing them to make arrangements on my account, and it is quite possible that I may wish to go to the continent or twenty other things. At all events, I like to feel free. Apart from the comfort of being with people who call out some affection there would be no advantage in my living with the C's—at least none that *I* take into account.

It was very good of you to come so far away from London pleasures for the sake of seeing me,[9] and I quite appreciate the good deed.

Mr. Lewes is going on a walking excursion to Windsor to-day with his doctor,[1] who pronounces him better, but not yet fit for work. However he is obliged to do a little and must content himself with an *approximation* to his doctor's directions—in this world all things are approximations, and in the system of the Dog-star too, very probably, in spite of Dr. Whewell.[2]

I get up with fresh rheumatism every morning, and the weather, to my sensations is more than wintry in coldness.[3] I want your garment of fat and a "fleecley" into the bargain. Best love to all from

Your ever affectionate
Marian.

9. On his last visit to London 22 May 1854.

1. John Balbirnie. See [3 June 1854].

2. In 1853 William Whewell (1794–1866), Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, published anonymously *Of the Plurality of Worlds: An Essay*. The article on it by Sir David Brewster in the *North British Review*, 21 (May 1854), 1–44, provoked a debate on the question of whether the other planets were inhabited. The *Leader* in an article, possibly by GE, declared: "We neither regard intelligence as the highest form of life possible, nor human beings as the great pattern of creation. . . . Sir David cannot conceive any form of life superior, or even essentially different." (17 June 1854, p. 569.)

3. The meteorological record shows 27 May the coldest Saturday in the month, with rain and hail and the thermometer at 48°.

I am obliged to send you this Brobdignag[4] envelope because I have no stamp for a smaller.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
LONDON, [3 JUNE 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* June 3. *Brief extract published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 87.

21 Cambridge Street | Saturday Morning.

Dear Sara

Thanks in the first place for the better news about business. It is a ray of sunshine to me this morning which finds me on the whole in a cloudy state.

The printers have been so dilatory with Feuerbach, that I am only just going to correct what I think will be the last sheet but one. I am sorry to find that they have put into italics all the large type of the latin quotations in the appendix, which I had not thought of giving directions about, and Mr. Chapman shudders at the expense of alteration.[5] Perhaps there is an advantage in typographical emphasis in Latin—it may help to attract or to fix the reader's attention.

How came you to imagine that I did the Belles Lettres in the West-[minste]r? Mrs. Sinnett did them as usual—and she begs Mr. Chapman not to take this work from her at present, as the loss of it would make a serious deficit in her income. I am glad to tell you that one of her daughters is engaged to young Ellis, only son of Mr. Ellis of Champion Hill.[6] One likes to think of the rich and the poor coming together.

I went to the Strand last night and found Mr. and Mrs. Chapman already in the bustle of their double removal.[7] A well-to-do brother of Miss Tilley's is come from Australia and will do something for her, I hope.

Mr. Lewes is still suffering from his head and is ordered to go into the country again. He sets off on a visit to Oxford this morning and

4. GE almost always misspells Brobdingnag.

5. It seems, however, to have been done. The boldface roman type in the original appears for the most part as ordinary roman in the translation.

6. Edward Ellis and Ellen Jane Sinnett, daughter of the late Edward Sinnett, were married at St. Pancras Church 6 June 1855. His profession was given as "underwriter," the same as that of his father William Ellis. (Somerset House.)

7. When the Chapmans went to live at 43 Blandford Square, the publishing business was moved to 8 King William St., Strand.

from there he will go to Malvern to see Mr. Bray's acquaintance, Dr. Balbirnie,[8] of whom I have not a pleasant recollection.

Brain and legs and fingers all move heavily with me. I do nothing well but idling, and the consciousness of this is like a garment of lead about me. If I could only fancy myself clever, it would be better, but to be a failure of Nature and to know it is not a comfortable lot. It is the last lesson one learns, to be contented with one's inferiority—but it must be learned. In haste ever

Your
Pollian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON,
[6 JUNE 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* June 6. *Published.* Cross, I, 323.

21 Cambridge St. | Tuesday.

Dear Cara

Thanks for your assurance of welcome. I will trust in it when the Gods send favourable circumstances. But I see no probability of my being able to be with you before your other Midsummer visitors arrive.[9]

I delight to think that you are all a little more cheery.

Ever yours
Marian.

8. John Balbirnie (1810–95), author of *The Philosophy of the Water Cure,* 1845, and *The Water Cure in Consumption and Scrofula,* 1854. They were reviewed by GHL in the *Leader,* 11 October 1851, p. 946, and 22 July 1854, pp 688–689.

In an article called "Vivian at the Water Cure," written after his return, GHL remarks that "when misanthropy was settling into something more than a mood, from which hospitable Hampshire failed to wean me, and the racket of Paris brought no oblivion—at this moment a visit from my friend, Dr. Balbirnie, which ended in a visit *to* him, at Malvern, came as hydropathic salvation No. 2. Dr Balbirnie is a man of science, and enough of a man of letters to sympathise with and understand the ills to which literary flesh is heir. He persuaded me to come and try Malvern." (*Leader,* 8 July 1854, p. 644.) The method of treatment is described in "Douche the Second," 15 July 1854, pp. 667–668.

9. Mrs. Charles Hennell and Frank stayed at Rosehill 1–14 July 1854; Robert Noel, 7–9 July. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [8 JUNE 1854]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Mr. Bray. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Friend

Pray come on Sunday. Send me word at what time I shall order dinner.

Ever yours
Marian.

Tell Sara to send me word how much I owe her for postage.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, 12 JUNE [1854]

MS Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge Street | June 12.

Dear Sara

On looking at the clean sheets of F[euerbach] I see many things to regret—at least in the three first chapters, but they are merely matters of typography and punctuation. The Introduction wants a few more italics, and the notes are printed on a different plan from the one adopted in the third chapter and pursued through the rest of the work. I don't wonder at this, considering that my usual fallibility was increased by more than my usual headache and other evils when I was looking at the earliest proofs. The consequences must be borne, like all other consequences.

Mr. Bray passed yesterday with me—very pleasantly *to me*, but he was hindered from his intended evening walk in Kensington Gardens by a visit from Dr. W. Smith [1] and Mr. Pears who took tea with us.

Much love and gratitude to you, dear Sara, for your sympathy and encouraging words—a great debt which I can't pay. The *money* debt I send in stamps.

Ever your true
Pollian.

You will like to read the enclosed. Please return it. I enclose a stamp that you may do so without spending a penny which it is not worth.

1. William Smith (1813–93), lexicographer.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [28 JUNE 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* <July> 28 June. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 324.

21 Cambridge St. | Wednesday.

Dear Cara

As long as you can't afford the express, always come to London by the 12.30 train. It eventuates a spanker. I reached the E[uston] S[quare] Station [2] as dusty as an old ledger but with no other "incommodity" and a civil porter attended to me without delay. Yesterday Mr. Combe called. He and Mrs. C. set out on their journey on Sunday. Mr. Chapman is looking brighter, having got another letter of the alphabet, as Mr. Combe says, a G. or H. to satisfy the claims of E. and F.[3]

I went to the Lyceum last night to see "Sunshine through the Clouds" [4]—a wonderfully original and beautiful piece by Madame de Girardin, which makes one cry rather too much for pleasure. Vestris [5] acts finely the bereaved mother passing through all the gradations of doubt and hope to the actual recovery of her lost son.

My idea of you is rather bright just now and really helps to make me enjoy all that is enjoyable. That is part of the benefit I have had from my pleasant visit, which was made up of sunshine, green fields, pleasant looks and good eatables—an excellent compound. Best love to all from

Your ever affectionate
Marian.

Will you be so kind as to send my books by railway, *without* the Shelley?

2. GE stayed at Rosehill 17–26 June 1854. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

3. For an account of Chapman's financial difficulties see *George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 61–65, 74–79.

4. Adapted by GHL from *La Joie fait peur,* by Mme Emile de Girardin (1805–55), which had been played in the original at the St. James's Theater a month before. See GHL's review in the *Leader,* 27 May 1854, p. 499.

5. Lucia Elizabeth Mathews (1797–1856) married in 1813 Auguste A. Vestris, a dancing master (d. 1825), and in 1838 Charles James Mathews (1803–78). She undertook the management of the Lyceum in 1847. *Sunshine through the Clouds,* in which she appeared after a long illness, was her last play.

JOSEPH PARKES TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, [JULY 1854]

Text: Copy by the late Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. *Hitherto unpublished.*

As to Mr. Chapman's affairs, all that it is needful for me to say is that his debts are about £9,000 (the £2,500 he managed to extract from his wife's trustees I call the worst). Nearly all the creditors decided to accept 7/- or 8/- in £ dividend in 4, 8, or 12 months. Now to provide this sum, a third of which is guaranteed by some person [*Harriet Martineau*], his business will be crippled by the withdrawal of the needful money to meet so large a payment, and with credits damaged at his failure, how can his matters be mended?

The fact is that without continuing his business, he does not know what to engage in, having no capital or qualifications for any other business. . . . His talents and activities I respect, but he is not a man I would trust. He is also so self-opinionated and wilful that no one can be of real use to him in aid of his own judgment. He would have had, I think, a better chance in the present barely-paying state of the "Westminster Review" had he devoted himself to that work only. He cannot carry on writing, and maintain his business and his own family expenditure. The way he is behaving is, between ourselves, generally the prelude to bankruptcy. . . . I have seen so many ups and downs of the "Westminster Review" and so many thousands of pounds lost on it, that I am not sanguine. Mr. Bentham lost ten thousand pounds at first, and Sir William Molesworth, I believe, nearly as much.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [3 JULY 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 4. *Brief extracts published:* Cross, I, 324.

21 Cambridge St. | Monday Morning.

Dear Cara

Pray consider the Strauss M.S.S. waste paper. *I* shall never want them again.

I dined with your old acquaintance Dr. Conolly [6] at Sir James Clark's

6. John Conolly (1794–1866) revolutionized the treatment of the insane by abolishing restraint and punishment. After some years of practice at Stratford-on-Avon he became in 1830 inspecting physician to the asylums of Warwickshire. His acquaintance with the Hennells and Brays began during this period. In 1839 he was appointed Resident Physician at the Middlesex Asylum at Hanwell, where his great work was done.

the other day. After having been familiar with the large fat-looking portrait in your room, I was amazed to see a rather small unimpressive man. He took me down to dinner and we talked of you.

I spent last evening at Mr. Chapman's. There was a little party, and their new drawing-room looked very pretty.

Tell Sara I can imagine her shuddering at the "Cosmogonical Principal in God." [7] The disgusting ignorance and carelessness with which such things are managed are really exasperating. In haste

Ever yours
Marian.

Thanks for the Arabian Nights. They came quite safely.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [10 JULY 1854]

MS· Yale. *Endorsed:* July 10. 1854. H. Spencer. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 325.

21 Cambridge St. | Monday.

Dear Sara

It seems very ungracious to say so, but it is the fact, that I am vexed Feuerbach has been noticed in the Herald, and especially that anything has been said about me.

As to Mr. Noel's criticism,[8] I must reply, in the first place, that as the book has been advertised under that title for a year and he has frequently seen me and spoken of Feuerbach within that time, it is rather extraordinary that he should have reserved his criticism until the book has appeared. In the second place, it is quite true that Feuerbach's work might justly be called a Natural History of Christianity, but it is not true that *that* is what he means by *Wesen*. "Essence" is perfectly correct both as a translation of that word and as a representation of the gist of the book. Moreover, anyone who has read Feuerbach, which depend upon it Mr. N. has not, will be aware that this title corresponds perfectly or rather *uniquely* to the author's mode of statement.

I am going to pack up the Hebrew Grammar, the Apocryphal Gospels, and your pretty Titian, to be sent to you. Shall I despatch them by Rail or deposit them with Mr. Chapman to be asked for by Mr.

7. The title of ch. 8, misspelled in the advertisement of *The Essence of Christianity* in the *Westminster Review*. In the October number the table of contents is printed again in a full-page advertisement of the book on the inside of the front cover of the *Westminster* with the correct spelling "Principle."

8. Half of the *Herald* review, 7 July 1854, p. 2a, by Sara Hennell, was devoted to praise of GE: "Miss Evans stands unrivalled in her power of dealing with the tough metaphysical German. . . ."

Bray when he comes to town? I shall soon send you a good bye, for I am preparing to go to "Labassecour." [9]

This morning I feel very much as I (suppose) I should if I had been standing on my head for an hour, having paid for a visit to the Crystal Palace [1] and the luxury of French Chocolate by a headache yesterday. What a creation it is! (The C.P. not the headache). Shakspeare, our Navy and the Crystal Palace are the three most *eigenthümliche* things we have produced.

Herbert Spencer's article on the Genesis of Science [2] is a grand one. You must read it. He will stand in the Biographical Dictionaries of 1954 as "Spencer, Herbert, an original and profound philosophical writer, especially known by his great work x x x which gave a new impulse to psychology and has mainly contributed to the present advanced position of that science, compared with that which it had attained in the middle of the last century. The life of this philosopher, like that of the great Kant, offers little material for the narrator. Born in the year 1820 etc."

Vivian's head is not likely to be up to the pitch of Feuerbach, so it will fall to the lot of some other non-leading attaché of the Leader.[3] I have not had a copy yet!

Ever your affectionate
Pollian.

The Cosmogonical Princi*pal* was in the advertisement.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, [14 JULY 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 12. *Hitherto unpublished.*

21 Cambridge St. | Friday.

Dear Friend

I have paid to Mr. Chapman the £1.5 which will be due from me to you on the 1st of December,[4] so please to demand it of him when you see him. Miss Julia Smith is to be their lodger in Blandford Square.

I am not going until next Thursday I believe. If I said anything ill-

9. Cross reads "to go abroad(?)." Labassecour is Charlotte Bronte's name for Belgium in *Villette,* 1853.

1. The Crystal Palace, moved from Hyde Park to Penge Hill, Sydenham, was officially opened by the Queen 10 June 1854.

2. *British Quarterly Review,* 20 (July 1854), 108–162.

3. In the "Literature" section GHL referred to the announcement of *The Essence of Christianity,* "which will be a bombshell thrown into the camp of orthodoxy" (1 July 1854, p. 617); but no review appeared.

4. If this represents a quarterly payment of interest at 5 per cent Mr. Bray may have advanced £100 for GE's proposed stay abroad, anticipating the income from her patrimony.

natured in my last letter, pray consider it retracted. We never make enough allowance for the difference between the points of view of different people.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian Evans.

GE TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BRAY AND SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, LONDON, [19 JULY 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 20. 1854. *Published:* Cross, I, 325.

21 Cambridge Street | Wednesday Evening.

Dear Friends—all three

I have only time to say good bye and God bless you. Poste Restante, Weimar for the next six weeks, and afterwards Berlin.[5]

Ever your loving and grateful

Marian.

5. GE and GHL left London together 20 July 1854 and reached Weimar 2 August. Their life is described in GE's Journal, the extant part of which begins at this point. (Yale.) Cross published extensive extracts; some interesting passages he omitted will be given here.

George Henry Lewes

1854 August 2	GE and GHL reach Weimar; articles for the *Westminster Review; Life of Goethe.*
1854 November 3	Go to Berlin. GE begins translation of Spinoza's *Ethics.*
1855 March 11	GE and GHL start for England.
1855 March 14	GE at 1 Sydney Place, Dover, translating *Ethics;* GHL in London.
1855 April 18	GE and GHL at 8 Victoria Grove Terrace.
1855 May 2	At East Sheen.
1855 September 19	At Worthing.
1855 October 3	Take lodgings at 8 Park Shot, Richmond, their home till 5 February 1859.
1855 October 30	GHL's *Life of Goethe* published.
1855 December 24–29	GE visits her sister at Attleborough.
1856 February 19	Finishes translation of the *Ethics.*
1856 May 8	GE and GHL go to Ilfracombe to collect materials for *Sea-Side Studies.*
1856 June 26	To Tenby.
1856 August 9	Return to Richmond.
1856 September 23	GE begins "Amos Barton."
1856 November 6	GHL sends it to Blackwood.
1856 December 25	GE begins "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story."

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 346–347.

About ½ past 10 Liszt [1] called, and after chatting pleasantly for some time invited us to go and breakfast at his house, the Altenburg. Talking of Mde. D'Agoût,[2] he told us that when her novel Nélida appeared, in which Liszt himself is pilloried as a delinquent, he asked her "Mais pourquoi avez vous tellement maltraité ce pauvre *Lehmann?*" [3]

On arriving at the Altenburg we were shewn into the garden, where in a saloon formed by overarching trees, the déjeûner was set out. We found Hoffmann von Fallersleben,[4] the lyric poet, Dr. Schade,[5] a Gelehrter who has distinguished himself by a critical work on the 11,000 virgins (!), and a Herr Cornelius,[6] an agreeable looking artist. Presently came a Herr or Doctor Raff,[7] a musician who has recently published a volume called Wagnerfrage. Soon after we were joined by Liszt and the Princess Marie, an elegant, gentle looking girl of 17, and last, by the Princess Wittgenstein [8] with her nephew Prince Eugène and a young French (or Swiss?) artist, a pupil of Scheffer.

The appearance of the Princess rather startled me at first. I had expected to see a tall distinguished looking woman, if not a beautiful one. But she is short and unbecomingly endowed with embonpoint; at the first glance the face is not pleasing, and the profile especially is harsh and barbarian, but the dark, bright hair and eyes give the idea of vivacity and strength. Her teeth, unhappily, are blackish too. She was tastefully dressed in a morning robe of some semi-transparent white material lined with orange-colour, which formed the bordering, and

1. Franz Liszt (1811–86), pianist and composer.

2. The Comtesse d'Agoult (1805–76), noted for her liaison with Liszt, by whom she had three children, one of whom was Cosima, wife of Richard Wagner. The story of the break in their relations is told with little disguise in *Nélida,* 1845.

3. Charles Ernst Rodolphe Henri Lehmann (1814–82) painted a portrait of Liszt.

4. August Heinrich Hoffmann, known as Hoffmann von Fallersleben (1798–1874), philologist and poet, author of *Deutschland uber Alles,* 1841.

5. Oscar Schade, *Die Sage von der heiligen Ursula und den elftausend Jungfrauen,* 3d ed., Hanover, 1854.

6. Peter von Cornelius (1783–1867).

7. Joachim Raff, *Die Wagnerfrage kritisch beleuchtet,* Braunschweig, 1854.

8. Caroline Elisabeth Iwanowska (1819–87) was married in 1836 to Prince Nicholas Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berlebourg (1812–64), from whom she was divorced in 1855. See *Almanach de Gotha* from 1854 to 1860 and Adelheid von Schorn, *Das Nachklassische Weimar,* Weimar, 1911, pp. 281, 293. Her daughter, Princess Marie Pauline Antoinette (1837–1920), married in 1859 Prince Constantine Victor Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst (1828–96).

ornamented the sleeves, a black lace jacket, and a piquant cap set on the summit of her comb, and trimmed with violet colour.

The breakfast was not sumptuous either as to the food or the appointments. When the cigars came, Hoffmann was requested to read some of his poetry, and he gave us a bacchanalian poem with great spirit. I sat between Liszt and Miss Anderson, the Princess Marie's governess, an amiable but insignificant person. G. sat next the Princess and talked with her about Goethe, whom she pronounced to have been an egotist. My great delight was to watch Liszt and observe the sweetness of his expression. Genius, benevolence and tenderness beam from his whole countenance, and his manners are in perfect harmony with it. A little rain sent us into the house, and when we were seated in an elegant little drawing room, opening into a large music-salon, we had more reading from Hoffmann, and from the French artist who with a tremulous voice pitched in a minor key, read us some rather pretty sentimentalities of his own.

Then came the thing I had longed for—Liszt's playing. I sat near him so that I could see both his hands and face. For the first time in my life I beheld real inspiration—for the first time I heard the true tones of the piano. He played one of his own compositions—one of a series of religious *fantaisies*. There was nothing strange or excessive about his manner. His manipulation of the instrument was quiet and easy, and his face was simply grand—the lips compressed and the head thrown a little backward. When the music expressed quiet rapture or devotion a sweet smile flitted over his features; when it was triumphant the nostrils dilated. There was nothing petty or egoistic to mar the picture. Why did not Scheffer paint him thus instead of representing him as one of the three Magi?

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, WEIMAR, [16 AUGUST 1854]

MS: Coventry City Libraries, gift of the late Miss Mary Cramp. *Endorsed:* 21 August 1854. *Hitherto unpublished.*

62a Kaufgasse | Weimar.

Dear Friend

I hope you want to hear something of me though I confess I do not write to satisfy your wants but my own. It is a necessity to me to know how you all are, and I venture to hope that if I ask you for a letter you will send me one.

I have had a month of exquisite enjoyment, and seem to have begun life afresh. I am really strong and well and have recovered the

power of learning in spite of age and grey hairs. The first part of our route lay through Belgium. Mr. R. Noel was a very pleasant companion in the steamboat to Antwerp, where he left us for Bonn. From Antwerp we went to Brussels, and by Namur and Liége to Cologne. On the way to Cologne we were joined in our railway carriage by Dr. Brabant, who kindly exerted himself to procure me an interview with Strauss.[9] It was rather melancholy. Strauss looks so strange and cast-down, and my deficient German prevented us from learning more of each other than our exterior which in the case of both would have been better left to imagination.

We went up the Rhine from Cologne to Mainz, Frankfurt being the main attraction to us for Goethe's sake. A ten hours' railway journey from Frankfurt brought us to Weimar where we have pitched our tent —that is, taken a small lodging, with the intention of staying a month or two. The first sight of Weimar—"the Athens of the north" was a considerable surprize to us. We had expected something as stately as your little statue of Goethe and lo! we found a huge village rather than a town—a place so sleepy that it has no gas and its shopkeepers do not think it worth while to put up their names at their doors. But the immense park and plantations with labyrinthine walks are a constant source of new pleasure, and there are charming evening or morning excursions to be made to Belvedere, Tieffurt and Ettersburg, the grand Duke's summer residences.

Above all Liszt is here. He lives with a Russian Princess, who is in fact his wife, and he is a Grand Seigneur in this place, whereas Hofrath or Court Councillor is seldom anything more, as an Englishman would say, than a poor author. Liszt is extremely kind to us. We have been to a déjeûner at the Altenburg, where he lives, and the Princess has behaved charmingly to us. He is coming to-day to dine with us at the Erbprinz, our usual place for dining, where we have six courses of dishes so imaginative in their conception that my intellect feasts as well as my palate and all for 10 groschen = 1 shilling!

Liszt is the first really inspired man I ever saw. His face might serve as a model for a St. John in its sweetness when he is in repose but seated at the piano he is as grand as one of Michael Angelo's prophets. When I read George Sand's letter to Franz Liszt in her 'Lettres d'un voyageur,' I little thought that I should ever be seated tête-à-tête with him for an hour, as I was yesterday and telling him my ideas and feelings.

Another person who is very kind and agreeable is the Hofrath

9. David Friedrich Strauss. Dr. Brabant brought him to the hotel at Cologne where GE and GHL were breakfasting 30 July.

Schöll,[1] a man thoroughly erudite after the German fashion but without any of the German heaviness. He goes to court, but the other evening at Belvedere he brought his wife and children and took out of his pocket a piece of cake—continental cake—that is, batter pudding baked in a pan with fruit, which he had carried in order to give them a treat after their coffee. I am getting on a little in my German, but am retarded by having work to do which obliges me to read a great deal of French. Liszt and the Princess speak French, but Schöll gives me some practice in German.

Alas! alas! you of course know more than I do about Mr. Chapman's affairs. I am grieved that it has come to this, though I suppose I was silly to suppose it could be avoided.

Much love to all! This weather suggests a picture of your taking tea in the summerhouse and lying on the bearskin. I hope there is no cloud even so big as a man's hand to mar the enjoyment of these inexhaustible pleasures. Good bye. Think always kindly of your ever sincere and affectionate Friend

Marian Evans.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, WEIMAR, 30 AUGUST 1854

Text: Maggs Bros. Catalogue 320 (January–February 1914), item 341.

I had made up my mind to send you my article [2]—that is, to despatch it from this place—on Monday next, but I think I can make it more satisfactory by rendering the introductory part fuller . . . I have just read the part to which I refer to Mr. Lewes, and he thinks the ideas are crowded and would impress the reader more if they were diluted a little. . . .

People are wonderfully kind to us here—Liszt overwhelming in attentions, Schöll and all *freundlich,* and Mr. Wilson [3] who has been here

1. Gustav Adolf Schöll (1805–82) began as a student of theology; profoundly influenced by Strauss, he gave up his professorship at Halle and came to Weimar, where he was made Director of the Free Art Institute in 1842. His house in the Schillerstrasse was frequented by all the scholars and artists who came to Weimar. See A. von Schorn, *Das Nachklassische Weimar,* Weimar, 1911, pp. 62–67, and *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie,* XXXII (1891), 218–224.

2. In her Journal, 5 August 1854, GE records receipt of a letter from Chapman proposing that she write an article on Victor Cousin's *Mde. de Sablé. Études sur les femmes illustres et la société du dix-septième siècle,* Paris, 1854. She sent it off 8 September 1854.

3. Thomas Wilson. See [15 February 1851].

about ten days, extremely polite and agreeable. . . . I am happier every day and find my domesticity more and more delightful and beneficial to me. Affection, respect, and intellectual sympathy deepen, and for the first time in my life I can say to the moments "Verweilen sie, sie sind so schön." [4] . . . send me the Spectator with the Review of Feuerbach [5] if you can.

Marian Evans.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, WEIMAR, 10 SEPTEMBER 1854

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | Post Office | Barmouth | North Wales | England | Via Belgium. *Endorsed:* [Vi]a Belgium | September 1854. *Postmarks:* WEIMAR | 10 | 9 | 11 12 M; PAID | DI | 13 SP 13 | 1854. *Hitherto unpublished.*

62a Kaufgasse, Weimar | September 10. 1854.

Dear Friend

I will make no excuses for not having written before, because excuses are tiresome, and I know you have not thought unkindly of me for my silence.

Your letter was delightful—it gave me a charming picture of your life, and has made me happier in thinking of you ever since. But I confess that on some matters it is as mysterious to me as a Runic inscription, though I am quite willing to believe that the mystery is due to my stupidity rather than to any want of explicitness in you. The more I know of you, the better, since ignorance in friendship, as in everything else, is the mother of evils; it makes one talk quite away from the mark, and do all sorts of petty injustice. Still I am willing to be ignorant to all eternity of anything you think well to conceal from me, for I know you can tell me nothing that will make me love you less.

My life here is full of quiet happiness—a little island of repose between the fortnight's journeying which was full of more exciting pleasure, and the stay at Dresden and Berlin to which I am looking forward. Liszt is here, as you know, and has been particularly friendly. He is a glorious creature in every way—a bright genius, with a tender, loving nature, and a face in which this combination is perfectly expressed. He has that "laideur divinisée" by the soul that gleams through it, which is my favourite kind of physique. Soon, I hope we shall be having some

4. Goethe, *Faust,* Part I, line 1700: "Verweile doch! du bist so schön."

5. *Spectator,* 5 August 1854, p. 837: "In plain English, this system is rank Atheism. . . . Miss Evans has executed her hard task capitally . . . proving beyond doubt her thorough comprehension of her subject."

of Wagner's operas performed under his (Liszt's) superintendance and perhaps that will tempt us to linger here; [6] otherwise I think we shall leave Weimar at the end of this month.

I am glad to think that you and Barbara (I must call her so) are happy in writing as well as in mounting the hills and painting. When I get to Berlin, I shall hope to see your pamphlet,[7] as Mr. Chapman can send things there for me without expense. If I happen to write anything you don't like about women, you must tolerate me, since in all things I am obliged to say with old Luther "That is my belief—I cannot speak otherwise—so help me God! Amen." [8]

Arthur Helps has passed through Weimar and spent a day with us.[9] Do you know his works? He is to me one of the most charming people I ever saw—so natural and *individual* if not original.

The woods are putting on their gold now and I am beginning to have that calm autumn feeling which has never failed to come at this season in my least happy years. This is a happy one—full of the seeds of future activity, in spite of age and grey hairs—and because I am rejoicing with humility—as Paul *ought* to have said, instead of "with trembling." [1]

Give my kindest remembrances to your dear companion, and thank her for adding the sketch which made your picture of your Welsh life complete. Think of me, both of you, as you have always done, with indulgence and sympathy, and as

Your affectionate and trusting friend
Marian Evans.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, WEIMAR,
[4 OCTOBER 1854]

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Endorsed:* Marian Evans | received Oct. 7. 1854. *Hitherto unpublished.*

62a Kaufgasse, Weimar.

Dear Friend

I hope you will not think me too troublesome if I beg you to send a revise of my article [2] to be enclosed in the Leader which is sent to Mr.

6. It didn't. In her Journal, 22 October 1854, GE writes: "In the evening went to hear Lohengrin but only staid out two acts."

7. *Remarks on the Education of Girls,* published anonymously, 1854.

8. A free adaptation of Luther's speech at the Diet of Worms.

9. 29 August 1854.

1. II Corinthians 7:15–16.

2. "Woman in France: Madame de Sablé," *Westminster Review,* 62 (October 1854), 448–473.

Lewes. If you will take care that Mr. Galloway[3] at the Leader Office, has the article on Friday with instructions to fold it inside the next Leader, I shall receive it on Tuesday. We shall then merely have a trifle to pay for the additional weight.

I have been much grieved to read of Mr. John Chapman's death,[4] which I am sure has affected you deeply, even in the midst of more personal troubles. I am really anxious to hear that these troubles are in some degree lessened, but I know that letters cost both time and money and I wait in the certainty that you will let me hear of you when more important matters will allow you to write any letter that is not absolutely necessary. Mr. Lewes begs me to send you his kind regards. He shares my interest in the result of all the difficulties which you have indicated in your letters.

Our time has been spent delightfully here. We have some charming acquaintances, and we enjoy the scenery more and more as it puts on its Autumn clothing. I shall really leave Weimar with regret, but I suppose we shall not stay here more than a fortnight longer.

I hope Mrs. Chapman and the children are well and your own health good in spite of hard work and harder destiny.

Ever yours faithfully
Marian Evans.

I want my article, not at all for my own delectation, but to give it to Liszt, who wishes to see it.

THOMAS WOOLNER TO WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, LONDON, 4 OCTOBER [1854]

MS: Mrs. Gilbert McCoy Troxell. *Hitherto unpublished.*

15 Mary St. Regents Park. | October 4.

My dear W.B. . . .

By the way—have you heard of a of two blackguard literary fellows, Lewes and Thornton Hunt? They seem to have used wives on the

3. Beginning in the issue of 17 September 1853, advertisers and subscribers to the *Leader* are directed to make their money orders payable to Mr. Alfred E. Galloway, 7 Wellington St., Strand. After 21 October 1854 the names of George Hooper, printer, and Thornton Leigh Hunt, publisher, are replaced by that of Alfred Edmund Galloway.

4. John Chapman (1801–54), a cousin of the publisher. According to the *DNB* he "invented all the valuable improvements which have made the modern 'Hansom cab,' " on which he was granted a patent in 1836. He went to India in 1845 to organize the Great Indian Peninsular Railway and on his return worked steadily for free trade, the development of

ancient Briton practice of having them in common: now blackguard Lewes has bolted with a ——— and is living in Germany with her. I believe it dangerous to write facts of anyone nowadays so I will not any further lift the mantle and display the filthy contaminations of these hideous satyrs and smirking moralists—these workers in the Agepemone—these Mormonites in another name—stink pots of humanity.[5]

Yours truly
Thomas Woolner.

GHL TO THOMAS CARLYLE, WEIMAR, [19 OCTOBER 1854]

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Weimar Thursday night.

My dear Carlyle

Your letter [6] has been with me half an hour and I have not yet recovered the shock—delightful shock—it gave me. One must have been, like me, long misjudged and harshly judged without power of explanation, to understand the feelings which such a letter creates. My heart yearned towards you as I read it. It has given me new courage. I sat at your feet when my mind was first awakening; I have honoured and loved you ever since both as teacher and friend, and *now* to find that you judge me rightly, and are not estranged by what has estranged so many from me, gives me strength to bear what yet must be borne!

India's industries, and reform of the colonial policy. He died of cholera in London 11 September 1854.

5. Woolner's opinion of GHL changed when he became acquainted with him. See 30 December 1866. In later years Woolner called many times at the Priory. It would be interesting to have the reply from Scott, who was one of GHL's oldest friends.

6. GE notes in her Journal, 11 October 1854, "A painful letter from London caused us both a bad night." The next day GHL "wrote to Carlyle and Helps, explaining his position," and 14 October to Robert Chambers. The envelope of the letter to Carlyle, postmarked Weimar, 13 October 1854, and endorsed in Carlyle's hand, "G. H. Lewes and 'Strong minded Woman,'" is at Princeton. It brought an immediate reply, noted in GE's Journal, 19 October, as "a letter of noble sympathy from Carlyle," to which this is GHL's answer.

So much in gratitude. Now for justice: On my *word of honor* there is no foundation for the scandal as it runs. My separation was in nowise caused by the lady named, nor by any other lady. It has always been imminent, always *threatened,* but never before carried out, because of those assailing pangs of anticipation which would not let me carry resolution into fact. At various epochs I have explicitly declared that unless a change took place I would not hold out. At last—and this more because some circumstances into which I do [not] wish to enter, happened to occur at a time when I was hypochondriacal and hopeless about myself, fearing lest a chronic disease would disable me from undertaking such responsibilities as those previously borne—at last, I say, the crisis came. But believe me the lady named had not only *nothing* whatever to do with it but was, I solemnly declare, ignorant of my own state of mind on the subject. She knew the previous state of things, as indeed others knew it, but that is all.

Then as to the "letter to Miss Martineau"—not only is she totally incapable of anything she justly considers so foolish and unworthy; but in fact she has *not* written to Miss Martineau at all—has had no communication with her for twelvemonths—has sent no message to her, or any one else—in short this letter is a pure, or impure, fabrication —the letter, the purport, the language, all fiction. And I shall feel doubly bound to you if you will, on all occasions, clear the lady from such unworthy aspersions and not allow her to be placed in so totally false a position.

Thus far I give you a solemn denial of the scandal. Where gossip affects a point of honour or principle I feel bound to meet it with denial; on all private matters my only answer is *silence.*[7]

Marshall,[8] who has been absent since my arrival until within the last few days, I find a very agreeable friendly fellow, whom I should have been glad to see earlier. However there has been no end of kindness shown me here, and I have gained such materials for Goethe [1] as could

7. At the end of this letter Carlyle has added the following note: "Alas, alas! —I had (at his request) approved unequivocally of parting *such a marriage;* and advised to contradict, if he could, on his word of honour, the bad rumours circulating about a certain 'strong minded woman' and him. He assures me, on his word of honour, the strong minded did not *write* etc.: as well assure me her stockings are both of one colour; that is a very insignificant point!—No answer to this second letter."

8. James Marshall, described as Secretary or Purser (Schatullier) to the Grand Duchess Sophie of Saxe-Weimar. See A. von Schorn, *Das Nachklassische Weimar,* Weimar, 1911, p. 117. When Carlyle was in Frankfort, Marshall and Neuberg conducted him to Goethe's house. D. A. Wilson, *Carlyle at His Zenith,* 1927, p. 432, describes him as "a Scot abroad."

1. *The Life and Works of Goethe,* 2 vols., 1855, the first English biography.

only have been gained *here*. I go to Berlin shortly, and think of wintering there, and quietly finishing my work.

Wilson seems to pine for London, although they do everything they can to make Weimar agreeable to him. Eckermann [2] is very feeble, and his intellect going fast.

With kindest regards to your wife, Believe me, dear Carlyle,

Your very grateful
G. H. Lewes.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, WEIMAR, 23 OCTOBER 1854

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 81–83.

62a Kaufgasse | Weimar.

Dear Friend

I yesterday wrote to my brother [3] to request that he would pay my income to you on the 1st of December. I also requested that, in future, he would pay my half yearly income into the Coventry and Warwickshire Bank, that I might order it to be sent to me wherever I wanted it, as he has sometimes sent me a cheque which I could not get cashed in London. Is there anything to be done—any notice given to the Bank in order to make this plan feasible?

It is possible that you have already heard a report prevalent in London that Mr. Lewes has "run away" from his wife and family. I wish you to be in possession of the facts which will enable you to contradict this report whenever it reaches you. Since we left England he has been in constant correspondence with his wife; she has had all the money due to him in London; and his children are his principal thought and anxiety. Circumstances, with which I am not concerned, and which have arisen since he left England, have led him to determine on a separation from Mrs. Lewes, but he has never contemplated that separation as a total release from responsibility towards her. On the contrary he has been anxiously waiting restoration to health that he may once more work hard, not only to provide for his children, but to supply his wife's wants so far as that is not done by another. I have seen all the correspondence between them, and it has assured me that

2. GHL met Goethe's friend and literary executor Johann Peter Eckermann (1792–1854) at Wilson's 29 September 1854. GE wrote in her Journal, 8 October 1854: "We called on Eckermann, who is interesting to look at though shattered in mind and body." He died 3 December 1854.

3. Under their father's will Isaac Evans was cotrustee with their half-brother Robert Evans and the family attorney Vincent Holbeche.

his conduct as a husband has been not only irreproachable, but generous and self-sacrificing to a degree far beyond any standard fixed by the world. This is the simple truth, and no flattering picture drawn by my partiality.[4]

I have been long enough with Mr. Lewes to judge of his character on adequate grounds, and there is therefore no absurdity in offering my opinion as evidence that he is worthy of high respect. He has written to Carlyle and Robert Chambers stating as much of the truth as he can without very severely inculpating the other persons concerned; Arthur Helps, who has been here since we came, already knew the whole truth, and I trust that these three <rational> friends will be able in time to free his character from the false imputations which malice and gossip have cast upon it.

Of course many silly myths are already afloat about me, in addition to the truth, which of itself would be thought matter for scandal. I am quite unconcerned about them except as they may cause pain to my real friends. If you hear of anything that I have said, done, or written in relation to Mr. Lewes beyond the simple fact that I am attached to him and that I am living with him, do me the justice to believe that it is false. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman are the only persons to whom I have ever spoken of his private position and of my relation to him, and the only influence I should ever dream of exerting over him as to his conduct towards his wife and children is that of stimulating his conscientious care for them, if it needed any stimulus.

Pray pardon this long letter on a painful subject. I felt it a duty to write it.

I am ignorant how far Cara and Sara may be acquainted with the state of things, and how they may feel towards me. I am quite prepared to accept the consequences of a step which I have deliberately taken and to accept them without irritation or bitterness. The most painful consequence will, I know, be the loss of friends. If I do not write, therefore, understand that it is because I desire not to obtrude myself.

Write to me soon and let me know how things are with you. I am full of affection towards you all, and whatever you may think of me, shall always be

Your true and grateful friend
Marian Evans.

4. GE has not exaggerated his remarkable generosity. See Introduction: The Lewes Family.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, WEIMAR, 30 OCTOBER [1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Miss Evans Oct. 30. 1854. *Hitherto unpublished.*

62a Kaufgasse, Weimar | Monday, October 30.

Dear Friend

I have received safely the second halves of the Bank notes.[5] We are going to Berlin on Thursday and when I am there you can send me your history of the Martineau and Hodgson war [6] in Nutt's parcel for Assher.[7] I should really like to see it.

There are many things and people at Weimar that we shall leave with regret. Liszt, the Princess Wittgenstein, the French ambassador,[8] Schöll, Mr. Marshall, and others, have been most kind and friendly. Our long stay here has obliged us to renounce going to Dresden—a sad disappointment to me. But economy is our first law.

Mr. Lewes has gained very valuable materials for his life of Goethe by staying here, and his heart and soul are in the work. He is just gone to see an old court lady who was a blooming girl of sixteen when Goethe first came to Weimar! An old lady, as Liszt says, "presque monumentale."

I suppose Miss Parkes is in London again by this time. When you see her, give my love to her and thank her for the letter you forwarded to me.

I hope you have contradicted the story of my writing to Miss Martineau. I cannot understand how it originated except in some communication of yours to Miss M. which you intended to be serviceable to me. You must have made this communication in a moment of hallucination as to Miss M's character. Amongst her good qualities we certainly cannot reckon zeal for other people's reputation. She is sure to caricature any information for the amusement of the next person to whom she turns her ear-trumpet. *Au reste,* the thing is done and it is useless

5. "I wrote to Mr. Chapman, acknowledging the receipt of the £15 for my article on Mde de Sablé." (Journal, 30 October 1854.) The first halves were probably in the letter she received 14 October and answered the next day.

6. For control of the *Westminster Review.*

7. David Nutt, bookseller at 270 Strand, began his career as English agent of Adolf Asher, then (1829) of St. Petersburg, founder of the famous bookselling firm of Asher and Co. in Berlin.

8. The Marquis de Ferrière le Vayer was accredited to Weimar 7 March 1854. In her Journal under the heading "Ana" GE has a few stories about him. (See Cross, I, 343–344.)

to dwell on it. I am obliged to break off abruptly as we are rather hurried in these last days of our stay here.

Ever your sincere friend,
Marian Evans.

If you write, address Poste Restante, Berlin.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, WEIMAR, 31 OCTOBER [1854]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

62a Kaufgasse, Weimar | Tuesday October 31.

My dear Sara

The mode in which you and Cara have interpreted both my words and my silence makes me dread lest in writing more I should only give rise to fresh misconceptions. I am so deeply conscious of having had neither the feeling nor the want of feeling which you impute to me that I am quite unable to read into my words,[9] quoted by you, the sense which you put upon them. When you say that I do not care about Cara's or your opinion and friendship it seems much the same to me as if you said that I didn't care to eat when I was hungry or to drink when I was thirsty. One of two things: either I am a creature without affection, on whom the memories of years have no hold, or, you, Cara and Mr. Bray are the most cherished friends I have in the world. It is simply self-contradictory to say that a person can be indifferent about her dearest friends; yet this is what you substantially say, when you accuse me of "boasting with what serenity I can give you up," of "speaking proudly" etc. The only reply I can give to such an accusation is an absolute denial that I have been actuated by such a spirit as you describe with regard to any one thing which I have written, done, or left undone.

You say: "You" shew that "you wish to have communication with Charles only." The reason why I wrote to Mr. Bray and not to you and Cara is simply this. Before I left England, I communicated, by Mr. Lewes's desire, certain facts in strict confidence to Mr. Bray and Mr. Chapman and I did so for special reasons which would not apply to any female friend. After your kind letters came to me, we heard much painful news from London as to reports which were partly a perver-

9. At the end of her letter to Charles Bray [23 October 1854].

sion of the truth, partly pure falsehood. I cannot, even now, see that I did anything deserving so severe a reproach as you send me, in writing to Mr. Bray who was already in possession of the main facts, and in intimating that my silence to you arose from no want of affection, but from what I, falsely perhaps, but still sincerely, regarded as the very reverse of *pride* and a spirit of *boasting*.

There is now no longer any secrecy to be preserved about Mr. Lewes's affairs or mine, and whatever I have written to Mr. Bray, I have written to you. I am under no foolish hallucinations about either the present or the future and am standing on no stilts of any kind. I wish to speak simply and to act simply but I think it can hardly be unintelligible to you that I shrink from writing elaborately about private feelings and circumstances. I have really felt it a privation that I have been unable to write to you about things not personal, in which I know you would feel a common interest, and it will brighten my thoughts very much to know that I may do so. Cara, you and my own sister are the three women who are tied to my heart by a cord which can never be broken and which really *pulls* me continually. My love for you rests on a past which no future can reverse, and offensive as the words seem to have been to you, I must repeat, that I can feel no bitterness towards you, however you may act towards me. If you remain to me what you have ever been, my life will be all the happier, and I will try not to be unworthy of your love so far as faithfulness to my own conscience can make me worthy of it.

I have written miserably ill, and I fear all the while I am writing that I may be giving rise to some mistake. But interpret my whole letter so as to make it accord with this plain statement—I love Cara and you with unchanged and unchangeable affection, and while I retain your friendship I retain the best that life has given me next to that which is the deepest and gravest joy in all human experience.

Marian Evans.

GE TO GUSTAV ADOLF SCHÖLL, WEIMAR, [OCTOBER 1854]

MS: Miss Emily Driscoll. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Sir

I am doubly obliged to you, first for the kind inquiries contained in your note to Mr. Lewes and next for the information which you were good enough to send so promptly and which he had asked for on my behalf.

I have had no unpleasant consequences from our excursion, which I highly enjoyed. I only hope Madame Schöll has equally escaped without cold or over-fatigue. Mr. Lewes unites with me in kindest regards to her and yourself. Believe me,

Yours very truly
Marian Evans.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [WEIMAR 3 NOVEMBER 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Weimar. Nov. 3. 1854. *Hitherto unpublished.*

To Charles Bray Esq.

Dear Friend

Thanks for your hearty words of steadfast affection. When I said that my last letter [1] was for you alone, I simply meant that you were not to consider it as a *message* and to quote it as such to any outsiders at Edinburgh [2] or elsewhere, but merely to use the information it contained in any way that seemed right and wise to you. You know I am already suffering from imaginary words attributed to me, and I need not tell you that any real ones would soon get twisted and exaggerated, and be bandied about from Edinburgh to London. I decline to make *any direct* communication to *any* person about my private affairs except to yourself and those who are one with you, and to Mr. Chapman. You know the truth about me, and I only ask of your friendship that you will state as much of it as you think proper to those who <desire to know it> have any sincere interest in me.

We leave Weimar on Thursday, so that my address in future will be Poste Restante, Berlin.

Our ink is dried up and I can scarcely make it hold out to write you this. I wish I could write to you about all the pleasant things and people we have seen here. But another time.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

1. Perhaps in the letter mentioned in her Journal 16 October 1854, which has not been found.

2. George Combe felt that his reputation had suffered from the unconventional behavior of GE, whom he had introduced to many of his friends. See 4 September [1855].

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, BERLIN, 12 NOVEMBER 1854

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Hitherto unpublished.*

62 Dorotheen Gasse, Berlin | November 12. 1854.

Dear Friend

My brother in reply to my letter requesting him to pay you my income on the 1st of December when it is strictly due to me, sends word through my sister [3] that "he will pay the money when he receives it." This makes me nervous lest you should not receive the payment in time to meet the bill, and should be inconvenienced on that account. I could send you the money to England and receive it again when my brother pays it, if that would save you any inconvenience. I really regret that I had the money in advance now that there is this anxiety about it. My brother has generally paid me a week or fortnight after the time; but whenever I asked him for it, he generally sent a cheque at once, which of course it is perfectly easy for him to do. But I will take care in future not to involve anyone else in the annoyance resulting from his disinclination to accommodate me.

He also sends me word through my sister that circumstances render it desirable for the trustees to call in £1500 of my money, which must consequently be placed in the funds until a new investment can be found for it. So next Midsummer my income will be less than usual. I only hope he will think it worth while to get another investment. For a considerable part of my sister's money he gets 5 per cent. Poor Chrissey has been in trouble about her boys. One of them has been ill and the other very naughty—so naughty that he has had to leave his situation and they are determined to send him to sea.[4] I have felt this a greater trouble to me than all the denunciations of London gossips.

We reached Berlin last Saturday, or rather a week ago yesterday,[5] and find much to enjoy here. Varnhagen von Ense [6] and Fraulein v. Solmar, old friends of Mr. Lewes's, have received me very kindly, and as they are in the best society of Berlin, this is no slight advantage. Mr. Lewes has not yet had time to call on half his friends, but all whom he

3. Mrs. Edward Clarke.

4. Robert Clarke (1839–55).

5. GE's Journal shows that they reached Berlin on Friday, 3 November 1854, at 9.30 P.M. and spent the night at the Hotel de l'Europe in the Taubenstrasse. On Saturday they found lodgings at 62 Dorotheen Gasse and moved into them that evening.

6. Karl August Varnhagen von Ense (1785–1858), author of many critical and biographical works, including *Goethe in den Zeugnissen der Mitlebenden*, 1824. He was "a real treasure" to GHL, supplying him with books which he could not get at the public library for his life of Goethe.

has seen appear delighted to meet him again. Fraulein v. Solmar has a *salon* which is open every evening but Thursday to persons who have been invited once for all. Varnhagen made a little party for us last Thursday,[7] offers the use of his library, and is altogether cordial. He had corresponded with Carlyle for years before Carlyle came to Germany (in 1852) and was terribly disappointed when he came to know him in the flesh.[8] Varnhagen is a courtier, wears an order round his neck and carries a gold headed cane, so you may imagine that Carlyle's roughness and petulance were rather shocking to him. Withal this Varnhagen is a theoretical democrat, and thinks "Past and Present" Carlyle's greatest work, while to his dismay he found that Carlyle talked the fiercest despotism etc. etc.

Last night we went to see "Nathan der Weise." [9] You know, or perhaps you do not know that this play is a sort of dramatic apologue the moral of which is religious tolerance. It thrilled me to think that Lessing dared nearly a hundred years ago to write the grand sentiments and profound thoughts which this play contains for the people's theatre which he dreamed of, but which Germany has never had. In England the words which call down applause here would make the pit rise in horror.

It is amusing to see how very comfortable the Germans are without many of the things which England considers the safeguards of society. The Germans eat their Bratwurst and Küchen from house to house in gladness of heart though they have no episcopal establishment and though they *have* some other things which are thought very noxious with us. I think them immensely inferior to us in creative intellect and in the possession of the *means* of life, but they know better how to use the means they have for the end of enjoyment. One sees everywhere in Germany what is the rarest of all things in England—thorough *bien-être,* freedom from gnawing cares and ambitions, contentment in inexpensive pleasures with no suspicion that happiness is a vice which we must not only not indulge in ourselves but as far as possible restrain others from giving way to. There are disadvantages, of course. They don't improve their locks and carriages as we do, and they con-

7. The guests were Fraülein von Solmar, Frau Nimsch, Dr. Ring, Dr. Vehse, Grafin von Kalkreit, and Director Wilhelm Schadow. (GE Journal, 9 November 1854.)

8. Carlyle was equally disappointed in Varnhagen, describing him as "a very vigorous old fellow, with cunning grey eyes, turn-up nose, plenty of white hair, and a dash of dandy, soldier-citizen and Sage . . . and he goes to Miss Something's soirée every night,—whither I would never follow him, and 'don't intend to.'" (D. A. Wilson, *Carlyle at His Zenith,* 1927, p. 442.)

9. With Döring as Nathan. GE describes the performance in her "Recollections of Berlin."

sider a room furnished when it has a looking glass and an escritoire in it. They put their knives in their mouths, write un-sit-out-able comedies and unreadable books; but they are decidedly happy animals and in spite of Pascal, that is perhaps better than being extremely clever ones—miserable and knowing their misery.[1]

Berlin is a cold place, but the cold is dry and bracing. This morning the roofs are covered with snow, and soon I suppose we shall have a firm stratum of snow in the streets which will lie all winter. We work hard in the mornings till our heads are hot,[2] then walk out, dine at three and, if we don't go out, read diligently aloud in the evening.[3] I think it is impossible for two human beings to be more happy in each other. All I am anxious about is the certainty of work by which I may get money—and that just now does not present itself.

Best love to all. Forgive all my omissions and commissions and believe me ever

Your sincere and affectionate
Marian Evans.

SARA SOPHIA HENNELL TO GE, COVENTRY, 15 NOVEMBER 1854

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosehill, November 15th 1854. | Wednesday Evening.

Dear Marian

Thanks for your letter to me. I was going to write to you on St. Cecilia's day,[4] when I hope the junction of our birthdays will recall me to you and you to me. Here is my signature [5] to the truest good wishes for you now and evermore.

I am glad you feel it will be a pleasure to tell us of some of the things you are now enjoying. We shall always be delighted to hear of them. Your letter to Charles today seems to show you very happy now —but I have a strange sort of feeling that I am writing to some one in a book, and not to the Marian that we have known and loved so many years. Do not mistake me, I mean nothing unkind.

1. "Le grandeur de l'homme est grand en ce qu'il se connaît misérable." (*Pensées*, vi, 397.)

2. GE began translating Spinoza's *Ethics*, 8 November 1854. (Journal.)

3. They were reading *Wilhelm Meister* and *The Merchant of Venice*. (GE Journal.)

4. 22 November, which was also GE's birthday.

5. A device stitched in thread through the paper, an *A* followed by a small *x*. Does it stand for Miss Hennell's old nickname Achates? Or did the thread hold the "little white S." referred to in GE's reply?

I can bring myself to reality directly by recollecting a message of yours.—about your Mme. de Sablé. We did not know anything of it till we read it, and admired its elegance and profundity then and therefore attributed it to you—having heard indeed that one of the articles was by you. Afterwards, as we stayed a day or two in London after our visit to the Isle of Wight,[6] we heard that you had sent a particular request through Mr. Chapman, that *Mrs.* Hennell [7] should correct your proofs—which she accordingly did. Mr. Ch. came to our lodgings for one hour or two, looking very well, as if he could still thrive upon his misfortunes. Almost all his time was spent in reading to us a pile of manuscripts—being notes of the Hodgson and Martineau controversy about the Westminster.

Almost the first thing I said to him was to fly at him in a rage for admitting that disgraceful notice of Feuerbach,[8] which you will readily divine to have excited my ire. When I saw it, I thought Mr. Ch. in his straits had been obliged to get some poor hack of a penny-a-liner to do it—i.e. Froude, who knows nothing of the matter. I should have thought J. M. would have done it more cleverly at all events. I see there is a review of Feuerbach in the new number of the Prospective [9] which is coming out very strong to cut out the Westminster, but it has not fallen in my way yet.

But all these things are ante-diluvian to you, unless you are obliged to *respice* to them to earn your butterbread!—I read Butler's Analogy [1] all through yesterday—so to speak—for the first time—and feel my mind wonderfully enlarged thereby today, as to the state of the mental world of Christendom in this year of grace. Am I not ante-diluvian with a vengeance?

Your ancient friend
Sara Hennell.

6. The Brays with their daughter Nelly and Miss Hennell stayed at Ventnor 1–12 October 1854. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

7. Mrs. Charles Christian Hennell.

8. James Martineau's review of *The Essence of Christianity* in the *Westminster Review,* 62 (October 1854), 559–560, begins: "It is a sign of 'progress,' we presume, that the lady-translator who maintained the anonymous in introducing Strauss, puts her name in the title-page of Feuerbach. She has executed her task even better than before: we are only surprised that, if she wished to exhibit the new Hegelian Atheism to English readers, she should select a work of the year 1840, and of quite secondary philosophical repute in its own country."

9. *Prospective Review,* 10 (1854), 581–584. A "notice" prefixed to the November number announced that Charles Wicksteed was withdrawing as editor, leaving John James Tayler, James Martineau, John Hamilton Thom, and William C. Roscoe; "a scheme is now under consideration for enlarging the scope of the *Review,* and giving it all the variety and interest of a first-class Quarterly."

1. Miss Hennell published her *Essay on the Sceptical Tendency of Butler's "Analogy"* in 1859.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, BERLIN, 22 NOVEMBER 1854

MS: Coventry City Libraries. *Text:* Copy by Mr. Ernest Simpson, Librarian. *Hitherto unpublished.*

November 22. 1854.

Dear Friend

I shall be very much obliged to you if you will talk to my brother about the investment you mention, since you are so good as to be willing to take this trouble for my sake. Isaac is always at the King's Head [2] on Friday to transact business, and I enclose a letter [3] to him introducing the subject, which letter you can perhaps send to the King's Head, unless you think it the best plan to call on him at once and give it to him, in which case he can have no opportunity or pretext for deferring the matter. You have always accused me of preferring words to deeds, but I assure you I am old and wise enough now to prefer such deeds as yours to all the sweet words that have ever been uttered to me.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[BERLIN, 22 NOVEMBER 1854]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Sara. 1854. *Extract published: George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 84–85.

My dear Sara

I have kissed the pretty little white S.[4] again and again and shall put it in a sacred place. Thank you for it, and for the noble, affectionate words in your previous letter, which I fear my answer did not shew me fully to appreciate. But I assure you they had their due effect and are kept in my memory amongst my most precious things.

Of course I wrote Miss Hennell and not *Mrs.,* but I am nevertheless indebted to the latter for the trouble she took. I am very glad you liked the article on Mde. de Sablé. Mr. Lewes thought very highly of it, and so did some other good judges, but I feared that Mr. Chapman did not approve it, as he has said no word of satisfaction about it, and though he had been urgent on me to write for the Review before, he has made no proposition to that effect since. I have not seen the Westminster, but Mr. Lewes *has* seen it at the Library here. He told me about the

2. The King's Head Inn, Hertford St., Coventry, a "family and posting hotel" kept by Charles Salvin. (F. White, *Warwickshire,* 1850, p. 548.)

3. This letter has not been found.

4. The stitching in Miss Hennell's letter to GE 15 November 1854 is black.

notice of Feuerbach, which appears to be rather stultifying to Mr. Ch. as publisher of the *Series*. I am very sorry for Mr. Ch. Whatever may have been his mistakes I think he must have been hardly used by Dr. Hodgson and J. Martineau. But I am acquainted with no details.

There is an article in the Edinburgh by Herbert Spencer—"Railway Morals and Legislation" [5]—which I think you would like to see. I had a nice long letter from him the other day, telling me all about his late travels.[6] Imagine his indignation when, in reply to his entreaty to be corrected when he made mistakes in French, he was told that he made *no* mistakes!

We are going to the theatre tonight to see *Emilia Galotti*.[7] Dessoir,[8] the actor, presents us with tickets whenever there is an interesting representation. Last evening we went to Gruppe's,[9] and had a peep into the *intérieur* of a German Professor of very moderate income. The simplicity with which people receive their friends here is delightful. No agonies about appearances, no grand dinners and suppers, but instead of them heartiness and intelligence.

I should be very glad to have my pen employed in something that would yield immediate profit, and there are plenty of subjects suggested by new German books which would be fresh and instructive in an English Review. But I cannot bring myself to run the risk of a refusal from an editor. Indeed I cannot for several reasons make any proposition at present. So I am working at what will ultimately yield something which is secured by agreement with Bohn.[1]

Ever your loving
Marian.

5. "Railway Morals and Railway Policy," *Edinburgh Review*, 100 (October 1854), 420–461.

6. Spencer spent August at Tréport on the French coast and some time in Paris and Jersey. GE received his letter 16 November 1854 and answered it the 21st. (Journal.)

7. Lessing's tragedy was first produced in 1772.

8 Ludwig Dessoir (1809–74) became a leading actor of the Berlin Court Theater in 1849, playing many Shakespearean parts. He had been in London with the German company at the St. James's Theater in July 1853, but GHL, who mentioned him not uncritically in his reviews, had probably not met him at that time.

9. Otto Friedrich Gruppe (1804–76) called on GE and GHL 13 November 1854. The evening at his house is described in her "Recollections of Berlin" and her Journal.

1. A footnote in GHL's *Life of Goethe*, 2 vols., 1855, I, 283, says: "It may interest some readers to learn, that Spinoza will ere long appear in English, edited by the writer of these lines." Bohn, who had published the Comte, seems to have withdrawn from his agreement. In February 1859 GHL proposed to A. and C. Black that they publish the Spinoza and use the life, which was to preface the work, in their new edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. They declined, but asked him for a brief account of Spinoza, which he refused to write. The MS of GE's translation with a few pages of notes in GHL's hand is now at Yale.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, BERLIN, 9 JANUARY [1855]

Text: Maggs Bros. Catalogue 317 (November–December 1913), item 3375. It is misdated 1854, probably by GE.

I still think the 'Ideals of Womankind' a good subject and one I should like to treat, but I have been thinking lately of an article on another subject, which I believe I could make interesting, and which I could prepare for your next number, if you agree with me that it is promising. . . . The subject I now propose is 'Woman in Germany' [2] —not simply the modern German woman, who is not a very fertile subject (metaphorically speaking) but woman as she presents herself to us in all the phases of development through which the German race has run from the earliest historic twilight, when it was still blended with the Scandinavian race and its women were prophetesses, through the periods of the Volkswanderung and the romantic and *bürgerlich* life of the Middle Ages up to our own day. There is a great deal of picturesque materials on this subject, and I am just in the midst of it here, so that it would suit me, perhaps, better than any just now. . . .

Mr. Lewes's health has been variable, but I think he is on the whole better. He desires me to send his kind remembrances to you, as, indeed, he always does, and I always forget to give them. We like our Berlin life immensely—an ugly place it must be to any one who comes to it nipped or solitary, or, what is worse, with a disagreeable companion. But, to make a very novel quotation, 'the mind is its own place,' [3] and can make a pretty town even of Berlin. The day seems too short for our happiness, and we both of us feel that we have begun life afresh—with new ambitions and new powers. I say so much to you, because I know you have a friendly interest in me.

Marian Evans.

2. This article, which was never written, was probably suggested by Johannes Scherr's *Deutsche Kultur- und Sittengeschichte,* 1852, which GE had been reading since December.

3. *Paradise Lost,* I, 254.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, BERLIN, 9 JANUARY [1855]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1855. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 364–367.

62 Dorotheen Strasse, Berlin | January 9. 1854.[4]

Dear Sara

I ought to have enclosed a letter to you in the one I sent to Mr. Bray, but the fact is our days are so accurately parcelled out that my time for letter writing is rather restricted, and for every letter I write I have to leave out something which we have learned to think necessary. I am so uneasy under the sense of having said nothing to you in reply to your letter, that I sit up tonight to scribble you a note which I shall enclose in a letter to Mr. Chapman.

We have been to hear Fidelio this evening—not well executed, except so far as the orchestra was concerned, but the divine music positively triumphs over the defects of execution. One is entirely wrapt in the *idea* of the composer. Last week we had Orpheus and Euridice and I heard for the first time at once an opera of Gluck's and Johanna Wagner.[5] It is one of the glories of Berlin to give Gluck's operas, and it is also something of a glory to have "die Wagner." She is really a fine actress and a fine singer; her voice is not ravishing, but she is mistress of it. I thought of you that evening and wished you could hear and see what I know would interest you greatly—I refer rather to Gluck's opera than to Johanna Wagner. The scene in which Orpheus (Johanna Wagner) enters Tartarus, is met by the awful shades, and charms them into ecstatic admiration till they make way for him to pass on, is very fine. The voices—except in the choruses—are all women's voices, and there are only three characters—Orpheus, Amor and Euridice. One wonders that Pluto does not come as a Basso, and one would prefer Mercury as a tenor to Amor in the shape of an ugly German soprano—but Gluck willed it otherwise and the music is delightful. The scene in Elysium is immensely absurd—Ballet girls dance in the foreground and in the background are Greek shades looking like butchers in *chemises.* But the worst of it is, that instead of letting it be a tragedy, Euridice is brought to life again and we end with another Ballet girl scene before Amor's temple.

I am reading a charming book by Professor Stahr—who is one of our

4. An obvious slip for 1855. GE's Journal shows that this letter was actually written 12 January 1855, just after she returned from *Fidelio.*

5. Johanna Jachmann Wagner (1828–94), niece of Richard Wagner, sang Orpheus 2 January 1855.

acquaintances here—*Torso:* Kunst, Künstler und Kunstwerke der Alten.[6] It feeds the fresh interest I am now feeling in Art. Prof. Stahr is the *futur* of Fanny Lewald,[7] the novelist. He is a very erudite man, and what is very much rarer amongst Germans, a good writer, who knows how to select his materials and has above all a charming talent for description. We saw at his house, the other night, the first portrait of Schiller which *convinces* me of a likeness to him. It is the copy of a miniature which has never been engraved.[8] The face is less beautiful than that of the ordinary busts and portraits; but is very remarkable—the eyes blue, the complexion very fair (the picture was taken in his youth) and the hair sunny. He has the long "goose-neck" which he describes as belonging to Carl Moor in the Robbers,[9] and the forehead is *fuyant,* in correspondence with the skull. The piteous contrast there is between the anxiety poor Schiller is constantly expressing about a livelihood—about the thalers he has to pay for this and the thalers he has to receive for that—and Goethe's perfect ease in that respect! For the History of the Netherlands [1] he got little more than 15s. per sheet.

I am very much interested in Professor Gruppe as a type of the German *Gelehrter.* He has written books on everything [2]—on the Greek drama—a great book on the Cosmic Systems of the Greeks—an epic, numberless lyric poems etc.—he has a philosophical work and a history of literature in the press—is professor of philosophy at the University—has invented a mode of staining paper beautifully for bookcovers—is enthusiastic about Boar-hunting, and has written a volume of hunting poems—and *ich weiss nicht was.* Withal he is as simple as a child. When we go to see them in an evening, we find him wrapt in a moth-

6. Adolf Wilhelm Theodor Stahr (1805–76), whom GE and GHL met at Varnhagen's 4 December 1854, shared their interest in Goethe and Spinoza. His *Torso* had just appeared. GE wrote two articles on it: "The Art of the Ancients," *Leader,* 17 March 1855, pp. 257–258, was written before Part II had been published; "The Art and Artists of Greece," *Saturday Review,* 31 May 1856, pp. 109–110, considers both parts.

7. GE's Journal records their meeting her with Stahr 28 December 1854 and calling on her the next evening. GHL had remarked in the *Leader,* 28 August 1852, p. 829, that Stahr, "whose book on Goethe we noticed the other day, has—in conformity with an usage which suggests very serious reflections—asked for a divorce, that he may marry Fanny Lewald, the authoress." When GE and GHL called at Stahr's 6 February 1855, they found that "he was gone to be married at last to Fanny Lewald after 9 years of waiting." (GE Journal.)

8. In her "Recollections of Berlin," GE says that it is "in the possession of a certain Madame von Kalbe."

9. *Die Räuber,* IV, ii: "sein langer Gänsehals."

1. Schiller's *Geschichte des Abfalls der Niederlande,* 1788.

2. Gruppe's books alluded to are *Ariadne: Die tragische Kunst der Griechen,* 1834; *Die kosmischen Systeme der Griechen,* 1851; *Kaiser Karl: Eine epische Trilogie,* 1852; *Gegenwart und Zukunft der Philosophie in Deutschland,* 1855.

eaten grey coat, once a great coat, now converted into a schlafrock, and a cap on his head. Then he reads us a translation of one of the Homeric hymns,[3] and goes into the most naive *impersonal* ecstasy at the beauty of his own poetry (which is really good). The other night he read us part of an epic which is still in MS. and is to be read before the King—such is the fashion here.[4] And his little wife, who is about 20 years younger than himself, listens with loving admiration. Altogether, they and their two little children are a charming picture.

We have been to Rauch's[5] atelier. He is now occupied on a group representing Moses with his arms held up by Aaron and Har. It is very interesting to see the original little clay model—the marvellous expression given in that rough way. My back aches and it is nearly 12 o'-clock. Best love to Cara.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, DOVER, 16 MARCH 1855

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 380–381.

1 Sydney Place | Dover | March 16. 1855.

My dear Sara

It has been very pleasant to me to think of you ever since I had your last letter as happy in work which I feel sure will be useful in some way or other even if it does not win the prize.[6] Mr. Lewes was particularly interested in your letter and thought your characterization of the Archbishop and Co. admirable. Pray let me know as soon as there is any issue connected with the essays.

I dare say you will be surprized to see that I write from Dover. We left Berlin on the 11th and a friendly fit of sea-sickness enabled me to rejoice at the sight of the British cliffs on Wednesday. I have taken

3. *Aphrodite.* ("Recollections of Berlin.")

4. *Firdausi, ein episches Gedicht in 7 Büchern,* 1856. "Gruppe has an epic in manuscript—Ferdusi—and he read us specimens of it which pleased us, but we found it impossible to sit out the reading of more than one book by the 'Rhetor Julius Schramm' for whose Vorlesung good little Frau Gruppe brought us tickets." ("Recollections of Berlin.")

5. Christian Daniel Rauch (1777–1857) had known Goethe, of whom he did several portraits. Before World War II the "Moses" stood in the atrium of the Friedenskirche at Potsdam.

6. The Burnett prizes, established by John Burnett (1729–84) for essays in proof of the existence of a supreme Creator, were won in 1855 by Robert A. Thomson and (second) John Tulloch, later Principal of St. Andrews. In 1855 the first prize amounted to £1,800.

lodgings here for a little while, until Mr. Lewes has concluded some arrangements in London, and with the aid of lovely weather am even enjoying my solitude, though I don't mind how soon it ends. News of you all at Rosehill—how health and business and all other things are faring —would be very welcome to me, if you can find time for a little note of homely details.

I am well and calmly happy—feeling much stronger and clearer in mind for the last eight months of new experience. We were sorry to leave our quiet rooms and agreeable friends in Berlin, though the place itself is certainly ugly and *am ende* must become terribly wearisome for those who have not a vocation there. We left all our sight-seeing till the last week and so had a very large bite at pictures and statuary by crowding them all into three or four days.

Berlin, to be sure, has not many riches of this sort, but I increased my acquaintance with the modern German painters by our visits to three private galleries [7] and to the New Museum where Kaulbach is employed in painting the frescoes on the grand stair-case. There is a figure of the *Deutsche Saga* [8] which I should love you to see. I at once compared it with Michael Angelo's Sybils. It certainly satisfies one better in the colourless cartoon than in the finished painting, for Kaulbach seems greater in conception than in execution. He is also at work on some illustrations of Shakspeare, and we saw the originals of two from Macbeth.[9] They are very *Germanesque,* but still, finer than any other attempt at Shakspeare illustrations that I have seen. One of them represents the moment when Macbeth is girding on his armour and receives the news of his wife's death. The spirits of those he has murdered are hovering in the air above him and amongst them of course is Banquo with his children. This group of childish spirits, looking on in chubby composedness while their murderer is torn with contending passions, is the best bit of the picture. The Macbeth is too demoniacal—not Shakespearian. But I am forgetting that my words are not likely to call up the idea of the picture in your mind. We went again and again to the New Museum to look at the casts of the Parthenon sculptures, and registered a vow that we would go to feast on the sight of the originals, the

7. Count Atanazy Raczynsky's gallery, the Ravené collection, and Dr. Parthey's in the house occupied by Nicolai. Their visits are described in some detail in the "Recollections of Berlin."

8. "The New Museum is on a magnificent scale and is still far from complete. The *Treppenhaus* or Grand Entrance Hall . . . is nobly conceived and when finished will make a splendid ensemble. One of the completed frescoes is the Deutsche Saga, which however gratified us more thoroughly in the colourless cartoon than in the fresco." ("Recollections of Berlin.")

9. At Dr. Parthey's 5 March 1855. (GE Journal.)

first day we could spare in London. I had never cast more than a fleeting look on them before, but now I can in some degree understand the effect they produced on their first discovery.

Apropos of Greek art, should you like to add an autograph of Liszt's to your collection? If so I can send you one.

Dover looks very lovely under a blue sky. The cliffs with the soft outline of the hills beyond, looking, as Kingsley says, like the soft limbs of mother Hertha lying down to rest, and the town with its blue smoke, made a charming picture under the afternoon sun as I walked up the castle hill. But here as everywhere else "man is vile," [1] cheating one out of sixpences and making one feel misanthropic in spite of oneself. My lodgings, however, are very comfortable and I have a nice quiet woman to wait on me. I think I have earned a little news about you now, and please to remember that it is for the sake of that I write. Ever, dear Sara,

Your affectionate Friend
Marian Evans.

Love to all.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, DOVER, 16 MARCH 1855

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | 2 Savile Row. *Endorsed:* March. 1855. *Hitherto unpublished.*

1 Sydney Place | Dover | March 16. 1855.

Dear Friend

I was more delighted with your letter because it was a fresh proof to me that you can feel and act nobly, than because it was an expression of affection towards me—much as I value that affection. The best thing our friends can do for us is to enable us thoroughly to love and admire them, and it is for this that I thank you, rather than for anything more personal. Believe me, dear, nothing that comes from your mind and heart is lost upon me, but is a new help to me to become less unworthy.

We reached Dover on Wednesday and I have taken lodgings here for a short time while Mr. Lewes makes some arrangements in town. Your letter came to me when we were in the hurry of paying farewell visits first to friends and then to galleries and museums, so that I was unable to write to you from Berlin. I am now rather enjoying the contrast of perfect quiet and of a bright sun shining on cliff and softly rounded hill and fringed sea after much paddling through the thawing

1. Reginald Heber's hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," stanza 2.

snows of the Berlin streets. I dare say you know that rather tame and ugly place, for which, however, I have considerable affection on the score of many happy hours passed there and many kind people whose faces shone benevolently on me.

The best of all the news your letter told me was the improvement in your own health, and the next best was the favourable account of Miss Barbara Smith's progress towards recovery.[2] A life which promises so much good to herself and others is better worth preserving than lives generally are. If any word from me will be welcome to her, assure her of my warm interest in her.

I can dilate on nothing now. I will only say that if you knew everything, we should probably be much nearer agreement even as to the details of conduct than you suppose. In the mean time, believe no one's representations about me, for there is not a *single person* who is in a position to make a true representation. My mind is deliciously calm and untroubled so far as my own lot is concerned, my only anxieties are sympathetic ones.

I write tonight rather sleepily because I may have to send to Mr. Chapman tomorrow and in that case I will enclose this note to him, as I suppose you still wish me not to write to you directly. Ever, dear Friend,

Yours faithfully and affectionately
Marian Evans.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, DOVER, 20 MARCH 1855

Text: Maggs Bros. Catalogue 314 (September–October 1913), item 2817.

Dear Friend

I wrote to you in a hurry the other day and had not time to express what I really feel—thorough sympathy with you under this terrible trial of illness. Indeed in my first hasty reading of your letter I did not fully bring before myself the meaning of the words 'three weeks in bed from disease of the left lung.' But now I do so I am grieved to think of what you must have suffered, so I write this note from old friendship, mixed with business. . . .

There is no use in this letter, to be sure, but I can't help writing it.

2. For the temporary breakdown of her health in the autumn of 1854 see H. Burton, *Barbara Bodichon* [1949], p. 74.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, DOVER, 4 APRIL 1855

MS: Parrish Collection. Princeton. *Hitherto unpublished.*

1 Sydney Place, Dover | April 4, 1855.

Dear Friend

Your letters rival in curtness those of H. M. the Duke, so on the principle that people should return precisely the salutation they receive, I suppose I must be brief too.

Such a conjunction as the war [3] and the extreme severity of the winter must have been terrible indeed for the Coventry trade. And the weather *will* not get warm, that the ladies might be obliged to throw off their rusty bonnets! I am very anxious to know that you have had no loss which will materially affect your comfort.

My half year's income is due at the beginning of June and the beginning of December. I shall be much obliged to you if you will say what is necessary to the Bank, before the first of those periods, and also if you will tell me how to frame my order for the payment of the money to me in London, when I am there. I suppose they will pay it into a London Bank, and I must call for it? I should not like to make a simpleton of myself to Messieurs les banquiers, and my ignorance particularly well qualifies me for doing so. I wrote to my brother to ask him always to pay my income into the Cov[entry] and War[wickshire] Bank, but as he is not precise in answering letters (mine at least) it is difficult to know what he will do.

Mr. Lewes is gone to Arthur Helps's at Vernon Hill for a week or ten days, and on his return I shall join him in London where—that is, in the environs—we shall establish ourselves till the big books [4] are fairly through the press, when I hope our wings will be plumed for a new flight to the south of Germany and Italy, for which we both yearn.

Poor Mr. Chapman's illness makes me fear that he really has the radical delicacy of constitution which we used to suspect in old days. And the burthen of business upon him! It is sad to think of.

Good night and love to you all from

Yours ever affectionately
Marian Evans.

Tell Sara I claim her commiseration for the frightful printer's errors

3. The Crimean War was declared 28 March 1854.

4. Lewes's *Life of Goethe* was published 30 October 1855; GE's translation of Spinoza's *Ethics* is not yet published.

in my article in the Westminster [5] which, this first sheet, at least, Mr. C. sent to the press without my seeing it.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, LONDON, 29 APRIL 1855

MS: Capt. Frank Lester Pleadwell. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Victoria Grove Terrace | April 29. 55.

Dear Friend

Mr. Lewes desires me to say that he agrees to your proposal about his article [6] and will have it in readiness for the July number, to be inserted then or in October, according to your convenience.

As to the Kingsley article,[7] perhaps, since you cannot have it in July when "Westward ho!" would belong to the publications of the quarter and thus present an obvious occasion for taking up the subject, it would be unwise to produce it in October when it would look like a belated article, and though the criticism might be of a different order from what would have appeared in newspapers and other periodicals, yet it would come, at the very best, like a course of ham after several courses of bacon. It is true that I should only treat "Westward ho!" in the same proportion as the other works, but on the whole perhaps it would be well to defer the subject till the echoes of the Westward ho! criticisms have died out, and substitute Dr. Cumming [8] (if you like) for October. I refer the matter to your reconsideration.

I was very sorry to hear from Mrs. Hennell that you were unable to go to business after Thursday evening. I fear your kindness in coming so far to return late may have done your body harm, though, like all good nature, it must have done your soul good. For "within narrow limits"—but only narrow ones—the soul can prosper on the body's harm.

I thought it was very good of Mrs. Hennell to call on me, and I respect her for it.

Yours very truly
Marian Evans.

5. "Memoirs of the Court of Austria," 63 (April 1855), 303–335. GE exaggerates the seriousness of the errors, though there are a few like "laid" for "lain" and "vivans" for "vivants."

6. "The Physiological Errors of Teetotalism," *Westminster Review,* 64 (July 1855), 94–124. GHL contributed nothing to the October number.

7. Instead of making a separate article on Charles Kingsley, GE devoted the opening pages of her "Belles Lettres" section to *Westward Ho!* 64 (July 1855), 288–294. A longer article on the book, mentioned in her Journal as finished 9 May 1855, appeared in the *Leader,* 19 May 1855, pp. 474–475.

8. "Evangelical Teaching: Dr. Cumming," *Westminster Review,* 64 (October 1855), 436–462.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, LONDON, 1 MAY 1855

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 V. G. Terrace | May 1. 55.

Dear Friend

We go tomorrow to our new home at East Sheen, a charming village close to Richmond Park. If you write to me, please to enclose the letter to G. H. Lewes Esq. | 7 Clarence Row | East Sheen | Richmond | Surrey. When you come to London again, I hope you will pay us a visit, for I think, apart from any regard for me it will be a pleasure to you to see that pretty place, and it is far less trouble to get there than to Bayswater. You have only to jump into the train at the Waterloo Bridge Station and in ten minutes you will be at Mortlake where you must get down. Mortlake, as I daresay you know, is a lovely village on the banks of the Thames, and East Sheen is its twin sister lying close to it. Ask the way to East Sheen and in three minutes you will be at our door. Then you shall have a nice dinner and a nice snooze after it, and then a stroll, along the river or in the Park, such as you can't get at Coventry even by the help of a carriage.

And pray, when I see you again, don't *mis*quote something I said two or three years ago, which something you seem to have converted into a supercilious, impertinent expression of disapprobation on my part. If the discipline of years has taught me anything, it has taught me to be reverent to all good in others and perpetually mindful of my own need of tolerance, and surely few people can have had more opportunity than I have had for knowing the good in you, and still fewer can have put that goodness to an equally severe test.

We are panting to be in the country and resume our old habits of undisturbed companionship and work. Mr. Lewes has been much worse since he returned to town and the other evening he alarmed me terribly by fainting. Imagine that I had never seen any one faint before, and that I thought he was dead! You will be able then to understand my condition for three or four minutes until he returned to consciousness. However we hope that when we are far away from the roar of omni*bii* (as poor Joseph Hume [9] is accused of calling them) we shall have no more of such attacks.

Mrs. Hennell called on me the other day, very kindly and nobly. I respect her for it. I was so stupified and heated by having sat in-doors writing all day, that she must have carried away anything but a charm-

9. Joseph Hume (1777–1855). The story probably occurs in an obituary article, but I have not found it.

ing image of me, but that was of slight consequence—it was enough that she did a good action.

Best love to Cara and Sara for whom, of course, I write as well as for you.

Ever your affectionate friend

Marian.

Poor Mr. Chapman seems in an uncomfortable state both physically and mentally.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, LONDON, [1 MAY 1855]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope.* Miss Parkes | B. Smith Esq. | 5 Blandford Square. *Postmark:* BAYSWATER. | P D | MY 1 | 5EV | 1855 | A. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 V. G. Terrace | Tuesday Morning.

Dear Friend

I forgot to say yesterday that if you write to me at East Sheen, I must beg you to enclose the letter to G. H. Lewes Esq. I will tell you the reason of this when I see you. If you are ever able to come to me, let me know the day before, that I may be at home and meet you at the station.

I have not yet lost the glow of joy at the sight of you.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, EAST SHEEN, 7 MAY 1855

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

7 Clarence Row | East Sheen | May 7. 55.

Dear Friend

I am going to write an article for Frazer [1] which will require me to have at hand for reference my dear old friends, Walter Scott's novels, and we can get no other edition from the library than the 25 or 48 volumed ones, which are impracticable, as I must have them *all at once.* In this dilemma it has ocurred to me that you will perhaps be kind enough to lend me your two volumed, double-columned edition and to send it us by railway. I will not detain it more than a few weeks.

1. Both GE and GHL commonly misspell Fraser. The article was not written after all. See 13 September 1855.

Mr. Chapman writes me word that the "National Review" [2] is really to be started, and indeed Mr. Lewes has just had the Prospectus sent him which is supremely Martineauish. I am extremely well and jolly with abundance of work and Mr. Lewes is already the better for our delicious country walks and still more delicious home quietude. I hope you are all equally flourishing.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian Evans.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, EAST SHEEN, 12 MAY 1855

MS: Miss Fanny West. *Envelope:* Charles Bray Esq | Rosehill | Coventry. *Postmarks:* EAST SHEEN | MY 12 | 1855; COVENTRY | MY 13 | 1855. *Hitherto unpublished.*

7 Clarence Row | East Sheen | Surrey | May 12. 55.

Dear Friend

I am very much obliged to you for the books which arrived yesterday. Your kindness has relieved me from a difficulty.

If in the next or the subsequent number of Frazer you should see an article called "Three Months in Weimar" [3] perhaps it will interest you to know a little about what we saw there. The article is merely a sketch which I wrote at the wrong end of my journal [4] and is worth little. But when I read it to Mr. Lewes he was so pleased with it that he would have me offer it to Frazer, and as this was a mode of turning it into guineas I could have no objection. I believe it is to be divided into two articles, however, so that you will only see the first half in the next number. Don't say anything about it, for to people who do not enjoy description of scenery it will seem very tame and stupid, and I really think a taste for descriptive writing is the rarest of all tastes among ordinary people.

I find you must not put *Richmond* on your letters but simply Surrey, as Richmond is not our post, but Mortlake. As to the rest of the address, I leave it to your judgment. Thank Cara for her care in the restitution of old towels. Mr. Lewes is much better and works "like anything" or rather like very few things. I hope the publication of

2. The editors were Richard Holt Hutton and Walter Bagehot; but the principal force behind the *National Review* was James Martineau, who imparted the strongly Unitarian tone. The prospectus published in the *Leader*, 16 June 1855, p. 587, reflects his dissatisfaction with the *Westminster Review* under Chapman.

3. "Three Months in Weimar," *Fraser's Magazine*, 51 (June 1855), 699–706.

4. Dated "Berlin, Nov. 30th 1854."

"Goethe's Life" will soon be settled. When it is, I will tell you, for I am sure you will rejoice in our joy.

Best love to Cara and Sara. I was very pleased to hear that you had Thackeray as a visitor,[5] for I know how interested you would all be in seeing and construing the *man*. He has sent Mr. Lewes a pretty little letter containing his reminiscences of Goethe and Weimar, to be inserted in the "Life." [6]

Ever yours affectionately
Marian Evans.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, EAST SHEEN, 17 JUNE 1855

MS: Miss Fanny West. *Envelope:* Charles Bray Esq | Rosehill | Coventry. *Postmarks* CS | JU 18 | 1855; COVENTRY | JU 18 | 1855 | D. *Hitherto unpublished.*

7 Clarence Row | East Sheen | June 17. 55.

Dear Friend

I want very much to know how business has been going on, and that it is not too late for you to benefit by the more cheerful state of things. Pray satisfy my curiosity, which springs, I assure you, from a most respectable region of the head.

To set you an example of communicativeness, I tell you that "Goethe's Life" is at length going to be published on thoroughly satisfactory terms,[7] and that we shall soon "hail with delight," as sub-editors say, the appearance of the first proof sheet.

My brother has sent me an order on Jones, Lloyd and Co.[8] for my half year's income, with a kind letter saying that he hopes to find a good investment for the money which has been called in.

I think we like East Sheen better and better, and are happier every day—writing hard, walking hard, reading Homer [9] and science and rearing tadpoles. I read aloud for about three hours every evening, be-

5. Thackeray lectured in Coventry 23 April and spent the night with the Brays For a long account of his visit see Lady Ritchie's introduction to *The Newcomes*. Biographical ed., New York and London, 1903, pp. xxxv–xxxvii.

6 G. H. Lewes, *The Life and Works of Goethe: With Sketches of His Age and Contemporaries, from Published and Unpublished Sources*, 2 vols., 1855, II, 442–446.

7. By David Nutt, 270 Strand. For the first 1000 copies GHL received £250 on the day of publication, 30 October 1855; he had £100 more for the rest of the 1st ed. in April 1856. Together with translations and Continental reprints his royalties amounted to £450 by July 1857. (Literary Receipts, Berg Collection, NYPL.)

8. Agents for the Coventry and Warwickshire Bank.

9. GE was reading the *Odyssey* aloud in the evening; "I began the second Book of the Iliad in Greek this morning." (GE Journal, 13 June 1855.)

ginning with Boswell's Johnson, or some such enjoyable book, not unfriendly to digestion, then subsiding into the dreary dryness of Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences and winding up with Heine's wit and imagination.[1] We breakfast at ½ past 8, read to ourselves till 10, write till ½ past 1, walk till nearly 4, and dine at 5, regretting each day as it goes.

I hope you think the supplement of the Leader a respectable turnout. Mr. Lewes wrote the articles on Sydney Smith, Owen Meredith, Newton's Boyhood, and How to live a hundred years and I wrote the one on Menander and Greek Comedy.[2]

Are you not coming to London soon?

You have often scolded me for not writing about my own affairs. See how I am improved! Best love to Cara and the enclosed letter to Sara.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[EAST SHEEN,] 17 JUNE 1855

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

June 17. 55.

Dear Sara

Have you heard any news about your Essay yet? And what else of your doings and leavings undone? It seems to me a long time since I had a word from you, and I don't know whether you want to hear from me.

I send you an autograph of Bulwer's which I think you will like. That of Varnhagen was not so contemptible as it looked for it shews a *perfect* German handwriting. He always writes just in that way, and I would send you a copy of verses he wrote for me, only that it would be a slight to his memory if I gave them away.

Are you enjoying summer and the lawn and the bearskin, as usual? —*Without* an inundation of visitors? Always, dear Sara

Your affectionate
Marian.

I write the news for all in the letter to Mr. Bray.

1. The Journal, 13 June 1855, lists Heine's *Reisebilder*.

2. Between them GE and GHL fill nearly half the Supplement to the *Leader* of 16 June 1855. Her "Menander and the Greek Comedy," pp. 578–579, was a review of Guillaume Guizot's *Ménandre*. GHL wrote "The Memoirs of Sydney Smith," pp. 577–578; "The Boyhood of Sir Isaac Newton," p. 578; "Owen Meredith's Poems," pp. 579–581; and "How To Live 100 Years" (a review of P. Flourens, *De la Longévité humaine*), pp. 581–582.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, EAST SHEEN, 23 JUNE [1855]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1855. *Hitherto unpublished.*

7 Clarence Row | East Sheen | June 23.

Dear Friend

I am so delighted at the idea of seeing you that I can't help writing directly to tell you how you may get here. It is the easiest thing in the world. If you come on a week day, you must be at the *Waterloo Station* in time to come by the train at 12.15; if you come on Sunday, you must be there in time for the train at 1. Send us word when you will come and *precisely* the time when you would like to dine. We will undertake to digest at any hour under the stimulus of a friend's presence.

My poor sister has a new trial to undergo—the death of her boy, who has been drowned at sea! [3]

Thank you very much for taking the trouble to tell me something about affairs. Mr. Chapman is coming to dine with us tomorrow. What divine weather! Love to Cara

Ever your affectionate friend
Marian.

My head being rather dreamy this morning, I have forgotten to say, that you must get down at the *Mortlake* station. I will meet you there and conduct you to our home—if possible. If not, you have only 3 minutes' walk to get here, and any one will tell you which way to take.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, EAST SHEEN, 23 JUNE 1855

MS: Yale. *Address:* Miss Hennell. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 382–383.

June 23. 55.

Dear Sara

It was a real delight to me to have a letter from you again, and to know a little of your thinkings and doings.

I have good hope that you will be deeply interested in the Life of Goethe. It is a book full of feeling as well as of thought and information, and I even think it will make you love Goethe as well as admire him. Eckermann's is a wonderful book,[4] but only represents Goethe at

3. Robert Evans Clarke. See 12 November 1854. No record of his death can be found at Somerset House, and nothing more is said of it in the letters.

4. Johann Peter Eckermann, *Gespräche mit Goethe,* 3 vols., 1836–48. See [19 October 1854].

eighty. We were fortunate enough to be in time to see poor Eckermann before his *total* death. His mind was already half gone, but the fine brow and eyes harmonized entirely with the interest we had previously felt in him. We saw him in a small lodging surrounded by singing birds, and tended by his son, an intelligent youth of sixteen, who shews some talent in drawing.

There is to be a second article in Fraser [5] next month, containing some account of Wagner's operas, which perhaps you will like to know something about. I have written a castigation of Lord Brougham for the Leader,[6] and shall be glad if your sympathy goes along with it. Should you like to *see* Baden Powell's book? [7] We could send it you by Mr. Bray. In haste dear Sara

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

Varnhagen has written "Denkwurdigkeiten" and all sorts of literature and is or rather *was* the husband of *Rahel,* the greatest of German women.[8]

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, EAST SHEEN, 25 JUNE [1855]

MS: Berg Collection, New York Public Library. *Endorsed:* Marian Evans. 55. *Published:* B. C. Williams, *George Eliot,* 1936, pp. 111–113.

East Sheen | June 25.

Dear Friend

I have just finished an attentive reading of your article,[9] and I write down the remarks that occur to me while they are fresh in my mind. You seem to have a decided faculty for *digesting facts* as evidence. I

5. "Liszt, Wagner, and Weimar," 52 (July 1855), 48–62.

6. "Lord Broughman's Literature," *Leader,* 7 July 1855, pp. 652–653, a review of his *Lives of Men of Letters of the Time of George III,* well deserves the term "castigation." See 16 July [1855].

7. Baden Powell (1796–1860), Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, was active in university reform and theological controversy. He attacked the Tractarians in a number of books. The one referred to here is *Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation,* 1855.

8. K. A. Varnhagen von Ense, *Denkwürdigkeiten,* 1837–46. Of his wife, Rahel Friederike Antonie Lewin (1771–1833) Varnhagen wrote, "There will sooner appear a second Goethe, Spinoza or Plato than another Rahel." A recent writer says that she was "acclaimed as the greatest woman of her time, the greatest Jewess of all time, as the centre of literary and artistic Berlin—nay, of the intellectual life of Germany and of Europe." (Bertha Meyer, *Salon Sketches,* New York, Bloch Publishing Co., 1938, p. 117.) Her fame seems to have sprung less from her correspondence, which her husband published, than from her salon.

9. "The Position of Woman in Barbarism and among the Ancients," *Westminster Review,* 64 (October 1855), 378–436. At this time part was in proof.

was particularly struck with this in your account of the Martineau and Hodgson affair.[1] In that part of your article which consists of digested narrative your style is on the whole clear, easy, and forcible; but whenever you pass from narrative to dissertation, certain old faults reappear—inexactness of expression, triads and duads of verbs and adjectives, mixed metaphors and a sort of watery volume that requires to be reduced by evaporation. Passages with these characteristics chiefly occur in the manuscript sheets and I have marked most of them with a pencil line by the side; but by and bye I will specify one or two.

I have a logical objection to the phrases "it *would* seem," "it *would* appear," "we *would* remark." Would—under what condition? The real meaning is—it *does* seem, it *does* appear, we *do* remark. These phrases are rarely found in good writers, and *ought* never to be found.

"Suffice it to say" is the peculiar property of hack writers. Don't infringe on their domain.

"On the one hand" and "on the other hand" are rather too frequent. They should never be used except when they are necessary for the sake of clearness, and this necessity is often produced purely by the awkward and heavy structure of the sentence.

As cannot properly correspond to *equally*.

Such sentences as, "Wishing to connect himself with, and consequently to secure the countenance of, some of the most influential," etc. are only admissible under inexorable necessity. They make a style seem operose and unwieldy. Ease is the grand desideratum, next to clearness.

You cannot properly say that a *law obtains*—but only that a custom or practice obtains. In general, "obtain" in this sense is not elegant.

So much for little points of style which I commend to your attention. "Progressive improvement" (2d page of manuscript) is a questionable phrase. You mean *gradual* improvement. To "emerge from a catalepsy" is also questionable. The sentence on the same page which I have marked with a pencil line and star is bad. Pray rewrite it. "Stepping stones" cannot be "forged into fetters."

Your sentences would often be much improved by being broken up. That plan of linking propositions together into unvarying, long sentences gives your style a tough, gutta percha sort of consistence. It should be more brittle—as most clear and bright things are. The sentence on page *g* of manuscript is an example of this. The main proposition of this sentence is, that the practice of confining women prevailed

1. His dispute with James Martineau and William Ballantyne Hodgson over the affairs of the *Westminster Review*.

in Greece; but by your mode of weaving the sentence you make this a subordinate proposition. The principal statement in your sentence is, that the confinement of woman is a usual attendant on polygamy in an early stage of civilization, and your statements about Greece are dragged after this in clauses beginning with 'which,' 'while,' and 'so that.'

The repetition of a phrase is frequently necessary in order to give force and clearness to a sentence. You seem to shun this repetition as if it were a vice. For example, on page *h* your sentence is limping and feeble for want of such repetition. It would be greatly strengthened if you were to say 'how much the male population were wanting in,' etc. —and *how much* the legislators were *wanting in* wisdom. 'Affectionate enlightenment' is a questionable phrase.

There seems to be a chronological confusion on the last page of your manuscript. Feudalism did not rise, but began to decay, with the Revival of Learning. Do you mean by this phrase, what is generally meant by it—the revival of learning in the 15th century—or the grand culture of the Middle Ages which had its commencement with the Crusades? In either case, there remains a confusion.

The account of Greece is, as you say, rather meagre. I think it would be desirable to notice that in Greece, as in England, the position of woman was *practically* ameliorated and her power practically increased without any corresponding advance in legislation.[2] Under the Macedonian rule, wives were powerful enough to make their husbands groan out terrible complaints in their *épanchement* to confidential friends—as the fragments of the comic writers show.[3]

The article is very interesting and able. The manuscript portion, with the exception of what relates to Rome, seems to me very inferior to the slips, and I think it is quite worth your while to revise it thoroughly, with a view to force, point, and clearness.

I have written as unceremoniously as I used to do in the old days, believing that you will like that best.

Ever yours truly
Marian Evans.

2. In a note commenting on his statement that in the Roman jurisprudence "Woman occupied a place far more elevated than that since assigned to her by Christian governments," Chapman adds: "We must remember that it is *in spite* of English laws that English women have now virtually attained a degree of social freedom and dignity worthy of comparison with that of their Roman predecessors. . . ." (p. 435.)

3. Though he accepted most of GE's suggestions, Chapman did not adopt this one.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, EAST SHEEN, 27 JUNE [1855]

MS: Berg Collection, New York Public Library. *Published:* B. C. Williams, *George Eliot,* 1936, pp. 113–114.

E. Sheen | June 27.

Dear Friend

Assuredly your article is worth publishing. I think it very valuable and interesting; indeed I thought I had said so in my letter. It is for that very reason that I dwelt on certain defects of style which you can remedy by giving a little more trouble. The opening of the article would be really beautiful if the sentences were pruned a little.

As to the matter the only parts that struck me as defective were the *conclusion* where, as I think I mentioned, there is some historical confusion, and the account of Greece, which is certainly very inferior to the rest. When I mentioned this to Mr. Lewes, he suggested that perhaps it would be better for you to dismiss Greece in a sentence. This suggestion is worth entertaining, since the points in which Greece is exceptional with regard to the treatment of women—though they are points of immense interest in themselves—are not immediately important to any argument you wish to enforce. There was an expression about Sparta which I meant to commend to your reconsideration. I think you say that in the laws of Lycurgus there was an *attempt,* as far as possible, to *eradicate modesty.*[4] Surely this is not a philosophical view of the laws, as to their *spirit.*

There is no reason for you to be desponding about your writing. You have made immense progress during the last few years, and you have so much force of mind and sincerity of purpose that you may work your way to a style which is free from vices, though perhaps you will never attain felicity—indeed, that is a free gift of Nature rather than a reward of labour. You have plenty of *thoughts,* and what you have to aim at is the simple, clear expression of those thoughts, dismissing from your mind all efforts after any other qualities than precision and force —any other result than the *complete presentation* of your idea. It would be the best possible symptom in you if your sentences became rather rugged. It would prove that you no longer introduced words for the sake of being *flowing.*

I am sure you will not attribute these observations to any conceited

4. Chapman reconsidered the matter. Traces of the original thesis may be found in his article on pp. 416–417 and in a note on p. 433: "fine women, regarded as animals, and as capable of breeding stalwart warriors, was the primary object of the Lycurgean culture."

assumptions on my part, but to their real motive—personal and intellectual sympathy.

If in writing hastily I have said anything at all impertinent, it is the vice of my expression and not of my feeling.

When you send again will you lend me De Motte's Commentary on the Old Testament? I want it for a reference àpropos of Westminster work.[5]

Ever yours truly
Marian E.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, EAST SHEEN, 16 JULY [1855]

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Hitherto unpublished.*

7 Clarence Row | East Sheen | July 16.

Dear Friend

Thank you for returning the paper and for your letter of kind inquiry. We are both better, though not yet quite recovered. I was more ill the day you were with us [6] than I liked to admit to myself, and on Wednesday it was my turn to lie in bed and be prescribed for by Dr. Willis,[7] who notwithstanding his peculiar opinions about the chick, is a valuable person. I mention this fact of my having been ill as some apology for the very imperfect companionship and entertainment I gave you.

Mr. Lewes has never written a line about Mr. Silk Buckingham in the Leader. The article [8] to which I presume you allude was written

5. "Evangelical Teaching: Dr. Cumming," 64 (October 1855), 436–462. GE had begun 13 June to read Dr. John Cumming's *The Church before the Flood* and other works in preparation for her scathing assault on his pious but unscrupulous arguments.

6. Mr. Bray was in London 9–13 July 1855. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.) He called on GE 10 July. Her Journal notes that GHL was ill on Sunday, 8 July. "I also took cold on the Monday and the week was lost to both of us. Tuesday [10 July] Mr. Bray came to see us."

7. Robert Willis (1799–1878) shared many of GHL's interests, among them physiology and philosophy. He translated Spurzheim's *The Anatomy of the Brain,* 1826, and *The Works of William Harvey,* 1847, of whom he also wrote a biography, *William Harvey: A History of the Discovery of the Circulation,* 1878. His *Benedict de Spinoza: His Life, Correspondence, and Ethics* was published in 1870.

8. James Silk Buckingham (1786–1855) stayed with the Brays when he lectured in Coventry 10 November 1843. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.) The *Leader,* 31 March 1855, p. 306, published a satirical review of his *Autobiography,* which was kept from him because of his illness. Finding it by accident, he wrote an indignant letter of protest, which was published with the reply of "The Youth Who Reviewed Mr. Buckingham's Autobiography," 19 May 1855, p. 471; "The Youth"

by another person, and I believe you are aware that Mr. Lewes has nothing to do with the editorship. This is another admonition not to be too hasty in judgment. Mr. Lewes begs me to say that he never meant to deny that size was a measure of power, *all other things being equal,* but simply to deny that size is an *absolute* measure of power which I believe phrenologists don't maintain. I am not conscious of falling off from the "physiological basis." I never believed more profoundly than I do now that character is based on organization. I never had a higher appreciation than I have now of the services which phrenology has rendered towards the science of man. But I do not, and I think I never shall, consider every man shallow or unconscientious who is unable to embrace all Mr. Combe's views of organology and psychology—especially as some of the ablest men I have ever known are in that position of inability.

The article on Lord Brougham was written conscientiously, and you seem to have misunderstood its purpose, in taking it for mere word quibbling. I consider it criminal in a man to prostitute Literature for the purposes of his own vanity and this is what Lord Brougham has done. A man who has something vitally important to mankind to say, may be excused for saying it in bad English. In such a case criticism of style is irrelevant. But Literature is Fine Art, and the man who writes mere literature with insolent slovenliness is as inexcusable as a man who gets up in a full drawing-room to sing Rossini's music in a cracked voice and out of tune. Because Lord Brougham has done some services to the public it does not follow that he is to be treated with anything else than justice when he is doing injury to the public, and I consider his "Lives" *bad* and *injurious.* I say thus much in vindication of my view of *right,* not at all in vindication of my article.

Dr. Willis, by the way, is a phrenologist, and was a most intimate friend of Spurzheim [9] for whom he had great respect and affection.

I am glad to hear that you enjoyed the view from Richmond Hill and that you had thus some compensation for the trouble you so kindly took in coming to see us. Mr. Lewes sends his kind regards. Best love to Sara and Cara. In haste,

Yours affectionately,
Marian Evans.

has the better of the exchange. After Buckingham's death the *Leader* published a brief obituary paragraph, 7 July 1855, p. 642, which evidently evoked Mr. Bray's comment.

9. Kaspar Spurzheim (1776–1832), German phrenologist.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, EAST SHEEN, 21 JULY [1855]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1855. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 383–384.

7 Clarence Row | East Sheen | July 21.

Dear Sara

It was surely you who wrote the notice of the Westminster in the Herald which we received this morning. I am very much pleased with your appreciation of Mr. Lewes's article.[1] Dr. Carpenter takes it very well, thinks that if he were to talk to the writer he should find there was not much difference in their views etc., and means to answer it in the Scottish Review.[2]

You hardly do justice to Froude's article on Spinoza.[3] I don't at all agree with Froude's own views, but I think his account of Spinoza's doctrines admirable. We have looked in vain for Mr. Bray's leading article which he promised to send us.

Mr. Lewes is still sadly ailing—tormented with tooth and face ache. This is a terrible trial to us poor scribblers, to whom health is money as well as all other things worth having. I have just been reading that Milton suffered from indigestion and flatulence[4]—quite an affecting fact to me. I send you a letter which I have had from Barbara Smith. I think you will like to see such a manifestation of her strong noble nature. Burn it when you have read it.

Ever yours
Marian.

1. Miss Hennell's article appeared in the Coventry *Herald*, 20 July 1855, p. 2a. GHL's article was "The Physiological Errors of Teetotalism," *Westminster Review*, 64 (July 1855), 94–124, devoted principally to refuting W. B. Carpenter's *The Philosophy of Temperance and Total Abstinence*, 1853.

2. "The Physiological Errors of 'Moderation,'" *Scottish Review*, 3 (October 1855), 289–304, a point-by-point reply to GHL's argument. His views were also attacked by F. R. Lees and J. M. MacCulloch, *The Westminster Review Refuted*, 1855.

3. *Westminster Review*, 64 (July 1855), 1–37. Miss Hennell declares it to be "less excellent, however, in our judgment than a former very attractive one—one peculiarly lucid and searching on the same subject," [GHL's article] in the *Westminster Review* for May 1843.

4. In Thomas Keightley's *An Account of the Life, Opinions, and Writings of John Milton*, 1855, which GE reviewed for the *Leader*, 1 August 1855, p. 750. More than half her article dwells on Milton's concern with divorce.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[EAST SHEEN, 28 JULY 1855]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 28th 1855. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Saturday.

Dear Sara

You did me good by telling me about that journey to the Crystal Palace. But I know that fine natures take their finest actions as a matter of course and like no fuss made about them. So I shall say no more.

Indeed, I did *not* in the slightest degree admire the advertisement of the National.[5] It was too transparent a piece of malignity to be clever. Pity a conscientious newspaper critic! Imagine yourself with three or four quarterly reviews and as many magazines to give a judgment on in one week and with a real anxiety in your mind to say nothing unfair. Then after you have deprived yourself of other reading in order to be able to speak of these reviews with adequate knowledge, imagine one editor telling you that you have taken no notice of the best article —another writing to say that you have praised one quarterly (not his) far too highly and that in his opinion it is very dull—while a third impales you in an advertisement. And all this after you have avoided saying all the good you think of your friends, and all the evil you think of your non-friends, lest you should be unconsciously biassed by the personal.

Mr. Lewes is totally indifferent to such things but I am thinner skinned and feel for him.

Ever yours
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
EAST SHEEN, 24 AUGUST [1855]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1855. *Hitherto unpublished.*

East Sheen | August 24.

Dear Sara

I want to tell you that we shall have two copies in our possession of Herbert Spencer's Principles of Psychology, so that if you do not

5. Reviewing the magazines in the *Leader*, GHL praised several articles in the *National*, but ended by remarking that he could not say what the merits of four others might be. The advertisement of the *National* in the next number of the *Leader* reprinted this sentence beside a highly laudatory comment from the *Spectator*. (*Leader*, 14 July 1855, p. 675; 21 July, p. 707.)

like to pay 16s/. for a big book on spec., we shall be able by and bye to lend you a copy. Mr. Lewes is *nailed* to the book by his interest in it.[6] I have not had time to do more than glance at it.

You will be sorry to hear that H.S. is out of health; he is gone for six months' holiday to France.[7] I hope you are well and enjoying the beautiful weather.

'Goethe' and all other things are going on swimmingly. I think it a charming book—and next to my own things I am perhaps least inclined generally to be satisfied with Mr. Lewes's. I picked up the other day this old note of Dr. Arnott's, and I thought you would perhaps not be sorry to have it among your autographs.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

I think of you *so* often.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, EAST SHEEN, 4 SEPTEMBER [1855]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1855. About her union with Mr. Lewes. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 327–329.

7 Clarence Row | September 4.

Dear Cara

No one has better reason than myself to know how difficult it is to produce a true impression by letters, and how likely they are to be misinterpreted even where years of friendship might seem to furnish a sufficient key. And it seems the more probable to me that I misinterpreted your letter to me at Berlin[8] since I find that my answer to it produced totally false conclusions in your mind. Assuredly if there be any one subject on which I feel no levity it is that of marriage and the relation of the sexes—if there is any one action or relation of my life which is and always has been profoundly serious, it is my relation to Mr. Lewes. If any expression or parallel in my letter bore an op-

6. GHL's review appeared in the *Leader* for three successive weeks, 20 October—3 November 1855, pp. 1012–1013, 1036–1037, and 1062–1063.

7. In Wales at the end of June, says Spencer, "my nervous system finally gave way." (*Autobiography*, I, 466.) He stayed at Tréport until 18 September, then a week at Folkestone, after which he went to Tenby, where he devised a way of "keeping up the cerebral circulation through the night" by wetting his head with salt water and putting on a waterproof cap to prevent evaporation. (I, 474.)

8. GE had not corresponded with Mrs. Bray since 22 November 1854, when she wrote "letters to Coventry," the one to Miss Hennell given above, and the one referred to here, which has not been found.

posite construction it must have been, because you interpreted as of general application what I intended simply in answer to what I considered Mr. Combe's petty and absurd views about the effect on his reputation of having introduced me to one or two of his friends. *Nothing* that I said in that letter was intended as a discussion of the principles of my conduct or as an answer to your opinions on the subject.

It is, however, natural enough that you should mistake me in many ways, for not only are you unacquainted with Mr. Lewes's real character and the course of his actions, but also, it is several years now since you and I were much together, and it is possible that the modifications my mind has undergone may be in quite the opposite direction to what you imagine. No one can be better aware than yourself that it is possible for two people to hold different opinions on momentous subjects with equal sincerity and an equally earnest conviction that their respective opinions are alone the truly moral ones. If we differ on the subject of the marriage laws, I at least can believe of you that you cleave to what you believe to be good, and I don't know of anything in the nature of your views that should prevent you from believing the same of me. *How far* we differ I think we neither of us know; for I am ignorant of your precise views and apparently you attribute to me both feelings and opinions which are not mine. We cannot set each other quite right on this matter in letters, but one thing I can tell you in few words. Light and easily broken ties 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.[9]

That any unworldly, unsuperstitious person who is sufficiently acquainted with the realities of life can pronounce my relation to Mr. Lewes immoral I can only understand by remembering how subtle and complex are the influences that mould opinion. But I *do* remember this, and I indulge in no arrogant or uncharitable thoughts about those who condemn us, even though we might have expected a somewhat different verdict. From the majority of persons, of course, we never looked for anything but condemnation. We are leading no life of self-indulgence, except indeed, that being happy in each other, we find everything easy. We are working hard to provide for others better than we provide for ourselves, and to fulfil every responsibility that lies upon us. Levity and pride would not be a sufficient basis for that.

Pardon me, dear Cara, if in vindicating myself from some unjust conclusions, I seem too cold and self-asserting. I should not care to

9. Cross omits the latter half of this sentence.

vindicate myself, if I did not love you and desire to relieve you of the pain which you say these conclusions have given you. Whatever I may have misinterpreted before, I do not misinterpret your letter this morning, but read in it nothing else than love and kindness towards me to which my heart fully answers yes. I should like never to write about myself again—it is not healthy to dwell on one's own feelings and conduct, but only to try and live more faithfully and lovingly every fresh day.

I think not one of the endless words and deeds of kindness and forbearance you have ever shewn me has vanished from my memory. I recall them often, and feel, as about everything else in the past, how deficient I have been in almost every relation of my life. But that deficiency is irrevocable and I can find no strength or comfort except in "pressing forward towards the things that are before," and trying to make the present better than the past. But if we should never be very near each other again, dear Cara, do bear this faith in your mind, that I was not insensible or ungrateful to all your goodness, and that I am one amongst the many for whom you have not lived in vain.

Those dreadful sheets and pillow cases! Pray give them away if you won't use them, for I don't want them, and can never set up housekeeping on that small stock.

I am very busy just now, and have been obliged to write hastily. Bear this in mind, and believe that no meaning is mine which contradicts my assurance that I am your affectionate and earnest friend

Marian.

My love to Sara. I can't write more today but will write to her another day.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, EAST SHEEN, 13 SEPTEMBER 1855

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

7 Clarence Row | East Sheen | September 13. 55.

Dear Friend

At length I return the volumes of Scott which you kindly took the trouble to send me.[1] Reasons occurred for my *not* writing the projected article, but the loan effected *one* beneficent object, for when Mr. Lewes was too ill to listen to anything else I read him Old Mortality and the Fair Maid of Perth. I am very sorry that I am unable to pay the car-

1. See 7 May 1855.

riage of the parcel at the Mortlake station, and no practicable means presents itself for me to avoid the shabbiness of leaving it unpaid.

Next Wednesday we leave (finally) our present lodgings, and go to Worthing for a fortnight. On our return our home will be at No. 8. Park Shot, Richmond, where we shall be all the happier some day if you will come and see us. I miss a friendly word from you, after there has been rather a long cessation of letters or notes, but I know you always think of me affectionately. Mr. Lewes has had a sad trouble within the last week—the death of his brother [2] who died at sea, leaving at home a wife and two little children. The grief of his sister-in-law and mother [3] has been very painful to him to witness, for he is a little like you in that matter—the suffering of others either bodily or mental is almost unendurable to him unless he can be of practical use. With love to Cara,

Ever yours affectionately
Marian.

Please give the enclosed to Sara.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[EAST SHEEN, 13 SEPTEMBER 1855]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Sep. 1855. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Thursday.

Dear Sara

Thanks, late and brief, for your letter which came the other day with Cara's. I am so preoccupied with finishing work and with prospective ideas of packing and removal that I can write no letter worth having. However, as you are interested in Herbert Spencer, it will perhaps be worth knowing to you that we have heard good news of him. He writes us word that his health is already much improved by his stay at Tréport, a place on the coast, and he wants us to meet him in Paris next month. But neither our inclination nor our pocket says yes, so we content ourselves with not seeing either him or the Exhibition,[4] and shall go to seek polyps and health at Worthing.

2. Edward Lewes. No record of his death can be found at Somerset House, and it is not referred to again in the letters. There are frequent mentions of his widow Susanna and their son Vivian Lewes, whom GHL helped support.

3. Elizabeth Ashweek (1787–1870), widow of John Lee Lewes, an actor, by whom she had three sons, Edgar James, Edward, and George Henry Lewes. (Kitchel, p. 7.) Sometime before 1825 she married John G. Willim (1778–1864), who had retired in 1811 as a captain of the 18th Native Infantry Regiment in Bengal. (*The India Army and Civil Service List.*)

4. The Paris Exposition in the Champs Élysées opened 15 May 1855.

I wonder if Frank [5] is yet come to you, and if you are all rested from your visit. I was sorry to miss you that last day that you called. Our walk had beguiled us further than usual—indeed I think it was the day we had a boat on the Thames and were obstinately resisted on our return by the spring tides which, as the Boatman said, "tries a fellow, them does."

The smallest detail about you thankfully received by

Your affectionate friend
Marian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, [RICHMOND? OCTOBER? 1855]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Mrs. Bray. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Cara

The sad news you sent me in your last little note has made me think often, with some sadness, of Mr. Noel.[6] If, when you are writing to him, you ever mention his less intimate friends in England, will you include me among those who have a real interest and sympathy in everything that befals him?

I should like very much to know how you are, and how both you and Sara bear the addition of anxiety and exertion which Frank must cause you.

Mr. Chapman has had a return of dangerous symptoms in the lungs, and has been staying at Hastings in consequence. He seems still altogether in uncertainty whether his business will be carried on or not.[7] Best love to Sara.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

5. Frank Spenser Hennell came to Rosehill 12 October 1855. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

6. Edward Noel.

7. See *George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 95–96.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, [15 OCTOBER 1855]

MS: Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 386.

Richmond | Monday.

Dear Friend

Since you have found out the "Cumming," [8] I write by to-day's post just to say, that it *is* mine, but also to beg that you will not mention it as such to any one likely to transmit the information to London, as we are keeping the authorship a secret. The article appears to have produced a strong impression, and that impression would be a little counteracted if the author were known to be a *woman.* [*Six words deleted.*] I have had a letter addressed to "the author of article No. 4." begging me to print it separately for "the good of mankind in general." It is so kind of you to rejoice in anything I do at all well.

Tell Cara I am very pleased to have her nice long letter, which I shall answer another day, when I have more time. I am dreadfully busy again, for I am going to write an article for the W. R.[9] again, besides my other work. We enjoy our new lodgings very much—everything is the pink of order and cleanliness.

I am grieved to hear of Cara's cold—I know how terrible her colds are. Mr. Lewes is pretty well—but his head is still infirm. All other news to Sara another day.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian.

8. "Evangelical Teaching: Dr. Cumming," *Westminster Review,* 64 (October 1855), 436–462, the liveliest of GE's assaults on the religion of her adolescence. Mr. Bray wrote her 13 October 1855 that they had guessed she was the author. (Yale)

9. "German Wit: Heinrich Heine," *Westminster Review,* 65 (January 1856), 1–33. The "regular work" was the "Belles Lettres" section, pp. 290–312, which discusses among other books Browning's *Men and Women,* Longfellow's *Hiawatha,* and Thoreau's *Walden.*

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 16 OCTOBER [1855]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1855. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 396–397.

Richmond October 16.

Dear Sara

Herbert Spencer is no longer at Tréport. According to the latest news, he is in England, "moving along the coast," [1] but we are ignorant of his precise whereabouts. It is a pity for him not to have your nice notice of his book [2] just now, before tributes have become numerous. We were amused to see the British Quarterly [3] (in its short reviews) belauding a book so utterly destructive of its own theology. That is the only notice, besides yours, that I have seen at present.

I am very glad you find the book so precious to you, and I shall take the first opportunity of telling H.S. what you say, if indeed you will not tell him all yourself which you might do without scruple, if you enjoined him not to reply. As soon as I learn his address I will let you know it.

I agree with you that it is a pity he did not explain how and why he considers Phrenology "comparatively unimportant"; [4] indeed the whole of the latter part of the book has suffered greatly from the haste with which it was prepared for the press. But why you should object to his speaking of Sir William Hamilton's [5] contributions to a theory of perception as "valuable" I am unable to conceive. Sir W.H. has been of service to him as well as to others, and instead of repressing acknowledgments of merit in others, I should like them to be more freely given. I see no dignity or anything else that is good in ignoring one's fellow-beings. H.S's views, like every other man's views, could not have existed

1. He was at Tenby on the Welsh coast. See his *Autobiography*, I, 473.

2. In the Coventry *Herald*, 12 October 1855, p 2a-b.

3. *British Quarterly Review*, 22 (October 1855), 596–598. "Although Mr. Spencer does not mention Comte, the theory developed in this Part [III] respecting the nature of life and its dependence on the 'outward environments' is precisely that put forward by the author of the Positive Philosophy." (p. 597.)

4. "At best, Phrenology can be but an appendix to Psychology proper; and one of but comparative unimportance, scientifically considered." (H. Spencer, *Principles of Psychology*, 1855, p. 609.)

5. Sir William Hamilton (1788–1856) became interested in phrenology at Edinburgh through George Combe. "He made various anatomical researches, and reached conclusions entirely hostile to the claims of phrenologists." His papers on the subject led off a controversial correspondence with Combe in 1826–27. "The Philosophy of Perception," *Edinburgh Review*, October 1830, made his reputation. (*DNB*.)

without the substratum laid by his predecessors. But perhaps you mean something that I fail to perceive.

Your bit of Teleology is very fine. Here is a delicious Hibernicism in return. In a treatise on Consumption, sent yesterday, the writer says, "There is now hardly any *difference* on this subject—at least *I* feel none." [6]

I do not know who wrote the article on Drunkenness in the W.R. Mr. Chapman's is an interesting and valuable article, and has cost him immense trouble. It is a sad pity that wretched article on the Newspaper Press [7] should have been admitted. Still, on the whole, the number is *equal* to the National.

What a family you will have with Nelly and Frank and the little Noels! Your life will be quite noisy and bustling. Ours has no incidents, except such as take place in our own brains and the occasional arrival of a longer letter than usual. Yours are always read aloud and enjoyed. Mr. Lewes says "Miss Hennell writes such nice letters." Yesterday we had two from the Princess Wittgenstein [8] telling us about Liszt and dear old Weimar—also pleasant to read though aristocratically illegible. Nevertheless our life is intensely occupied and the days are far too short. We are reading Gall's Anatomie et Physiologie du Cerveau,[9] and Carpenter's Comparative Physiology aloud in the evenings, and I am trying to fix some knowledge about plexuses and ganglia in my soft brain, which generally only serves me to remember that there is something I ought to remember and to regret that I did not put the something down in my note-book. For "Live and learn," we should sometimes read "Live and grow stupid." Love to Cara and sympathy with her cold.

Ever yours
Marian E.

6. Henry M'Cormack, *On the Nature, Treatment, and Prevention of Pulmonary Consumption*, 1855, p. 8: "As to the fundamental identity of phthisis and scrofula there is at present hardly any difference of opinion, at least I do not myself entertain any."

7. "The London Daily Press," *Westminster Review*, 64 (October 1855), 492–521.

8. Prince Nicolas Sayn-Wittgenstein divorced her in 1855. (*Almanach de Gotha*, 1854; 1860.)

9. F. J. Gall and K. Spurzheim, *Anatomie et physiologie du système nerveux en général, et du cerveau en particulier*, 4 vols., Paris, 1810–19. Lewes discusses Gall's study in his second article on Spencer's *Psychology*, *Leader*, 27 October 1855, p. 1036; Gall pointed out the relation between organ and function before he was drawn aside to the study of character.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, 21 NOVEMBER 1855

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1855. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 387–388.

8 Park Shot | Richmond | November 21. 55.

Dear Friend

You will receive by rail tomorrow a copy of the "Life and Works of Goethe" [1] which I hope you will accept as a keepsake from me. I should have been glad to send it you earlier, but as Mr. Lewes has sold the copyright of the 1st edition, he has only a small number of copies at his disposal and so I doubted whether I ought to ask for one. I think you will find much to interest you in the book. I can't tell you how I value it, as the best product of a mind which I have every day more reason to admire and love.

We have had much gratification in the expressions of individual opinion. The press is very favourable, but the notices are for the most part too idiotic to give us much pleasure, except in a pecuniary point of view.

Tell Sara we have not yet heard from H. Spencer, and can't think what has become of him.

How is business going on? And how are the colds? We have been doing our share of sniffing and coughing lately. I am going out today—for the first time for nearly a fortnight.[2] With love to all,

Ever yours affectionately
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 29 NOVEMBER [1855]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1855. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 388.

Richmond, November 29.

Dear Sara

I am so glad to hear that you are happy in your children.[3] I shall be interested in everything you can tell me about Frank's development

1. GHL's book, the first biography of Goethe, was published 30 October 1855. GE wrote for the *Leader*, 3 November 1855, pp. 1058–1061, a review which began: "For reasons which will be easily divined, we have received an injunction to deliver no judgment on this work, but simply to make the reader acquainted with its general character and purpose." The article seems to have been written in haste, for there are a number of typographical errors, unusual in GE's work for the *Leader*.

2. "Renewed a wretched cold which I have had for a week so that work is disagreeable." (GE Journal, 14 November 1855.)

3. Nelly Bray and Frank Hennell.

under your care. What provision is there for poor Lizzie Bray [4] now?

Thanks for the report of Dr. Lankester's lecture [5] which I return because it is so neatly pasted together that you will like to keep it.

I have just finished a long article on Heine for the W.R.[6] which none of you will like. En revanche, Mr. Lewes has written one on Lions and Lionhunters,[7] which you will find amusing. Mr. Ch. applied to him in the eleventh hour, in distress because some expected articles were not forthcoming.

The joke you inquired about in one of your letters is imbedded in a play which would have appeared at the Olympic before this but for a terrible illness of poor Mrs. Wigan.[8]

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

No news of your "Essay" [1] yet?

4. Charles Bray's relatives Lizzie and Harry were a source of anxiety to him for many years.

5. Edwin Lankester (1814–74), at this time a lecturer on anatomy and physiology at the Grosvenor Place School of Medicine. His two lectures to the Coventry Institute, "Animal Physiology," were reported in the *Herald,* 9 and 23 November 1855. His denial that phrenology could determine character drew from Bray a lengthy restatement of Spurzheim's and Combe's theories.

6. "German Wit: Heinrich Heine," *Westminster Review,* 65 (January 1856), 1–33.

7. A review in GHL's sprightly style of two books on Algerian lions by Jules Gérard, 65 (January 1856), 205–217.

8 Leonora Wigan (1805–84), wife of Alfred Sydney Wigan (1814–78), lessee and manager of the Olympic Theater. The play was *Captain Bland.* In his Journal, 30 November 1860, GHL writes: "This afternoon went down to see Wigan about 'Captain Bland.' It seems as if I never should be free of bother and misunderstanding about this unfortunate piece which was written for him when we were at Worthing and Richmond, rehearsed, altered, rehearsed again and finally returned on my hands. This spring he again wanted to have it. I offered to sell him the piece to do what he liked with provided my name did not appear, and no application was made to me about alterations. He kept it some time and then returned it, not being able to make immediate use of it. About six weeks ago he again applied for it, accepted my terms, and now wants me once more to alter it and alter my terms. I agreed to do both. To alter it and get 50 £ down and £50 if he doesn't produce it before Easter, 2 £ a night if he does." GHL's Literary Receipts book shows the two payments of £50, December 1860 and May 1861. The play was never produced in England. It was first played 30 May 1864 at Wallack's Theater in New York, where it had five performances. The only known text is the prompt copy (NYPL) with revisions in several hands including GHL's. For this information I am indebted to Edgar W. Hirshberg, *"Captain Bland* on the New York Stage," *New York Public Library Bulletin,* 57 (August 1953), 382–388.

1. See 16 March 1855.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, [15? DECEMBER 1855]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Dec. 16. 1855. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Saturday.

Dear Sara

I believe I promised to let you know when I heard of Herbert Spencer, so as the shortest way of telling you all about his health and present residence [2] I send you part of a letter which I received from him the other day.

I have sent your notice of the Psychology to him. Burn the letter when you have read it and please not to shew it to other people, as, though there is nothing important in it, I know the idea of his letters being shewn would be disagreeable to him.

Yours affectionately
Marian E.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, ATTLEBOROUGH, 28 DECEMBER [1855]

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Attleborough | Dec. 28.

My dear Fanny

Chrissey [3] and I are very disappointed that you cannot come to us today. I dare say you thought that Chrissey would have your letter yesterday, but as there is no afternoon post here, she only received it this morning. It is very good of you to think of giving me a bed, and very good of Henry to promise to meet me at the station but I shall go straight from Nuneaton to London [4] and not pass through Coventry, so that a journey to Leamington would oblige me quite to alter my plans, and would not allow me to see you for more than an hour.

It would have been

[*The rest of this letter is lacking.*]

2. Spencer went from Tenby to Derby at the beginning of November; then at the suggestion of a physician to Ideford, near Chudleigh, Devonshire, to lead a rural life. (*Autobiography*, I, 475)

3. "In the afternoon I set out on my journey to see my sister, and arrived at her house about 8 o'clock, finding her and her children well." (GE Journal, 21 December 1855.) GE returned to Richmond 29 December.

4. By way of Rugby on the through route of the London and North Western Railway.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, 1 JANUARY 1856

MS: Yale. *Endorsed.* Marian's letters 1856. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | January 1. 56.

Dear Friend

A happy New Year to you and yours!

I have never answered your note in which you invited me to call at your house on my way to my sister's. I am sure that note was written with the kindest intentions, but if you had thought twice you would have seen that I was not likely to take a journey twice as long as necessary and walk all through Coventry in order to make a call where I had only the invitation of the master of the house. I went straight from London to Nuneaton by express in two hours and a half, and returned in the same way. In this season one likes to abridge railway journeying as much as possible.

You will be glad to hear that I found my sister and her children very well and comfortable. She mentioned your kindness in sending her a newspaper. I, as well as she, am obliged to you. While I have been away Mr. Lewes has I hope been getting a great deal of good from a visit to his friend Mr. Helps at his pleasant place in Hampshire.[5] He returns to me on Friday or Saturday. Meanwhile I am trying to fill up the gap his absence makes by being as industrious as possible.[6]

I hope you have enjoyed your Christmas and are beginning the year with pleasant prospects. With kind remembrances to all, visitors[7] included, I am

Always yours affectionately
Marian E.

5. GHL stayed at Arthur Helps's, Vernon Hill, 26 December 1855—5 January 1856.

6. Her work during his absence included reviews of George Meredith's *The Shaving of Shagpat, Leader,* 5 January 1856, pp. 15–17; Julia Kavanagh's *Rachel Gray,* p. 19; and James Heywood's edition of a translation of von Bohlen's *Introduction to the Book of Genesis,* 12 January 1856, pp. 41–42.

7. Lizzie Bray, Mrs. C. C. Hennell, and her son Frank were at Rosehill; the Noels had gone to Leam for the holidays, returning 4 January. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 18 JANUARY 1856

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 389–390.

8 Park Shot | January 18. 56.

Dear Sara

Thank you for your kind attention in sending us the Herald containing your notice of the "Goethe." [8] I am glad to see that the paper is "lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes," as the dissenters say when their chapels are enlarged. I see too that Mr. Bray is, as usual, manfully fighting for what he believes to be the right against magnates and friends.[9]

Miss Leigh Smith has sent me a copy of a Petition [1] to be presented to Parliament praying that married women may have a legal right to their own earnings, as a counteractive to wife-beating and other evils. I don't know whether you and Cara will think the object worth attention, but if you do, I will send the paper for your signature. The petition is well and soberly drawn up, and has been signed by Mrs. Gaskell, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Jameson and the et ceteras. So you will be in good company, if you care about that. I dare say Eleanor Cash [2] and some other friends of yours will be willing to sign.

Apropos of Harriet Martineau, have you seen that she has brought out a pamphlet on the Factory question fiercely vituperating Dickens? [3] It was intended originally as an article for the Westminster, but Mr. Chapman was obliged to reject it on account of its personality. I hope

8. In the Coventry *Herald Supplement,* 11 January 1855, p. 2b-c.

9. In the fight over the enclosure of the "Lammas Lands" at Coventry, Mr. Bray and the *Herald* stood alone for transferring some of the funds from ill-advised charities to education and other useful works. His advocacy of the unpopular cause damaged the paper for a time. See his *Autobiography,* pp. 85–86. For a history of the "Lammas Lands" see F. White, *Warwickshire,* 1850, p. 484.

1. Aroused by the case of Mrs. Caroline Norton, Barbara Leigh Smith drew up and published *A Brief Summary, in Plain Language, of the Most Important Laws concerning Women,* 1854; 2d ed., 1856. Through Matthew Davenport Hill, Q.C., the Law Amendment Society was induced to consider the position of married women, and a ladies' committee was formed in 1856 for which Miss Leigh Smith drew up the petition mentioned here, which was presented to Parliament 14 March 1856 with more than 3,000 signatures. The text of it can be seen in the *Westminster Review,* 66 (October 1856), 336–338, with the list of the committee of 24 ladies.

2. Second daughter of Joseph Cash of Coventry.

3. *Special Legislation. The Factory Controversy. A Warning against Meddling Legislation,* Manchester, 1855, published by A. Ireland and Co. for the National Association of Factory Occupiers. The preface states (p. iv) that it was proposed and accepted by the *Westminster,* but that the editor "started back when he saw the manuscript" because of the attack on Horner and Dickens.

this will not prevent her from writing again in the W.R., for her articles are generally valuable. Do you see the National Review? The article on Atheism [4] takes up, in a gingerly way, Herbert Spencer's book, with an acknowledgement of its power.

I believe there have been at least a thousand copies of the 'Goethe' sold—which is a wonderfully good sale in less than three months for a 30s. book. We have a charming collection of letters, both from remarkable acquaintances and remarkable non-acquaintances expressing enthusiastic delight in the book—letters all the more delightful because they are quite spontaneous and spring from a generous wish to let the author know how highly the writers value his work. But alas! when one has the headache, nothing seems delightful, and we are both half dead with it today. Nevertheless I have been doing a morning's work, and I can't be contented to shut up my desk without writing to you, begging you to make due allowances for a note written under difficulties.

I was so glad to hear of your successful Bazaar, and quite able to understand how it had absorbed you. If you want some idle reading, get "The Shaving of Shagpat," which I think you will say deserves all the praise I gave it in the Leader [5]—if indeed you have not already had it.

I wish I could think of news, but my head obstinately refuses to suggest anything worth telling, so accept the will—that miserable assignat—instead of the deed.

Ever yours
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, [28 JANUARY 1856]

MS: Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 392.

Richmond | Monday.

Dear Sara

I am very happy for you to keep the sheets and to get signatures. But I gathered from your letter that you had sheets from Miss Julia Smith and that you proposed to return mine *blank* to Blandford Square, which would have confused the business. Miss B. L. Smith writes that

4. *National Review*, 2 (January 1856), 97–123. Spencer's *Psychology* is considered with the Burnett Prize Essays, Holyoake's *Reasoner*, etc.; he is called "by far the most able recent writer" of the Positive school.

5. GE called Meredith's first novel "a work of genius, and of poetical genius," praising "the exquisite delicacy" of his love scenes, the vividness of narrative and description, the freshness of imagery, and the humor. (*Leader*, 5 January 1856, pp. 15–17.)

she must have the sheets returned to her before the 1st of March.

I am glad you have taken up the cause, for I do think that, with proper provisos and safeguards the proposed law would help to raise the position and character of women. It is one round of a long ladder stretching far beyond our lives.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 19 FEBRUARY [1856]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1856. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 390–391.

8 Park Shot | February 19.

Dear Sara

I was so glad to have a little news of you. I should like to hear much oftener, but our days are so accurately parcelled out among regular occupations that I rarely manage to do anything not included in the programme, and without reading Mrs. Barbauld on the Inconsistency of Human Expectations,[6] I know that receiving letters is inconsistent with not writing any.

If you can let me have the petition next Sunday or Monday it will be soon enough. I suppose you have received the revised edition with the clause about the husband being responsible for the wife's debts.[7]

We are in happy ignorance of the Spectator's remarks,[8] for we never see that paper. Apropos of papers, have you seen any numbers of the Saturday Review,[9] a new journal on which 'all the talents' are engaged?

6. Anna Letitia Barbauld (1743–1825), "Against Inconsistency in Our Expectations," *Works,* 2 vols., 1825, II, 183–194.

7. "That there are certain portions of the law of husband and wife which bear unjustly on the husband, as for instance, that of making him responsible for his wife's debts contracted before marriage, even although he may have no fortune with her. Her power also, after marriage, of contracting debts in the name of her husband, for which he is responsible, is too unlimited, and often produces much injustice."

8. The *Spectator* in an editorial (2 February 1856, p. 126) commented flippantly upon the appointment of a woman clerk by the Master of the Rolls; in reply to a letter defending the appointment, it reasserted the belief that women are unfitted for such work and will not be advanced by competing with men. (16 February, pp. 188–189.)

9. GE contributed four articles to the *Saturday Review:* "Heine's Book of Songs," 26 April 1856, pp. 523–524; "Pictures of Life in French Novels" (of Henry Murger), 17 May 1856, pp. 69–70; "The Art and Artists of Greece" (Stahr's *Torso*), 31 May 1856, pp. 109–110; "Sight-seeing in Germany and the Tyrol" (by Sir John

It is not properly a newspaper, but—what its title expresses—a political and literary Review. The Duke of Newcastle [1] is at the bottom of it, and it has the first requisite of a journal—money. Mr. Lewes has written some admirable articles for it, and among the rest, (you will be glad to hear) one on Herbert Spencer's Psychology—not yet printed, however.[2] It is a much shorter and less interesting account of the book, than he gave in the Leader, but as the Sat. R. is not to be heterodox, he was necessarily gêné. By the way, if you should happen to hear any one imputing articles in the Leader to Mr. Lewes, be so good as to say that he only writes the summary and *occasional* reviews, and that he has nothing to do with the editorship. Sometimes there is one article of mine in, sometimes one of his, but rarely more.

What are you doing now? We are delighting ourselves with Ruskin's 3d volume,[3] which contains some of the finest writing I have read for a long time (among recent books). I read it aloud for an hour or so after dinner—then we jump to the Old Dramatists when Mr. Lewes reads to me as long as his voice will hold out, and after this we wind up the evening with Rymer Jones's Animal Kingdom,[4] by which I get a confused knowledge of branchiæ and such things—perhaps on the whole a little preferable to total ignorance. These are our noctes—without cœne for the present, occasionally diversified by very dramatic singing of Figaro etc.—which I think must alarm "that good man, the clergyman," who sits below us.

Do you know that Mr. Chapman has let his house in Blandford Sq. for a year, and that Mrs. C. is living in lodgings at Redhill, Mr. C. devoting himself body and soul to his medical studies? [5] But I dare say you hear much more news of that sort than I do. I was very sorry

Forbes), 6 September 1856, pp. 424–425. Only two of those listed by Merle M. Bevington in *The Saturday Review,* New York, 1851, p. 341, are correctly attributed to GE.

1. Henry Pelham Fiennes Pelham Clinton, 5th Duke of Newcastle (1811–64).

2. "Herbert Spencer's Principles of Psychology," *Saturday Review,* 1 March 1856, pp. 352–353. A comparison with the *Leader,* in which he had commended Spencer's bold materialism, shows how skillfully GHL adjusted his reviews to various periodicals.

3. *Modern Painters,* III, 1856, to which GE devotes the first 8 pages of her "Art and Belles Lettres" section of the *Westminster Review,* 65 (April 1856), 625–650. The influence of Ruskin on her novels should not be underestimated. "The truth of infinite value that he teaches is *realism*—the doctrine that all truth and beauty are to be attained by a humble and faithful study of nature, and not by substituting vague forms, bred by imagination on the mists of feeling, in place of definite, substantial reality." (p. 626.)

4. Thomas Rymer Jones (1810–80), *General Outline of the Animal Kingdom, and Manual of Comparative Anatomy,* 1841.

5. See *George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 93–99.

to hear from Mr. C. that poor little Ernest has a tendency to scrofula, which makes it necessary to take him into the country.

We have been half laughing, half indignant, over Alison's new volume of his Hist[ory] of Europe, in which he undertakes to give an account of German literature.[6] For an impudent exhibition of ignorance and imbecility, it surpasses anything I have seen—even Mr. S. C. Fullom.[7] It is deplorable to think how many people will spend their money on his huge volume of rubbish and fancy they are making a valuable addition to their library.

Doesn't this heavy weather make your brain heavy? It does mine, and inclines me to leave off writing. So, with love to all I say goodbye. Ever dearest Sara

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 25 FEBRUARY [1856]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1856. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 391–392.

Richmond | February 25.

Dear Sara

You are indeed a valuable coadjutor. I have sent your sheets [8] to Miss Barbara Smith and asked her to write to you.

What you tell me of Harriet Martineau interests me very much. I feel for her terrible bodily suffering, and think of her with deep respect and admiration. Whatever may have been her mistakes and weaknesses, the great and good things she has done far outweigh them, and I should be grieved if anything in her memoir [9] should cast a mo-

6. Sir Archibald Alison's *History of Europe 1815–1852,* 9 vols., Edinburgh, 1853–59, of which Vol. V was published in February 1856. In a damning exposure of Alison's ignorance GHL wrote in the *Saturday Review,* 23 February 1856, pp. 326–327: "How remarkable he is in the two qualities of verbiage and inaccuracy, every reader knows; but not until the publication of the volume now before us had he given the full measure of his powers in those directions."

7. Stephen Watson Fullom, *The History of Woman, and Her Connexion with Religion, Civilization, and Domestic Manners, from the Earliest Periods,* 2 vols., 1855, went through 3 eds. in that year despite GE's savage denunciation of its style and inaccuracies in the "Belles Lettres" section of the *Westminster Review,* 64 (July 1855), pp. 301–302.

8. Of signatures for the petition for changing the law concerning married women's property.

9. In January 1855 Harriet Martineau, having consulted several London physicians, announced to her friends that she was suffering from an incurable heart disease and had not long to live. In "Haworth Churchyard" (April 1855) Matthew

mentary shadow over the agreeable image of her that the world will ultimately keep in its memory. I wish less of our piety were spent on imaginary perfect goodness, and more given to real *im*perfect goodness.

You seem to be under a little misapprehension about the Leader. There has been no *change* in Mr. Lewes's relation to it since we came from Germany. He has never, since then, had anything to do with the editorship and the majority of the literary articles have always been written by other hands.[1] I merely mentioned the matter because we wish it to be generally known. Responsibility for other people's writing is an undesirable dignity or indignity. For example, Mr. Robert Chambers wrote to complain of an allusion to him and his brother in the article on Miss Murray's book [2]—an article which we both disliked extremely. However, R. Chambers had perceived that Mr. Lewes was not the writer.

An uninteresting explanation this, but accuracy is a good thing. Mr. Lewes does not remember Mr. Coleman. In haste

Ever yours
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, [26 FEBRUARY 1856]

MS· Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. 27. 1856. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | Tuesday.

Dear Sara

Mr. Lewes wishes me to write again—though I think it hardly necessary—to say that if Mr. Noel [3] comes to see us—and we shall be very happy if he will do so—we hope you will impress on his memory that

Arnold, writing of Charlotte Brontë, who had just died, alluded to Miss Martineau's imminent demise. She set about writing her autobiography to be published after her death, which did not occur until 1876

1. GHL's book of Literary Receipts shows that from November 1853 to September 1854 the *Leader* paid him £20 a month. In March and again in April 1855 he received £2 2. From May 1855 to January 1856 he had £8.8 a month except in June, when it was £12.12, a rate maintained from February 1856 to March 1857, when his contributions practically ceased, though a payment of £2.2 was made in December 1857. (Berg Collection, NYPL.)

2. Amelia Matilda Murray, *Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada*, 2 vols., 1856. In "The Lady in Waiting in 'the States,' " the *Leader*, 2 February 1856, pp. 112–113, commenting on Miss Murray's complaint of the high prices of hotels, says that she discovers "that the canny and keen Robert Chambers is quite mistaken when he says that there is no imposition in American inns. Now, if we had sought for a keen eye to business and an appreciation of cash outgoings, we should have supposed either of the Messrs. Chambers fairly to represent, not a 'near,' but certainly an exact class; yet the daughter of St. James's hath a shrewder eye than the Edinburgh tradesman."

3. Edward Noel and his children spent the winter with the Brays, arriving 12 December 1855 and leaving 3 March 1856. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

he must ask for *Mrs. Lewes* and not for Miss Evans, as a misunderstanding on this matter would be very painful. Excuse me for troubling you with this bit of personal anxiety.

Ever yours
Marian.

MRS. ANNA JAMESON TO OTTILIE VON GOETHE, 15 MARCH 1856

Text: *Letters of Anna Jameson to Ottilie von Goethe*, ed. G. H. Needler, London, New York, Toronto, Oxford University Press, 1939, p. 209.

Ealing, March 15, 1856.

My dearest Ottilie—

I have received your last most interesting letter, and am very glad to have the details relative to your knowledge of Mr. Lewes, as the 'Life of Goethe' is very much talked of and reviewed, and I am glad to have the truth from you. I shall be most anxious to have your opinion of the book itself, and *if possible* I would send you a copy of it. It is in two thick, heavy volumes, so that it is difficult to convey. I have ordered it however to be ready, if ever by chance I have the opportunity of sending it. It is written with earnest admiration of Goethe, with great vigour, but also some vulgarity of style.

The story of Lewes and his Wife is true, I fear. The lady who is with him I have seen before her (known) liaison with him. She is first-rate in point of intellect and science and attainments of every kind, but considered also as very *free* in all her opinions as to morals and religion. In the *first*, there are I think certain duties not to be thrown overboard; in the second, certain principles to be recognized; so that I do not well understand how a good and conscientious woman can run away with another woman's husband. But of this no more. . . .

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, RICHMOND, 22 MARCH 1856

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | March 22. 56.

Dear Friend

I do trust you—that is, I believe your motives are always such as belong to a noble, true nature. Any inquiries I make about you are inquiries of affection, not of distrust.

You will be surprized to hear that I have not been to town more

than twice since last spring—once to call on Mr. Chapman, and once to call on the Molluscs in the Zool[ogical] Gardens. I have no other visits to pay and I shudder at shopping so there has been no motive for rushing into the smoke. Mr. Lewes goes to town once a week, and he does any errands for me. However, with the prospect of seeing you the streets would look brighter, and now the weather is getting pleasanter we may be able some day to arrange a meeting. I quite understand that you cannot come here.

You say nothing about your health, so I shall please myself with thinking that you are strong as well as busy. I am so glad you have written a child's story,[4] for I expect you to shew a faculty for that sort of work, and such a faculty is strangely rare among women.

Your address to me as *Miss Evans* was unfortunate, as I am not known under that name here. We find it indispensable to our comfort that I should bear Mr. Lewes's name while we occupy lodgings, and we are now with so excellent a woman [5] that any cause of removal would be a misfortune. If you have occasion to write to me again, please to bear this in mind.

Letters are unsatisfactory modes of communication generally, but yours are always clear as daylight and just like yourself. If I had any cloudy feelings about you, a few words such as you have sent me would have dissipated them and made me what I have uninterruptedly been—

Your confiding and affectionate
Marian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND,
26 MARCH [1856]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1856. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 393.

8 Park Shot | Richmond | March 26.

Dear Friend

It seems a long, long time since I heard from you, except indirectly, and though I have no other reason to urge for your writing me a few lines, I hope you will not think it a bad one, that you will be giving me a great pleasure. I want to know something more than a vague report of how things fare with you, for there is always a corner—perhaps more than a corner—of memory for Rosehill in my mind, and your joys and sorrows are always mine when you let me know them.

We are flourishing in every way, except in health. Mr. Lewes's head

4. See 31 March [1856].

5. Mrs. Craft.

is still infirm, but he manages nevertheless to do twice as much work as other people. We feel very thankful for this degree of health, especially when we think of poor Herbert Spencer, who is still, from a complaint like Mr. Lewes's, unable even to read more than a quarter of an hour together.[6] I am always a croaker you know, but my ailments are of a small kind—their chief symptom being a muddled brain, and as my pen is not of the true literary order which will run along *without* the help of brains, I don't get through so much work as I should like.

By the way, when Spinoza comes out, be so good as not to mention *my* name in connection with it. I particularly wish not to be known as the translator of the Ethics, for reasons which it would be "too tedious to mention."

Do write me a note, and tell me as many *particulars* about business as you can. You don't know what a severely practical person I am become, and what a sharp eye I have to the main chance. I keep the purse and dole out sovereigns with all the pangs of a miser. In fact, if you were to feel my acquisitiveness, I dare say you would find it in a state of inflammation, like the Veneration of that clergyman to whom Mr. Donovan said, "Sir, you have recently been engaged in prayer." [7]

Have you heard that the Spectator newspaper is for sale? The circulation must have been going down of late, for Mr. Rintoul [8] has been doing that most injudicious thing for an old newspaper—advertizing it and telling why the price can't be reduced.

I hope you recognized your own wit about the one-eyed dissenters, which was quoted in the Leader some time ago.[9] You always said, no one did so much justice to your jokes as I did. Best love to Cara and Sara.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian.

6. Cf. Spencer's *Autobiography*, I, 480.

7. Cornelius Donovan, manager of the Phrenological Institute, 8 King William St., gave Bray and GE lessons in 1843–44.

8. Robert Stephen Rintoul (1787–1858), the first editor of the *Spectator*, conducted it from the beginning in 1828 until he sold it in February 1858 for a sum of money and a large annuity, which he enjoyed for only two months. (*DNB.*)

9. "A friend of ours, once writing some such sentence as this—'However it may appear in *the eye* of a Dissenter,' etc., was asked why he did not credit the Dissenter with two eyes, in favour of which popular prejudice was supposed to run. He instantly replied, 'Some Dissenters have only one eye, and they might take it as a personality if I said eyes.' An unanswerable reason." (*Leader*, 16 February 1856, p. 159, introducing a review of Sir David Brewster's article on color blindness in the *North British Review*.)

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, 31 MARCH 1856

MS: Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 394.

Richmond | March 31. 56.

Dear Friend

My mind is more rebellious than yours, and I can't help being saddened by the idea of you and Cara being in any other home than the dear old one.[1] But I know that your cheerful courage is yet stronger in deed than in word.

Will not business or pleasure bring you to London soon, and will you not come to see us? We can give you a bed—not a sumptuous one, but one which you will perhaps not find intolerable for a night.

I know the trip up the Thames is charming, and we should like to do it with you, but I don't think we can manage it this summer. We are going to send or take the boys[2] to school in Germany at Midsummer, and are at present uncertain about our arrangements. If we can *send* them, we shall go to the coast as soon as the warm weather comes and remain there for three months. But our plans are not yet crystallized.

I think the joke about the sauce and "cold shoulder" capital—better than the famous *mot* "With this sauce, you might eat your grandmother."

Mr. Lewes sent kindest regards the last time I wrote, and I forgot to give them.

Ever yours faithfully
Marian.

1. Charles Bray found in 1856 that he had insufficient capital to conduct his ribbon manufacturing business, which at best was liable to great fluctuation. Having an income of about £400 a year, he retired from manufacturing to devote himself to the reforms and literary work that interested him. (*Autobiography*, pp. 89–90.) It was nearly a year before the contemplated move from Rosehill to Ivy Cottage took place. (Mrs. Bray's Diary, March 1857.)

2. GHL's elder boys Charles Lee Lewes (1842–91) and Thornton Arnott Lewes (1844–69).

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, RICHMOND, 31 MARCH [1856]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | 5 Blandford Square | London. *Postmark:* RICHMOND | EV | MR 31 | 1856. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | March 31.

Dear Friend

Thank you for "Aspasia." [3] I think her charming, and only wish you had given her more adventures. But the episode of the sucking pigs is best of all. Mr. Lewes is going to read the book, and I know he will think the "Sucking Pigs" ravishing, for he dotes on animals—I mean animals with four legs.

Your bits of description make me long to be just where you were in Wales. We mean to run away to mountains and molluscs and sea breezes, as soon as the weather gets warm. I hope to see you before then by some means. But seeing, or not seeing you, I am always the same—at least in esteem and affection towards my friends. In other matters, you will agree with me that I can easily change for the better.

Yours ever,
Marian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, [1 APRIL 1856]

MS: Yale. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 394–395.

Richmond | Tuesday.

Dear Friend

After I wrote you yesterday morning, we had a letter from Germany which has made Mr. Lewes incline to defer sending the boys thither till next year. But he is anxious to remove them from their present school,[4] and in the course of our consultations on the subject, we thought of Mr. John Sibree as a person in whom we should feel confidence as to the moral influence he would exercise as a tutor. The risk of placing children with entire strangers is terrible. So I teaze you with another letter to ask you if Mr. J. Sibree continues in the

3. *The History of Our Cat Aspasia,* 1856.

4. According to Thomas Wright, *Life of John Payne* [1919], p. 10, Charles Lee Lewes and Payne attended a school kept by Ebenezer J. Pearce at 5 Pembroke Villas, Pembridge Gardens, Westbourne Park. The letters from the Lewes children to their father, dated from the Bayswater Grammar School, refer frequently to Dr. Pearce.

same position as formerly, and if he is still anxious to obtain pupils.[5] I know you will be kind enough to obtain all the information from Mrs. John Cash.[6] If your answer is satisfactory Mr. Lewes will then write to Mr. J. Sibree himself.

What a delicious day! We are going to have a holiday at the Zoological Gardens. Ever, with best love to all,

Yours faithfully
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, [6 APRIL 1856]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 7. 1856. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 395.

Richmond | Sunday.

Dear Sara

Thank you for taking the trouble to write me a full account of matters so interesting to me. Your description of Pegg and Co.[7] is so graphic that it would have made me laugh if it had not been near making me cry. O dear dear—I hope you will be able thoroughly to enjoy this last precious summer on the pretty lawn where it is one of my pleasures on sunshiny days to think of you all strolling about or seated on the bearskin.

We are very thankful for the Hofwyl[8] circular and have almost decided to send the two eldest boys there. But it is necessary to weigh all things carefully before coming to a determination, as, not being either swindlers or philanthropists, we don't like to incur obligations

5. In the spring of 1851 John Sibree was advertising in the *Leader*: "*Private Tuition.* J. Sibree, M.A. (of the University of London), wishes to take ONE or TWO PUPILS to educate with the Sons of a Gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of Stroud. . . . The house Mr. Sibree occupies is in a healthy and pleasant situation." His fee was £100 per annum.

6. Mary Sibree, now the wife of John Cash, who purchased Rosehill from the Brays.

7. George German Pegg, publisher of the Coventry *Standard*, the Tory paper, which opposed most of the reforms Bray advocated in the *Herald*.

8. The Hofwyl (or Hofwil) School, in the Alps about 6 miles north of Berne, Switzerland, was established in 1806 by Philip Emanuel von Fellenberg (1771–1844) in conjunction with Henry Pestalozzi. Lady Byron sent two of the Noel boys there in 1828, and it was from them that the Bray household knew of it. For an account of its early history see two articles by Lord Brougham, *Edinburgh Review*, 31 (December 1818), 150–165, and 33 (October 1819), 487–507. Fellenberg was succeeded in 1855 by Dr. Eduard L. G. Muller, who remodeled the school and developed it.

which there is not a reasonable certainty of our being able to meet.

I am much obliged to Mr. Bray, too, for sending Mr. John Sibree's letter. Mr. Lewes had already received an answer from him declining his proposition, but we were interested to read his very characteristic letter to his sister, which proved to Mr. Lewes that I had given him a correct description of the man.

We are headachy this morning and so are keeping Sabbath in Mr. Bray's fashion—enjoying the sunshine and reading the newspapers. I wish you saw the "Saturday." With best love to all,

Ever yours affectionately
Marian.

Tell Mr. Bray, Herbert Spencer is coming to town to stay for some time—if indeed he is not already on his way here.[9] I conclude his letter was partly a joke. I have written this letter with the steel pen you sent me—for which thanks.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, [10 APRIL 1856]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* April 10—1853? *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | Thursday.

Dear Sara

Don't vex yourself about a matter of so little importance. No mischief is done. When Herbert Spencer comes to town, I will let Mr. Bray know his address, and then he can write to him according to any revised and amended edition of an invitation that may suggest itself. No one saw Mr. Bray's letter to me except myself. We shall indeed be delighted to see Herbert Spencer, but we intend to set off to the Devonshire coast as soon as affairs will allow, so we shall form no project of enticing him to settle for any time at Richmond.[1]

The delightful article on the Congress of Vienna was written by Mr. Neuberg.[2] Neither of us contributes an article to the body of the Review this time. I was going to write an article on "Missions and Missionaries," but gave it up to Harriet Martineau, finding she was anxious to do it.[3]

9. Spencer returned to London 12 April 1856. (*Autobiography*, I, 481.)

1. Spencer spent the day with them 15 April and accompanied them to Sydenham on the 18th. (Journal.)

2. Joseph Neuberg, *Westminster Review*, 65 (April 1856), 457–511.

3. It appeared in the next number, 66 (July 1856), 1–51. Among the books Miss Martineau reviewed were *Typee* (under

The National eclipses the Westminster in fascination. But the W[estminster] is not bad—only a little too zealous for reforms of all sorts: "Avec tes réformes, tu commences à m'ennuyer." [4] The article on Medical Despotism is by Mr. Chapman,[5] and is very creditable to him having been written in some haste. Best love to all

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE JOURNAL, ILFRACOMBE, 8 MAY–26 JUNE 1856

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 396–406.

Recollections of Ilfracombe 1856

It was a cold unfriendly day—the 8th of May on which we set out for Ilfracombe, with our hamper of tall glass jars, which we meant for our sea-side Vivarium. We had to get down at Windsor, and were not sorry that the interval was long enough to let us walk round the Castle, which I had never seen before, except from a distance. The famous "slopes," the avenues in the Park and the distant landscape looked very lovely in the fresh and delicate greens of Spring, and the Castle is surely the most delightful royal residence in the world. We took our places from Windsor all the way to Exeter, having bravely made up our minds to do the greatest part of our journey in one day. At Bristol, where we had to wait three hours, the misery of my terrible headache was mitigated by the interest we felt in seeing the grand old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, forever associated with the memory of Chatterton—

> "It stands the maestrie of a human hand
> The pride of Bristowe and the western land." [6]

For the rest, Bristol looked dismal enough to us: a compound of dingy streets, bad smells and dreary waiting at a dirty Railway Station.

At last the time came for the train to set off and after a short journey

its English title *Narrative of a Four Month's Residence among the Natives of a Valley of the Marquesas Islands*) and *Omoo*, by Herman Melville, whose antipathy to missionaries she shared.

4. Perhaps a paraphrase of Billaud's comment on Robespierre's Feast of the Supreme Being: "Avec ton Être Suprême tu commences m'embêter," cited in Carlyle's *French Revolution*, Book IV, ch. 4.

5. *Westminster Review*, 65 (April 1856), 530–562. Chapman's concern with the licensing of physicians had now a personal foundation. For an account of his medical career, which evaluates it more highly than I, see F. N. L. Poynter, "John Chapman (1821–1894), Publisher, Physician, and Medical Reformer," *Journal of the History of Medicine and Allied Sciences*, 5 (Winter 1950), 1–22.

6. GE quotes this couplet correctly ("Thou seest this maestrie") in her notice of David Masson's *Essays, Westminster Review*, 66 (July 1856), 267–269.

we reached Exeter Station where we were delighted to find that we could get beds, and so save the drive into the town. The next morning before the hour of starting for Barnstaple, we had time for a stroll in the sunshine as far as the town. The country round looked lovely. A fine hilly road bordered by tall trees led us towards the higher part of the town, which commenced, like a cathedral town, with a row of Gothic almshouses on one side and park-like grounds, probably belonging to the episcopal residence, on the other. Our object was to get to the Cathedral; and after inquiring our way for a little while along clean, cheerful looking streets, we found a narrow, flagged side-street which led us into the pleasant square, shaded by tall trees and surrounded by quaintish houses, where stands the fine old temple with its two great square towers. The facade is extremely elaborate and the arch of the doorway especially beautiful; but the rest of the exterior is heavy, and even the facade is spoiled by the gable being so low as to hide part of the rosace window and give the whole roof the appearance of having been cut down from below. However, the two towers, though rather heavy in shape, are very exquisite in the grace and *moderation* of their ornamental detail. As we passed the door it was ajar and we peeped in across the locked gate which shut out free entrance. The interior seemed very fine, but our glimpse was interrupted by the approach of the hard, dry looking woman that alternates as key-keeper with the oily sexton in English cathedrals. "Can we see the Cathedral?" I said. "Yes, I can *show* you the Cathedral." We declined to be "shown" and walked on, taking a few more glances at the pleasant streets. One interesting object we passed on our way was a very old bit of building, apparently Saxon, which appeared to be used as a Police Station. Back again to the Railway in the sunshine, with the birds singing about the hedges. The journey to Barnstaple lay through a charming country;—gently sloping hills, roads winding by the side of hanging woods, little streams, and here and there patches of grey houses.

At Barnstaple we said good bye to the Railway and took to the good old fashioned stage coach. A great fuss, of course, in getting all the luggage on the top, and all the people settled inside and out. I foolishly chose to go inside, being headachy, and had for my companions, a pale, thin, affected lady, and a reddish, stout, affected lady. G. had a pleasanter journey outside, and won golden opinions from the thin lady's husband and daughter, whose name turned out to be Webster. I was not sorry when our coach rattled and swung up the hilly street of Ilfracombe and stopped at the door of the "Clarence Hotel."

Our next task was to find lodgings, and we went forthwith to look for Mrs. Williams of Northfield, whom Gosse recommends in his "Devonshire Coast." The reasons for his recommendation were not very patent to us when we saw the shabby ill-furnished parlour and bedroom, so we determined to go a little farther and fare better, if possible. At this spot, called Northfield, the beauty of Ilfracombe burst upon us, though we had as yet no glimpse of the sea and no idea—at least *I* had none—in which direction it lay. On our left were gracefully sloping green hills, on our right the clustering houses, and beyond, hills with bold, rocky sides. Walking on a few yards to the right, we came to a pretty house with a verandah, surrounded by a nice garden, with a carriage road up to the door. A notice at the gate told us it was Runnymede Villa and moreover that it was "to let," but we thought it was far too smart and expensive a dwelling for us. However there could be no harm in asking, so we knocked at the door, and were shown by a pleasant looking young woman into a drawing-room, where we remained to admire and long while she went to ask her mother the rent. The mother came, and we found to our great satisfaction that we could have this large double drawing-room for a guinea a week during May and a guinea and a half in June. Before we had decided, another knock came at the door—it was our traveling companion Mr. Webster, who had also been attracted by the pretty outside of the house. The end was, that we took the drawing-room with the bedroom and dressing room above, and the Websters—that is, the wife and daughter, for the husband was to be always away on business except on short fly away visits—took the dining room on the other side. Having deposited our luggage, [2½ *lines deleted*] and ordered our *thé dinatoire* we set out in search of the sea, and were directed to the "Tunnels"—three long passages cut in the rock. <At the end of the first we turned down.> We passed through them all and came upon the most striking bit of coast I had ever beheld—steep, precipitous rocks behind and on each side of us, and before us sharply cut fragments of dark rock jutting out of the sea for some distance beyond the land, for the tide was now approaching its height. We were in raptures with this first look, but could only stay long enough to pick up a few bits of coralline, which, novices as we were, we supposed to be polypes.

It was cheering the next morning to get up with a head rather less aching, and to walk up and down the little garden after breakfast in the bright sunshine. I had a great deal of work before me—the writing of an article on Riehl's books, which I had not half read, as well as the

article on *belles lettres* [7]—but my head was still dizzy and it seemed impossible to sit down to writing at once in these new scenes, so we determined to spend the day in explorations.

There can hardly be an uglier town—an uglier cluster of human nests lying in the midst of beautiful hills, than Ilfracombe. The colour of the houses is the palest dingiest grey, and the lines are all rectangular and mean. Overtopping the whole town in ugliness as well as height are two "Terraces," which make two factory-like lines of building on the slope of the green hill. From our windows we had a view of the higher part of the town, and generally it looked uninteresting enough; but what is it that light cannot transfigure into beauty? One evening, after a shower, as the sun was setting over the sea behind us, some peculiar arrangement of clouds threw a delicious evening light on the irregular cluster of houses and merged the ugliness of their forms in an exquisite flood of colour—as a stupid person is made glorious by a noble deed. A perfect rainbow arched over the picture.

Walking on from our gate towards Wildersmouth—a little opening in the hills which allows one to wet one's feet in the sea without descending a precipice or groping through a tunnel—we got a view of the lower part of the town, and turning up a pleasant foot-path to our right we were led on past a dissenting chapel, and then past a new church which is being built, into the streets that lead immediately to the quay, where we see the physical-geographical reason why Ilfracombe was built here and nowhere else. Returning from the quay we entered the promenade round the Capstone, which has been made at great expense since Ilfracombe became a place for visitors. From this end of the Capstone we have an admirable bit for a picture. In the background rises old Hillsborough jutting out far into the sea—rugged and rocky as it fronts the waves, green and accessible landward; in front of this stands Lantern Hill, a picturesque mass of green and grey surmounted by an old bit of building that looks as if it were the habitation of some mollusc that had secreted its shell from the material of the rock; and quite in the foreground, contrasting finely in colour with the rest are some lower perpendicular rocks, of dark brown tints patched here and there with vivid green. In hilly districts, where houses and clusters of houses look so tiny against the huge limbs of Mother Earth one cannot help thinking of man as a parasitic animal—an epizoon making his abode on the skin

7. "The Natural History of German Life," *Westminster Review*, 66 (July 1856), 51–79, based on W. H. Riehl's *Die bürgerliche Gesellschaft*, 3d ed., 1855, and *Land und Leute*, 3d ed., 1856.

of the planetary organism. In a flat country a house or a town looks imposing—there is nothing to rival it in height, and we may imagine the earth a mere pedestal for us. But when one sees a house stuck on the side of a great hill, and still more a number of houses looking like a few barnacles clustered on the side of a great rock, we begin to think of the strong family likeness between ourselves and all other building, burrowing house-appropriating and shell-secreting animals. The difference between a man with his house and a mollusc with its shell lies in the number of steps or phenomena interposed between the fact of individual existence and the completion of the building. Whatever other advantages we may have over molluscs and insects in our habitations, it is clear that their architecture has the advantage of ours in beauty—at least considered as the architecture of the species. Look at man in the light of a shell-fish and it must be admitted that his shell is generally ugly, and it is only after a great many more "steps or phenomena" that he secretes here and there a wonderful shell in the shape of a temple or a palace.

But it is time to walk on round the Capstone and return home by Wildersmouth. On clear days, I could see the Welsh Coast with the smoke of its towns very distinctly, and a good way southward the outline of Lundy Island. Mounting the Capstone we had the best view of the whole town—the Quay, the High Street, and the old Church standing high up on the hill and looking very handsome with its three gabled end. Our narrow path from Wildersmouth to Runnymede Villa led us by the side of a miniature river, the Wilder, which of course empties itself at Wildersmouth into the sea. It was always a fresh pleasure to me to look at this clear little stream, fringed with Veronica and Stellaria.

About five o'clock, the tide being then low, we went out on our first zoophyte hunt. The littoral zone at Ilfracombe is nothing but huge boulders and jutting rocks of granwacke or clay slate, which when not made slippery by sea-weed are not very difficult to scramble over. It is characteristic enough of the wide difference there is between having eyes and seeing, that in this region of Sea-anemones, where the Mesembryanthemum especially is as "plenty as blackberries," we climbed about for two hours without seeing one Anemone, and went in again with scarcely anything but a few stones and weeds to put into our deep well-like jars which we had taken the trouble to carry in a hamper from London, and which we had afterwards the satisfaction of discovering to be quite unfit for our purpose. On our next hunt, however, after we had been out some time, G. exclaimed "I see an anemone!" and we

were immensely excited by the discovery of this little red Mesembryanthemum, which we afterwards disdained to gather as much as if it had been a nettle. It was a crescendo of delight when we found a "Strawberry," and a *fortissimo* when I for the first time saw the pale fawn coloured tentacles of an Anthea Cereus viciously waving like little serpents, in a low tide pool. But not a polype for a long, long while could even G. detect after all his reading; so necessary is it for the eye to be educated by objects as well as ideas. When we put our anemones into our glass wells, they floated topsy-turvy in the water and looked utterly uncomfortable; and I was constantly called upon to turn up my sleeve and plunge in my arm up to the elbow to set things right. But after a few days, G. adventurously made a call on the Curate Mr. Tugwell,[8] of whom we had heard as a collector of anemones and he returned to me not only with the announcement that Mr. Tugwell was a very "nice little fellow," and with three treasures—an *Eolis pellucida,* a *Doris Billomellata,* and an *Aplysia,* the first of each genus I had ever seen—but also with new light as to glass jars. So we determined to dismiss our deep wells, and buy some moderately sized jars with shoulders to them. We had before this found out that yellow pie-dishes were the best artificial habitat for Actiniae.

It was a considerable stretch to my knowledge of animal forms to pay a visit to Hele's shop, which lies in a quiet pleasant little nook at the back of the dissenting chapel opposite Wildersmouth. Hele gets his bread now by collecting marine animals and sending them to Lloyd[9] in London, and he has a sweet-faced intelligent daughter who goes out with him collecting and manages the stock on hand. The first time we went there, they had a fine show of the Actinia Crassicornis and a Gemmacea, some Holothuriæ (the first I had ever seen) and the green Anthea Cereus, which was new to me. But I had a still greater addition to my knowledge when G. went to Mort Stone with Mr. Tugwell and Mr. Broderie and brought home several varieties of Polyps, which I had gathered a very imperfect conception of from books—Tubularian, Plumularian and Sertularian—exquisite little Eolides, and some compound Ascidians. Indeed, every day I gleaned some little bit of naturalistic experience, either through G's calling on me to look through the microscope or from hunting on the rocks; and thus in spite of my

8. George Tugwell (1830–1910), B A. Oriel College, Oxford, 1852, was Curate of Ilfracombe 1853–69. (*Crockford's Clerical Directory,* 1908.) GHL reviewed his *A Manual of the Sea-Anemones, Commonly Found on the English Coast,* 1856, in the *Leader,* 25 October 1856, pp. 1024–1025, and in the *Saturday Review,* 15 November 1856, p. 647.

9. W. Alford Lloyd, 19–20 Portland Road, Regent's Park, sold supplies for naturalists.

preoccupation with my article, which I worked at considerably *à contre-coeur,* despairing of its ever being worth anything.

When at last, by the 17th of June both my articles were dispatched, I felt delightfully at liberty and determined to pay some attention to sea-weeds which I had never seen in such beauty as at Ilfracombe. For hitherto I had been chiefly on chalky and sandy shores where there were no rock-pools to show off the lovely colours and forms of the Algæ. There are tide-pools to be seen almost at every other step on the littoral zone at Ilfracombe, and I shall never forget their appearance when we first arrived there. The *Corallina Officinalis* was then in its greatest perfection, and with its purple pink fronds threw into relief the dark olive fronds of the Laminariæ on one side and the vivid green of the Ulva and Enteromorpha on the other. After we had been there a few weeks the Corallina was faded and I noticed the Mesogloia vermicularis and the M. virescens, which look very lovely in the water from the white cilia which make the most delicate fringe to their yellow-brown whip like fronds, and some of the commoner Polysiphoniæ. But I had not yet learned to look for the rarer Rhodospermiæ under the olive and green weeds at the surface. These tidepools made one quite in love with sea-weeds, in spite of the disagreeable importunity with which they are made to ask us from shop-windows—"Call us not weeds," so I took up Landsborough's book [1] and tried to get a little more light on their structure and history.

Our zoological expeditions alternated with delicious inland walks. I think the country looked its best when we arrived. It was just that moment in Spring when the trees are in full leaf, but still keep their delicate varieties of colouring and that *transparency* which belongs only to this season. And the furze was in all its golden glory! I never saw it in such abundance as here; over some hills the air is laden with its scent, and the gorgeous masses of blossom perpetually invited me to gather them as the largest possible specimens. It was almost like the fading away of the evening red when the furze blossoms died off from the hills, and the only contrast left was that of the marly soil with the green crops and woods. The primroses were the contemporaries of the furze and sprinkled the sides of the hills with their pale stars almost as plentifully as daisies or buttercups elsewhere. Perhaps the most enchanting of all our walks was that to Lee, because we had the double beauties of rocky coast and wooded inland hill. Lee is a tiny hamlet which has lodged itself, like a little colony of *Aurora Actiniæ,* in the nick between two ranges of hills, where the sea runs in and makes a

1. David Landsborough, *A Popular History of British Sea-weeds,* 1849.

miniature bay. From the hills we have to pass over in reaching it, there is an exquisite view on looking back towards Ilfracombe: first the green slopes forming the inland aspect of the Tors, which always reminded me of some noble animal that has reared itself on its fore-legs to look at something, powerfully arresting its attention—as if the land had lifted itself up in amazed contemplation of the glorious sea; then Ilfracombe, at the meeting of many hills, with the graceful green Capstone Hill, surmounted by its Flag staff, and beyond it Hillsborough with its crag of rich, violet-veiled brown, standing like a rugged grand old warrior being played with by that capricious beauty the sea; while in the farther distance the sombre *Hangman* [2] lifts its round, blackened shoulder, softened too with a violet veil, but of a different tone from that of Hillsborough. Another picture of a smaller kind was a single crag sloping in a very obtuse angle towards the sea and sheltering a little sandy bay where the gulls are fond of resting. We saw it once in the bright *Sunday* evening light, when there was a nice platform of sand for the gulls, and the colour of the cliff was a *blue* violet.

Turning again towards Lee and pursuing our walk, we come at last in sight of the dip or valley in which the hamlet lies. The wooded hills that slope down towards it on the farther side were not yet of a monotonous summer green when we first saw them, and their sister hills were glowing with furze blossoms. Down and down we go until we get into the narrow road or lane that winds through the valley. Here we see an ornamental cottage or two as well as genuine cottages, and close by the side of the road a tiny Gothic chapel where our nice Mr. Tugwell preaches every Sunday. But the great charm of this road, as of all Devonshire lanes, is the springs that you detect gushing in shady recesses covered with liverwort, with here and there waving tufts of fern and other broad leaved plants that love obscurity and moisture. Springs are sacred places still for those who love and reverence Nature. The first time we went to Lee we thought of varying our walk by returning through Slade, but we somehow lost our way and found ourselves after a long journey at a parting of the road where we were in utter uncertainty which way to turn for Ilfracombe. There was no fingerpost, no men near enough to shout to, so we could only adopt Corporal Nym's philosophy—say "Things must be as they may," [3] and prove the existence of free will by making a choice without a motive. At last we came in sight of a lone farm-house, and I waited at the gate

2. Great Hangman (1080 feet), about 6 miles east of Ilfracombe. The influence of Ruskin, whose *Modern Painters*, Vol. III, GE had reviewed in the *Westminster Review*, 65 (April 1856), 625–633, is obvious in these descriptions.

3. *Henry V*, II, i, 22.

while G. went to inquire. After considerable knocking a woman put her head reluctantly out of an upper window and after some parleying conveyed the half comforting, half distracting information that we were on the right way for Ilfracombe, but were still *tu mile* away from it. It requires some desperate courage to make these interrogatory visits to lone farm-houses, for you are likely to get a prompt but not categorical answer to your questions from a great dog who protects the premises in the absence of the males.

Our next long walk was to Chambercombe—a name apparently belonging to some woods and a solitary farmhouse, for we could see nothing else except fields. G. found out this walk one day and then took me there one lovely, sunshiny day. The chief beauties of the walk began when we arrived at a gate leading into a farm yard which forms a sort of ganglion to two lanes branching from it. Close to this gate there is a spring which is a perfect miniature of some Swiss "Falls." It spreads itself like a crystal fan on successive ledges of the hedge-bank until it reaches a much broader ledge where it forms a little lake on a bed of brown pebbles; then down it goes again till it reaches the level of the road and runs along as a tiny river. What a picture this farm yard remains in my memory! The cows staring at us with formidable timidity, such as I have sometimes seen in a human being who frightens others while he is frightened himself; and the cow-man who pointed out our way to us through the next gate. Just beyond this gate there was a little widening in the lane—several gateways occurring together and here the wild verdure and flowers of the hedgerow and the roadside seemed to take the opportunity of becoming more luxuriant than usual. A few rough trunks lying against the tufts of fern and a quiet donkey made the bit perfect as a foreground, and close behind it rose a steep hill half orchard and half grass. The first time we took this walk the primroses were still abundant, but they were beginning to be eclipsed by the other flowers of the hedgerow. As we advanced along this lane chatting happily and gathering flowers we could see before us the overlapping hills covered by the Chambercombe woods. At length we came to a spot where a brook runs across the lane and a little wooden bridge is provided for foot-passengers. A rough hurdle is fixed up where the brook gushes from the field into the lane over brown stones that the water polishes into agate; against the little bridge there is a tree, and all round its roots by the side of the brook there are tufts of varied leafage. Over the bridge and through a little gate and you approach another farm yard—if it is large enough for so dignified a name. There is a small shabby house, with broken windows mended with rags, called the

Haunted House, and from the yard there suddenly rises a rough hill clothed with trees and brushwood. A great awkward puppy which came flopping after us was always an incident at this yard as we passed it. On and on, looking at the fields and woods, until we came to a shady spot which tempted us to sit down. G. smoked a cigar and we looked at the sunlight living like a spirit among the branches of the hanging woods—looked too at a caterpillar which happened to be spending its transitional life, happily knowing nothing of transitions, on the bush beside us. Then we walked on towards the wood and threaded our way under its low branches, listening to the birds and the dash and ripple of water, until we came to the water itself—a streamlet running between the hills, and winding its way among the trees while the sunlight made its way between the leaves and flashed on the braided ripples. Here and everywhere about Ilfracombe the base of the trees and the banks of the lanes are made peculiarly lovely by a delicate trefoil. As we came home again the sea stretching beyond the massive hills towards the horizon looked all the finer to us because we had been turning our backs upon it, and contemplating another sort of beauty.

Of other walks by and bye, when I have said something of our evenings, and other Ilfracombe experience. We seemed to make less of our evenings here than we have ever done elsewhere. We used often to be tired with our hunting or walking and we were reading books which did not make us take them up very eagerly—Gosse's "Rambles on the Devonshire Coast," for example; Trench's Calderon;[4] and other volumes taken up in a desultory way. One bit of reading we had there, however, which interested me deeply. It was Masson's "Life of Chatterton," which happily linked itself with the impressions I had received from the sight of the old church at Bristol. An hour of the evening light used often to slip away in attention to our animals. This helped to make our reading time scanty; and another *distraction* was an occasional visit to Mrs. and Miss Webster—a visit always made agreeable by music. I enjoyed playing to them, because G. seemed to like it as well as they.

On the 29th of May, of course, Ilfracombe set itself to work to rejoice by royal command, at the ratification of the Peace,[5] and we expected to be considerably amused by the spectacle of the Ilfracombe

4. P. H. Gosse, *A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast,* 1853 and R. C. Trench's *Life's a Dream: The Great Theatre of the World,* from the Spanish of Calderon, 1856. The latter is unfavorably noticed in the "Belles Lettres" section, *Westminster Review,* 66 (July 1856), 266.

5. Peace with Russia was proclaimed 29 April 1856; the public rejoicing was held a month later.

festivities. Pretty, bright little Mrs. Ashwell, our hostess's daughter, helped her brother to make a grand maypole of coloured streamers floating among boughs of laburnum, which was hoisted on the roof of the house, and at 4 o'clock, she told us, she was to go and help make tea which was to be given in the High Street to the working people. So at 4 o'clock, we walked to the High Street, which seemed a chaos of people and tables. Here and there tea was really going on: pretty children were seated with their mug in one hand and their piece of cake in the other, and near them we saw Mrs. Ashwell looking red hot in a primrose-coloured bonnet. Passing along the High Street we met a cavalcade mounting the hill, which, I suppose, was intended to symbolize the Allied Armies—four or five men in miscellaneous uniforms mounted on Rosinantes. After a turn or two on the Capstone we came back again to the High Street to see the festivities in a more advanced stage. The melancholy foot-races of the boys suggested the idea that they were conducted on the principle of the donkey races—the slowest boy winning. At all events at Ilfracombe "the race is not to the swift." [6] In the evening there were some feeble fire-works on the Capstone, and, what was better, bonfires on Hillsborough and the highest of the Tors. It was fine to see these bonfires flashing upwards and then gradually dying out, and made one think of the times when such fires were lighted as signals to arm—the symbol of a common cause and a common feeling.

Another bit of primitive provincial life which used to amuse us were the announcements of the Town crier. On one occasion, for example, he came to inform us, with supererogatory aspirates, that "*H*ironsides, the American Wonder" would start from the London Inn, and walk so many miles in so many minutes, carrying tremendous weights during the last mile. A graver announcement was the fact of two burglaries having been committed, and we never heard that the offenders had been discovered during our stay.

Mr. Tugwell's acquaintance was a real acquisition to us, not only because he was a companion and helper in zoological pursuits, but because to know him was to know of another sweet nature in the world. It is always good to know, if only in passing, a charming human being—it refreshes one like flowers, and woods and clear brooks. One Sunday evening we walked up to his pretty house to carry back some proofs of his, and he induced us to go in and have coffee with him. He played on his Harmonium and we chatted pleasantly. The last evening of our stay at Ilfracombe he came to see us in Mrs. Webster's drawing

6. Ecclesiastes 9:11.

room, and we had music until nearly 11 o'clock. A pleasant recollection!

We only twice took the walk beyond Watermouth towards Berry Narbor. The road lies through what are called the "Meadows," which look like a magnificent park. A stream fringed with wild flowers and willows runs along the valley, two or three yards from the side of the road. This stream is clear as crystal, and about every twenty yards it falls over a little artificial precipice of stones. The long grass was waving in all the glory of June before the mower has come to make it suffer a "love-change" from beauties into sweet odours; and the slopes on each side of us were crowned or clothed with fine trees. Little Gyp,[7] Mrs. Webster's dog, whom we had made our pet, was our companion in this walk, exciting, as usual a sensation among the sheep and lambs with his small person, and giving us strong hints to move on when we rested a little too long for his taste. The last time we went through these meadows was on our last day at Ilfracombe. Such sunlight and such deep peace on the hills and by the stream! Coming back we rested on a gate under the trees, and a blind man came up to rest also. He told us in his slow way what a fine "healthy spot" this was—yes a very healthy spot—a healthy spot. And then we went on our way and saw his face no more.

More frequently we walked only as far as Watermouth—and this was a grand walk—over the edges of tall cliffs, revealing to us one inlet after another, each differing in its shades of colour. The limit of our walk was usually somewhere near a handsome castellated house belonging to Mr. Basset, and standing near the little arm of the sea which I suppose is properly "Watermouth," so that he has two very different kinds of beauty from his windows—the sea and the bold rocks, and the charming valley of Meadows, with their rippling stream.

One more favourite walk I must record. It was along the Braunton road for a little way; then we turned up a lane which led us by the cemetery and here just where a clear brook (where is there *not* a clear brook in Devonshire?) the lane brought us to a gateway leading into a wood. And now we could either take a steep road leading up the hill among the trees until we came out where this same road formed a belt below the furze covered summit of the hill; or we could go right on along the lane that skirted the wood until we came to another gateway leading into another wood, which clothed another hill. Skirting this second wood we had a ravine below us on our right hand, and could hear the music of the brook at the bottom. The sides of this ravine were feathered with the light, graceful boughs of the ash occa-

7. Cf. Adam Bede's dog.

sionally thrown into relief by the darker oak. On and on, till we came to a turn on our left, and mounted a very steep road where the wood ceases and we had on one side a wall starred with the delicate pink flowers of a lovely rock plant and on the other some picturesque broken ground. From the breezy field at the top we had a fine view, and G. took advantage of the freedom from the criticism of neighbouring ears to have a lusty shout.

One day we carried out our project of approaching the ravine from the Braunton road, and attempting to walk along it close by the stream. Just about the spot where this ravine begins there is a cottage which seems to be a tributary to a rather important looking farm-house standing near. As we approached this cottage, we were descried by a black pig, probably of an amiable and sociable disposition. But as unfortunately our initiation in porcine physiognomy was not deep enough to allow any decisive inferences, we felt it an equivocal pleasure to perceive that piggie had made up his mind to join us in our walk without the formality of an introduction. So G. put himself in my rear and made intimations to piggie that his society was not desired, and though very slow to take a hint, he at last turned back and we entered the path by the stream among the brushwood, not without some anxiety on my part lest our self elected companion should return. Presently a grunt assured us that he was on our traces; G. resorted in vain to hishes, and, at last, instigated as he says by me, threw a stone and hit piggie on the chop. This was final. He trotted away, squealing, as fast as his legs would carry him; but my imagination had become so fully possessed with fierce pigs and the malignity of their bite, that I had no more peace of mind until we were fairly outside the gate that took us out of piggie's haunts. G's peace of mind was disturbed for another reason: he was remorseful that he had bruised the cheek of a probably affectionate beast, and the sense of this crime hung about him for several days. I satisfied my conscience by thinking of the addition to the pig's *savoir vivre* that might be expected from the blow; he would in future wait to be introduced.

I have talked of the Ilfracombe lanes without describing them, for to describe them one ought to know the names of all the lovely wild flowers that cluster on their banks. Almost every yard of these banks is a "Hunt" [8] picture—a delicious crowding of mosses and delicate trefoil, and wild strawberries, and ferns great and small. But the crowning beauty of the lanes is the springs, that gush out in little recesses by

8. The foregrounds of William Holman Hunt's paintings reflect the same desire GE felt to escape from vagueness and inaccuracy.

the side of the road—recesses glossy with liverwort and feathery with fern. Sometimes you have the spring when it has grown into a brook, either rushing down a miniature cataract by the lane side, or flowing gently, as a "braided streamlet" across your path. I never before longed so much to know the names of things as during this visit to Ilfracombe. The desire is part of the tendency that is now constantly growing in me to escape from all vagueness and inaccuracy into the daylight of distinct, vivid ideas. The mere fact of naming an object tends to give definiteness to our conception of it—we have then a sign that at once calls up in our minds the distinctive qualities which mark out for us that particular object from all others.

We ascended the Tors only twice; for a tax of 3d per head was demanded on this luxury, and we could not afford a sixpenny walk very frequently. On both occasions Mr. Webster was with us—on the second, Mr. Tugwell and Alice Webster, so that I associate the walk rather with conversation than with scenery. Yet the view from the Tors is perhaps the very finest to be had at Ilfracombe. Bay behind bay fringed with foam, and promontory behind promontory each with its peculiar shades of purple light—the sweep of the Welsh Coast faintly visible in the distance, and the endless expanse of sea flecked with ships stretching on our left.

One evening we went down to the shore through the Tunnels to see the sunset. Standing in the "Ladies' Cove" we had before us the sharp fragments of rock jutting out of the waves and standing black against the orange and crimson sky. How lovely to look into that brilliant distance and see the ship on the horizon seeming to sail away from the cold and dim world behind it right into the golden glory! I have always that sort of feeling when I look at sunset; it always seems to me that there, in the west, lies a land of light and warmth and love.

On the 26th of June it was that we said good bye to Ilfracombe and started by the steamer at 9 o'clock for Swansea, where we had to wait three hours before going on by railway to Narberth Road, on our way to Tenby. Swansea looked dismal and smelt detestably, but we had one sight there quite worth the annoyance of waiting. It was the sight of two "cockle women," who would make a fine subject for a painter. One of them was the grandest woman I ever saw—six feet high, carrying herself like a Greek Warrior, and treading the earth with unconscious majesty. They wore large woollen shawls of a rich brown, doubled lengthwise, with the end thrown back again over the left shoulder so as to fall behind in graceful folds. The grander of the two carried a great pitcher in her hand, and wore a quaint little bonnet set

upright on her head. Her face was weather beaten and wizened, but her eyes were bright and piercing and the lines of her face, with its high cheek-bones strong and characteristic. The other carried her pitcher on her head, and was also a fine old woman, but less majestic in her port than her companion. The guard at the railway told us that one of the porters had been insolent the other day to a cockle woman, and that she immediately pitched him off the platform into the road below!

Tenby, July 22. 1856.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, ILFRACOMBE, 6 JUNE 1856

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1856. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 406–407.

Runnymeade Villa | Ilfracombe | June 6. 56.

Dear Friend

I am very very sorry one of the consequences of our leaving Richmond so early was, that I missed the opportunity of seeing you, especially as such opportunities are rare. You will think I have been rather slow to tell you this but the statement is not the less true because it has been a long time coming. The fact is, when we arrived here I had not even read a great book on which I had engaged to write a long article by the beginning of this month, so that between work and zoology and bodily ailments, my time has been full to overflowing.

We are enchanted with Ilfracombe. I really think it is the loveliest sea place I ever saw, from the combination of fine rocky coast with exquisite inland scenery. But it would not do for any one who can't climb rocks and mount perpetual hills. For the peculiarity of this country is that it is all hill and no valley; you have no sooner got to the foot of one hill than you begin to mount another. But I suppose you know Ilfracombe.

You would laugh to see our room decked with yellow pie-dishes, a *footpan,* glass jars and phials, all full of zoophytes or molluscs or annelids—and still more to see the eager interest with which we rush to our 'preserves' in the morning to see if there has been any mortality among them in the night. Mr. Lewes has been devoting a great deal of time to microscopic examination since we came, and in this way, as well as from our zoological expeditions on the rocks, we seem to have gained a large influx of new ideas. The partial rest from writing he has had, and the change of air, have already done him good, and I am hoping that with two more months of this life he may even get quite rid

of that terrible singing in his ears which has never left him since the commencement of his illness two years ago.

We have made the acquaintance of a charming little zoological curate here, who is a delightful companion on expeditions and is most good-natured in lending and giving apparatus and "critturs" of all sorts. Mr. Pigott is coming here with his yacht at the end of June, and we hope then to go to Clovelly—Kingsley's Clovelly—and perhaps other places on the coast that we can't reach on foot. After this we mean to migrate to Tenby, for the sake of making acquaintance with its molluscs and medusæ, and at the beginning of August, we must return to town, as Mr. Lewes is to take the boys to Hofwyl towards the end of August.

Herbert Spencer is now gone on a yachting expedition with Mr. Pigott to Guernsey where I suppose they will make acquaintance with Victor Hugo and the rest of the French colony of emigrants[9]—pleasanter, I fancy, than making acquaintance with Victor Hugo's two volumes of "Contemplations" which the Fates have unfortunately introduced *me* to.[1]

The summer seems to have begun and I hope you are all enjoying it thoroughly. The *wind* here remains cold, but we have brilliant sunshine. This is an exquisite time for seeing the woods, before they put on their monotonous summer tint. But the lanes here, and the wild flowers, and the endless little springs and brooklets! Do you remember them?

My best love to all. Tell Sara I will send her an autograph of Mr. Helps's when I can, but he keeps two secretaries and dictates everything, so that he seldom writes any but confidential letters. His writing is very fine—rather large—firm without stiffness and flowing without sprawlingness and a great many other things without a great many other things. Mr. Lewes sends you his kind regards.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian.

9. According to Spencer, *Autobiography*, I, 482, the yacht belonged to E. F. S. Pigott's brother. They arrived at Guernsey 3 June and on the 5th dined with Hugo, to whom Pigott had a letter of introduction from Louis Blanc. Stopping at Jersey and Cherbourg, they returned to Portsmouth 10 June.

1. *Les Contemplations*, 2 vols., Brussels, 1856; GE gave nearly 2 pages to the book in the "Belles Lettres" section of the *Westminster Review*, 66 (July 1856), 262–264.

GE TO MRS. PETER ALFRED TAYLOR, ILFRACOMBE, 8 JUNE 1856

Text: Cross, I, 407–408.

I received your kind letter only yesterday, but I write a few words in answer at once, lest, as it so often happens, delay should beget delay.

It is never too late to write generous words, and although circumstances are not likely to allow of our acquiring a more intimate knowledge of each other from personal intercourse, it will always be a pleasant thought to me that you have remembered me kindly, and interpreted me nobly. You are one of the minority who know how to "use their imagination in the service of charity."

I have suffered so much from misunderstanding created by letters, even to old friends, that I never write on private personal matters, unless it be a rigorous duty or necessity to do so. Some little phrase or allusion is misinterpreted, and on this false basis a great fabric of misconception is reared, which even explanatory conversations will not remove. Life is too precious to be spent in this weaving and unweaving of false impressions, and it is better to live quietly on under some degree of misrepresentation than to attempt to remove it by the uncertain process of letter-writing.

GE TO BARBARA LEIGH SMITH, ILFRACOMBE, 13 JUNE 1856

Text: Copy lent by the Countess of Iddesleigh. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Runnymeade Villa | Ilfracombe | June 13th. 1856.

Dear Friend,

I was so glad to see your handwriting this morning and to hear how things had been going with you lately.

Alas! I fear Ilfracombe is not a favourable place for delicate people. We find the air very harsh and trying et cetera. Mr. Lewes has felt so poorly for the last week that we think of going elsewhere—probably to Tenby—as soon as affairs will allow us to move.[2]

But it is a ravishingly beautiful place. I long to be a painter when I look at the exquisite colour and form of the rocks. The fascination of the scenery and zoology here have been terribly unpropitious to my work and I have been writing with only half of my brains. There is still

2. They went to Tenby by steamer 26 June 1856. (GE Journal.)

work to be done for the next week, but after that I hope to have a thorough holiday from scribbling, and do nothing but drink in wonders and beauties on the rocky beach and along the lovely lanes.

I wish I could drink in the sight of you among other pleasant things; and perhaps if the weather will have the goodness to clear up, you can make a little expedition to Ilfracombe before we leave. I fear we shall not be able to get away until the end of June or nearly the end. I have seldom felt an air that seemed more unkind to me than this. On the most brilliant sunshiny days the wind has always been biting.

I am heartily pleased to hear of the success your pictures have, and especially of Ruskin's encouragement. What books his two last are! I think he is the finest writer living.

I shall say nothing of sorrows and renunciations, but I understand and feel what you must have to do and bear.[3] Yes—I hope we shall know each other better, and that you will know Mr. Lewes too, for he is far better worth knowing than I.

We have both been headachy—indeed ill—for the last few days. This has hindered me and is the reason why I write to you very hurriedly and imperfectly as to what I want to say.

Thank you dear friend for writing.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, TENBY, 29 JUNE 1856

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 408–410.

2 Bridge Street | Tenby | June 29. 56.

Dear Sara

Good, sweet thing for writing to me! My first impulse was to answer your letter forthwith, but on second thoughts it seemed wiser to wait until our arrival here, that you might know our address.

Yes, indeed; I do remember old Tenby days, and had set my heart on being in the very same house again.[4] We saw a ticket in the window and turned in, but alas! it had just been let. It is immensely smartened up, like the place generally, since those old times, and is proportionately less desirable for quiet people who have no flounces and do not subscribe to new churches. It looks—I mean *Tenby* looks insignificant in picturesqueness after Ilfracombe, but the two objects that drew us hither, zoology and health, will flourish none the worse for the absence

3. For Barbara Leigh Smith's love affair with John Chapman see *George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 87–92.

4. GE and Miss Hennell spent ten days at Tenby in July 1843.

of tall precipices and many tinted rocks. The air is delicious—soft but not sultry, and the sands and bathing such as are to be found nowhere else. St. Catherine's Rock with its caverns is our paradise. We go there with baskets, hammers and chisels, and jars and phials, and come home laden with spoils. Then there is Monkstone Point, where we mean to go and explore pools and crevices, and Caldy Island, where Gosse [5] tells us there are treasures to be found. Altogether, we are contented to have been driven away from Ilfracombe by the cold wind, since a new place is new experience, and Mr. Lewes has never been here before.

To me there is the additional pleasure—half melancholy—of recalling all the old impressions and comparing them with the new. I think of all dear Mr. Hennell's jokes—the delicious one about Mr. Bray's nearly committed blunder of pouring the beer instead of the cream over his tart—"Lor! how *Cara* would have caught it!", and his notion of economising by eating a double quantity of fowls "because they were so cheap." We went into the market yesterday, but the Fish-women with whom Mr. Bray was an especial favorite, are no longer there. The Fish market is moved to a subterranean place near the quay. Everywhere new houses and smarter shops—everywhere signs that we are twelve years (or more?) older than when we all landed from the Bristol Packet, feeling rather nauséabondes, and thinking the town looked rather dingy. We arrived by coach from the Narberth Road station, but we got down at the White Lion, which I recognized, with its low windows and view of the quay. How nice it would be if some packet would land you all —Mr. Bray and Cara, you and Nelly—once more! I suppose Frank [6] too is of your family, though you have not mentioned him for a long while.

I understand your wish to have as much of Rosehill as possible this year, and I am so glad that you will associate a visit from Herbert Spencer with this last summer. I suppose he is with you now.[7] If so, give him my very evil regards, and tell him that because he has not written to us, we will diligently *not* tell him a great many things he would have liked to know. We have a project of going into St. Catherine's caverns with lanterns some night when the tide is low about 11, for the sake of seeing the zoophytes preparing for their midnight revels. The Actiniæ, like other belles, put on their best faces on such occasions.

Two things we have lost by leaving Ilfracombe for which we have

5. Philip Henry Gosse (1810–88), author of *A Manual of Marine Zoology* and other scientific studies, had just published *Tenby· A Sea-Side Holiday*, 1856, which was reviewed by GHL in the *Leader*, 12 July 1856, pp. 664–665.

6. Frank Hennell lived at Rosehill till the Brays moved to Ivy Cottage in March 1857, when he went to Kenilworth. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

7. Spencer stayed at Rosehill 25 June —1 July 1856.

no compensation—the little zoological curate, Mr. Tugwell, who is really one of the best specimens of the clergyman species I have seen, and the pleasure of having Miss Barbara Smith there for a week sketching the rocks and putting our love of them into the tangible form of a picture.[8] We are looking out now for Mr. Pigott in his yacht, and his amiable face [9] will make an agreeable variety on the sands.

Write me word how you enjoy your visit to Ravensbourne,[1] and in general, bear in mind that any little scrap of your writing is welcome.

I thought "Walden" (you mean "Life in the Woods" don't you?) a charming book, from its freshness and sincerity, as well as for its bits of description.[2] It is pleasant to think that Harriet Martineau can make so much of her last days. Her energy and her habit of useful work are admirable. It was a nice picture for me, too, to think of your soothing George Combe with music.[3] Best love to all.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, TENBY, 5 JULY 1856

Text: Maggs Bros. Catalogue 337 (Whitsun 1915), item 687.

We are both pleased with Miss Martineau's article,[4] it is at once solid and interesting as most of her articles are. The only thing I regret in it is, that she has not backed her description of the Polynesian missions with a little more evidence. But it is a very valuable article, especially for the excellent spirit in which it is written and I think it quite turned the scale in favour of the Westminster against the 'National' this quarter. The scourging of Dr. W. Smith [5] justifies itself and is really a serviceable bit of literary police. . . .

8. Barbara Leigh Smith stayed at Tenby 12–16 July 1856. (GE Journal, 20 July 1856.)

9. Margaret Oliphant wrote of Pigott: "He was always interested, always kind,—a sort of atmosphere of humanity and warm feeling and sympathy about him, his little round form and round head radiating warmth and kindliness. He is the only man I have ever met, I think, from whom I never heard an unkind word of any one." (*The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant*, ed. Mrs. Harry Coghill, New York, Dodd, Mead, 1899, p. 135.)

1. The Bonham Carters' country seat near Keston, Kent.

2. See GE's account of H. D. Thoreau's *Walden* in the "Belles Lettres" section, *Westminster Review*, 65 (January 1856), 302–303.

3. Combe on his way to the Continent stayed at Rosehill 23–26 May 1856. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

4. "Christian Missions: Their Principle and Practice," *Westminster Review*, 66 (July 1856), 1–51. Most of her material about the Polynesian missions was drawn from Herman Melville's *Typee* and *Omoo*.

5. "Smith's Latin-English Dictionary," *Westminster Review*, 66 (July 1856), 80–112. In addition to gross mistakes attributable to ignorance of Latin, the reviewer

Mr. Lewes's general health seems to flourish and he looks really well; but, in spite of that, his head is rather worse than better since we left Richmond. . . . I wish you would study the diseases of literary men.[6] If their livers and capillaries were all right we should have better writing.

If you have any penchant for the article on Young[7] which I mentioned to you some time ago, I will finish it for you. I didn't think well of what I had written and so was going to give it up, but when I read it to Mr. Lewes he said he thought it would be the best article I had written. . . .

I wonder what the story called 'Compensation' is.[8] I have long wanted to fire away at the doctrine of Compensation, which I detest, considered as a theory of life.

M. E.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, TENBY, 20 JULY 1856

Text: Maggs Bros. Catalogue 314 (September–October 1913), item 2816.

I think an article on 'Silly Women's Novels'[9] might be made the vehicle of some wholesome truth as well as of some amusement. I mentioned this to Mr. Lewes last night and he thought the idea a good one.

Besides the 'Young' I have only such articles in my head as would require more reading and preparation than I am able to give them this quarter. . . .

I am going to make rather an odd request. When Harriet Martineau dies[10]—if I outlive her—and her memoirs are published, I should like to write an article upon her. I need hardly say that mine would be an admiring appreciation of her.

Marian E.

convicts Dr. William Smith of plagiarism; "full ninety-five per cent. of the book is servilely copied from" the Latin-English lexicon of the American Dr. E. A. Andrews, "insomuch that the American public may point to Smith's 'Andrews' as so many pages of answer to the charge of literary piracy." (p. 91.)

6. George M. Gould finds eyestrain the universal cause. For his discussion of GE and GHL see *Biographic Clinics,* 6 vols., Philadelphia, 1903–09, II.

7. "Worldliness and Other-Worldliness: The Poet Young," *Westminster Review,* 67 (January 1857), 1–42. Chapman "accepted my proposition to write an article on Young" 5 April 1856 and GE began it 22 April. (GE Journal.)

8. Henrietta Georgiana Marcia Lascelles, Lady Chatterton, *"Compensation." A Story of Real Life Thirty Years Ago,* 2 vols., 1856.

9. "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists," *Westminster Review,* 66 (October 1856), 442–461.

10. See 25 February [1856].

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, TENBY, 29 JULY 1856

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 412.

2 Bridge Street | Tenby | July 29. 56.

Dear Sara

Glad to hear, at last, some news of your Essay [1]—hoping to hear more and better by and bye. I didn't like to think that your labour would be thrown away except so far as it must do good to yourself by clearing up your ideas. Not that your ideas were muddy, but the last degree of clearness can only come by writing.

Mr. Chapman wrote me word that he had seen you and that you were looking "exceedingly well" which was the best augury to me that you would enjoy your visit.[2] And you do seem to have made good use of your time.

I have been so vexed that I have written twice without remembering to thank Mr. Bray for the Herald containing his sparkling description of the Fancy Ball. Give my love to him and tell him I hope it will be a long, long time before he is a "decayed gentleman" in any other than a purely metaphorical and dramatic sense.

Mr. Pigott is with us just now,[3] and we are meditating a nocturnal visit to St. Catherine's caves with him. Our visit to Tenby has been very useful zoologically, but we are not otherwise greatly in love with the place. It seems tame and vulgar after Ilfracombe.

Mr. Lewes has written a very nice paper (in my opinion) describing our "Seaside Studies," which is to appear in the August "Blackwood." [4] I don't think you see Blackwood, or it might amuse you.

Do you care about Monckton Milne's autograph? I send it you for the chance.

We are to be at 8 Park Shot, Richmond, on *August 8th.*

You see, I had nothing to say. But the penny post justifies letters with nothing in them. Love to Cara

Yours
Marian.

1. *Christianity and Infidelity*, 1857, won the prize offered by George Baillie.

2. Miss Hennell was in London 7–21 July 1856. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

3. Pigott arrived 28 July 1856; his brother's yacht came 1 August and took him away the next day. (GE Journal.)

4. The first series published in *Blackwood's*, 80 (August–October 1856), and the second series, 81 (June–October 1857), were reprinted together as *Sea-Side Studies at Ilfracombe, Tenby, the Scilly Isles, and Jersey*, 1858.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, TENBY, 6 AUGUST 1856

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 412–413.

2 Bridge Street | Tenby | August 6. 56.

Dear Friend

Thank you for your kind note—so like yourself. Such things encourage me and help me to do better. I never think what I write is good for anything till other people tell me so, and even then it always seems to me as if I should never write anything *else* worth reading.[5] Ah! how much good we may do each other by a few friendly words—and the opportunities for them are so much more frequent than for friendly deeds. We want people to feel with us, more than to act for us.

I remember well the story of your "first love," except that I can't quite recal how it was that you came to make yourself ill with eating apples. I should like to know more particularly how she struck you on coming back from her imaginary grave after an interval of thirty years or more. But you will tell me all about it when you come to see us in the Autumn—about the end of September or beginning of October, I hope; for we shall then, most likely, be tolerably free from pressing work. It seems a long, long while since we met, and I fear you have had a great deal to try and "worrit" you in the interval, though you never will confess that you have any troubles. Mr. Lewes sends his kind regards to you. He, too was very pleased with your letter, for he cares more about getting approbation for me than for himself. *He* can do very well without it.

You have seen Miss Lynn [6] again, and I dare say have heard from her that Mr. Lewes *did* answer her letters. He answered them immediately on receiving them, as he does all letters, for he is promptitude, punctuality and diligence incarnate. We were much grieved to hear of Miss Lynn's accident. I hope she has made an arrangement for living comfortably in London.[7]

Mr. Chapman writes that he is up to the ears in his medical studies and finds it difficult to give adequate attention to the Review. I tremble for the fortunes of the W[estminster] R[eview] under the formidable

5. Mr. Bray had praised her article on Riehl.

6. Eliza Lynn stayed at Rosehill 11–21 July 1856.

7. Her father the Rev. James Lynn died in 1855; his house Gad's Hill Place was sold to Dickens 14 March 1856. (Thomas Wright, *The Life of Charles Dickens* [1935], p. 239.)

rivalry of the "National." But the last number was on the whole rather better than the last number of the National.

Come and see us—do—when the golden days of Autumn are at their brightest. With love to Cara and Sara.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, 1 SEPTEMBER [1856]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | September 1.

Dear Friend

I have this minute laid down Sara's kind letter—which distresses me, however, for it tells me that she has been suffering much discomfort of body—and your postscript, which rather vexes me. I will tell you why. Last Monday Mr. Lewes started with the boys to Hofwyl, and I expect him home tomorrow or Wednesday.[8] I had counted on this space of solitary time to get an article written which I had promised to let Mr. Chapman have for his next number.[9] But lo! on Tuesday came seven large devils of toothache in place of one little devil that had been teazing me now and then, and from Tuesday till Saturday I was nothing but a frightful energumen.[10] The doctor came and said it was neuralgia, and dosed me with quinine. That didn't do so we sent for the dentist, who decided that it was simply my good-for-nothing wisdom tooth. So I was chloroformed *twice,* and at last—on Saturday evening—the tooth was got out.

I had written to Mr. Chapman begging him to let me off and get a substitute, but he cruelly wrote back that he *must* have the article. So here am I on this blessed 1st of September, with this odious article to write in a hurry and with Mr. Lewes coming home to reduce my writing time to the minimum. *That* is why I am vexed you are coming on the 6th, for we MUST see you, if everything else goes wrong. Send me word exactly when you shall be here. Love and thanks to Sara. I will write to her another day. I am not yet well, and unable to begin

8. GE and GHL left Tenby 8 August 1856, spending the night at Bath and returning to Richmond the next day. GHL started for Hofwyl with Charles and Thornton 25 August 1856 and returned Thursday, 4 September. (GE Journal.)

9. "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists," *Westminster Review,* 66 (October 1856), 442–461.

10. One possessed by an evil spirit.

my work. If it were not for the work I should be in excellent spirits at the idea of having got through this nasty business of chloroform and forceps while Mr. Lewes is away. Excuse incoherence.

Ever yours
Marian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND,
5 SEPTEMBER [1856]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Mr. Bray. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | September 5.

Dear Friend

I'm very glad you can put off your visit, for I want to enjoy it thoroughly. In a fortnight or so, we shall be more at liberty. But you must not just come and look at us and then run away again. The Park will be so lovely, and we will go on the water. My teeth are all right now, and Mr. Lewes got back quite comfortably, considering the toilsome journey he had had—eight days of railway and steampacket close together for he only staid two days at Hofwyl. He is delighted with Mr. and Mrs. Müller [11] and with Hofwyl in general—everything seems so simple and hearty and healthful.

If you happen to see Chrissey, *don't* tell her you expect to see me soon. I will tell you why when you come.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian.

I hope the cook's being mad was a figure of speech. Please to give Sara the enclosed.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[RICHMOND, 5 SEPTEMBER 1856]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Sep. or Oc. 1856. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Sara

You don't know how much I think and feel about your cough, and all the weary weakness and discomfort you have been feeling through the Spring and Summer. Those are just the troubles that people pass

11. Eduard Ludwig Gabriel Müller (1815–92), doctor of law and advocate, Headmaster of Hofwyl 1855–76. (*Dictionnaire historique et biographique de la Suisse,* 7 vols., Neuchâtel, 1921–33, v, 36.)

by so carelessly—"she is not very well," "not strong," which means generally that life is very hard work.

We have had a letter from Herbert Spencer in which he says that he very much enjoyed his visit to you and that "the people at Rosehill know thoroughly how to treat their visitors."

In default of a clergyman, can't you get some pious, sensible woman to listen to your Christianity? [12] But I should think you are hardly in any danger of misrepresentation after all your reading of orthodox writers. I shall expect your Essay with a great deal of interest, for contrary to the general, I like reading what my friends write and finding out a great deal more about them than one can ever know in any other way. We mortals have such a knack of shutting up our best selves quite away from each other, as well as our worst. Don't say you don't expect me to answer your letters. I know I often answer very stupidly and briefly, but I do not shew myself altogether ungrateful. I am just now at the end of my paper and time. By and bye I shall be able to write more.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 22 SEPTEMBER 1856

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | September 22. 56.

Dear Sara

Shouldn't you like an autograph letter of Currer Bell's? I hope to get you one by and bye, when Mrs. Gaskell returns the letters that have been sent to her.[1] Meanwhile, lest anything should prevent that, I send you some addresses which show her handwriting well enough.

How are you these fine Autumn days? Tell Mr. Bray I hope he won't allow them to pass by without paying his visit to Richmond—where we will welcome Mrs. C. Hennell or any other friend of his that he likes to bring.

We went to the theatre on Saturday—for the first time since we came from Germany, to see Dillon, the new actor, reputed to be very

12. *Christianity and Infidelity,* Miss Hennell's Baillie Prize essay.

1. About to review *Jane Eyre* in 1847, GHL wrote Charlotte Brontë to tell her the delight the book had given him. To the correspondence that ensued she contributed at least nine letters, which he lent to Mrs. Gaskell for her *Life of Charlotte Brontë,* 1857. His letters have not been found, nor have I been able to trace Miss Hennell's autograph collection.

fine in Belphegor—Lemaitre's fine part of *Paillasse.*[2] The acting is very so so, but the dramatic conception of Paillasse is one of the finest I know, and tell Mr. Bray, if he wants to see a piece that will make him cry, he must go to the Lyceum.

A curious thing happened the other day. Mr. Lewes has lately published in *Frazer,* two essays on Dwarfs and Giants, one historical, the other physiological.[3] The rule in Frazer is to put your initials to your articles unless there is a reason to the contrary, and accordingly these essays were signed G.H.L. A few days ago, came a letter from George Combe addressed to G.H.L. Esq. care of the Editor of Frazer, expressing very high admiration of the physiological essay, enquiring if the writer had published any other works on physiology, and saying that this essay seemed to him to contain much sounder views than he usually found in works on physiology. He didn't seem to have a suspicion that G.H.L. was G. H. Lewes! Mr. Lewes returned him a brief answer, telling him that his approbation was very flattering. We thought it better for him to answer the letter—but I fear Mr. Combe would be rather disappointed to find out whom he had been praising, Mr. Lewes being his favorite aversion, as a "shallow, flippant man." However, we should all of us pass very different judgments now and then, if the thing to be judged were anonymous.

By the bye, have you all done with the Baden Powell? If so, perhaps Mr. Bray will bring it up with him when he comes.

Parker is going to publish a library edition of the "Biographical Hist[ory] of Philosophy," and Mr. Lewes has just begun the task of revising and enlarging it. It is to be in one stout volume octavo.[4]

There are some scraps of news, such as I have to tell—written with the thoroughly interested view of getting some from you in return. Especially about your own health. I am glad to hear Cara's has been so

2. Charles Dillon (1819–81) opened the Lyceum as actor-manager 15 September 1856 with *Belphegor,* adapted by Charles Webb from *Paillasse,* by Adolphe Philippe Dennery and Marc Fournier. The part of Belphegor, a mountebank apparently deserted by his wife, was acted in Paris by Frederick Lemaître (1800–76); it gave a good opportunity for the pathos Dennery also drew upon in his most famous piece, *The Two Orphans,* 1875. GHL wrote in his Journal, 15 September 1856: "Sent off the *Fool's Tragedy* to Charles Dillon who wants to see if it be actable for him." 20 September 1856: "Marian and I went to Lyceum; private box; saw *Belphegor* and the new actor Charles Dillon who greatly disappointed us, in spite of some *beaux moments.*"

3. "Dwarfs and Giants," *Fraser's Magazine,* 54 (August and September 1856), 140–153, 286–293. Combe's letter, 14 September 1856, is in Mrs. Ouvry's collection.

4. The work of revision continued until 2 November 1856; first proofs were corrected 8 December; and it was published as the "Library Edition, much enlarged and thoroughly revised," by John W. Parker early in May 1857.

good lately. Give my love to her and Mr. Bray. Nelly, I should think, has forgotten me, and is growing into a tall young lady.

Ever yours
M. E.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 9 OCTOBER [1856]

MS: Coventry City Libraries. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | October 9.

Dear Sara

I think the first part of Objection II [5] in both its forms is entirely without validity. First, what do you mean by the word *uniform?* If you mean by "a uniform plan"—a plan, no one part of which defeats, or is incongruous with, another part, I do not see how this plan must necessarily exclude the coexistence of a race of creatures who are immortal with another race of creatures who are mortal. The conception of an all-wise Being does not compel us to suppose that he would endow all his creatures with the same duration of existence any more than with the same power of vision.

But if by "a uniform plan" you mean *a plan that is persisted in,* you have first to prove that the gift of immortality to man was an afterthought, before you can bring the Christian position within gunshot of your logical formula, that "a plan not uniform is not the best possible." The withholding of immortality from the brutes is not a proof that God "did not care for them," until you have shown that existence without immortality is a curse to them. In either case, however, "uniform" is a wrong word, and the clause—"should reign through all his works" seems to imply that you use the word in the sense of *congruous* or *consistent* and not *persistent.*

I think we have not the slightest *à priori* ground for supposing that an all-wise Being would not will "man to be of an essentially different nature from other creatures." The *à posteriori* argument, that he *has not* willed it, is the only firm standing-ground, but this you introduce

5. Miss Hennell sent passages from her essay *Christianity and Infidelity* for GE's criticism. As finally printed in 1857 the first part of Objection II reads: "The study of Nature also more and more makes us associate the idea of wisdom and power with uniformity of plan, producing effects infinitely varied in kind and degree by one and the same mode of operation; which is in contradiction with the notion that Divine personal intervention was necessary for man, though not required for the lower animals, with whom he is in close relationship as regards his physical constitution."

in a slight and subordinate way. I think you should keep the two species of argument *distinct.*

A priori arguments against Revelation have always seemed to me extremely weak. But I conclude that you are not speaking entirely from yourself, on the Infidel side, but are stating the argument advanced by Infidels? Is it so?

The second part of Objection II.[6] is rather confused in its first sentence. Do you mean that *Revelation* came in place of "those instinctive impulses" etc.—or that there was given to man, in place of those instinctive impulses etc. an independent, godlike power of his own. The sentence must be differently turned somehow.

I am unable to speak with any advantage on the Objections, because I don't know your plan, and what may be coming next. But it appears to me that they cannot be consistently classed as "against Revelation in general." Revelation in general is the idea of revelation abstracted from any particular system claiming to be a revelation, but your Objection III.[7] at least, is specifically against the Hebrew Revelation. You must make it clear whether you mean by the God of Revelation, a God who reveals himself, or the God supposed to be revealed in the Scriptures.

The à priori arguments against revelation in the abstract should come first, and be quite distinct from the others. Then should come the à priori arguments against the Hebrew and Christian scheme—Fall of man, confinement of Rev. to one people, etc., etc., and then the à posteriori arguments. But I am writing hurriedly, from an imperfect knowledge of your plan and an imperfect consideration of the subject.

Pray understand that I do not offer my criticism as worth more than the suggestions of a reader who may help you to guard against the cavils of other readers.

6. "But if we . . . admit . . . that God willed man to be of an essentially different nature from other creatures, still the need of a Revelation for him seems to imply some inefficiency in the act of his creation. If we suppose that man was endowed with an independent, godlike power of his own, in the place of those instinctive impulses which serve for the guidance of inferior animals, and that being thus capable of resisting God, he did actually rebel against him, so that a Revelation became necessary to restore him: then it follows that God either did not foresee or was not willing, or not able to prevent man's rebellion." (1857. p. 2.)

7. "If it was the benevolence of God which induced him to give the Revelation that was indispensable for the salvation of man: yet this benevolence is not such as would seem to befit the Father of all his creatures, when it is limited to a favoured few, as every Revelation must be in the first instance. That all mankind should be so framed as not to be able of themselves to accomplish their own well-being, and yet that the Divine aid of Revelation should be reserved only for a portion of them, seems irreconcilable with the moral attributes of Deity."

No more just now, because it is working time.

Ever thine
Pollian.

Do not hesitate to ask me about anything in which I can possibly be a criticometer.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, [18 OCTOBER 1856]

MS: Coventry City Libraries. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Saturday.

A great improvement, dear Sara, and I can't help being glad that I sent my perhaps brusque criticisms, not having time to say that "I begged leave respectfully to differ from you."

Miss Barbara Smith and her father and sisters are going to Algiers! in the hope that this extreme application of 'change' will complete Bella's recovery.[8]

Have you heard that Anna Mary Howitt,[9] alas! has become a spirit medium? There is still enough of this folly left to give a form to monomania. Better be occupied exclusively with the intestinal worms of tortoises than with that! Mr. Lewes burst into laughter the other morning, at seeing a chapter in a scientific book begin thus. "L'helmintholo-gie des tortues est très mal connue *jusqu'* à present." Shan't we be pitied by a future age that will know everything about those interesting parasites?

Ever thine
Marian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, [OCTOBER 1856]

MS: Yale. *Addressed:* Mr. Bray. *Endorsed:* 1856. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear Friend

I am so glad to see you can make use of anything I have done. And thank you for letting me know it.

8. Bella and Nanny were Barbara's sisters. According to Lady Stephen it was their elder brother Ben who took them to Algiers. (*Emily Davies and Girton College*, 1927, p. 43.) Barbara spent an hour with GE 13 October. (GE Journal.)

9. Anna Mary Howitt (1824–84), later Mrs. Alfred Alaric Watts, daughter of William and Mary Howitt, was an intimate friend and confidante of Barbara Leigh Smith For the dupes of spiritualism GE shared the contempt that GHL expressed in his articles in the *Leader*, 1 March 1856, p. 207, and 21 June 1856, p. 593.

I don't know quite the bearing of your remark on Mr. Lewes's citation of "Love your enemies" etc. but certainly to call that an axiom was a slip of the pen. Your hint about the Olympiads [1] is well worth attending to. He is doing a great deal to the Hist[ory] of Philosophy, and it will be some months before the New Edition is out. He is at this moment gone into town and could not wait to hear your letter—which he will digest with his dinner when he comes back.

Ever yours
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 5 NOVEMBER [1856]

MS: Coventry City Libraries. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | November 5.

Dear Sara

Mr. Lewes has read your passage on Design and finds a difficulty in expressing his opinion on it because he does not know the plan of your book. If you are simply expressing the view you yourself adopt, you are of course at liberty to say that "The right method of science is to discover *how* things exist and not *why*." But he reminds you that the position would be denied by the majority even of great scientific men. There is one objection, however, which applies to the whole passage whether meant as a statement for others or for yourself; namely, that you begin by denying the validity of inferences as to design, and then proceed to affirm their validity. Kant and everyone else who rejects the design argument would deny that "to say the eye was designed to see is a safe affirmation." Again, Mr. Lewes says he doesn't see the bearing of what you say about the different kinds of eyes. Perhaps if you reconsider the passage by the light of these cavils, you will be able to bring out your meaning better. I can see no flaw in the extract from the preface. It is perfectly clear.

I'm so sorry you should be teazed with the procrastinations and uncertainties of Mr. Baillie.[2] But don't let your determination to pub-

1. Mr Bray suggested that in revising his *Biographical History of Philosophy* GHL might give modern equivalents for the Greek dates, which he did.

2. George Baillie (1802–70), a member of the Faculty of Procurators at Glasgow, had offered the prize in 1854 for the best discussion of both sides of the subject of Christianity and infidelity. He was insisting that Miss Hennell arrange it with the arguments on opposite pages.

lish depend on him. Work honestly done must not be shut up in a drawer. Some good will come of it.

I was so glad to see Mr. Bray looking beamingly happy and healthy. Best love to Cara.

Yours,
Pollian.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 6 NOVEMBER [1856]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Published:* Cross, I, 417–419.

8 Park Shot | Richmond | 6 November.

My dear Sir

Did you get my last letter proposing an article on Sea Anemones? and did your "silence give consent"?

Meanwhile I trouble you with a m.s. of "Sketches of Clerical Life" [3] which was submitted to me by a friend who desired my good offices with you. It goes by this post.

I confess that before reading the m.s. I had considerable doubts of my friend's power as a writer of fiction; but after reading it those doubts were changed into very high admiration. I don't know what you will think of the story, but according to my judgement such humour, pathos, vivid presentation and nice observation have not been exhibited (in this style) since the "Vicar of Wakefield"—and in consequence of that opinion I feel quite pleased in negotiating the matter with you.

This is what I am commissioned to say to you about the proposed series. It will consist of tales and sketches illustrative of the actual life of our country clergy about a quarter of a century ago; but solely in its *human* and *not at all* in its *theological* aspect; the object being to do what has never yet been done in our Literature, for we have had abundant religious stories polemical and doctrinal, but since the "Vicar" and Miss Austen, no stories representing the clergy like any other class with the humours, sorrows, and troubles of other men. He begged me particularly to add that—as the specimen sent will sufficiently prove —the tone throughout will be sympathetic and not at all antagonistic.[4]

3. For GE's account of "How I Came to Write Fiction" see 6 December 1857. She began "Amos Barton" 23 September 1856 and finished it 5 November. (GE Journal.)

4. In "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists," *Westminster Review*, 66 (October 1856), p. 457, GE asked: "Why can we not have pictures of religious life among the industrial classes in England, as interesting as Mrs. Stowe's pictures of religious life among the negroes?"

Some of these, if not all, you may think suitable for Maga. If any are sent of which you do not approve, or which you do not think sufficiently interesting, these he will reserve for the separate republication and for this purpose he wishes to retain the copyright. Should you only print one or two he will be well satisfied; and still better if you should think well enough of the series to undertake the separate republication.

He calculates the present story will make two parts for Maga.[5] Believe me

Ever truly yours
G. H. Lewes.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 8 NOVEMBER [1856]

MS: Coventry City Libraries. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | November 8.

Dear Sara

The following is a note on the meaning of the word Islam, copied from Smith's Gibbon [6] v. VI. 222. "Islam is the verbal noun or infinitive, and Moslim, which has been corrupted into Musalman or Musulman, is the participle of the causative form of *salm,* which means immunity, peace. The signification of Islam, therefore, is, to make peace, or to obtain immunity, either by compact, or by doing homage to the stronger, acknowledging his superiority, and surrendering to him the object in dispute. It also means simply to surrender. In the Koran, it signifies in most instances to do homage to God, to acknowledge him as an absolute Lord, to the exclusion of idols. Sometimes, however, it occurs in this book in its technical meaning as the name of a religion."

Mr. Lewes *does* agree with you that "the right method of science is to learn (or rather to inquire?) *how* things exist and not *why.*"

Still, so far as my logical faculties will help me, your passage on "design" remains self-contradictory. Either you hold that it is legitimate to infer creative design from observed relations, or you do *not* hold that position. If you hold it, why do you say that "to pronounce on the final causes of things is beyond the sphere of human reason"? since every inference of creative design involves the affirmation that a final cause is discerned. If you do not hold it, why do you unnecessarily

5. *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine,* founded in 1817 by William Blackwood (1776–1834) and carried on by his sons.

6. Edward Gibbon, *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* ed. William Smith, 8 vols., 1854–55. Smith attributes the note to "Sprenger, p. 168."

use the words design, designed etc.—when they misrepresent your meaning? And what is the fitness of the terms "the eye was designed to see," if you only mean by them that there exists a certain relation between light and the eye, which issues in vision?

On the other hand, if you mean by this "affirmation" what the terms convey, namely, that there is a Being who has the same relation to the eye as a piano maker has to a piano, why do you appear to range yourself with the antagonists of Natural Theology, since you admit its fundamental principle?

According to your definition of science, there can be no true knowledge of things except in their *evolution*—their dependence on observed antecedents, yet you directly fly off from that position into an anthropomorphic assumption as to the origin of things.

Again if God "designed the eye to see," he surely designed every particular kind of eye and all its relations. How could He design any eye without designing its forms? I cannot conceive what is the bearing of your distinction between those two positions.

Mind, I am not contending against any one position in the extract. I am only stating my inability to see its logic.

Apart from all these objections I must suggest that the phrase "Design of Creation" is equivocal. It may mean "the final cause of the universe as a whole" and is more likely to suggest that idea than what I imagine you mean, namely, the final causes of things considered individually.

Herbert Spencer is coming to dine with us tomorrow, having come back from Paris weary of solitary sightseeing.[7]

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

7. On this brief visit to Paris Spencer met Comte (19 October) and delivered to him from John Chapman his share of the profits from Harriet Martineau's translation of the *Positive Philosophy*—less than £20. When Spencer told him about his nervous disorder, Comte advised him to marry. (Spencer, *Autobiography*, I, 493.)

JOHN BLACKWOOD[8] TO GHL, EDINBURGH, 12 NOVEMBER 1856

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Published:* Cross, I, 419–420.

Edinburgh | November 12 /56.

My Dear Sir

I am happy to say that I think your friend's reminiscences of Clerical Life will do. If there is any more of the series written I should like to see it, as until I saw more I could not make any decided proposition for the publication of the Tales in whole or in part in the Magazine. This first specimen Amos Barton is unquestionably very pleasant reading. Perhaps the author falls into the error of trying too much to explain the characters of his actors by descriptions instead of allowing them to evolve in the action of the story; but the descriptions are very humorous and good. The death of Milly is powerfully done and affected me much. I am not sure whether he does not spoil it a little by specifying so minutely the different children and their names.

The windup is perhaps the lamest part of the story and there too I think the defect is caused by the specifications as to the fortunes of parties of whom the reader has no previous knowledge and cannot consequently feel much interest. At first I was afraid that in the amusing reminiscences of childhood in church there was a want of some softening touch as the remembrance of a father or mother lends in after years to what was at the time considerable penance.

I hate anything of a sneer at real religious feeling as cordially as I despise anything like cant, and I should think this author is of the same way of thinking although his clergymen with one exception are not very attractive specimens of the body. The revulsion of feeling towards poor Amos is capitally drawn although the asinine stupidity of his conduct about the Countess had disposed one to kick him.

I daresay I shall have a more decided opinion as to the merits of the Story when I have looked at it again and thought over it, but in the meantime I am sure that there is a happy turn of expression throughout, also much humour and pathos. If the author is a new writer I beg to congratulate him on being worthy of the honours of print and pay. I shall be very glad to hear from you or him soon. I do

8. See Introduction.

not recollect your note proposing a short paper on the anemones but you may take the unintentional silence as consent.[9]

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

G. H. Lewes Esq.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [RICHMOND,] 15 NOVEMBER [1856]

MS: Coventry City Libraries. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Saturday | November 15.

Dear Sara

I think I see your point of view, and of course the important point is, not that I should agree with you, but that you should do your opinions no injustice in the expression of them. It was entirely with a view to that result that I wrote my last letter. *Discussion* about such opinions is quite out of the question in letters.

I am distressed that your thoughtfulness in sending me an envelope all ready has been frustrated by some mischance. This morning I can't find it anywhere. I have had a little bilious attack the last few days and so am in a feeble condition of brain and limb.

Ever thine
Pollian.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [15 NOVEMBER 1856]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 421.

8 Park Shot | Saturday.

My dear Sir

I have communicated your letter to my clerical friend, who, though somewhat discouraged by it, has taken my advice and will submit the second story to you when it is written. At present he has only written what he sent you. His avocations, he informs me, will prevent his set-

9. "New Facts and Old Fancies about Sea Anemones," *Blackwood's,* 81 (January 1857), 58–74.

ting to work for the next three weeks or so; but as soon as he is at liberty he will begin.[1]

I rate the story much higher than you appear to do from certain expressions in your note, though you too appreciate the humour and pathos and the happy turn of expression. It struck me as being fresher than any story I have read for a long while, and as exhibiting in a high degree that faculty which I find to be the rarest of all, viz. the dramatic ventriloquism. At the same time I told him that I perfectly understood your editorial caution in not accepting from an unknown hand a series on the strength of one specimen.

I have another paper sent to me by another friend—the Rev. George Tugwell—who is mentioned in Sea-Side Studies as the gentleman so honorably known to the Anemones of Devonshire, and whose recent book on Sea Anemones is much praised by the critics.[2] He is a pleasant writer and might I think be a contributor you would approve. Perhaps you read a paper of his I sent to *Frazer* a little while since on *Science at the Sea-Side?*

His present paper is "Wanderings on Exmoor." It is very slight, but agreeably written; contains some descriptions, three legends, and discursive reflections. I do not feel sufficient confidence in it to send it to you without hearing that you would like to see it. If I were an editor I think I should ask the writer to try again; and perhaps on *that* ground you might like to see it, or shall I suggest to him to try again, *propria Marte?*

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

My paper won't be ready for this number.

1. In addition to the article on Young for the *Westminster Review,* 67 (January 1857), GE wrote the sections on "History, Biography, Voyages and Travels," pp. 288–306, and "Belles Lettres," pp. 306–326, a total of nearly 80 pages.

2. *A Manual of the Sea Anemones Commonly Found on the English Coast* 1856, "contains useful information pleasantly conveyed, and coloured plates of rare excellence." (*Sea-Side Studies,* p 119.) GHL has "Usually" for "Commonly."

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GHL, EDINBURGH, 18 NOVEMBER 1856

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 421–423.

Edinburgh | November 18/56.

My Dear Sir

I was very far from intending that my letter should convey anything like disappointment to your friend. On the contrary I thought the Tale very good and intended to convey as much. But I daresay I expressed myself coolly enough. Criticism would assume a much soberer tone were critics compelled *seriously to act* whenever they expressed an opinion. Although not much given to hesitate about anything I always think twice before I put the decisive mark "In type for the Magazine" on any M.S. from a stranger. Fancy the intense annoyance (to say nothing of more serious considerations) of publishing month after month a series about which the conviction gradually forces itself on you that you have made a total blunder.

I am sorry that the author has no more written but if he cares much about a speedy appearance I have so high an opinion of this first Tale that I will waive my objections and publish it without seeing more; not, of course committing myself to go on with the other Tales of the series unless I approved of them. I am very sanguine that I will approve as in addition to the other merits of Amos I agree with you that there is great freshness of style. If you think also that it would stimulate the author to go on with the other Tales with more spirit I will publish Amos at once. He would divide into two parts. I am blocked up for December but I could start him in January.

I am glad to hear that your friend is as I supposed a Clergyman. Such a subject is best in clerical hands and some of the pleasantest and least prejudiced correspondents I have ever had are English Clergymen.

Oddly enough the paper in Fraser to which you allude was pointed out to me by a friend as being suitable in parts at least for the Magazine. I did not read it, being busy, but I shall look at it now. In the meantime I adopt your suggestion and will be happy to look at any M.S. from Mr. Tugwell other than that which you think will hardly do.

I have not read Amos Barton a second time but the impression on

my mind of the whole character, incidents, and feeling of the story i very distinct, which is an excellent sign.

always yours truly
John Blackwood

G. H. Lewes Esq.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 22 NOVEMBER [1856]

MS: Coventry City Libraries. *Hitherto unpublished.*

November 22

The portrait is very *beautiful,* dear Sara, and I think it a treasure Yet greedy thing that I am, I long for one of Cara too.

Do you know, I had never thought of <y>our birthdays! I hav such an un-anniversary-keeping mind. But you always think of thing that give opportunities for feeling and doing what is kind and pretty

Mr. Lewes is distressed that he didn't know about the birthda too, that he might have put something into my slippers this morning Ah how much I have to be happy and thankful about every fresh birth day. Life seems worth twice as much to me now as it was even las November. And the assurance of your constant love becomes mor precious as all other things become more precious when we have brighter light within to see them by.

Ever your loving, gratefu
Marian.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [22 NOVEMBER 1856]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Published:* Cross, I, 423–424.

8 Park Shot | Saturday

My dear Sir

Your letter has greatly restored the shaken confidence of my friend who is unusually sensitive, and unlike most writers is more anxiou about *excellence* than about appearing in print—as his waiting so lon before taking the venture proves. He is consequently afraid of failur though not afraid of obscurity; and by failure he would understan that which I suspect most writers would be apt to consider as succes —so high is his ambition.

I tell you this that you may understand the sort of shy, shrinking

ambitious nature you have to deal with. I tried to persuade him that you really *did* appreciate his story, but were only hesitating about committing yourself to a *series* and your last letter has proved me to have been right. Although, as he never contemplated binding you to the publication of any portion of the series to which you might object, he could not at first see your position in its true light. All is, however, clear now. He will be gratified if you publish Amos Barton in January, as it will give him ample time to get the second story ready, so as to appear when Barton is finished, should you wish it. He is anxious, however, that you should publish the general title of "Scenes of Clerical Life"—and I think you may do this with perfect safety, since it is quite clear that the writer of Amos Barton is capable of writing at least one more story suitable to Maga, and two would suffice to justify the general title.

Let me not forget to add that when I referred to "my clerical friend" I meant to designate the writer of the clerical stories, not that he was a clericus. I am not at liberty to remove the veil of anonymity —even as regards social position. Be pleased therefore to keep the whole secret—and not even mention *my* negotiation or in any way lead guessers—(should any one trouble himself with such a guess—*not* very likely) to jump from me to my friend.

I heard yesterday from an American publisher that there was some thought of reprinting "Sea-Side Studies"; but I believe I have put a spoke in *that* wheel by holding out the prospect of an enlarged and improved series. Kingsley's little book [3] seems to have had such success, that we may fairly hope, I think, to find a good public *if* we give them a good thing. What an amount of virtue in that if! Believe me

Ever faithfully yours
G. E. Lewes.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, [24 NOVEMBER 1856]

MS: Coventry City Libraries. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Monday.

Dear Sara

I feel as if I had written very selfishly in my hasty notes to you and Cara the other day—all about myself and my own feelings, and no word about what, nevertheless, I *do* care for—you and *your* feelings.

3. Charles Kingsley, *Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore,* Cambridge, 1855; 3d ed., 1856.

I have looked so much at the little portrait since it came, and have thought how far I have been from valuing enough the dear soul that looks out from it. We are so long in this life before we learn even a little of the sacredness and preciousness of the things that are given to us. *Now,* on looking back to the days we have passed together, and the conversations in which you have told me something of your thoughts or of your griefs, I feel what a poor, narrow cup I held out to receive all that, and how often I wounded when I might have helped you, if I had only had a larger and more reverent heart. The cup would be a little larger now—for after all it was not a hard porcelain cup, but one with petals that the sun has opened a little. But now we are separated, and I shall never be able to make up for my past failures. There is so little we can make up for! We repent of our errors towards one friend, and that helps us to behave better to another, but rarely to the one on whom we have learnt our lesson.

All this is scribbled hastily between washing bills and literature. It says very imperfectly what I want to say—but it relieves my mind a little.

We are very full of our own affairs both pleasant and unpleasant just now, and that helps to make my letters bare and dry.

You must read *Aurora Leigh.*[4] I wish I had seen Mrs. Browning, as you have, for I love to have a distinct human being in my mind, as the medium of great and beautiful things.

Ever Thine
Marian.

4. GE gave Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh* 4 pages in the "Belles Lettres" section of the *Westminster Review,* 67 (January 1857), 306–310, praising it with the extravagant admiration almost all her contemporaries shared. "It is difficult to point to a woman of genius who is not either too little feminine, or too exclusively so. But in this, her longest and greatest poem, Mrs. Browning has shown herself all the greater poet because she is intensely a poetess."

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, 28 NOVEMBER [1856]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | November 28.

Dear Friend

Mr. Lewes begs you will keep Baden Powell's book *in secula seculorum,* as we have just had the new edition [5] sent us. We need not trouble you to send Gall [6]—many thanks. In haste

Ever yours truly
Marian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [RICHMOND, 2 DECEMBER 1856]

MS: Yale. *Address:* Charles Bray Esq. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Wednesday.

Dear Friend

Mr. Lewes will be delighted if Sara will value Baden Powell at all as a possession. It is an ungraceful thing to ask people to accept what is obviously of no use to oneself, and we can only ask you to excuse us for it on the ground that it was not worth while for you to pack the book up and send it by railway.

Thanks for your kind wish—but though I love my friends quite as much as I profess to do—which is saying a great deal, as human nature goes—I love home better.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian.

5. Baden Powell, *The Unity of Worlds and of Nature: Three Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy; the Plurality of Worlds; and the Philosophy of Creation,* 2d ed., enlarged and revised, 1856. Lewes reviews it in the *Leader,* 27 December 1856, pp. 1242–1243, commending the revisions and quoting four paragraphs from his note on Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity,* "a work he has read with his usual candour, and praises with his usual courage."

6. F. J. Gall's *Anatomie et physiologie du système nerveux,* 1810–19, which Lewes cites frequently in the chapter on phrenology in his revised *Biographical History of Philosophy,* 1857.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 9 DECEMBER [1856]

MS: Yale. Hitherto unpublished.

Richmond | December 9.

Dear Sara

I think you will be interested to see this letter from Varnhagen as a remarkable specimen of handwriting from a man more than seventy and as the opinion of a learned Goethean on Mr. Lewes's book. It is a peep into the extra-Rosehill world, and I know you like such peeps. Send it me back again.

I also send you a bit of a letter from Mr. Pigott containing a rich story about Dickens and Scheffer—not of course to be put into *print*. You will find it all the more delicious if you remember Scheffer's style of painting—the spiritual, décharné faces he puts into his pictures.[7]

Ever yours affectionately
Marian.

Burn Mr. Pigott's letter.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 17 DECEMBER [1856]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1856. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | December 17.

Some time ago, dear Sara, you said you should like to have Mr. Helps's autograph. Here it is, together with an anticipatory Christmas greeting from Pollian, who hopes that you will have all sorts of ruddy, fireside pleasures in the pretty green drawing room at Rosehill, and after them, the pale and spiritual pleasure of publishing your Essay, which ought to come out in the "post-Christmas" publishing season. Will it not?

7. Ary Scheffer (1795–1858) painted a portrait which Dickens thought did not look like him at all. When he once excused himself to Scheffer as an indifferent subject, the painter "received the apology as strictly his due, and said with a vexed air: 'At this moment, mon cher Dickens, you look more like an energetic Dutch admiral than anything else;' for which I apologised again." (*The Letters of Charles Dickens*, ed. Walter Dexter, 3 vols., 1938, II, 241.) The portrait, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856, is now in the National Portrait Gallery, No. 315.

I am looking forward with some pleasure to having a week of quiet solitude,[8] for which I have not lost an occasional relish.

Best love to all from your affectionate

Marian.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [18 DECEMBER 1856]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | Thursday.

My dear Sir

By this post I send you the paper on Anemones, which ought to create a stir among the naturalists, if only from its novelties. Prof. Owen was greatly struck with some of my results. The paper is however graver than I could wish, especially for the reader not interested beforehand in the subject.

Let me see a proof. By the way perhaps you will send me the 'Amos Barton' proofs?

Is it to you or to Mr. Page that I am indebted for the copy of the Text Book of Geology?[9] Who ever sent it must accept my warmest thanks—a better book I never read—and so pleased was I that I scribbled a notice of it for the *Leader,* to which I still occasionally contribute, (though, as perhaps you know, I have given up editorship, or any serious participation in it for the last three years)—and hope the notice will direct many persons to it. Believe me

Yours very faithfully
G. H. Lewes.

John Blackwood Esq.

Your letter and the proofs of Barton have just come. I will give them to the author who will be extremely gratified, I know. Mrs. Blackwood's testimony is better than our's—certainly than mine, who know nothing of country parsons.

8. During GHL's annual visit to Arthur Helps at Vernon Hill, Hampshire, where he stayed 24 December 1856—7 January 1857. GE used it to write "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story," Part I.

9. David Page, *Advanced Textbook of Geology. Descriptive and Industrial,* published by Blackwood, 1856. GHL's review "An Admirable Book on Geology" appeared in the *Leader,* 13 December 1856, pp. 1192–1193.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 24 DECEMBER [1856]

MS: Coventry City Libraries. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | December 24.

Dear Sara

Magnificat anima mea! But a little pang of vexation mingles with my rejoicing namely, the very *mesquin* amount of the sum which Mr. Baillie is to hand over, after making you wait all this time. I had somehow or other got it into my head that the prize was £100. I have just been reading your letter to Mr. Lewes, and as his opinion about titles and prices is worth having, I write you word of it at once, as a contribution towards your grounds of decision. He says, by no means put *Sara,* but S. S. Hennell. He thinks that Sara would do harm. Again he objects to the word "popular," and suggests either "Exposition of the Arguments between Christianity and Inf[idelit]y" or, "Christianity and Infidelity, an exposition of the arguments on both sides." For my own part, I don't much like the latter, but I agree with Mr. Lewes in disliking Mr. Baillie's title.[1] As to price, George decidedly votes for the 5s/. and boards. He thinks a paper cover for a philosophical book a bad augury.

I'm glad you have Mr. John Sibree at hand, as a book of reference. Still more glad am I that you have read and delighted in Aurora Leigh. Such books are among the great blessings of life.

Mr. Lewes is just gone. I am thankful for him to have this little change, for his head has been worse of late, and he enjoys a visit to the pleasant hearth of Vernon Hill, more than anything else away from home. Love to Cara.

Ever your affectionate
Pollian.

1. *Prize Essay. Christianity and Infidelity: An Exposition of the Arguments on Both Sides. Arranged according to a Plan Proposed by G. Baillie, Esq.* By S. S. Hennell. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co., 25, Paternoster-Row. 1857. In the preface Baillie's advertisement (6 May 1854) is reprinted, laying down the rules of arrangement by propositions and objections. The prize was £20.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 29 DECEMBER 1856

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 425–427.

Edinburgh | December 29/56.

My Dear Sir

Along with this I send a copy of the January number of the Magazine in which you will find the first part of Amos Barton. It gives me very great pleasure to begin the number with Amos and I put him in that position because his merits will entitle him to it and also because it is a vital point to attract public attention to the *first* part of a Series, to which end being the first article of the first number of the year may contribute.

I have already expressed to our friend Mr. Lewes the very high opinion I entertain of Amos and the expectations I have formed of the Series should his successors prove equal to him, which I fully anticipate.

It is a long time since I have read anything so fresh so humorous and so touching. The style is capital, conveying so much in so few words.

Those who have seen the Tale here are chiefly members of my own family and they are all enthusiastic in praise.

You may recollect that I expressed a fear that in the affecting and highly wrought scene of poor Milly's death the attempt to individualise the children by reiterating their names weakened the effect, as the reader had not been prepared to care for them individually but simply as a group—the children of Milly and the sorrow stricken Curate. My brother[2] says no—"Do not advise the author to touch anything so exquisite"—Of course you are the best judge.

I now send proof of the conclusion of Amos in acknowledgment of which and of the first part I have the pleasure of making a cheque £52-10/—Fifty Guineas.

If the Series goes on as I anticipate there is every prospect that a republication as a separate book at some time or other will be advisable. We would look upon such republication as a joint property and would either give you a sum for your interest in it or publish on the Terms of one half of the clear profits to be divided between author and publisher, as might be most agreeable to you.

I shall be very glad to hear from you either direct or through Mr.

2. Major William Blackwood (1810–61).

Lewes, and any intelligence that the successors of Amos are taking form and substance will be very acceptable.

I shall let you know what the other contributors and the public think of Amos as far as I can gather a verdict, but in the meantime I may congratulate you on having achieved a preliminary success at all events.

very truly yours
John Blackwood.

To the Author of Amos Barton

I have made the cheque payable to Lewes so that it will require his endorsement.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, 29 DECEMBER [1856]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | December 29.

Dear Friend

No indeed—I thought no such thing, but meant simply what I said, feeling a strong dislike, as I have always felt, to accepting thanks for what are really no kindnesses at all, and in such matters I identify myself with Mr. Lewes, since there is no *meum* and *tuum* between us. But alas, alas these notes and letters are always producing false impressions.

Don't you enjoy the frost after that long time of mugginess? A happy, happy New Year to all the group that will be sitting round the breakfast table when you read this—or that *ought* to be sitting round the table, if one of them were not basely insensible to the demerits of lukewarm coffee. I will write to Sara some other day.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

Scenes of Clerical Life

1857 January 1	Part 1 of "Amos Barton" published in *Blackwood's*.
1857 February 4	Pseudonym George Eliot assumed.
1857 March 1	Part 1 of "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story" published.
1857 March 15	GE and GHL start for Scilly Isles.
1857 April 8	GE finishes "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story."
1857 May 11	GE and GHL leave Scilly for Jersey.
1857 May 26	GE writes Isaac she has a husband; the family solicitor replies.
1857 May 30	Part 1 of "Janet's Repentance" finished.
1857 June 2	*Scenes of Clerical Life* ascribed to Liggins.
1857 July 1	Part 1 of "Janet's Repentance" published.
1857 July 25	GE and GHL return to Richmond.
1857 October 9	"Janet's Repentance" finished.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [RICHMOND, JANUARY 1857]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Saturday.

Dear Friend

I was sorry you did not see Richmond on one of those lovely days that came after your first rainy and twilight visit.[1]

I think we didn't tell you that we shall go to the Scilly Isles in the middle of March, and shall probably be away from Richmond for a month or two from that time. But perhaps your visit to Richmond will not occur till our return.[2]

You needn't observe any secrecy about *articles* of mine. It is an advantage (pecuniarily) to me that I should be known as the writer of the articles in the Westminster.[3] And I am a very calculating person now—valuing approbation as representing guineas.

We shall bear in mind your indication of the passage to be read in the Philosophy of Necessity.[4]

Ever yours sincerely
M. E.

Best love to Cara.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [RICHMOND, 2 JANUARY 1857]

MS. Coventry City Libraries. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Friday.

The same to you dear Sara—a year bright as its opening day!

Groombridge and Sons—a long established house—have just published Hickson's "Time and Faith," a heterodox book.[5] Why shouldn't they publish yours? Of course you would only ask them to do it on commission. Beyond them, I have no suggestion to make, seeing that Longmans, the least discriminating of publishers, have declined.

Mr. Chapman still, I believe, manages the entire business in K. W.

1. Probably 31 October 1856, the only rainy day between 24 October and 9 November.

2. They were away 16 March—23 July 1857.

3. GE's contributions to the January 1857 number were the last she ever wrote for the *Westminster Review.*

4. GHL does not quote Bray's *The Philosophy of Necessity* in his revised *Biographical History of Philosophy,* 1857.

5. William Edward Hickson, *Time and Faith: An Enquiry into the Data of Ecclesiastical History,* 2 vols., was published 1 January 1857 by Richard Groombridge and Sons, who during the latter part of Hickson's editorship had printed and published the *Westminster Review.*

St.,[6] and has an able assistant in Mr. Birt.[7] But I know nothing of his affairs beyond the fact that his transactions with *us* are very exact and punctual—Ever dear Sara,

Your affectionate
Pollian.

GE TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, [RICHMOND, 4 JANUARY 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Endorsed:* January 1857. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 427–428, as to John Blackwood, to whose letter of 29 December 1856 it is a reply.

My dear Sir

Your letter has proved to me that the generous editor and publisher —generous both in word and in deed—who makes the author's path smooth and easy, is something more than a pleasant tradition. I am very sensitive to the merits of cheques for fifty guineas, but I am still more sensitive to that cordial appreciation which is a guarantee to me that my work was worth doing for its own sake.

If the "Scenes of Clerical Life" should be republished, I have no doubt we shall find it easy to arrange the terms. In the meantime, the most pressing business is, to make them worth republishing.

I think the particularization of the children in the deathbed scene has an important effect on the imagination. But I have removed all names from the 'Conclusion,' except those of Patty and Dickey, in whom, I hope, the reader has a personal interest.

I hope to send you the second story [8] by the beginning of February. It will lie, for the most part, among quite different scenes and persons from the last—opening in Shepperton once more, but presently moving away to a distant spot and new people, whom, I hope, you will not like less than Amos and his friends. But if any one of the succeeding stories should seem to you unsuitable to the pages of Maga, it can be reserved for publication in the future volume, without creating any difficulty.

Thanking you very warmly for the hearty acceptance you have given to my first story, I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,
The Author of Amos Barton.

W. Blackwood Esq.

6. 8 King William St.

7. Birt and Chapman witnessed the signing of GE's will. (GE Journal, 7 March 1858.)

8. Chs. 1–2 of "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story" were finished 17 January 1857. (GE Journal.)

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 26 JANUARY 1857

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | January 26. 57.

Dear Sara

We have both been wretches with disordered livers and work standing still in consequence, for the last week.[9] *That* is the reason I have not written to you before.

We shall not leave here before your book is out, I dare say, so that you need not send us the sheets, especially as we are now so busy that we could not attend to them. Should you like *me* to review it for the Leader or Mr. Lewes? He forbids me to do any reviewing now, so I never write for the Leader, and have given up for the future the Cont[emporary] Lit[erature] in the W[estminster] R[eview].[1] But your book is exceptional, and I should like to do what you wish. We are glad to hear that you have decided on the lower price. Even Trench's books, which are about the same size, are sold for 3/6.—and he is the greatest of great guns among rich book-buying people.[2]

I agree with you that Mrs. Phillipson's pamphlet [3] was beneath the dignity of the W[estminster] R[eview]. But I was annoyed at her attributing the criticism to Mr. Lewes and wished to deny for the West-

9. "Unable to work for four days from bilious headache." (GE Journal, 19–23 January 1857.)

1. Having paid GE the agreed £20 for her article on Young, Chapman wrote 15 January 1857, sending £5 more and offering £12.12 per sheet for future contributions instead of the customary £10. For his letter see *George Eliot and John Chapman,* pp. 97–98.

2. *The English Catalogue* lists a score of R. C. Trench's books, many for 2/6, several for 3/ and 3/6, but more for 5/.

3. In her "Belles Lettres" section of the *Westminster Review,* 66 (July 1856), p. 264, GE dismissed *Lonely Hours,* a volume of sentimental poems by Caroline Giffard Phillipson with two sarcastic sentences. The outraged poetess retorted with a pamphlet entitled *A Song in Prose to the Westminster Owl* in which, assuming that GHL had written the review, she lampooned him with personal allusions to his own writings, his residence in Kensington, and his varied career: "And you—Westminster Reviewer!—Bard! Dramatist!—Actor! (that is provincial actor), Biographer! Philosopher! Squire to 'Knight'! Windmill of the hundred arms—poetic Briæreus," etc. The opportunity was too tempting to pass by, and GE gave two pages of her "Belles Lettres" section in the January 1857 number (pp. 312–315) to a scathing reply. "Mrs. Phillipson has evidently mistaken our identity, and has neglected to assure herself, before firing off her stock of ammunition, that she is really aiming at the particular 'owl' whose disrespectful hootings have annoyed her. . . . We can assure her that we have never lived either in Kensington or Bayswater. . . . Our talents are by no means so versatile as those of the gentleman whom she undertakes to punish for our sins. . . . It is not fair that any one should endure even a squirt vicariously."

minster reading public in general that he has anything to do with the Contemp[orary] Lit[erature].

Herbert Spencer is settled in London again [4] and beginning to work a little—with benefit to his health, so far. He was interested to hear that you had gained the prize. I'm sure we know no one that will be tempted by Mr. Baillie's advertisement, so I return it at once.

I was going to write more, but George is equipped to walk out in the rain and carry this to the post. So Goodbye and God bless you dear Sara.

Pollian.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 30 JANUARY 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extracts published:* M. Blind, *George Eliot,* 1883, p. 96, and *William Blackwood,* II, 437–438.

Edinburgh | January 30/57.

My Dear Amos

I have the pleasure of sending to the care of our friend Mr. Lewes a copy of the February number of the Magazine containing the conclusion of the history of the poor parson. A good many people will be disappointed at finding his history so speedily wound up, but I trust that you will quickly do away with any such regrets by sending me down an assistant and successor who shall eclipse the worthy Curate of Shepperton.

The public is a very curious animal and those who are most accustomed to feel its pulse know best how difficult it is to tell what will hit the bull's eye, but I shall be much astonished if the death of Milly does not go to the hearts of all readers. It is a most touching death bed scene.

Critics are a good deal divided about the first part of Amos, but they generally are about anything of real merit. Some of my friends praise it very much; others condemn. I was rather startled by two of my familiars—about the best men going—declaring dead against Amos. They have rather modified their opinions now and I think may probably end by agreeing with me. They were the first men who had seen the Magazine after it was published and finding two such lads against me it required all the self reliance, without which an Editor would be the most miserable dog alive, to make me feel quite easy and satisfied that

4. At 7 Marlborough Gardens, St. John's Wood. He and Chapman came to dine with GE and GHL 18 January 1857. (GE Journal.)

I was right. With one of them, Colonel Hamley,[5] I do not recollect of ever differing in opinion before. He thought the Author very possibly a *man of Science* but not a practised writer. The idea of a man of Science had occurred to me before from some of the illustrations.

I forget whether I told you or Lewes that I had shown part of the M.S. to Thackeray. He was staying with me [6] and, having been out at dinner, came in about eleven o'clock when I had just finished your M.S. and was busy talking about it to Mrs. Blackwood. I said to him "Do you know I think I have lighted upon a new Author who is uncommonly like a first class passenger." I showed him a page or two, I think the passage where the Curate returns home and Milly is first introduced.[7] He would not pronounce whether it came up to my ideas but remarked afterwards that he would have liked to have read more, which I thought a good sign. The Newspapers generally have I think been very favourable, but I do not attach very much weight to what they say until they catch the general echo.

Hoping soon to hear from you with M.S. and, with remembrances to Lewes, I am

yours very truly
John Blackwood.

To the Author of Amos Barton.

GE TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, [RICHMOND,] 4 FEBRUARY 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 429–430, as to John Blackwood.

February 4. 57.

My dear Sir

Thank you for your last kind letter, fulfilling your promise to let me know something of the criticisms passed on my story. I have a very moderate respect for "opinions of the press," but the private opinions of intelligent people may be valuable to me.

In reference to artistic presentation, much adverse opinion will of

5. William George Hamley (1815–93) wrote from Plymouth 2 January 1857 that he had read the first article twice in order to give the opinion Blackwood desired; he finds great pictorial power, fertile imagination, wit, and humor "when you have dug the latter out," but the style "seems obscure and laboured," and there is too much "sniffing and dirty noses." (NLS) The other critic was W. E. Aytoun.

6. Thackeray wrote to Mrs. Elliot and Kate Perry 2 December 1856: "All the time at Edinburgh was spent at J. Blackwood's house—the most hospitable and magnificent inn I ever put up in." Ray, *Thackeray Letters,* IV, 444.

7. Ch. 2.

course arise from a dislike to the *order* of art rather than from a critical estimate of the execution. Any one who detests the Dutch school in general will hardly appreciate fairly the merits of a particular Dutch painting.[8] And against this sort of condemnation, one must steel oneself as one best can. But objections which point out to me any vice of manner or any failure in producing an intended effect will be really profitable. For example, I suppose my scientific illustrations must be a fault, since they seem to have obtruded themselves disagreeably on <some> one of my readers. But if it be a sin to be at once a man of science and a writer of fiction, I can declare my perfect innocence on that head, my scientific knowledge being as superficial as that of the most "practised writers."

I hope to send you a second story in a few days, but I am rather behind-hand this time, having been prevented from setting to work for some weeks by other business; and having, since then, been retarded by a bilious attack—surely one of the worst among the 'calamities of authors.'

I shall be glad to know if people think the better of 'Amos' from reading it to the end—and even if they think the worse, it will be better for me to know it.

Whatever may be the success of my stories, I shall be resolute in preserving my incognito, having observed that a *nom de plume* secures all the advantages without the disagreeables of reputation. Perhaps, therefore, it will be well to give you my prospective name, as a tub to throw to the whale in case of curious inquiries, and accordingly I subscribe myself, best and most sympathizing of editors,

Yours very truly,
George Eliot.

W. Blackwood Esq.

Lewes is very encouraging, and has heard good reports, but perhaps he will tell you of them, as he said he was going to write to you.

8. Cf. *Adam Bede*, ch. 17, "In Which the Story Pauses a Little," where GE defends her homely, commonplace subject by analogy with Dutch painting.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 10 FEBRUARY 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Brief extracts published: William Blackwood,* II, 439.

Edinburgh | February 10/57.

My Dear George Eliot

Each morning as the pile of letters is laid upon my groaning table I look through the heap for a packet from you. It would be a monstrous pity not to come to time with No. 2 of the series and I hope the M.S. is either on the way or will be dispatched in response to this. Do not of course hurry yourself to the detriment of the story; the perfecting of that must always be the first consideration, but it would be a serious disadvantage to baulk the public expectation now fairly raised.

I am delighted to be able to tell you that Amos seems fairly to have taken with the public. I could not explain the exact symptoms of popularity but to me they are literally unmistakeable. They reach me in different ways and an occasional objection I look upon as by no means a bad sign, showing as it does that people are thinking over and discussing the story.

Nearly all of my own immediate friends are loud in praise. The impression among them seems to be that you are new to writing fiction. They mean this as a compliment implying not rawness but that invaluable quality *freshness.*

Of all people in the world I have a letter from the excellent Albert Smith,[9] perfectly enthusiastic about Amos. He describes himself as having been more moved than he thought possible, and from his account the luminaries of the Garrick generally seem to have mingled their tears with their tumblers over the death bed of Milly. It will be great fun if you are a member of that society and hear yourself discussed. I sympathize with your desire for the incognito, although I hope to break through it erelong as far as regards myself.

In regard to scientific illustrations neither Hamley nor I meant that you used them too much. We merely alluded to a sort of precision of

9. Albert Richard Smith (1816–60), author and lecturer, wrote John Blackwood: "Nothing has delighted me so much for a long time as that story of 'Amos Barton' in the Magazine. The death of that sweet Milly made me blubber like a boy. I did not think, at forty, I had so many tears left in me; and was really glad to find, after my somewhat worn-out London life, I could still be so moved. You will be pleased to hear there is but one opinion about its excellence. Thack.'s eyes sparkled through his spectacles as he spoke of it yesterday." (*John Blackwood,* p. 43.)

expression or illustration which gave us the idea that the writer was accustomed to scientific definitions.

I rarely forget handwriting which I have once seen and your hand has all along struck me as being in some way or other familiar to me. When I got your last letter I caused a Clerk to turn up some letters 10 years old as I was forcibly reminded of the hand of Captain George Warburton [1] (a brother of Eliot) an old correspondent of mine. I found a remarkable resemblance but not identity, nor does Amos seem to me anything like what that good artillery man would or could write.

I am uncommonly anxious to see No. 2, and when I get it will not allow grass to grow at my heels until I read it and let you know what I think.

With regards to Lewes from whom I expect to hear soon I am

yours very truly,
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND
[11 FEBRUARY 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | Wednesday.

My dear Sir

By this post you will receive an instalment [2] of Eliot's new story, which I think even better than the first part of 'Amos Barton'; though in a different way. I don't know whether you will have confidence enough to begin printing before seeing the conclusion, but I advised the first instalment being sent to you in order that no break should occur in the publication of the series, if you wished it.

I intended writing to you some days ago to report what I had heard of 'Amos Barton'—it is not much but it is unanimous, and from *typical* readers, namely *foolometers* and men of intellectual eminence. I read the first part aloud one evening at Vernon Hill. The women were charmed. Helps said it was "pestilently clever," and John Major,[3] a clergyman, was very much pleased with it. Owen "does not remember

1. George Drought Warburton (1816–57) wrote a series of articles called "Evenings at Sea" for *Blackwood's*, July and November 1847, and January 1848.

2. "Sent off to Edinburgh the first two parts of 'Mr. Gilfil's Love Story' after having a delightful letter from Blackwood, impatient for more M.S." (GE Journal, 11 February 1857.)

3. John R. Major, Headmaster of the King's College School and Vicar of Wartling, Sussex.

when he has read a better story" and Mrs. Owen thinks it "very clever."

By the way turning to my own paper,[4] Owen, in spite of being controverted in it, thinks it masterly and convincing, as he told both Mrs. Owen and myself. The other evening at Carlyle's, Dr. Carlyle was speaking of Goodsir [5] as the most eminent man in Edinburgh now, in science, and added "He has been writing a very striking series of papers in Blackwood lately." I pricked up my ears; and on inquiry found he meant my papers. We laughed at this; but I thanked him for the very great compliment.

I am panting for the Scilly Isles, and every gleam of sunshine makes my uneasiness greater; but printers—rightly named diabolic—keep me proofbound inland, and I shall not be free till the end of the month; but early in March I take wing. After Scilly, I think of Guernsey and Brittany—in the two latter places I have great hopes of having the company of Eliot. And if these three places do not furnish interesting papers, so as to permit a future Book, I shall be disappointed.

Ever yours faithfully
G. H. Lewes.

I have not thanked you for Maga—a very interesting number. Before this was sent off to the post your letter to Eliot came in. I have dispatched it, knowing the extreme pleasure it will give that sensitive doubting fellow. You would never believe the work I have had to make him credit his own genius. He (very judiciously!) looks up to my critical opinion as oracular; but in spite of confidence in me he is so diffident of himself, that I had to *bully* him into acquiescence with the fact that I had discovered a genius. I cackle over my hatched chick; and so may you.

You will see that the main part of your letter is already anticipated. I think he ought, and will, break through the anonymous with you; mais patience! cela viendra! I have suggested it more than once and when I am no longer here to act as go-between he must, I think, become his own literary Agent.

4. "New Facts and Old Fancies about Sea Anemones," *Blackwood's*, 81 (January 1857), 58–74. Richard Owen's *Lectures*, 1843–46, suggest that the tentacles of polyps communicate some paralyzing influence in touching their prey. GHL produced the same apparent effect by touching insects with a needle and concluded that they were merely shamming death. (p. 64.) Modern zoology vindicates Owen.

5. John Aitken Carlyle (1801–79), brother of Thomas Carlyle. John Goodsir (1814–67), Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GHL, EDINBURGH, 13 FEBRUARY 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | February 13/57.

My Dear Lewes

Thanks for your letter, and the packet of M.S. from George Eliot. Tell him that I read it all last night and am quite delighted. It is sparkling and witty throughout and he is a perfect master in giving individuality and life to his characters.

I shall be able to write with proof the day after tomorrow. Meanwhile I shall have no fear in starting poor Gilfil before I see the conclusion of the Story. I am puzzled as to how the love part is going to be managed but I shall write of this or any other point when I send the proof.

I am very glad to hear your report of the reception of Amos, which tallies very much with my own experience. Generally contributors introducing friends' M.S.S to Editors assume the character of bores, but you are a noble and memorable exception. Are you going to confine yourself to the character of intermediaire at present. Pray let me know if any subject occurs to you. In haste

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

G. H. Lewes Esq.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [15 FEBRUARY 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | Sunday.

My dear Blackwood

It is very pleasant to have you asking if I am going to confine myself to the character of intermediare. Think yourself lucky that I do! If I were to open the floodgates of my ink bottle, Maga would have enough to do to keep her course. No; I shall trouble you with nothing till the Scilly Isles shriek for utterance. I have as much work in the revising of my History as I intend to do till I am safely coasted.

Tugwell said he was going to write a paper for you, but it has not

yet reached me. I shall not send it you unless I think it probable you will accept it. But he is a charming little gentleman, and I should be glad to bring you together if it can be done to mutual advantage.

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 16 FEBRUARY 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | February 16/57.

My Dear George Eliot

I inclose proof of the first part of Mr. Gilfil with which I am very greatly delighted. The proof fully confirms the impression made by the M.S. The first eight pages in particular are bright, lifelike, and witty as may be. Many men write well and tell a story well, but few possess the art of giving individuality to their characters so happily and easily as you in both these stories. I think Mr. Gilfil is likely to be more generally popular than Amos and I have no qualms in starting him without seeing the conclusion.

On the proof I have made some marks in regard to which I shall be very glad if you agree with me. The last marks affect <rather seriously> the plot of the story but I think my objections may be obviated without any serious alteration of the plan. It is not a pleasant picture to see a good fellow loving on when the lady's heart is *openly* devoted to a Jackanapes, and I am a little puzzled as to how you are to bring the excellent Gilfil out <unless> without making him too abjectly devoted a lover for a man of character. I think the objection would be readily met by making Caterina a little less openly devoted to Wybrow and giving a little more dignity to her character. Understand that I by no means object to her; on the contrary I think that she promises to be most interesting and I look with great anxiety for the picture of her half-broken heart turning to Gilfil. I hope she finally rejects the insufferable Wybrow—but I must not speculate upon your plot, and if I am wrong in my opinions about the demeanour of Caterina with Wybrow recollect that I write to some extent in the dark.

I have not been able to get part 2 into type yet but I read it with very great pleasure and I do not recollect of any passage that moved my critical censorship unless it might be the allusion to dirt in common

with your heroine [6] and the cool proceeding of Wybrow at the close of the part.[7]

Let me have back proof as soon as you can, and with many congratulations on your success believe me

very sincerely yours
John Blackwood.

To the Author of Clerical Scenes.

JOSEPH MUNT LANGFORD [8] TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, LONDON, 16 FEBRUARY 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

37 Paternoster Row | 16 Feb. '57.

I heard a curious thing about Amos Barton, namely that it is the actual life of a clergyman named Gwythir who at the time the incidents occurred lived at a place called, I think, Coton in one of the midland counties and who is now vicar of a small parish in Yorkshire. Indeed his daughter wrote to a lady, a friend of mine, telling her to be sure to read the story as it was their family history.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 18 FEBRUARY 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Published:* Cross, I, 431–432.

February 18th 1857.

My dear Sir

First let me thank you very heartily for your letter of the 10th. Except your own cordial appreciation, which is so much beyond a mere official acceptance, that little fact about Albert Smith has gratified me more than anything else in connection with the effect of 'Amos.' If you should happen to hear an opinion from Thackeray, good or bad, I should like to know it.

You will see that I have availed myself of your suggestions on points of language. I quite recognize the justice of your criticism

6. The end of ch. 3.

7. Wybrow kisses Caterina at the end of ch. 6.

8. See Introduction: The Blackwoods. Langford asked John Blackwood 27 January 1857, "Who wrote Amos Barton? Can you tell me? I have heard a hint that I dare not entertain and from no bad judge." (NLS.) This is a brief excerpt from a long business letter.

on the French phrases.[9] They are not in keeping with my story.

But I am unable to alter anything in relation to the delineation or development of character, as my stories always grow out of my psychological conception of the dramatis personæ. For example the behaviour of Caterina in the gallery is essential to my conception of her nature and to the development of that nature in the plot. My artistic bent is directed not at all to the presentation of eminently irreproachable characters, but to the presentation of mixed human beings in such a way as to call forth tolerant judgment, pity, and sympathy. And I cannot stir a step aside from what I *feel* to be *true* in character. If anything strikes you as untrue to human nature in my delineations, I shall be very glad if you will point it out to me, that I may reconsider the matter. But alas! inconsistencies and weaknesses are not untrue.

I hope that your doubts about the plot will be removed by the further development of the story. Meanwhile, with the warmest thanks for your encouraging letters, I remain

Yours very sincerely
George Eliot.

I hope to send the 3d Part in a few days.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GHL, EDINBURGH, 23 FEBRUARY 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extracts published: John Blackwood,* p. 38.

Edinburgh | February 23/57.

My Dear Lewes

When you go to the Scilly Islands I shall hope to hear tidings of you in the shape of M.S. You have much reason to be proud of your Literary Godchild George Eliot. My impression is that Gilfil will be even more generally popular than Amos. There are differences of opinion about Amos and probably there always may be, but there is no mistake about the general verdict being as favourable as we expected.

In his last G. Eliot expressed anxiety to hear Thackeray's opinion. From what Albert Smith said I gather that Thackeray is a warm ad-

9. Blackwood queried them in the proof, and they were deleted from the text before the 1st ed. *Scenes of Clerical Life,* MS fol. 14 (1858, I, 172; Cabinet ed., I, 141): "of his own sitting-room fire, <apparently finding a sufficient *raison d'être* in> smoking." MS fol. 34 (1858, I, 199; Cabinet ed., I, 163): "effect was assisted by <a *mouvement de terrain,* the ground gradually descending> an undulation of the ground, which gradually." MS fol. 26 (1858, I, 188; Cabinet ed., I, 154), *"finesse"* remains. (MS in the Morgan Library, New York.)

mirer, but I expect the wandering "puller down of Kings" here erelong [1] when doubtless I shall hear his opinion at full length. By the way there are occasional touches in Amos akin to Thackeray's style of humour and feeling.

The inclosed comment is from an intimate friend of mine, a remarkably clever fellow the Revd G. C. Swayne.[2] You may recollect a paper of his on respectability in the November or December number which I daresay would hit your fancy.

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

G. H. Lewes Esq.

"I forgot to speak of Amos Barton in my last to you, what a charming "tale it is!—and yet without any straining for effect or incident; it re- "minds me in its tender simplicity of the Vicar of Wakefield more than "anything I have read [in] a long time." [3]

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, [RICHMOND, 24 FEBRUARY 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Tuesday.

My dear Sir

Finding my story grow longer than I expected under my hands, I send you as much M.S. as I have ready, instead of waiting, as I had intended, until I had wrought the story up to its climax. If you feel a reluctance to print until you have seen the whole, it will do no harm for you to have read the first half a little beforehand. If, on the contrary, you have no fears about printing, I shall be glad to learn your decision as soon as possible, since that would free me from any unnecessary hurry in winding up the story, which will require at least three—possibly four—numbers of the Magazine. I mean, that the whole story will be in three or four parts. I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

J. Blackwood Esq.

1. Thackeray came to Edinburgh 27 March 1857 for his lectures on the Four Georges, staying at Young's New Royal Hotel, where a great dinner was given him 2 April. (Ray, *Thackeray Letters*, IV, 36–40.)

2. George Carless Swayne (1818–92), Senior Dean of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, contributed more than fifty articles to *Blackwood's*, November 1854—March 1868.

3. The quotation is in the hand of Blackwood's chief clerk George Simpson.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, [24 FEBRUARY 1857]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Feb. 24. 1857. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 432.

Richmond, Tuesday.

Dear Sara

The two copies of the book arrived this morning. Many loving thanks for my peculiar copy. We are delighted with the appearance and getting up of the volume—so much more imposing and dignified than Mr. Bray's intimations led us to expect.

You will at least have a candid critic in Mr. Lewes [4] who is one of that minority amongst mankind that find it impossible to say or write what they do not believe, either *for* a friend or *against* an enemy. I am the more inclined to think that I shall admire the book, because you are suspected of having given undue preponderance to the Christian argument, for I have a growing conviction that we may measure true moral and intellectual culture by the comprehension and veneration given to all forms of thought and feeling which have influenced large masses of mankind—and of all intolerance, the intolerance calling itself philosophical is the most odious to me.

We shall not be able to move until the end of the first or second week in March, when we start for the Scilly Isles to proceed from thence to Guernsey and from Guernsey to Brittany—to be away probably till after the beginning of July. Don't you envy us the sight of romantic Brittany? No you don't—you are only glad that two fellow-sinners can have the pleasure.

We saw Ira Aldridge [5] at Worthing in some scenes of Shylock, Macbeth, and Othello, and we cannot help marvelling at your admiration. He seemed to us pitiably bad. But Shakspeare moves one through the worst actor that can pronounce English.

I rejoice to hear of the prospective happiness of two such excellent people as Kate Martineau and Elinor Cash.[6] I have seen hardly any-

4. GHL's review of *Christianity and Infidelity* in the *Leader*, 28 February 1857, p. 210, shows traces of GE's friendly revision. Praising Miss Hennell's work with an enthusiasm he scarcely felt, GHL blames the book's defects upon the arrangement dictated by the donor of the prize, George Baillie.

5. Ira Frederick Aldridge (1805?–66), called "the African Roscius," in early life was Edmund Kean's valet. Born near Baltimore, Maryland, he made his London debut in *Othello* and toured the provinces. But his greatest success was on the Continent; he played for three years in Germany, where he was showered with honors.

6. Catherine, eldest daughter of Peter Martineau of Highbury Terrace, London, was married 21 April 1857 to

thing of Miss Cash, so of her I speak by faith and not by sight, but in Kate Martineau I have felt the presence of genuine good-will and feminine gentleness.

What weather! if it would but continue.[7] But

> "How sad a sight is British sunshine
> To him whose thought can pierce beyond an hour."

I shall have many thoughts of the migration you will be accomplishing at the same time that we are accomplishing ours.[8] Those thoughts can hardly be without a pang of regret, for I have not yet reconciled myself to imagining you all in the cottage, instead of in the pretty green drawing room and comfortable red dining room. But Mr. Bray's face looked so happy and sunshiny in the prospect of the change, that one feels sure he will be a great centre of content radiating cheerfulness to all the planets that around him shine.[9]

How is Cara through all the vicissitudes? My best love to her and to the radiating centre. Ever dear Sara,

Your affectionate
Marian.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 27 FEBRUARY 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | February 27/57.

Dear George Eliot

I have the pleasure of inclosing a cheque £21. in acknowledgment of the first part of Mr. Gilfil's Love Story. Having written to Lewes and you so recently I need not repeat my laudations of Mr. Gilfil.

Yesterday afternoon I read over the proof of part two which I now send to you. I am truly happy to say that it seems to me admirable. When I first read the M.S. the night was so far advanced that my eyes as I drew towards the end were beginning to get weary, and although

Edward Wansey (1810–64) of Sutton near Warminster. (*Times*, 23 April 1857, p. 1.) Eleanor, eldest daughter of Joseph Cash, Esq., of Coventry was married 12 August 1857 to Mr. Henry Stone of Banbury and Coventry. (Northampton *Herald*, 22 August 1857.)

7. The London temperature 16–24 February 1857 ranged between 50° and 56°, with clear, fair skies.

8. In March 1857 the Brays with Mrs. Hennell and Sara moved from Rosehill to Ivy Cottage. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

9. Cf. Joseph Addison's "The Spacious Firmament on High," stanza 2.

I arrived substantially at the same opinion of the merits of Part 2 as I now entertain, I do not know that I fully appreciated all the excellences and beauties of this portion of the Story. On the proof I have marked one or two trifling points for your consideration.

very truly yours
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

P.S. The cheque will require Lewes' signature.

Of your two adverse critics to whom I alluded before—Hamley adheres to his first opinion but admits that as far as he can judge the public agree with me, of which he is very glad. Aytoun,[1] the other, has not said much but I think he begins to be of opinion that I was right. One of his reasons for not liking Amos was comical enough. "Confound you, you had praised it so much before I saw it that I could not be otherwise than disappointed." There is a good deal in the feeling he alludes to, and I do not know how I was so injudicious as to raise his expectations so highly.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 1 MARCH 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 432–433.

March 1 /57.

My dear Sir

Thank you for the copy of Maga, and for the accompanying cheque. One has not many correspondents whose handwriting has such agreeable associations as yours.

I return the proof of Part 2 and send by the same post the M.S. of Part 3 which I hope you will like. The concluding Part shall follow as soon as possible.

I was particularly pleased with that extract you were so good as to send me from Mr. Swayne's letter. Dear old 'Goldie' is one of my earliest and warmest admirations and I don't desire a better fate than to lie side by side with him in people's memories.

If it will not be inconvenient to you, I shall be glad to have a proof of Part 3 in the course of the next ten days, as Lewes will be moving on

1. William Edmonstoune Aytoun (1813–65), poet, lawyer, and Professor of Rhetoric at the University of Edinburgh, lived near John Blackwood and saw him nearly every day. Since 1844 he had been on the staff of *Blackwood's*, to which he contributed many articles and poems. (See *John Blackwood*, pp. 20–22.)

the 14th or 15th, and I should like to have him cast his eyes over the proof, which it will be difficult to shoot after him until he is settled again.

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

J. Blackwood Esq.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 2 MARCH 1857

MS: Yale. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 433–434.

Richmond | March 2. 1857.

Dear Sara

I began—oddly enough, you will perhaps think—by reading through the "Answers of Infidelity," those being the most interesting part of the book to me. Some of your own passages I think very admirable,—and one of them made me cry, which is always a sign of the highest pleasure writing can give me. But in many of the extracts, I think Infidelity cuts a very poor figure. Some are feeble, some *bad,* and terribly discrepant in the tone of their thought and feeling from the passages which come fresh from your own mind.

The disadvantage arising from the perpetual shifting of the point of view, is a disadvantage, I suppose, inseparable from the plan,[2] which I cannot admire or feel to be effective, though I can imagine it may be a serviceable form of presentation to some inquirers. The *execution* I do admire. I think it shows very high and rare qualities of mind—a self-discipline and largeness of thought, which are the highest result of culture. The "Objections of Christianity," which I have also read, are

2. In his review of Sara Hennell's *Christianity and Infidelity* GHL wrote: "Mr. George Baillie, to judge from the two advertisements prefixed to this book, is a remarkably silly person, but he offered a prize for the best essay on Christianity and Infidelity, and the unexpected result has been a really noticeable book, distinguished among controversial works alike by its candour and its moral tone. According to the terms of the programme, Miss Hennell first states the objections to Christianity which have been urged by various writers, each objection being met by a counterstatement from Christian writers; and next she expounds the objections to Infidelity, which have been urged by Christian writers, each objection being met by a counterstatement from infidel writers. . . . The defect of the work is one inseparable from the programme, which the aforesaid silly person who offered the prize laid down; there was often no possibility of making the passages truly represent answers to the specific objections. The utmost that could be done was to show how each side considered each topic. Into any of the *vexata quæstiones* argued here we cannot enter." (*Leader,* 28 February 1857, p. 210.)

excellently put, and have an immense advantage over the "Answers of Inf[idelit]y" in their greater homogeneity.

The first part I have only begun, and glanced through, and at present have no other observation to make than that I think you might have brought a little more artillery to bear on Christian morality. But nothing is easier than to find fault—nothing so difficult as to *do* some real work.

Mr. Lewes did not make a 'mistake' about Isaac Taylor.[3] He read aloud to me that passage which you call 'poor,' feeling it to be very eloquent, and I agreed with him. I was afraid you would be distressed for Mr. Baillie, but you must expect people to be provoked into severity by the tone of those advertisements.

Don't let your soul be moved by newspaper criticisms. If you knew well what sort of books the Spectator praises, in those short notices, you would not care about its blame.[4] It is only as a question of sale that such notices are at all important, and even in that light, they can't stop the sale of a book that really lays hold of the readers' minds. One person who has admired and enjoyed tells another, and by and bye Athenæum, Spectator and Co. are forgotten. On the other hand, no dithyrambs of "Mr. Gigadibs" [5] can make a bad book successful.

Neither Mr. Lewes nor I can see the logicality of that passage about the eyes as an argument against design. Herbert Spencer is coming to dine with us to-day, and I shall ask him to use his spectacles to it. But since we are not absolute blockheads, I think there must be an imperfection in the statement.

This note is scribbled under difficulties of head, and George is shaking the table with wrapping up parcels,[6] so that I had better leave off before I reach the climax of utter unintelligibility.

3. "This admirable extract leads us to remark on the general vigour with which Miss Hennell's expositions are written; indeed, except when she is quoting some splendid passage from Isaac Taylor, or some clear direct passage from Archbishop Whately, we greatly prefer her own exposition to the patchwork of extracts, which her desire for perfect fairness has made necessary." (*Ibid.*)

4. The *Spectator*, 28 February 1857, pp. 242–243, refers superciliously to the book as not more than a handbook and to the author as Mr. S. S. Hennell.

5. "The literary man" in "Bishop Blougram's Apology," published in Robert Browning's *Men and Women*, 1855. GE's comment on "the way in which Blougrams's motives are dug up from below the roots, and laid bare to the very last fibre, not by a process of hostile exposure, not by invective or sarcasm, but by making himself exhibit them with a self-complacent sense of supreme acuteness, and even with a crushing force of worldly common sense" describes her own method as a novelist. See *Westminster Review*, 65 (January 1856), 290–296.

6. Probably Part III of "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story," finished 28 February 1857. (GE Journal.)

We never see *proofs* of the 'Leader,' so you must not be surprized at false concords in Latin,[7] or any other exquisite infelicity.

Ever thine
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, [5 MARCH 1857]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* March 5. 1857. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 434–435.

Richmond | Thursday.

Dear Sara

I think I wrote very brusquely and disagreeably to you the other day, but the impertinence was altogether in the form and not at all in the feeling. I always have uncomfortable sensations after writing objections and criticisms when they relate to things I substantially admire. It is inflicting a hurt on my own veneration.

I showed the passage on the eye, p. 157, to H. Spencer, and he agrees with us that you have not stated your idea so as to render it a logical argument against design. You appear to imply that development and gradation in organs and functions are opposed to that conception, which they are not. I mention this because, in a second edition,[1] you may see the desirability of altering or expanding the statement.

I had written thus far when your letter came. Please to thank Mr. Bray on my behalf for acting as a steward of my forgotten property. I am very much obliged to him for disposing of it to such advantage.

As to your passage on "design," I suppose you are aware that we all three hold the conception of creative design to be untenable—we only think you have not made out a good case against it. Mr. Spencer read with interest and admiration your excellent passage quoted in the Leader.

Thank you for sending me some news of Harriet Martineau. I have often said lately, "I wonder how she is." I have a wretched headache, so no more at present from

Your affectionate
Pollian.

7. e.g., *"vexata quæstiones."*

1. The book was never republished.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [7 MARCH 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Saturday.

My dear Blackwood

Eliot and I think that considering the possibilities and dangers of checcques flying about, in search of rightful owners, and considering that I have to back his checques with my valuable signature, it would be advisable—editore volente—to have parts II and III shielded from such possibilities by your sending the checque with the proof of part III. If you see any objection to this, or can suggest any better plan let us hear it. I'm off on Saturday morning 15th.[2]

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [9 MARCH 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | Monday.

My dear Blackwood

By this post you will receive the third part of Eliot's story. It improves greatly, I think, as it goes on. The interest of the story becomes exciting; and the subtle truth in delineation of complex motives is better than anything he has yet done in that way.

I can't leave this till the 13th or 14th. Printers and publishers are as you know remorseless. The German publisher of the "Life of Goethe" has written for 'additions and corrections' for a second edition of the I volume of the translation [3]—a second edition called for before the second volume appears!—and so I have to rake up that matter and read the books which have appeared during the last year.

Pleasant as second editions are, it is not pleasant to have to return to one's work, which one had fancied dismissed for ever. I don't envy you

2. Saturday was 14 March 1857.

3. Franz Duncker published *Goethe's Leben und Schriften,* 2 vols., Berlin, 1857, tr. Julius Frese, who later did *Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss,* and *Silas Marner.*

the having to read M.S.S first and *then* the proofs a little while afterwards.

I haven't looked at Maga yet. Thank you for sending it.

Ever yours truly
G. H. Lewes.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GHL, EDINBURGH, 11 MARCH 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | March 11/57.

My Dear Lewes

I have the pleasure of inclosing a cheque £45 in acknowledgment of Parts 2 and 3 of Mr. Gilfil, which hand to the mysterious George Eliot with this note.

I have read over the proof of Pt. III this morning and am deeply moved by the picture of poor Caterina's misery. The painting is so vivid that one sees as it were the woe begone little face, and anyone who has known sorrow will sympathise with her heart and soul in the hopeless wretchedness of her solitary chamber. The air of reality in the whole picture is wonderful.

I have grave doubts about the dagger,[4] beautifully as the impossibility of her using it is indicated. I daresay George Eliot will kick furiously at the base idea of altering a syllable at this point, but I am pretty sure that his dear little heroine would be more sure of universal sympathy if she only dreamed or felt as if she could stab the cur to the heart and I think it would be more consistent with her character than the active step of getting hold of the lethal weapon. I may be wrong however and I daresay many will prefer the *dadger*. I am puzzled as to whether Capt. Wybrow is dead or not. It is a fine climax to a part.

Wishing you a pleasant expedition and with compliments to George Eliot, I am

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

G. H. Lewes Esq.

By all means let the incognito be kept. Shall I say to anxious inquirers that the Scenes are by one George Eliot of whom I know nothing?

4. Caterina takes a dagger from the collection of armor in the gallery at Cheverel Manor, intending to stab Captain Wybrow, but when she reaches the rendezvous she finds him lying motionless on the ground. Ch. 13.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, [12 MARCH 1857]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* March 12. 1857. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | Thursday.

Dear Sara

We set out on our journey next Monday, and hope to reach the Scilly Isles on the following Wednesday. Our address will be | St. Mary's, | Scilly Isles. | We have a congestion of things to be done and thought of before our departure, so you will understand that I am not able to discuss such high matters as 'design,' even if I were wise enough.

My love and best wishes attend you all in your new home!

Your loving
Marian.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, [RICHMOND], 14 MARCH 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 435–436.

March 14. 1857.

My dear Sir

The cheque and the proof have reached me and I am much obliged by your ready attention in both matters.

I am glad you retain a doubt in favour of the 'dadger,' and wish I could convert you to entire approval, for I am much more satisfied when your feeling is thoroughly with me. But it would be the death of my story to substitute a dream for the real scene. Dreams usually play an important part in fiction, but rarely, I think, in actual life.

So many of us have reason to know that criminal impulses may be felt by a nature which is nevertheless guarded by its entire constitution from the commission of crime, that I can't help hoping my Caterina will not forfeit the sympathy of all my readers.

The answer you propose to give to curious inquirers is the best possible. For several reasons I am very anxious to retain my incognito for some time to come, and to an author not already famous, anonymity is the highest *prestige*. Besides, if George Eliot turns out a dull dog and an ineffective writer—a mere flash in the pan—I, for one, am deter-

mined to cut him on the first intimation of that disagreeable fact.

The Fates have willed that this shall be a very melancholy story, and I am longing to be a little merrier again. Ever, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly (incognito apart)
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

GHL JOURNAL, 15–18 MARCH 1857

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Sunday 15th. Started at 9 in the evening from Richmond on our zoological expedition. Slept at the Great Western Hotel, where we were very comfortable and the next morning started at 10 for Plymouth by Express. Arrived at ½ past 5. *The Globe Hotel.*—Went out for a ramble while a chop tea was being prepared. Got to the Hoe and had a view of the sea and Mount Edgecombe. After tea Marian read *Cranford* aloud.

Tuesday 17th. After breakfast rambled about the town and bought a basket. At ½ past 10 started outside the coach for Truro. A Scotch sailor and a stout benevolent traveller interested us much; also a vulgar pretentious surgeon who laid down the law on physiology in an amusing manner, I drawing him out by feigned ignorance; also a young girl, a peasant, with unabashed hearty manners and pretty Devonshire face. The drive to Bodmin very pretty. Between Bodmin and St. Austel the drive was wild and drear, but interesting from its mining traces and the porcelain clay works. One of the passengers explained the method of extracting and preparing the clay, and from our seats we could follow all the principal episodes. Reached Truro at 6 and at ½ past per Rail to Penzance reaching it at 8. *The Union Hotel.* After a chop tea we retired much fatigued to bed.

Wednesday 18th. When the Boots called us this morning and announced that it was raining hard, and the wind was due west, we resolved not to cross, but to wait a few days at Penzance. After breakfast the rain still pouring Marian read *Cranford* aloud. We then went in search of lodgings, and by a strange infatuation fixed upon No. 1 Marine Parade, and repented thereof when too late. Nautical lodgings with cases of stuffed birds, a 'sailor's departure' and a 'sailor's return' ornamenting one side of the wall; a portrait of the late husband, proprietor of the Brig Triton (which was correctly misrepresented entering the harbour of Marseilles) graced the other side: a genuine lodging house

portrait by a Bad Master, representing a blackhaired mariner on a mahogany background, with general uniformity of complexion and no expression. Silhouettes in black of son and daughter. Everything rickety in the house. Bedpole fell as I drew aside the curtain. Teapot with wobbley top; fender without rests; chairs with yielding backs etc. We resolved to stay no longer than was absolutely necessary. As it continued raining all day we stayed in. I wrote some letters and read *Draper's Physiology*. In the evening Marian continued *Cranford*.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, PENZANCE, 24 MARCH [1857]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1857. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Penzance | Tuesday, March 24.

Dear Sara

I can't help being a little glad at your anxiety—it shows you care about me. We are still at Penzance you see, and have not yet trusted the Atlantic with our crazy bodies. The boat only goes to Scilly twice a week—Wednesdays and Saturdays—and last Wednesday we were both so knocked up by our journey, that we dare not incur the extra seasickness threatened by the delays of an obstinate west wind. So we took lodgings, praying for a better wind on Saturday. But on Saturday it blew a hurricane, and now our hopes, or rather our fears, all turn on to-morrow. The weather has been just what we wanted every day except those on which the packet has sailed.[5] It is clear we are important persons, the state of the wind having evidently a relation to our movements.

But we make the best of a bad business, and are so much stronger than we were last week, that only the very worst weather will prevent our crossing to-morrow. In the meantime, we explore the charming walks round Penzance, and learn by heart all the hedgerow beauties of March in this country.[6]

Our letters, sent to the Scilly Isles, have only come back to us here,

5. Heavy gales and rain prevented their sailing 21 March. They began Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*. They were weatherbound at Penzance until 26 March. (GE Journal.)

6. "I noticed the bright red tips of the trees which were most abundant in the hedge-rows, and we learned from a Cornish man, in his Sunday clothes, whose appearance promised us 'good civility' that these trees were the 'Cornish elm'; . . . clear running brooks everywhere; road-side carpeted with the heart-shaped leaves of the celandine, the golden flowers peeping up here and there." (GE Journal, 22–23 March 1857.)

this morning. I hope you have not been wondering much that yours was not answered earlier. The Ariadne is a capital yacht, warranted not to be a wreck, so don't be in any fear about us. But I will let you know of our arrival as soon as possible. Ever, with love to all,

Your affectionate
Marian.

GHL JOURNAL, 26 MARCH 1857

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Thursday 26th. At six this morning the man came to call us to say the packet was out of harbour and awaiting us. Hurriedly dressing and without time for breakfast away we went. Glorious morning. The sun red in the east; the sea calm. On getting on board the Yacht *Ariadne,* which is the packet boat, we found no tea or anything possible for breakfast, so we munched our biscuits and made the best of it. Presently the rain came on, and we descended to our cabin and got into our berths. Only ourselves as passengers. The swell and roll of the Atlantic soon produced a terrible commotion, and we lay sick, at times semi-delirious, icy cold, and with pain in the intestines of a very unpleasant kind. Nevertheless between intervals—when lucid—I mentally wrote passages in my contemplated article for *Blackwood,* and reproached myself for the cowardly twinges of remorse extorted by suffering. At length about 1 o'clock we got into the Sound. The sun was shining brightly and the aspect of the Scilly Isles surpassed all my expectations. We got on shore and took lodgings at the post office—14/- a week with 1/6 for fire. Rooms large but low, and comfortably clean. After tea and toast which greatly restored us, we went out and rambled over the Fortification Hill. The weather was beautiful and the prospect full of promise. The place seemed to be the very place we wanted. Unpacked our boxes and arranged books. Then took another ramble. Went early to bed.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, ST. MARY'S, 27 MARCH 1857

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

St. Mary's | Scilly Isles | March 27. 57.

Dear Sara

At last! After waiting all Wednesday with our things packed up, we were called at 6 yesterday morning, and went on board by the early sunlight, beautiful to see. I represent what followed by x x x x x x

according to the approved method, and recommence my narrative at 1 o'clock p.m. when we landed under a bright midday sun—the sea, blue as the Mediterranean, plashing quietly among little violet-coloured islands. St. Mary's is the largest of them—just like what one fancies Ithaca. We expect at every turn to meet a priggish young Telemachus, only there is little chance of our "lifting up our hands to the richly prepared meal."[7] However, we have every comfort—roomy, well furnished lodgings, a quiet accommodating landlady, who is moreover mistress of the Postoffice, and every prospect of finding what we came for—zoophytes and molluscs and annelids—for there are all sorts of coast, boulders and sands and creeks. The weather is delicious, and we are going out presently on our first expedition, armed with chisels and baskets. We enjoy the prospect of quiet work here immensely, and are not likely to move for the next month or five weeks. Send me a letter full of gossip—all about family and house matters—a picture of you all in the new home. I suppose you are in it by this time.

George is hurrying me to have done and get ready to go out, so no more to-day—but another day, when we are quite experienced in Scilly life.

Ever your loving
Marian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, ST. MARY'S, 5 APRIL [1857]

MS· Yale. *Endorsed:* 1857. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 449–451.

St. Mary's | Scilly Isles | April 5.

Dear Cara

It was very good and pretty of you and Sara to write to me from the midst of your semi-organized chaos. The smallest details written in the hastiest way that will enable me to imagine you as you are, are just what I want—indeed, all I care about in correspondence. I shall try to do as you do now, and concentrate my affections on the cottage side of the wall, but alas! it is hard to be contented that the windows and the lawn and the garden walks that once knew you should know you no more. When I saw the little celandine, with its heart-shaped leaves, carpeting the lane-sides round Penzance, I thought of the luxuriance with which it used to grow—and probably grows now—under the trees near the garden gate at Rosehill.

7. Cf. *Odyssey*, I, 149, etc.

I can't think of Mr. Bray's flaring gaslight at his elbow without feeling a little bilious, so I confine myself as much as possible to the vague conception that he has certain new comforts which reconcile him to the new home. You seem to say that Sara's present room is not her old one,[8] <looking> and I am rather at a loss to imagine how she has stowed herself.

We are more and more in love with these little islands. There is not a tree to be seen, but there are grand granite piles on the coast such as I never saw before, and furze covered hills with larks soaring and singing above them, and zoological wonders on the shore to fill our bottles and our souls at once. Mr. Lewes seems already to have recovered the ground he had lost in health during our last few months at Richmond, and by and bye I hope I shall flourish too, but for some time I have been unusually weak and knock-up-able. Our landlady [1] is an excellent woman, but, like almost all peculiarly domestic women, has not more than rudimentary ideas of cooking, and in an island where you can get nothing but beef, except by sending to Penzance, that supreme science has its maximum value. She seems to think eating a purely arbitrary procedure —an abnormal function of mad people who come to Scilly, and if we ask her what the people live on here is quite at a loss to tell us, apparently thinking the question relates to the abstruser portion of Natural History. But I insist, and give her a culinary lecture every morning, and we do in the end get fed.[2] Altogether, our life here is so far better than the golden age that we work as well [as] play.

That is the happy side of things. But there is a very sad one to me, which I shall not dwell upon—only tell you of. More than a week ago, I received the news that poor Chrissey had lost one of her pretty little girls of fever, that the other little one—they were the only two she had at home with her—was also dangerously ill, and Chrissey herself and her servant apparently attacked by typhus too.[3] The distressing part of [it is] our being here, away so far out of reach of post and out of possibility of my going to her! The thought of her in this state is a perpetual shadow to me in the sunshine. Best love to all. Ever, dear Cara,

Your affectionate
Marian.

8. When she and Mrs. Hennell lived at Ivy Cottage 1851–54.

1. Mrs. Scadden.

2. The day after their arrival GHL wrote in his Journal: "Up at 7. After breakfast I went out to seek for some Harvey sauce—but no such luxury the place affords; asked Capt. Tregarthen to get me some from Penzance. Bought cheese and pickles." (27 March 1857.)

3. Frances Clarke (baptized 28 July 1849) died 26 March 1857. Catherine (baptized 21 August 1851) and the others recovered. (Meriden Parish Register.)

GHL TO MRS. ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL, ST. MARY'S, 15 APRIL 1857

MS: The John Rylands Library. *Envelope:* Mrs. Gaskell | Care of Mess. Smith Elder and Co. | Cornhill | London. *Endorsed:* <Several letters relating to the C.B. Life.> Geo. Henry Lewes. 61. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Scilly Isles | 15 April 1857.

Dear Mrs. Gaskell

I have just finished your "Life of Charlotte Bronte" [4]—which has afforded exquisite delight to my evenings on this remote patch of rock, round which the Atlantic roars, and dashes like a troop of lions, making a solitude almost equal to Haworth moors—quite equal, as far as any society I get here. If I had any public means of expressing my high sense of the skill, delicacy and artistic power of your Biography, I should not trouble you with this note. But it is a law of the literary organization that it must relieve itself in expression, and I discharge my emotion through the penny post; at least, such of it as was not discharged in wet eyes and swelling heart, as chapter after chapter was read.

The book will, I think, create a deep and permanent impression; for it not only presents a vivid picture of a life noble and sad, full of encouragement and healthy teaching, a lesson in duty and selfreliance; it also, thanks to its artistic power, makes us familiar inmates of an interior so strange, so original in its individual elements and so picturesque in its externals—it paints for us at once the psychological drama and the scenic accessories with so much vividness—that fiction has nothing more wild, touching, and heart-strengthening to place above it.

The early part is a triumph for you; the rest a monument for your friend. One learns to love Charlotte, and deeply to respect her. Emily has a singular fascination for me—probably because I have a passion for lions and savage animals, and she was une bête fauve in power, splendour, and wildness. What an episode that death of hers! and how touching is Charlotte's search for the bit of heather which the glazed eyes could not recognize at last! [5] And what a bit of the true religion of home is the whole biography!

I have nothing but thanks for the way you have managed my slight episode.[6] There is however one thing I could have wished,—and per-

4. GE read it aloud 9–15 April 1857. (GHL Journal.)

5. 1st ed., 2 vols., 1857, II, 67. In later eds., end of ch. 16.

6. See Franklin Gary, "Charlotte Brontë and George Henry Lewes," *PMLA*, 51 (June 1936), 518–542. An additional letter from her 23 November

haps in a second edition, if your own judgement goes that way, you might insert a phrase respecting the 'Edinburgh' article, intimating that it is *not* a disrespectful article to women, although maintaining that in the *highest* efforts of intellect women have not equalled men.[7] Lord Jeffrey [8] tampered with the article, as usual, and inserted some to me offensive sentences, but the main argument—as far as I recollect it—is complimentary to women, not disrespectful. As far as appears in this book I seem to have written an offensive article, not only one offensive on the personal ground but on the general ground. *Is* this so? And if not, would not a word from you intimate as much?

I am ashamed to trouble you with so small a matter; but as I did not object to Currer Bell's uncomplimentary passages appearing, you will not, I hope, think me oversensitive in wishing not to be misrepresented on a subject which I feel to be momentous. Believe me My dear Mrs. Gaskell

Ever truly yours,
G. H. Lewes.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, ST. MARY'S

[16 APRIL 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

St. Mary's | Scilly | Thursday.

My dear Blackwood

By this post I forward the last part of Eliot's story,[9] as he requests. The Magazines sent to Richmond are on their way here and Eliot must wait for his with what patience he may.

By next post, which will be Monday, I shall send you a paper,[1] rather more amusing than the last I hope. I should have sent it by this

1850 is published in *Letters from George Eliot to Elma Stuart 1872–1880,* ed. Roland Stuart, 1909, pp. 173–175.

7. Referring to GHL's article "Currer Bell's 'Shirley,'" *Edinburgh Review,* 91 (January 1850), 153–173, Mrs. Gaskell wrote that "Miss Bronte was especially anxious to be criticised as a writer, without relation to her sex as a woman. Whether right or wrong, her feeling was strong on this point. Now in this review of 'Shirley,' the . . . fact of the author's sex is never forgotten." (II, 117; in later eds, ch. 19.) In later eds Mrs. Gaskell added: "Now, although this review of 'Shirley' is not disrespectful towards women, yet the . . . fact" etc.

8. Francis, Lord Jeffrey (1773–1850), one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review.*

9. "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story," Part IV, was finished 8 April. (GE Journal.)

1. "New Seaside Studies, No. 1. The Scilly Isles," *Blackwood's,* 81 (June 1857), 669–685.

post, but am waiting to complete a set of experiments on the digestive powers of the Anemones.

I continue charmed with this place: its entire solitude is delightful. We are looked on as strange animals by the natives; but everyone is very obliging.

Ever yours faithfully
G. H. Lewes.

GE TO ISAAC PEARSON EVANS, ST. MARY'S, 16 APRIL [1857]

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Address:* I. P. Evans, Esqre | Griffe [2] | near Nuneaton | Warwickshire. *Postmarks:* SCILLY | AP 16 | 1857; PENZANCE | AP 18 | 1857. NUNEATON | AP 20 | 1857. *Published:* Cross, I, 442–443.

St. Mary's | Scilly Isles | April 16.

My dear Brother

I have been looking anxiously for some further tidings of Chrissey since your last letter which told me that she and Kate were better, though not out of danger. I try to hope that no news is good news, but if you do not think it troublesome to write, I shall be thankful to have that hope changed into certainty.

Meanwhile to save multiplying letters, which I know you are not fond of, I mention now what will take no harm from being mentioned rather prematurely. I should like Chrissey to have £15 of my next half-year's income due at the beginning of June, to spend in taking a change of air as soon as she is able to do so; and perhaps if it were desirable for her to leave before the money has been paid in, you would be so kind as to advance it for a few weeks. I am writing of course in ignorance of her actual state, but I should think it must be good for her, as soon as she is able to move, to leave that fever-infected place for a time with Katy, and I know the money must have gone very fast in recent expenses. I only suggest the change of air as the thing that I should think best for Chrissey, but in any case I should like her to have the money to do what she pleases with it.[3] If she is well enough, please give her the enclosed note, in which I have suggested to her what I have just written to you.

2. Griff is the more usual form. The name was occasionally spelled Griffe in GE's early letters; Kelly's *Post Office Directory of Birmingham, Warwickshire, and Part of Staffordshire,* 1845, spells it so, pp. 640, 718, etc.

3. See [6 January 1859].

I was much obliged to you for your last letter, and shall be still more so, if you will write me word of Chrissey's present condition. Hoping you are all well at your own home, I am ever

Your affectionate sister,
Marian Evans.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, ST. MARY'S, 16 APRIL [1857]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1857. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 441–442.

St. Mary's, Scilly | April 16.

Dear Sara

I was particularly pleased with that notice in the Athenæum.[4] It is quite a white crow for their short reviews rarely give any idea of the character of a book, and moreover I feared, from their usual avoidance of theology, that they might not mention yours at all. But it was really a just and sensible account of the matter in hand, which is precisely the rarest thing to be met with in newspaper reviews. Better than all newspaper notice is what Harriet Martineau tells you about her nephew. Let that impression be made on four or five readers who live in the world, and the edition will soon be sold; which is a shorthand way of saying that you will have influenced many minds and achieved your greatest object in writing.

Looking back on your unanswered letter about "Design," I do not feel impelled to write anything on the subject. My remark on the paragraph in your book had a purely practical object—that of calling attention to an obscurity arising, if not from the stupidity of the reasons, probably from an excessive curtness of exposition which you might remedy. I shudder at entering on such great subjects in letters;—my idle brain wants lashing to work, like a negro, and will do nothing under a slighter stimulus.

You were quite right in your divination. Mr. Lewes does nothing for the Leader now he is away, and it is not a little relief to see no quarterlies and heaps of magazines insisting on being read in a hurry. Mr. Chapman has sent us the Westminster, but we have lent it to a rubicund surgeon [5] here, who has not yet returned it, and so are still in the dark

4. A brief but favorable paragraph on *Christianity and Infidelity*, 4 April 1857, pp. 436–437: "We have not met with a better manual for the use of religious students."

5. John Grenfell Moyle.

on the "Law of Progress." [6] The number looks rather heavy, but there are at least two articles which can hardly fail to be valuable—the German Theology, by Wilson,[7] and the "Law of Progress."

We are enjoying a retrogression to old-fashioned reading:—George buries himself in big physiological books, German French and English, with broad pages spreading like a prairie, unbroken by paragraph or quotation; I rush on the slightest pretext to Sophocles and am as excited about blind old Œdipus as any young lady can be about the latest hero with magnificent eyes.[8]

But there is *one* new book we have been enjoying—and so, I hope, have you. The "Life of Charlotte Bronte"! Deeply affecting throughout:—in the early part romantic, poetic as one of her own novels; in the later years tragic, especially to those who know what sickness is. Mrs. Gaskell has done her work admirably, both in the industry and care with which she has gathered and selected her material, and in the feeling with which she has presented it. There is one exception, however, which I regret very much. She sets down Branwell's conduct entirely to remorse, and the falseness of that position weakens the effect of her philippics against the woman who hurried on his utter fall.[9] Remorse may make sad work with a man, but it would not make such a life as

6. "Progress: Its Law and Cause," *Westminster Review*, 67 (April 1857), 445–485, by Herbert Spencer, contained the germ of his whole *Synthetic Philosophy*. "Endless facts go to show that every kind of progress is from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous; and that it is so because each change is followed by many changes." (p. 484.) His doctrine of the Unknowable is outlined at the end of this article.

7. "The Present State of Theology in Germany," pp. 327–363, by the Rev. Henry Bristow Wilson (1803–88), whose Bampton Lectures in 1851 had sounded "the first clear note of a demand for freedom in theological enquiry." (*DNB*.)

8. According to her Journal GE began *Oedipus Rex* in February and finished it the day this letter was written; *Oedipus Coloneus* was begun 22 April. To the reading list given here *Cranford*, *Northanger Abbey*, *Persuasion*, and some plays of Shakespeare should be added. Cf. her "Recollections of the Scilly Isles."

9. Cross omits the latter half of this sentence. On the strength of what Charlotte had told her, Mrs. Gaskell published a lurid story of how Mrs. Edmund Robinson, the mother of Branwell's pupils, had flirted with him and urged him to elope with her. After returning to Haworth for his holiday, Branwell received a letter from her husband, dismissing him, and in his will (Mrs. Gaskell continued) the Rev. Mr. Robinson bequeathed her his property on condition that she should never again see Branwell, who thereupon "began his career as an habitual drunkard and to drown remorse." (I, ch. 13.)

Mrs. Gaskell's philippics against Mrs. Robinson for "the criminal advances she had made" rested on no evidence whatever. When threatened with a libel suit, Mrs. Gaskell removed the offensive passages (I, ch. 13; II, ch. 2; American publishers still reprinted them) and had her solicitor in a letter to the *Times*, 30 May 1857, p. 5b, retract every statement imputing any breach of conjugal duties or "guilty intercourse with the late Branwell Brontë." See *The Shakespeare Head Bronte*, ed. T. J. Wise, 19 vols., 1932–38,

Branwell's was in the last three or four years unless the the germs of vice had sprouted and shot up long before, as it seems clear they had in him. What a tragedy—that picture of the old father and the three sisters, trembling day and night in terror at the possible deeds of this drunken brutal son and brother! That is the part of the life which affects me most.[1]

I have looked with anxiety for a letter from my brother, on each of the two post days since he wrote last, but nothing has come. I try to think that Chrissey must be going on well, but I am very uneasy.

I can't imagine how you have room for all the family including a servant, in the cottage—still less visitors, who it seems are a necessary appendage, wherever you may be. Surely there must be some additional bedrooms built, since I saw the place! It is difficult to believe that "Memento Mori" is really dead. But perhaps superfluous people *do* die, sometimes.

We have wonderful descriptions from Barbara Smith of the glorious scenery and strange picturesque life she finds in Algiers.[2] It really seems an easy way of bringing the tropics near to one's imagination, to take that short journey. In less than a week's easy travelling you are among palms and Arabs and wild horses and lions and panthers, and I don't know what beside. She dashes down sketches with her pen and ink, making arrow-heads to indicate the bark of Jackals!

Tell me any news you hear about your book, and about other things too when you are inclined. You know you live in the thick of the world and 'Society' compared with us. Best love to Cara and to the gas-lighted-content-radiating-nap-after-dinner-taking-leg-rest-enjoying- and ever-by-Pollian-remembered-affectionately-presiding genius of Ivy Cottage. And love, also best, to you, dear successful author, from your old friend

Marian.

xv, 223. Though the story of the will was shown to be false, readers of *Middlemarch* will recall the similar provision made by the Rev. Edward Casaubon to hinder Dorothea from marrying Ladislaw.

1. End of ch. 13.

2. She had also announced "her intended marriage with M. Bodichon—which made us feel not quite satisfied." (GHL Journal, 4 April 1857.)

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, ST MARY'S, 26 APRIL 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

St. Mary's | Scilly Isles | 26 April 1857.

My dear Blackwood

I have been anxiously expecting to hear from you, lest either of my parcels should have miscarried. I sent one from G. Eliott; and a paper on Seaside Studies—both let me hope reached you in all safety. If the seaside paper is printed in Maga this month, please not to send me a checque here, because as I have to endorse it, the sending to and fro is *riskious.* If it is no trouble to you I should prefer your paying in the amount to my account in the *Union Bank of London, 4 Pall Mall East,*[3] which will save all risk.

I continue delighted with this place, and have been very fortunate with my animals, novelty and beauty being well represented in my vivarium. Early next month however—about the 10th I think—I shall take flight for Jersey and there George Eliot will be with me, engendering new clergymen, I hope.

Maga is "taken in," even here! If *that* isn't popularity I don't know what is.

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GHL, EDINBURGH, 28 APRIL 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | April 28/57.

My Dear Lewes

I inclose proof of the New Seaside Studies which from the number of my engagements I could not manage to run this month. The paper is very amusing and not the least amusing feature about it is the enthusiasm with which you set out in such weather on such a journey to pursue your researches into the nature of these living sea weeds.

Your enthusiasm prevents you from seeing the peculiar effect of the

3. "It is worth noting that for the first time in my life I seriously contemplated having a Banker's account this year," GHL wrote in his Journal, 7 January 1857; when paid £150 for the new edition of the *Biographical History of Philosophy* in March he adds: "Opened the said account by placing 145 £ in the *Union Bank of London,* Charing Cross Branch."

analysis of the fæces of the Actiniæ and I wish you would delete or alter a portion of this. The quotation from your clinical authority is painfully minute and could not be otherwise than distasteful, especially to ladies who form a large section of the readers of such papers.

It has just come across me that in the month in which I have been since my return home I did not acknowledge the receipt of the conclusion of Mr. Gilfil. Pray make my apologies to the author and tell him that I have been even more than usually busy since my return home. There are most exquisite passages in the part and the pathos is very powerful. As a whole it strikes rather too drearily upon the heart, but I do not see how this was to be avoided.

It is a dangerous thing to let the reader know the *upshot* of a Tale before he gets to the end of it, and no one could in the circumstances have kept up the interest more powerfully than George Eliot has done. There is a very general tendency to attribute the series to Bulwer, of all people in the world. The notion I daresay has mainly arisen from the fact of Sir Edward having written so much in the Magazine, and when people have any such leading clue as that they flatter themselves by imagining that they detect resemblances of style. There are some touches in Mr. Gilfil which look a little like Sir Edward, but how the mistake should be made about Amos I cannot imagine.

Thackeray spoke to me a good deal about the series and thinks highly of it. He said he ceased to read Gilfil when he came to the mournful picture of the dead wife's chamber. One can understand his feelings on such a subject.[4]

The picture of Tina's woe has made a very powerful impression on me and I do not know when I have read anything more painfully touching. Nevertheless I am glad to hear from George Eliot that his next story was to be on a brighter theme. I shall be exceedingly happy to see it and hope it is well advanced. In two or three days I shall write you again with the proof of the fourth part of Gilfil.

Meanwhile I hope you continue to enjoy yourself in the quaint isle in which you have stuck up your temporary tent and I trust this will reach you in safety.

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

H. G. Lewes Esq.

I am greatly disposed to have a walk into the biographer of poor Charlotte Bronte, and a friend has proposed a paper to me. There is

4. Blackwood probably means "Amos Barton," ch. 8. Thackeray's wife became insane in 1840 after the birth of her third child.

execrable taste in the book, and I detest this bookmaking out of the remains of the dead which must be so grating to the feelings of all whom the dead cared for.[4a]

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GHL, EDINBURGH, 30 APRIL 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | April 30/57.

My Dear Lewes

I inclose proof of Mr. Gilfil part the last. It is very powerful and very affecting. The description of Maynard's feelings is excellent, especially when he rides off to find the lost one after his interview with Daniel. I incline to think that the patois of Daniel and Dorkis. stands too prominently forward in the scenes where the feelings are so highly wrought up.[5] The effect of the farmyard scene is very happy and true. The picture reminds me strongly of the genuine English rural landscapes with which we are all familiar on canvas or in nature. The part altogether strikes sadly in the heart and I should have liked a larger gleam of sunshine before poor Tina passed away, but I see that it could not be. Maynard's exposition of how we sometimes think too well and sometimes too ill of ourselves is excellent,[6] and it is very sound doctrine.

If George Eliot is not with you I suppose you will send this to him. Tell him what I say, and you may mention also that I have some fear that he huddles up the conclusion of his stories too much, but I hardly see how the wind up of Gilfil's sad story could have been more effective or affecting. I hope the successor to Gilfil is well advanced.

I got your note of the 26th yesterday and it caused me still further to reproach myself for not having written to you sooner. How quick the letter must have come. I trust that my letter of 28th will reach you as quickly to relieve your anxieties about your packets. I shall pay cheque for the Seaside Studies into the Union Bank to credit of your account.

I am delighted to hear that you continue to like your isle so much. I am tempted to envy your power of amusing yourself so easily, al-

4a. "Currer Bell," *Blackwood's,* 82 (July 1857), 77–94, was by E. S. Dallas.

5. These objections are all to ch. 19.

6. "Our thoughts are often worse than we are, just as they are often better than we are. And God sees us as we are altogether, not in separate feelings or actions, as our fellow-men see us." (Ch. 19. Cabinet ed., II, 21.)

though I daresay if you saw me starting for a Golf match you would think my tastes still more simple, if not even childish.

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

G. H. Lewes Esq.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, [ST. MARY'S, 1 MAY 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Endorsed:* May 1. 1857. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 443–444.

My dear Sir

Thank you for the pleasant notes of impressions concerning my story, sent to me through Lewes. I will pay attention to your caution about the danger of huddling up my stories. Conclusions are the weak point of most authors, but some of the fault lies in the very nature of a conclusion, which is at best a negation.

There must be something wrong in the winding up of 'Amos,' for I have heard of two persons who were disappointed with the conclusion. But the story never presented itself to me as possible to be protracted after Milly's death. The drama ends there.

I am thinking of writing a short epilogue to 'Mr. Gilfil's Love Story,' [7] and I will send it you with the proof from Jersey, where on a strict promise that I am not to be dissected, I shall shortly join our friend Lewes.

The third story will be very different from either of the preceding, which will perhaps be an advantage, as poor Tina's sad tale was necessarily rather monotonous in its effect.

Any scraps of gossip you can send me from time to time about the effect of the stories will be welcome to the susceptible authorship of your dutiful contributor,

George Eliot.

7 This afterthought, intended to soften the ending of the story with a picture of Mr. Gilfil in his cheerful old age, was written "sitting on the Fortification Hill, one sunshiny morning." ("How I Came to Write Fiction.")

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, ST MARY'S, [3 MAY 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Endorsed:* June 1857. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Scilly Isles | Sunday.

My dear Blackwood

I am not at all sorry you deferred the article.[8] The sight of the proof and the extra time given for No. 2 are decided advantages. I shall cut out the objectionable fæces altogether. But you must confess it is an awful wet blanket on a writer's shoulders, that terror of lady readers, and what they will exclaim against. I am tempted to exclaim with Charles Lamb "Hang up the ladies! I will write for antiquity." [9] The passage you object to about giving way to desires was playful but I perceive it may be misinterpreted and shall change it altogether.

I have sent proof and letters to G.E. He will be much pleased with them. You cannot think how shy and diffident he is, and how much it takes to persuade him that what he writes is worth anything. *Not* a common failing with us scribes, is it?

I strike my tents on the 11th for Jersey. When settled there I will let you know.

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, [ST. MARY'S, 10 MAY 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Endorsed:* recd May 12/57 post mark St. John's Wood.[1] *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Sir

On second thoughts I despatch the proof and the epilogue at once, to guard against any possible inconvenience from delay.

I hope you will approve of my returning to the key note of the

8. The first of the new series of *Sea-Side Studies,* which appeared in *Blackwood's,* June–October 1857.

9. In a letter to B. W. Procter 22 January 1829 Lamb wrote, "When my sonnet was rejected, I exclaimed, 'Damn the age, I will write for Antiquity!'" See *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb,* ed. E. V. Lucas, 7 vols., Methuen [1905], VII, 797. In "Charles Lamb. His Genius and Writings," *British Quarterly Review,* 7 (May 1848), 292–311, GHL quotes the remark from Moxon's ed., which reads "Hang." (p. 300.)

1. Perhaps posted by the "tank-loving lady" to whom GHL sent a coffee tin of anemones from Penzance. (*Sea-Side Studies,* 1858, p. 268.)

introductory chapter, and giving a parting glimpse of the old Vicar.[2] Part of the third story [3] shall be sent you as soon as possible. I remain, my dear Sir

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

J. Blackwood Esq.

GHL JOURNAL, [11]–18 MAY 1857

MS: Yale. *Brief extracts published:* Kitchel, p. 174.

Monday 18th. This day week we quitted Scilly. There was a dead calm which prevented our starting at the appointed time, so that we had to hang about without books or occupation, walking on the Hill, and reading newspapers till 1. At two we started, and after a very calm passage reached Penzance at ½ past 10. Not sick, nor even nauseous. We went to *Dingley's Private Hotel*—very comfortable. Next morning after breakfast I called on R. Q. Couch,[4] the Naturalist, who showed me his drawings and collections, and gave me several of his papers. He interested me by his talk. M. and I then went for a walk through fields and lanes, relishing the greenery and trees, after Scilly. In the evening Couch called and sat three hours chatting very pleasantly.

On Wednesday morning at 7 we started by Omnibus, outside, for Falmouth which we reached at ½ past 10. After a wash, and a lunch we walked to the castle; basked on the rocks: came slowly back, buying Miss Austen's 'Emma' and 'Sense and Sensibility.' I called on Cocks,[5] the naturalist, a character and a *guy*. He is old now, not unlike Jervis,[6] wearing a black skull cap, green spectacles, and *wool over his teeth*. He twaddled furiously, and said nothing sensible or interesting. Came home and amused Marian by imitations of him.

On Thursday morning at 8 we left per Steamer for Plymouth: horrible fog all the way, in consequence of which we nearly ran down two boats, and very nearly ran ashore. Reached at ½ past 1. Went on shore and dined. Started again at 6 for Jersey which we reached on Friday morning at 10. Very calm passage.

2. The Epilogue gives a picture of Mr. Gilfil in old age, commanding the respect of his parishioners which had been remarked upon in the opening paragraph.

3. "Janet's Repentance."

4. Richard Quiller Couch (1816–63), son of the naturalist Jonathan Couch, was a physician and zoologist at Penzance, who wrote many papers on zoophytes, crustacea, etc.

5. John Cocks, author of *The Sea Weed Collector's Guide*, 1853.

6. Swynfen Stevens Jervis (1797–1867), GHL's father-in-law.

Friday 15th. The first aspect of St. Helier's was quite novel to me. I had not seen it since 1829,[7] and the place was of course much changed; except the Fort and Elizabeth castle nothing wore a familiar aspect till I got to the Royal Square, and then the old boyish feelings came back. The Square seemed so *much* smaller! Broad St., the theatre, the market, and a few other places were revived; but for the rest the place seemed as much changed as I. Why should I have expected to find it otherwise? [8] We went to the *Union Hotel* in the Square. After lunch we set out to buy boots, get hair cut, get letters, and look for lodgings. We walked all the way to St. Aubin's without finding anything quite suitable, as to money and zoological requirements. Came back in the 'Bus.

Saturday 16th. After breakfast took the Omnibus to Gorey. The ride very pretty. The contrast between Scilly and the smiling richness of the fields and orchards here very refreshing. Took lodgings at Rosa Cottage, 13/ a week for three rooms and attendance. Went back to St. Helier's bought wine, brandy, groceries, paper, map etc. hired an easy chair, and a bath; dined at the Hotel and had a fly to carry us here, where we unpacked our things and went tired to bed.

Sunday 17th. Walk on the sands after breakfast. Wrote letters. Delicious walk; sat on Castle hill and M. read *Emma* aloud. In the evening a long walk on the sands to St. Clements. Spoke with a fisherman and engaged him to bring me refuse from the trawl.[9]

Monday 18th. Walk on the sands. Revised my Sea-Side Studies No. II and journalized. After lunch, an exquisite walk in the vale of Queen's farm. At all times such a place would be charming but after Scilly, its rich uplands and clustering trees were inexpressibly delightful. There was a pool overhung by oaks and ash trees,—on the opposite side with a meadow of buttercups, a white winding path on our side, and on the surface a mass of white flowers looking like snow, and in the depths a

7. See Introduction.

8. In *Sea-Side Studies*, 1858, pp. 270–271, GHL elaborates: "The Royal Square seemed to have shrunk to a third of its old dimensions, but with what strange sensations I first re-entered it! The Theatre had by no means the magical and imposing aspect which it then wore. . . . Turning with a retrospective sigh into the Market-Place, I feel the breath of former years rising around me. There is the very corner where we used to 'toss' the pieman for epicurean slices of pudding—a vulgar, but seductive form of juvenile gambling. Close by is the spot where we upset 'Waddy'—an adipose comrade, much plagued by his leaner contemporaries—flat into an old woman's egg-basket. . . . Among the changes, it was pleasant to find that no longer did the Pillory disgrace the Royal Square; no longer were criminals publicly whipped through the streets, as I once saw them with shuddering disgust."

9. For GHL's difficulty in persuading the fishermen to comply see *Sea-Side Studies*, 272–273. In spite of his being on the best terms with them at Gorey, it was five weeks before a bucket of refuse was brought him.

small forest of shrubs—the pool brought back boyish days with a sweet reminiscence.—In the evening Marian read *Emma* aloud.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GHL, EDINBURGH, 22 MAY 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | May 22/57.

My Dear Lewes

Your proof arrived all right and also George Eliot's with a very neat Epilogue to Gilfil. I do not know when I have read anything so powerfully pathetic as this last part of Gilfil. The only possible objection is that it may be almost too painful.

I am very anxious to see the next story. Tell George Eliot that I hope he will be in very great form as he will run along side of a new series by Bulwer and I should like our Clerical friend to come out well in such company. Sir Edward is I think first rate.

I inclose a note from Mr. Archer Gurney.[1] Except seeing his name upon occasional volumes of poetry etc. I do not know anything of him, but I fancy he is a large hearted sort of character. I agree with his remarks except about Sir Edward,[2] who has in his later works shown himself as remarkable for wisdom as he always was for vivacity of style.

I go to London tomorrow and my address there for a few weeks is 38 Jermyn St. Is there any chance of seeing you or George Eliot? I have paid £17. 17/- to your credit with Union Bank in acknowledgment of the New Sea Side Studies.

This note will I hope find you comfortably established at St. Heliers, Jersey where I address it on chance.

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

G. H. Lewes Esq.

1. Archer Thompson Gurney (1820–87) was called to the bar in 1846 but entered the Church three years later. He translated *Faust*, Part II, 1842; among his volumes of poems are *March and April Ditties*, 1853, and *Songs of the Present*, 1854. His letter, 14 May 1857, dated from Buckingham, where he was Senior Curate, is now at Yale. See Cross, I, 450–452.

2. "You frequently, indeed, express what I may call brilliant ideas, but they always seem to come unsought for, never, as in Lytton, for instance, to be elaborated and placed in the most advantageous light."

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, GOREY, 22 MAY [1857]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1857. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 448–449.

Rosa Cottage | Gorey | Jersey | May 22.

Yes, dear Sara, I had your letter at Scilly, with the little plan of the cottage, telling me just what I like to know. I suppose you have been keeping house for the last week during Cara's absence—almost like the old times when you and Mrs. Hennell were in the cottage alone, only you have not had Pollian to drop in and ask you to take a walk with her over the hill. But you have had something better for company in your walk, I dare say—perhaps meditations about a new book which shall be brought out when the Prize Essay has reached a second edition, or pictures, that you are dreaming of now the weather is bright and the hedgerows in blossom.

Such hedgerows in this island! Such orchards, white against the green slopes, and shady walks by the woodside, with distracting wild flowers that Miss Catlow [3] never says anything about, just because they are the very flowers you want to identify. We enjoy the greenery and variety of this bushy island all the better for our stay on bare Scilly, which we had gone to and fro upon till we knew it by heart.

This Gorey is a very retired spot—a fishing place, about four miles from St. Helier's, with plenty of rich people's houses about to make it a point for omnibuses and tradesmen's carts. Our little lodgings are very snug—only 13s/. a week—a nice little sittingroom with a workroom adjoining for Mr. Lewes, who is this moment in all the bliss of having discovered a parasitic worm in a cuttle-fish! It is painful to think of the inequality of human lots! I dare say, now, your acquaintance with parasitic worms is of the "most meagre description."

Today, it is raining, after a long spell of fine weather, so I find a few minutes to write to you. Otherwise, now we dine at 5 our afternoons are almost exhausted in rambling. I hope to get up my strength in this delicious quiet, and have fewer interruptions to work from headache than I have been having since Christmas. Mr. Lewes is going on very well, and bears the "hunting" and the bilious sea-breezes better than he did last summer.

I wonder if I should have had the happiness of seeing Cara, if I had been at Richmond now. I would rather see her than any one else in the world—except poor Chrissey. Give my love to Mr. Bray and tell him

3. Agnes Catlow, *Field Botany*, 1848.

I read the leader he sent me with much interest, and wish him God speed in his battle against ignorance and folly.[4] I like to think of him and Cara enjoying the pictures and other pleasant things to be seen in London just now. Where and when shall *you* go for your holiday?

I imagine you very vividly sitting by the piano in the lumber room and beating time as inexorably as a metronome. Does Nelly promise to play well?—Do you ever see the Miss Franklins now? And who are the gentlemen about to marry Kate Martineau and Elinor Cash? Those are bits of gossip I should like to know, when you can think of them at the right moment for writing them.

Tell me when you have read the life of Currer Bell. Some people think its revelations in bad taste—making money out of the dead—wounding the feelings of the living etc. etc. What book is there that some people or other will not find abominable? We thought it admirable—cried over it—and felt the better for it. The article on it in the Leader—Th. Hunt's, I dare say—did not give a sufficiently high idea of its interest.[5]

We read Cromwell's Letters again at Scilly, with great delight, and Mr. Lewes wrote an article on them which you will see in the Leader.[6] That and the one on the Oxford Essays [7] is all he has done in that way.

I have nothing to say, but a letter is pleasant either as an accompaniment to one's breakfast, or as idle reading after dinner. So I feel sure you will like to have this "nothing that I so plentifully give you." [8]

Ever your loving
Marian.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, GOREY, 24 MAY 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extracts published: John Blackwood,* pp. 39–40.

Rosa Cottage | Gorey, Jersey | 24th May 1857.

My dear Blackwood

G.E. and I are comfortably settled in this pleasant fishing village, where the lanes and landscapes will enable him to meditate on man—

4. "Sabbath Observance," Coventry *Herald,* 15 May 1857, p. 4b, advocating the opening of museums and libraries on Sunday.

5. There were two articles (11 and 18 April 1857, pp. 353–354, 376–377), both enthusiastic; GE's opinion is colored by her feeling about Hunt.

6. *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches: With Elucidations by Thomas Carlyle,* 1845, had just been reissued in a cheap edition. GHL reviewed it in the *Leader,* 23 May 1857, pp. 496–497.

7. *Oxford Essays. Contributed by Members of the University,* 1857. GHL reviewed it in the *Leader,* 9 May 1857, p. 449.

8. Cf. *As You Like It,* I, i, 17.

and clergymen—while the shore furnishes me with food for dissection and experiment. We are both delighted with Jersey; and intend receiving fresh inspiration therefrom—of which you will bear the burden! I am in clover. The shore is amazingly rich, and the brother-in-law of our landlord is the owner of a fishing vessel, and with him I propose interrogating Nature in her submarine recesses.[9] The weather is perfect, and French wines, duty free, help to "fleet the time carelessly as in the golden age." [1]

Although we have all the advantages of "the capital"—4 or 5 miles off—we are here remote from all the noise and moil of civilization—among delicious valleys, lanes, and a rocky coast which has orchards down to the very edge of the cliffs. The only drawback is want of books. By the way will you give orders for Maga to be sent *here*, and not to Richmond, for the delay in such a place as this becomes *felt*—and the sight of Maga will be quite cheering.

If you are not too busy when you write to pause for gossip, Eliot would be pleased to hear some pros and cons about Mr. Gilfill. In London he had the satisfaction of the anonymous, and enjoyed the surmises which are ventured on there, respecting the authorship. The stories seem to be frequently discussed there. He begs me to send his kind regards and to say he shall soon be writing to you with his new clericus. Believe me

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

GE TO ISAAC PEARSON EVANS, GOREY, 26 MAY 1857

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Address:* I. P. Evans Esq. | Griffe | near Nuneaton | Warwickshire. *Postmarks:* JERSEY | MY 27 | 1857; NUNEATON | MY 28 | 1857 | B. *Hitherto unpublished.* A copy in GHL's hand is at Yale.

Rosa Cottage | Gorey | Jersey | May 26th 1857.

My dear Brother

You will be surprized, I dare say, but I hope not sorry, to learn that I have changed my name, and have someone to take care of me in the world. The event is not at all a sudden one, though it may appear sudden in its announcement to you. My husband has been known to me for several years, and I am well acquainted with his mind and character. He is occupied entirely with scientific and learned pursuits,

9. The expedition was made 30 May. (GHL Journal.)

1. Cf. *As You Like It,* I, i, 124.

is several [2] years older than myself, and has three boys, two of whom are at school in Switzerland, and one in England.

We shall remain at the coast here, or in Brittany for some months, on account of my health, which has for some time been very frail, and which is benefited by the sea air. The winter we shall probably spend in Germany. But any inconvenience about money payments to me may, I suppose, be avoided if you will be kind enough to pay my income to the account of Mr. G. H. Lewes, into the Union Bank of London, Charing Cross Branch, 4, Pall Mall East, Mr. Lewes having an account there.

I wrote to you many weeks ago from Scilly, enclosing a letter to Chrissey, which if you received it, you would of course put by for her, as it was written in ignorance of her extreme illness. But as I have not received any intimation that my letter reached you, I think it safest to repeat its chief purport, which was to request that you would pay £15 of my present half year's income to Chrissey.

I shall also be much obliged if you will inform me how Chrissey is, and whether she is strong enough to make it desirable for me to write to her.

Give my love to Sarah [3] and tell her I am very grateful to her for letting me have news of Chrissey. I received two notes of hers through Fanny, and subsequently another, in answer to mine.

The enclosed letter to Fanny I shall be glad if you will address for me as I fear "Leamington," which was all I could put on a previous letter I wrote to her, may hardly suffice in a large town where there may be several Mrs. Houghtons.

We are not at all rich people, but we are both workers, and shall have enough for our wants.

I hope you are all well and that Sarah is recovered from her fatigues and anxieties. With love to her and all my tall nephews and nieces, I remain, dear Isaac,

Your affectionate Sister
Marian Lewes.

2. Born 18 April 1817; GHL was two and a half years older than GE.
3. Mrs. Isaac Evans.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, GOREY, 26 MAY 1857

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosa Cottage | Gorey | Jersey | May 26th 57.

Dear Fanny

I am going to enclose this letter to Isaac and beg him to address it, for I should not like it to miscarry for want of a full address, though I hope my previous letter reached you in spite of that deficiency.

First, let me say that I hope Henry is rapidly recovering from his accident and freeing you from all anxiety on his account.

Next, let me ask you to open your eyes and look surprized, for I am going to tell you some very unexpected news. I am sure you retain enough friendship and sisterly affection for me to be glad that I should have a kind husband to love me and take care of me. Our paths in life lie far apart, but I, at least, shall always remember with gratitude how kind you were to me in old days, and how much pleasure it gave me to talk with you.

My husband has been well known to me for years, and marriage is a very sober and serious thing when people are as old as we are, so that the future is as little of a problem to me, as it can be to any of us. He is older than I am, not at all full of wealth or beauty, but very full indeed of literature and physiology and zoology and other invisible endowments, which happily have their market value. Still better, he is a man of high honor and integrity and the kindest heart, of which, of course, I think all the better because it is devoted to me.

We shall both be hard workers, for we have three little boys to keep as well as ourselves. Two of them are in Switzerland, at a delightful school there, and the youngest is at school in England. We shall live chiefly abroad for some time, for while the boys are at school, there is no necessity for our having a fixed residence near London.

My thoughts are very much with dear Chrissey. I have asked Isaac to send me word if she is well enough for me to write to her without a risk of agitating her too much.

[*The remainder of this letter is lacking.*]

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GHL, LONDON, 28 MAY 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extract published: John Blackwood,* p. 40.

38 Jermyn St. | May 28/57.

My Dear Lewes

Yours of the 24th with the touching address of Rosa Cottage reached me today. I wrote to you about a week or ten days ago addressing to St. Heliers and requesting on the cover that if you were not at the Capital of Jersey, the Postmaster should endeavour to find out a maniac answering to your name hammering rocks and dissecting Sea weeds on the shore. I have no doubt the note has reached you and if not you will find it at the Post office, St. Heliers. As far as I recollect there was nothing in my letter except compliments to George Eliot and also to you upon the opening of your new Sea Side Studies.

I am sorry that in moving south I find a still broader piece of water than the Tweed between George Eliot and myself, but I am so confident of his merits that I am content to wait for the confirmation which preconceived ideas of intellect derive from personal acquaintance.

Any one really reading the last part of Gilfil will I think be affected by the cry of love pervading it. That little girl's face comes before me with wonderful distinctness. When I expressed a doubt about the dagger matter[?] I did not mean that it should be, as George Eliot supposed I intended,[4] a dream that "I dreamed in my bed" (a phrase of my precocious infant 20 months old) but a passing dream or thought in the mind not carried the length of actually getting hold of the dagger. I think now however that the author was quite right in his plan.

I have seen a good many literary men since I came up to Town, but I cannot say that I have had anything like literary conversation, but I daresay I shall gather a tolerable idea of the general interest in George Eliot before I leave.

My brother who sent me your letter from Edinburgh will I daresay have sent your Magazines all right, but in case of accidents I send another copy from this. In his note he maintains that Aytoun admits that he was quite wrong in his estimate of the powers of the author of Scenes of Clerical Life and expresses great admiration for the conclusion of Gilfil.

Shall I pay the honorarium into your account?

4. See 14 March 1857.

Hoping soon to hear from you and also from G.E. with the next Tale, I am

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

I hope you will be able to read this note. An interesting discussion about Derby and Oaks etc. has been going on at my back all the time I have been writing.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, GOREY, 2 JUNE 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Published:* Cross, I, 452–454.

Rosa Cottage | Gorey | Jersey | June 2. 57.

My dear Sir

I send you by the same post with this the First Part of my Third Story,[5] which I hope will not disappoint you. The part is, I think, rather longer than my parts have usually been, but it would have been injurious to the effect of the story to pause earlier.

Pleasant letters like yours are the best possible stimulus to an author's powers, and if I don't write better and better, the fault will certainly not lie in my editor, who seems to have been created in pre-established harmony with the organization of a susceptible contributor.

This island, too, with its grassy vallies and pretty indented coast, is not at all a bad haunt for the Muses, if, as one may suppose, they have dropped their too scanty classical attire and appear in long dresses and brown hats, like decent Christian women likely to inspire 'Clerical Scenes.'

Moreover, having myself a slight zoological weakness, I am less alarmed than most people at the society of a zoological maniac. So that, altogether, your contributor is in promising circumstances, and if he doesn't behave like an animal in good condition, is clearly unworthy of his keep.

I am much gratified to have made the conquest of Professor Aytoun, but with a parent's love for the depreciated child, I can't help standing up for 'Amos' as better than 'Gilfil.'

Lewes seems to have higher expectations from the third story than from either of the preceding; but I can form no judgment myself until I have quite finished a thing and see it aloof from my actual self. I

5. "Janet's Repentance." Part I, finished 30 May (GE Journal), appeared in *Blackwood's*, 82 (July 1857), 55–76.

can only go on writing what I feel, and waiting for the proof that I have been able to make others feel. Ever, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully
George Eliot.

J. Blackwood Esq.

Please to pay any money for me to Lewes's account, as that will be the simplest plan, and you will in that case merely have the further trouble of informing me.

GE TO MRS. HENRY HOUGHTON, GOREY, 2 JUNE 1857

MS: Miss Dorothy Evans. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosa Cottage | Gorey | Jersey | June 2. 57.

Dear Fanny

I wish I could help you with experienced advice as to a suitable place of residence for recruiting Henry's health. The only places I can think of as likely to answer your purpose, which I suppose includes easy transit, cheapness, and a sufficiently bracing air, are Tréport and St. Valery in Normandy, which are easily reached from Brighton. Friends of ours have been to those places and have been contented with them, but I do not know them otherwise than by report. Being on a northern coast they are not likely to be very relaxing, indeed the friend who went to Tréport was especially in pursuit of a bracing air.

Jersey is very warm—which is just what I want. It is very pretty—a paradise of green vallies, but disappointingly English in habits and *prices*. The mild genial air has done me immense good already; but of course one can't tell whether July heat may not prove too much even for me.

Thanks—a thousand thanks, dear Fanny for your letter. I have just written to Chrissey, being unable to wait another post after hearing that I *might* write to her, and finding I have yet a few minutes I write to you also. I hope Chrissey *will* be able to have some change of air for I begged Isaac to pay her £15 from me for that purpose. I do trust the money will not be absolutely wanted for anything else. I wish I could do more, but my poverty, not my will restricts me.[6] Pray do something, if you can to urge that the money should be so applied. I don't mean that you should do it *obviously* or directly, or that you should appear to know anything about that sum, but simply that you should in-

6. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, v, i, 75.

sist on the importance of leaving that hotbed of fever for a time.

You are wrong about Mr. Liggins [7] or rather your informants are wrong. We too have been struck with the "Clerical Sketches," and I have recognized some figures and traditions connected with our old neighbourhood. But Blackwood informs Mr. Lewes that the author is a Mr. Eliot, a clergyman, I presume. *Au reste,* he may be a relation of Mr. Liggins's or some other 'Mr.' who knows Coton stories.

Have you read Currer Bell's Life by Mrs. Gaskell? Do—it will deeply interest you.

With kindest regards and best wishes for Henry's recovery, I am ever, dear Fanny

Your affectionate Sister
Marian Lewes *alias* Polly.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, GOREY, 2 JUNE 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosa Cottage | Gorey, Jersey | June 2nd 1857.

My dear Blackwood

What say you to another new Contributor from my circle? By this post I send you a charming paper which has just reached me from Algiers.[8] It is only too short. But if you print it I dare say my friend will give more, on a future occasion. If you don't happen to like it send it me without delay.

Many thanks for Maga who is doubly appreciated here among a dearth of books. Bulwer will be a great card! Eliot's new story promises to be first rate.

I shall send you No. 11 of Sea-Side Studies in a few days. Having made

7. For an account of Joseph Liggins see John Gwyther to Mrs. Lloyd, 23 February 1859. This is the first reference to Liggins as the author of George Eliot's works. The reviewer of "Janet's Repentance" in the *Manx Sun,* 4 July 1857, p. 4e, wrote: "We have simply to state our firm belief that the facts are in the main literally true. Moreover, unless we be thoroughly and grievously in error, the writer is a gentleman of our own acquaintance, an old Cantab, and well-known in this island some five-and-twenty years or more ago. The gentleman we mean is named Liggers, and doubtless will contradict our guess should we be in error." The August number of the *Manx Sun* is missing from the file at the Manx Museum, but in the brief notices of succeeding installments in September and November the name is properly spelled "Liggins." For this information I am indebted to Mr B. R. S. Megan, Director of the Manx Museum, and his assistants.

8. Barbara Leigh Smith. GHL notes in his Journal, 1 June 1857, the receipt of a letter from her announcing her marriage for the 15th of June and enclosing her article on Algiers, which GE read aloud.

a startling discovery, I thought before promulgating it I should do well to get a scientific friend [9] to repeat the experiments and confirm them. He has done so and I am now ready to write. If we are to have a book out of these papers there must be a due admixture of solid and serious matter.

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

We return to London early in July and I hope you will still be there. Not only should I like to see you for my own sake, but I would organize a quiet dinner and persuade our excessively *umbrageous* friend to peer from beneath his *umbra,* join our party and show himself to you in the flesh. He is so gratified with your treatment of him that I marvel he has not revealed himself already.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, GOREY, 4 JUNE [1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosa Cottage | Gorey, Jersey | Thursday 4 June.

My dear Blackwood

By this post I send you Sea Side Studies. Let me have a proof. I sent you a paper on Algiers by a friend of mine the other day. If you print it let me see a proof of that too. I hope you know somebody who has been in Algiers, and knows the spelling of the names, as my friend is better with brush than pen, and writes damnably.

Ever yours in haste
G. H. Lewes.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, GOREY, 5 JUNE 1857

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 454–455.

Rosa Cottage | Gorey | Jersey | June 5. 57.

Dear Cara

I could have wished myself at Richmond even in this hot weather for the sake of seeing you,[1] but no pleasure short of that could have made me wish to be in the hazy atmosphere of London environs. Rich-

9. GHL wrote from Jersey 19 May 1857 asking Couch to repeat his investigations of the "chylaqueous fluid" of anemones, which a letter from Couch 30 May confirmed. (GHL Journal.) A portion of the letter is quoted in *Sea-Side Studies,* 1858, pp. 216–217.

1. The Brays were in London 12–20 June 1857 for the Handel Festival.

mond is *not* fascinating in "the season" or through the summer—it is hot, noisy and haunted with cockneys; but at other times we love the Park with an increasing love, and we have such a kind good landlady [2] there that it always seems like going home when we return to Park Shot. She writes to us "I hope you will make your fortune—but you must always live with me," which, considering that she gets less out of us than other lodgers is a proof of affection in a landlady. We shall be obliged to return thither in the middle or at the end of July on business matters, but for a short time only; for at the end of August Mr. Lewes is going to take Bertie [3] the <eld> youngest boy to join his elder brothers at Hofwyl, and we shall if possible remain in Germany till the end of October. Yes! we like our wandering life at present; it is fructifying and brings us material in many ways; but we keep in perspective the idea of a cottage among green fields and cows, where we mean to settle down (after we have once been to Italy) and buy pots and kettles and keep a dog. The boys are going on so well at Hofwyl, and write charming letters. They are sweet-natured clever lads; the third, Bertie, has been sickly and stupid at books hitherto, but there is no knowing what boys and girls will turn into.

Wherever we are, we work hard—and at work which brings *present* money; for we have too many depending on us to be dilettanti or idlers. By the way, before I leave talking about myself, your mention of Mr. Noel reminds me to say that Sara gave him a letter which I did not in the least intend him to see,[4] though I did not like to vex her by saying so at the time. He might infer from it that I *invited* him to come and call upon us. Now I should never *invite* any one, and it was only because Mr. Bray wrote me word that Mr. Noel had tried to find me at Richmond and expressed a wish to shake me by the hand again, that I thought it right to meet that friendliness by saying that I should be glad to see him, and to write to Sara a caution which, if he spoke of calling, she might communicate to him. The matter is of no importance, only I wish it to be understood, that I should never invite any one to come and see me who did not ask for the invitation.

Your gossip was very interesting to us, for we hear scarcely anything but what gets into the weekly newspapers, and not much of that. We had only heard of Miss Lynn, that she was going to marry Linton, the engraver.[5] Your description of her devotion to those seven children is

2. Mrs. Craft. See 23 November 1877.

3. Herbert Arthur Lewes (1846–75).

4. GE wrote Miss Hennell 26 February 1856 suggesting that she warn Edward Noel not to ask for "Miss Evans."

5. William James Linton (1812–98), one of the founders of the *Leader*, married (*ca.* 1836) a sister of Thomas Wade, the poet, and after her death married her sister in defiance of the Marriage Act

very pretty. Her large-hearted energy is something to admire and love her for. I laughed heartily at the Brabantian [6] recitation which "sounds very grand on the other side of the wall."

Mrs. John Cash writes to me with such exquisite feeling that I can't help copying you a bit of her letter. She says—"I hope you believe I value as highly as ever our dear neighbours. I could never have trusted such good fortune would befal me as to live next door to them, which is far more to me than living in this lovely garden. Of course I felt very much taking their place. It seemed as if the glory had departed to Ivy Cottage, but Mr. Bray is so beautifully generous through it all, takes such an interest in the place still and in our enjoyment of it, and does so fully appreciate my dear husband's character, that the change has not been so painful as friends at a distance might suppose." Is not that *bien dit et bien senti?* I write to her separately by the same post, for, having been out in a boat yesterday and made myself ill [7] I have a large amount of headache to bestow on correspondents.[8]

You wonder how my face has changed in the last three years. Doubtless it is older and uglier, but it ought not to have a bad expression, for I never have anything to call out my ill-humour or discontent—which you know were always ready enough to come on slight call—and I have everything to call out love and gratitude. I seem to have said nothing, yet here I am at the end of my sheet. *My best love and Mr. Lewes's kind regards to Mr. Bray.* I must give the other sheet to Sara.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

of 1835, which made marriage with a deceased wife's sister null and void. By his first wife he had two children, by the second, five. Her death in 1855 left him with a difficult domestic problem, which the intrepid Eliza Lynn (1822–98) was willing to undertake to test her theories of education upon his orphan children. (*DNB.*) They were married 24 March 1858.

6. Miss Lynn visited Dr. Brabant in 1847. See G. S. Layard, *Mrs. Lynn Linton*, 1901, p. 67.

7. "After lunch we took out bottles and muslin net, and had a row in the blazing noon, to skim for Medusæ." (GHL Journal, 4 June 1857.)

8. Cf. *Much Ado about Nothing*, III, v, 24, which GHL began to read aloud 3 June 1857.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL,
[GOREY, 5 JUNE 1857]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* about her marriage. June 8. 1857. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 461.

Dear Sara

The news from Virtue and Co.[9] is very satisfactory, and I should think the edition will have moved off by the end of the year, for every purchaser of a cheap book like that begets two or three other purchasers. High priced books are lent; but cheap books are bought. I quite approve of your disinterring that strange beast, but I really give the preference to the wonderful Cydippes that we found yesterday floating in the sunny sea—tiny crystal globes with delicate *meridians* of cilia, and long streamers spreading behind them as they float. I feel every day a greater disinclination for theories and arguments about the origin of things in the presence of all this mystery and beauty and pain and ugliness, that floods one with conflicting emotions.

Didn't you like the conclusion of Herbert Spencer's article in the W[estminster] R[eview]? There was more feeling in it than we generally get in his writing.[1] By the way, I dare say you have heard that he has made the acquaintance of the Miss Carters.[2] He seemed much pleased with them. Do they write to you often now? And have they not been interested in your book? Miss Julia Smith, I should think, would value it very highly. She seems to be relied on above all people by Barbara Smith as a friend ready to give help and sympathy under all circumstances.

Barbara has written us such descriptions of the splendour and romance to be found in Algiers, that we can't help envying people who can 'do the Tropics' in miniature by going thither in 5 days for £12! Miss Parkes was there a little while, and is now I believe in Italy with Mrs. Jameson. I am so glad to think of her travelling with people who have hearts and souls, for the Savile Row establishment is not richly

9. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co., publishers of *Christianity and Infidelity*.

1. The concluding paragraphs of Spencer's "Progress: Its Law and Cause" deal with the ontological bearings of the theory. "After all that has been said, the ultimate mystery of things remains just as it was. . . . The sincere man of science, content fearlessly to follow wherever the evidence leads him, becomes by each new inquiry more profoundly convinced that the Universe is an insoluble problem. . . . He learns at once the greatness and the littleness of human intellect . . . its impotence in dealing with all that transcends experience. . . . He alone truly *sees* that absolute knowledge is impossible. He alone *knows* that under all things there lies an impenetrable mystery." (*Westminster Review*, 67 [April 1857], 484–485.)

2. Spencer stayed in the summer of 1856 with Octavius Smith, a brother of Mrs. Bonham Carter.

provided with those commodities. Alas! What skeletons there are in houses where things look so enviable! [3]

We are reading 'Aurora Leigh' for the third time with more enjoyment than ever. I know no book that gives me a deeper sense of communion with a large as well as beautiful mind. It is in process of appearing in a third edition, and no wonder. My head is getting so bad, that I must make haste to say what I have to say and be content to send you the shabbiest letter.

I have written to my Brother and my two sisters, telling them that I have changed my name and have a husband. Fanny has already answered me in a very kind letter. I have not yet heard from my Brother. I feel satisfied to have done this, for they are now acquainted with what is *essential* in my position, and if any utterly false report reaches them in the first instance, their minds will be prepared not to accept it without reserve. I do not think Chrissey will give up correspondence with me in any case, and that is the point I most care about, as I shall still be able to help her as far as my means will allow.

The "rumours" you mention have I dare say come through the Smiths and Mrs. Pears [4]—friendly head-shakings and regrets which are meant in the best spirit. I have kept the subject so long before my mind, and have learned to see how much of the pain I have felt concerning my own family is really love of approbation in disguise, that I look calmly on the most disagreeable issues. If I live five years longer, the positive result of my existence on the side of truth and goodness will outweigh the small negative good that would have consisted in my not doing anything to shock others, and I can conceive no consequences that will make me repent the past. Do not misunderstand me and suppose that I think myself heroic or great in any way. Far enough from that! Faulty, miserably faulty I am—but least of all faulty when others most blame.

Ever thine in headachiness
Pollian.

3. Joseph Parkes, who lived at 2 Savile Row, "did not remain faithful to his wife"; and she had "neither understanding nor sympathy with her daughter's passionate altruism." (Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, *"I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia,"* New York, Dodd, Mead, 1942, p. 31.)

4. Mrs. William Smith, wife of the lexicographer, was a close friend of Mr. Bray's sister Mrs. Pears.

GE TO MRS. JOHN CASH, GOREY, 6 JUNE 1857

MS: Yale. *Envelope:* Mrs. John Cash | Rosehill | Coventry. *Postmarks:* JERSEY | JU 8 | 1857 | A; COVENTRY | JU 9 | 1857 | D. *Published:* Cross, I, 455–457.

Rosa Cottage | Gorey | Jersey | June 6. 57.

Dear Friend

Your letter was very sweet to me. The sense of my deficiencies in the past often presses on me with a discouraging weight, and to know that any one can remember me lovingly helps me to believe that there has been some good to balance the evil.

I like to think of you as a happy wife and mother, and since Rosehill *must* have new tenants I like to think that you and yours are there rather than any one else, not only because of my own confidence in your nature, but because our dear friends love you so much as a neighbour. You know I can never feel otherwise than sorry that they should not have ended their days in that pretty home; but the inevitable regret is softened as much as possible by the fact that the home has become yours.

It is very nice to hear that Mrs. Sibree can relish anything of my writing. She was always a favourite with me, and I remember very vividly many pleasant little conversations with her. Seventy two! How happy you are to have a dear aged mother whose heart you can gladden.

I was a good deal touched by the letter your brother wrote to you about accepting, or rather declining more pupils.[5] I feel sure that his sensitive nature has its peculiar trials and struggles in this strange life of ours, which some thick-skinned mortals take so easily.

I am very happy—happy in the highest blessing life can give us, the perfect love and sympathy of a nature that stimulates my own to healthful activity. I feel, too, that all the terrible pain I have gone through in past years partly from the defects of my own nature, partly from outward things, has probably been a preparation for some special work that I may do before I die. That is a blessed hope—to be rejoiced in with trembling. But even if that hope should be unfulfilled, I am contented to have lived and suffered for the sake of what has already been.

You see, your kind letter has made me inclined to talk about myself, but as we do not often have any communication with each other, I know it will be a gratification to your sympathetic nature to have a few

5. See 6 April 1856.

direct words from me that will assure you of my moral well-being.

I hope your little ones are just like you—just as fair and sweet-tempered. Goodbye, and believe me

Always your affectionate friend
Marian Lewes.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, LONDON, 8 JUNE 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

38 Jermyn St. | June 8/57.

My Dear Sir

The first part of Janet's Repentance [6] of which I inclose proof rather puzzles me. It is exceedingly clever and some of the hits and descriptions of character are first rate, but I should have liked a pleasanter picture. Surely the colours are rather harsh for a sketch of English County Town life only 25 years ago. The glimpse at the end of the part shows that a powerful and pathetic story is coming and I rather wish you had plunged sooner into it instead of expending so much humour in the delineation of characters who do not seem likely to assist materially in the movement of the Story and who are not in themselves interesting.

The first scene especially I think you should shorten. It is deuced good but rather a staggerer in an opening scene of a Story of Clerical Life. Dempster is rather too barefaced a brute and I am sorry that the poor wife's sufferings should have driven her to so unsentimental a resource as beer. Still it is true to nature. The case is but too common, and I have no right to pass any opinion on this part of the story until I see more of it. I shall be very glad if in returning the proof you can send me a further portion of M.S. as I feel very confident that what is coming will more than dissipate the slight doubts I feel about the popular qualities of this first part.

I greatly regret not being able to give applause altogether unqualified, but I may mention a capital sign that both my brother and I liked it better on the second reading than on the first. For the meantime I feel certain that I am right in advising you to *soften* your picture as much as you can. Your sketches this time are all written in the harsher Thackerayan view of human nature, and I should have liked to have seen some of the good which at page 10 you so neatly indicate

6. Chs. 1–4.

as existing at Milby.[7] When are you going to give us a really good active working clergyman, neither absurdly evangelical nor absurdly High Church?

The Scene at the Linnets [8] is capital. Thackeray is I think rather disposed to claim you as a disciple of his, and I daresay the beautiful touch about the flutter in the female hearts at page 17 is something in his style.

Since I last wrote I have been engaged in a regular series of London dinner parties which is the most knocking up work I know. I wish heartily I were with you in the Channel Islands instead of roasting in Jermyn St. I hear nothing but applause of the power of Gilfil. At Bulwer's the other night I was surprised by Lord Stanley [9] speaking to me most warmly about the series. I would not have thought it in his line. He was astounded when I told him that I did not know who the author was but would let the unknown know what he said.

Tell Lewes that I will write to him [in] a day or two with the proof of Sea Side Studies. The second paper from the hasty perusal I gave it in M.S. seemed to me very good indeed. I am afraid his Algerian friend will not do, but I mean to read him again.

I leave this on the morning of the 15th and go into Derbyshire for a day or two on my way home. If you find your answer will be with me here by the 15th address here, if not send packet to Edinburgh.

If my comments upon Janet disappoint you, consider that I am wrong and attribute my want of appreciation to a fortnight of hot weather and hotter dinners in London.

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

G. Eliot Esq.

P.S. I have paid £22/10 into Lewes' account with Union Bank in acknowledgment of Gilfil Part IV.

7. The opening of ch. 2, numbered 9a in the MS (Morgan Library), has been rewritten, but it agrees with all published versions The "good existing at Milby" is mentioned ironically: "The gentlemen there fall into no other excess at dinner-parties than the perfectly well-bred and virtuous excess of stupidity," etc.

8. Ch. 3.

9. Edward John Stanley, 2d Baron Stanley of Alderley (1802–69).

VINCENT HOLBECHE TO GE, SUTTON COLDFIELD, 9 JUNE 1857

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Hitherto unpublished.*

(Copy) [1] Sutton Coldfield | 9th June 1857.

Dear Mrs. Lewes

I have had an interview with your Brother in consequence of your letter to him announcing your marriage. He is so much hurt at your not having previously made some communication to him as to your intention and prospects that he cannot make up his mind to write, feeling that he could not do so in a Brotherly Spirit. I have at his request undertaken to address you in the belief that you will receive my letter as coming from an old Friend of your Family. Your Brother and Sister (who is gradually gaining a little strength) are naturally anxious to obtain some information respecting your altered state. Perhaps you will not object to make some communication to me which I may convey to them. Permit me to ask when and where you were married and what is the occupation of Mr. Lewes, who I think you refer to in your letter as being actively employed, and where his residence is as you request a remittance to be made to his Bankers in London by the Trustees under your Father's Will. I shall be happy to hear from you and trust the result of your communication may be that of your Brother corresponding directly with you, and remain, Dear Mrs. Lewes,

Yours very faithfully
Vincent Holbeche.

Mrs. G. H. Lewes.

1. This letter, acquired by Mr. Parrish in 1934 in the same lot with GE's letters to her brother, was evidently the copy Isaac Evans kept. Vincent Holbeche had long been associated with Robert Evans during his employment by the Earl of Aylesford, and both he and his partner Henry Addenbrooke were members of the Sutton Coldfield Corporation, holding the posts of Deputy Stewards, Clerks of the Peace, and Clerks to the Magistrates when Lord Aylesford was High Steward. (F. White, *Warwickshire,* 1850, pp. 852, 857.) Holbeche was an executor of Robert Evans's estate and one of the joint trustees of GE's inheritance.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, GOREY, 11 JUNE 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 457–461.

Rosa Cottage, Gorey | June 11. 57.

My dear Sir

I am not much surprized, and not at all hurt by your letter received today with the proof. It is a great satisfaction—in fact my only satisfaction, that you should give me your judgment with perfect frankness. I am able, I think, to enter into an editor's doubts and difficulties, and to see my stories in some degree from your point of view as well as my own. My answer is written after considering the question as far as possible on all sides, and as I feel that I shall not be able to make any other than *superficial* alterations in the proof, I will, first of all, say what I can in explanation of the spirit and future course of the present story.

The collision in the drama is not at all between "bigotted churchmanship" and evangelicalism, but between *ir*religion and religion. Religion in this case happens to be represented by evangelicalism, and the story so far as regards the *persecution,* is a real bit in the religious history of England that happened about eight-and-twenty years ago. I thought I had made it apparent in my sketch of Milby feelings on the advent of Mr. Tryan that the conflict lay between immorality and morality—irreligion and religion. Mr. Tryan will carry the reader's sympathy. It is through him that Janet is brought to repentance. Dempster's vices have their natural evolution in deeper and deeper moral deterioration (though not without softening touches) and death from intemperance. Everything is softened from the fact, so far as art is permitted to soften and yet to remain essentially true. The real town was more vicious than my Milby; the real Dempster [2] was far more disgusting than mine; the real Janet alas! had a far sadder end than mine, who will melt away from the reader's sight in purity, happiness and beauty.

My sketches both of churchmen and dissenters, with whom I am almost equally acquainted, are drawn from close observation of them in real life, and not at all from hearsay or from the descriptions of novel-

2. Contemporary keys to the *Scenes of Clerical Life* all agree that the Dempsters were drawn from James Williams Buchanan (1792–1846), a lawyer at Nuneaton, and his wife Nancy Wallington Buchanan (1803–40), who are frequently referred to in GE's letters to Maria Lewis. See esp. [20 July 1840]. For further biographical details see a series of articles by Fred Cross in the Nuneaton *Chronicle,* 11 August—13 October 1950.

ists. Dempster is no more like a dissenter than Jonathan Oldbuck is like Davie Deans.[3] If I were to undertake to alter Dempster's language or character, I should be attempting to represent some vague conception of what may possibly exist in other people's minds, but has no existence in my own. Such of your marginal objections as relate to a mere detail I can meet without difficulty by alteration; but as an artist I should be utterly powerless if I departed from my own conceptions of life and character. There is nothing to be done with the story, but either to let Dempster and Janet and the rest be as I *see* them, or to renounce it as too painful. I am keenly alive, at once to the scruples and alarms an editor may feel, and to my own utter inability to write under any cramping influence, and on this double ground I should like you to consider whether it will not be better to close the series for the Magazine *now*. I daresay you will feel no difficulty about publishing a volume containing the story of Janet's Repentance, though you may not like to hazard its insertion in the Magazine, and I shall accept that plan with no other feeling than that you have been to me the most liberal and agreeable of editors and are the man of all others I would choose for a publisher.

My irony, so far as I understand myself, is not directed against opinions—against any class of religious views—but against the vices and weaknesses that belong to human nature in every sort of clothing. But it is possible that I may not affect other minds as I intend and wish to affect them, and you are a better judge than I can be of the degree in which I may occasionally be offensive. I should like *not* to be offensive—I should like to touch every heart among my readers with nothing but loving humour, with tenderness, with belief in goodness. But I may have failed in this case of Janet, at least so far as to have made you feel its publication in the Magazine a disagreeable risk. If so, there will be no harm done by closing the series with No. 2, as I have suggested. If, however, I take your objections to be deeper than they really are—if you prefer inserting the story in spite of your partial dissatisfaction, I shall of course be happy to appear under Maga's wing still.

When I remember what have been the successes in fiction even as republications from Maga I can hardly believe that the public will regard my pictures as exceptionally coarse. But in any case there are too many prolific writers who devote themselves to the production of pleas-

3. Scott's Antiquary stood at the opposite point from the father of Jeanie and Effie Deans in *The Heart of Midlothian*, who held so strictly to the tenets of the Covenant that he refused to take an oath after the Revolution.

ing pictures, to the exclusion of all disagreeable truths for me to desire to add one to their number. In this respect, at least, I may have some resemblance to Thackeray, though I am not conscious of being in any way a disciple of his, unless it constitute discipleship to think him, as I suppose the majority of people with any intellect do, on the whole the most powerful of living novelists.

I will retain the proof until I receive an answer from you. In the meanwhile, I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours with sincere regard and obligation
George Eliot.

GE TO VINCENT HOLBECHE, GOREY, 13 JUNE 1857

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. A draft of this letter in GHL's hand, identical except for "truly" instead of "faithfully" in the close, is at Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosa Cottage | Gorey | Jersey | June 13. 1857.

My dear Sir

I have just received your letter written to me by my brother's request, and I willingly reply to it at once by a statement of the facts concerning which you desire information; the more so, because I anticipated the probability of my having to correspond with you as joint Trustee under my Father's Will.

My brother has judged wisely in begging you to communicate with me. If his feelings towards me are unfriendly, there is no necessity for his paining himself by any direct intercourse with me; indeed, if he had written to me in a tone which I could not recognize (since I am not conscious of having done him any injury) I must myself have employed a third person as a correspondent.

Mr. Lewes is a well-known writer, author among other things, of the 'Life of Goethe' and the Biographical History of Philosophy. Our marriage is not a legal one, though it is regarded by us both as a sacred bond. He is at present unable to contract a legal marriage, because, though long deprived of his first wife by her misconduct, he is not legally divorced.

I have been his wife and have borne his name for nearly three years; a fact which has been known to all my personal friends except the members of my own family, from whom I have withheld it because, knowing that their views of life differ in many respects from my own, I wished not to give them unnecessary pain. Other considerations, however, have at length determined me to inform them of my circum-

stances and of the responsibilities for life, which I have undertaken.

It may be desirable to mention to you that I am not dependent on any one, the larger part of my income for several years having been derived from my own constant labour as a writer. You will perceive, therefore, that in my conduct towards my own family I have not been guided by any motives of self-interest, since I have been neither in the reception nor the expectation of the slightest favour from them.

Mr. Lewes, as I have already stated, has an account at the Union Bank of London, Charing Cross Branch, 4 Pall Mall East. I have requested that any money due to me may be paid to his account there, because, as we are frequently out of England and away from town, the transmission of cheques is attended with much inconvenience. I presume that I have a legal right to appoint the payment of interest due to me to any person I may choose to name. But if there is any point necessary to be taken into consideration, which I have overlooked or of which I am ignorant, you will be good enough to set me right.

I have satisfaction in communicating with you in this case, rather than with anyone else, not only because you kindly undertook, from friendship to my Father, to become my trustee, but because I learned from him that it was owing to your considerate suggestion that some provision was made for me during the first year after my Father's death.[4] I daresay you have forgotten the circumstances, but I have always remembered gratefully that instance of thoughtfulness on my behalf, and am glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging it. I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,
Marian Lewes.

Vincent Holbeche Esq.,

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, GOREY, [14 JUNE 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosa Cottage | Gorey, Jersey | Sunday.

My dear Blackwood

The proof[5] goes with this. It is highly gratifying to me to find you pleased with these papers; because if an intelligent reader, *not* specially interested in Zoology can find pleasure in them, *à fortiori* may we ex-

4. Holbeche suggested to Robert Evans that he leave GE £100 in cash instead of in household goods not otherwise disposed of in his will, and a codicil was drawn up to that effect. For a summary of the will see B. C. Williams, *George Eliot*, 1936, pp. 11–12; the date 28 September 1884 should of course be 1848.

5. "Sea-Side Studies," Part II of the 2d series.

pect the numerous amateurs of zoology—and I will add the serious students—to be interested. I have *great* hopes of a successful republication, and rejoice that we did not reprint the first series which was too slight except for temporary amusement.

I was in raptures with "Janet's Repentance" when Eliot first read it to me and declared it would be the finest thing he had written. Your letter therefore considerably staggered me, as I have much confidence in your judgement; accordingly I reread the part with a critical eye to detect the objections you spoke of. In vain! Two readings have left me in the dark. Either you or I must be under a profound misconception of the effect likely to be produced. I agree with you in thinking the description of the town and its inhabitants the least successful part of what is printed—but I agree with Eliot that it was necessary to paint the locale for the truth of the story. Only in such an atmosphere could such a story move freely and naturally. Dempster seems to me a marvellous creation—Dr. Johnson turned rascal, or rather dissolute.[6] Janet is a striking figure, too. And when I think of my ignorance of clerical life and squabbles, yet find myself so interested in this story, I feel that all persons better informed must be greatly moved.

Much do I regret your leaving town before our return. I had set my heart on breaking through the incognito, and bringing you and Eliot together, feeling sure that if you once saw and conversed with him and found the sensitive, shrinking, refined creature he is, you would have your opinion of your new contributor considerably modified. Is there any chance of your being in town in the Autumn?

You must like my Algerine friend on reperusal. The wretched scrawl in which he writes[7] may have prejudiced you; but the style and matter are surely fresh and picturesque. You see I stand up for my friends! But then I don't thrust my friends upon you, unless they first convince me it is for "your good." I used to be caned for "my good" when a boy—and didn't like it. Perhaps you are equally recalcitrant? My Algerine friend is a lady—whose name is already known to you, for Maga has been respectful to her.[8]

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

6. " 'Don't contradict *me*, sir!' stormed Dempster. 'I say the word presbyterian is derived from John Presbyter, a miserable fanatic.' " (Ch. 1.)

7. John Chapman wrote Barbara Leigh Smith 1 September 1855: "And now dear, suffer me to lecture you about your careless handwriting. If you retrograde at the rate you are now going, I shall be quite unable in ten years hence to read what you write. Clear, legible writing is a real comfort to all your correspondents; and as it is easily attainable, I do not think it right not to ensure it." (Yale.) However, it remained careless.

8. *Blackwood's* spoke respectfully of her pamphlet in "The Laws concerning Women," 79 (April 1856), 379.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, LONDON, 14 JUNE 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

38 Jermyn St. | June 14/57.

My Dear Sir

Your long and interesting letter of the 11th affords me much pleasure as it gives me great confidence that in spite of my objections to this first part of Janet's Repentance the Tale as it goes on will prove one of your best. Indeed the glimpse of what was coming in the last pages left this impression on my mind at first.

I do not fall in with George Eliots every day and the idea of stopping the Series as suggested in your letter gave me "quite a turn" to use one of Thackeray's favourite phrases. There is nothing in the part that can make me "afraid" to publish it. On the contrary no one can read it without being impressed by the ability and truth of the individual pictures, and I only wished to convey my fear that you are wasting power in sketching in so many figures who would not help on or add to the popularity of your story.

From the tone of this first part I do not think that it will be much liked, but you know what groundwork you require, and when I have not seen the whole of your M.S. you must always take my remarks as those of one writing to some extent in the dark. I wish much now that I had the rest of your M.S. as I feel sure that it would enable me to write and heartily congratulate you upon a new success.

I liked the religious feeling in Gilfil much, and I am very glad to see what you say on that head in your letter. I feel sure that we shall agree in disliking canters of all creeds and respecting real religious feeling whatever form it takes. Send the proof direct to Edinburgh where I hope to be on Thursday.

I leave this "damned distracting Town" tomorrow morning and, many friends as I have in it, I am not sorry to get away. For the next two days I shall be in a remarkably rural district of Derbyshire and tell Lewes that while there I shall reread his literary Zouave friend's M.S. and write to him on the subject.

Thackeray was here today to say good bye to Mrs. Blackwood and had there not been some other parties in the room I would have read what you said about him, as I do not think it would have been otherwise than gratifying to the old Trojan.

In continuing to write for the Magazine I beg of all things that you will not consider yourself hampered in any way. Of course I will say when I think you are failing to produce the effect you intend or other-

wise missing the mark, but unless you write entirely from the bent of your own genius or knowledge or observation it would not be worth my while to make any comments at all.

The cordial tone of your letters gives me great pleasure, and after reading your last I should have liked very much to have shaken hands with you and expressed the hope which I now write that there are many years of happy friendly and literary intercourse before us.

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

To the Author of Clerical Scenes.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, GOREY, 16 JUNE 1857

MS. National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosa Cottage | Gorey | June 16th /57.

My dear Sir

Thanks for your kind letter. It shows that you have understood me, and will give me confidence for the future. I have attended, I think, to all your marginal observations except one, and have been able to make several omissions and introduce several touches which I hope you will find an agreeable modification of the second chapter, when you read it in revise. I wish I could send you more M.S., but unfortunately I have not enough in readiness for you, to make that worth while.

The descriptions of character are not so alien to the drama as they possibly appear to you at present, and several other things that seem to have puzzled you will I dare say, become clear as the story proceeds. I will forward the next part as soon as I can possibly get it in a state of completeness and now I have your cordial words to give me confidence it will go on more swimmingly.

I heartily respond to your wish that our literary intercourse may continue—for that wish includes many good things. It means that I shall go on writing what will stir men's hearts to sympathy as well as that I shall have all the pleasures and advantages involved in the possession of a generous editor. That that editor may one day become a personal friend is a prospect which I hope I may indulge without proving too sanguine. Ever, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

VINCENT HOLBECHE TO ISAAC PEARSON EVANS, SUTTON COLDFIELD, 17 JUNE 1857

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Sutton Coldfield | 17th June 1857.

Dear Evans

I send you a letter I have this morning received from *Mrs.* Lewes in reply to mine to her, of which you have a copy on the other side. Her letter needs no comment from me at present. If I can render you any further assistance you know you have only to request it.

I hope Mrs. Evans has regained her strength and that Mrs. Clarke is better.

Ever truly yours
Vincent Holbeche.

GE JOURNAL, JERSEY, 28 JUNE 1857

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 436–439.

Recollections of the Scilly Isles. 1857

It is now the 28th of June, and it seems a long, long while since we said goodbye to kind-looking Charlotte,[1] at the Richmond Station on Sunday evening, the 15th of March. G. had a fixed idea that it would be supremely delightful to be at the Scilly Isles at the Spring Equinox, and so we set off in all the certain uncertainty of March weather. A comfortable night at the Paddington Railway Hotel and a bright morning, made an auspicious beginning of our journey, and it was still fine when we reached Plymouth, so that we could walk out on the Hoe, and get a view. But Mount Edgecumbe was leafless then, and the distances were clad in smoky haze. The Globe Hotel, where we put up, was very comfortable, but I was suffering from headache, and general malaise, and was unable to enjoy anything. In the morning we walked out to buy a basket for zoophyte hunting and learned that the excitement we saw in the town was owing to the expectation of Mr. Spurgeon,[2] who was going to preach for the benefit of an indebted chapel. At 10 or half past, we mounted the coach that was to convey us to Truro and had a cold

1. The servant at 8 Park Shot.

2. Charles Haddon Spurgeon (1834–92), Baptist preacher. When he came to London in 1854 Exeter Hall proved too small for the crowds he attracted. The Metropolitan Tabernacle seating 6000 was built for him in 1861.

but not unpleasant journey. I have described our companions in my journal, as well as our week's sojourn at Penzance while we waited for the weather, and our first glimpse of the Scilly Isles as we ascended sick and weary from our berths in the Ariadne. Captain Tregarthen recommended us to take lodgings at the Post Office, kept by Mrs. Scadden, "a very nice woman," so to the Post Office we went, and were very well pleased with the rooms, which were clean and well-sized. We had not formed a very brilliant conception of Scilly lodgings, so that there was not much room for disappointment. A little damsel about twelve, came in to attend to the fire, and turning with a smile to me, said, "Please, my name's Joyce if you want anything." Joyce, however was not our usual attendant, but a nice-mannered girl of eighteen. Poor little Joyce was an orphan and had been taken into service from the Union by our landlady Mrs. Scadden, whom we liked very well for the first day or two, when we discovered no other qualities than blandness and honesty, which do not always go together. A nearer acquaintance made it evident that there were great resources of stupidity in her, which, with the difficulty of getting meat at Scilly, made the victualing department a matter of considerable anxiety. After one desperate effort at luxury—sending for a loin of mutton, which turned out to be all fat, and a couple of fowls, which were of patriarchal toughness, from Penzance—we resigned ourselves to the monotony of beef and fried polack,[3] the only flesh easily procurable. Partly from the food perhaps, partly from the weather and climate, we were not well at Scilly and I had a further cause for physical depression in the deep trouble and anxiety I was in on Chrissey's account. We had not been at St. Mary's a fortnight, I think, when the news came of her illness and little Fanny's death [4]—sweet little fair Fanny—and the sad struggle of feeling I had for weeks between the wish to be with her and the impossibility of going to her without renouncing other duties more important, made the time pass painfully in spite of the constant love and mutual occupation that filled the days. This will always make the remembrance of Scilly half painful, though the sight of its unique scenery is really an acquisition.

I had never before seen a granite coast, and on the southern side of the island of St. Mary's one sees such a coast in its most striking and characteristic forms. Rectangular crevices, the edges of which have been rounded by weather give many of the granite masses a resemblance to bales of wool or cotton heaped on each other; another characteristic form is the mushroom-shaped mass often lying poised on the summits of more cubical boulders or fragments; another is the immense flat plat-

3. i.e., pollack?

4. Frances Clarke.

form stretching out like a pier into the sea; another the oval basins formed by the action of the rain water on the summits of the rocks and boulders. The colouring of the rocks was very various and beautiful; sometimes a delicate greyish green from shaggy byssus which clothes it, chiefly high up from the water; then a light warm brown; then black; occasionally of a rich yellow; and here and there purplish. Below the rocks on the coast are almost everywhere heaps of white boulders, sometimes remarkably perfect ovals, and looking like huge eggs of some monstrous bird. Hardly any weed was to be seen on the granite, except here and there in a rock pool green with young ulva; and no barnacles encrust the rock, no black muscles,[5] scarcely any limpets. The waves that beat on this coast are clear as crystal, and we used to delight in watching them rear themselves like the horses of a mighty sea god as they approached the rocks on which they were broken into eddies of milky foam. The most striking points of the coast were Peninis, a grand promontory where the granite is broken into many separate piles; the Pulpit Rock; Porthelik, a bay where there are huge boulders scattered about the sands, so that at low water, it looks like a giant's play ground; the Giant's Castle; and a jutting wall of rock coloured of the richest yellow ochre tint, towards the eastern end of the island—of which I could not learn the name. Along a great part of this southern coast, there stretch heathy or furzy downs, over which I used to enjoy rambling immensely;—there is a sense of freedom on those unenclosed grounds that one never has in a railed Park, however extensive.

Then, on the north side of the island, above Sandy Bar; what a view we used to get of the opposite islands and reefs, with their delicious violet and yellow tints—the tall ship or two anchored in the Sound changing their aspect like living things—and when the wind was at all high the white foam prancing round the reefs and rising in fountain-like curves <beyond> above the screen of rocks. Sandy Bar was one of our frequent objects in our walks—a long stretch of fine pale sand where the large roots of the *laminaria* were thrown up in abundance. It was here we found our first comatula, which looked small and insignificant when we first set eyes on it clutching the root of the laminaria, but expanded like a red and white fern when we put it into the bottle.

Many a wet and dirty walk we had along the lanes, for the weather was often wet and almost always blustering. Now and then however, we had a clear sky and a calm sea, and on such days it was delicious to look up after the larks that were singing above us, or to look out on the island and reef-studded sea. I never enjoyed the lark before as I enjoyed

5. A variant spelling of "mussels."

it at Scilly—never felt the full beauty of Shelley's poem on it before. On wet days the most convenient walk was the Garrison hill, which was in its highest beauty when we arrived. It is covered with splendid furze, with here and there an opening where you see a little rabbit trotting from bush to bush or a deer making haste to get out of your sight. The hill is a good height and from its highest part, one gets a curious view of St. Agnes with its light-house and its far-stretching chain of reefs. Four pyramidal reefs at the extremity of the chain have been named by the imaginative Scillonians the Great and Little Smith, and the Haycocks! On the other side lies Trescaid with its sister islands enclosing the sound, for ever changing in the loveliness of their aspect, with the changing sky and sea.

A spot we became very fond of towards the close of our stay was Carne Lea, where between two fine jutting piles of granite there was a soft down gay with the pretty pink flowers of the thrift, which on this island carpets the ground like greensward. Here we used to sit and lie in the bright afternoons, watching the silver sunlight on the waves—bright silver, not golden—it is the morning and evening sunlight that is golden.

A week or two after our arrival we made the acquaintance of Mr. Moyle,[6] the surgeon, who became a delightful friend to us, always ready to help with the contents of his surgery or anything else at his command. We liked to have him come and smoke a cigar in the evening, and look in now and then for a little lesson in microscopy, but we were quite determined for a long while to have no other acquaintances at Scilly. At length, however, he persuaded us to see our next door neighbours the Buckstones, and we dined with them once—a fine old Father, deaf and paralytic, but still intelligent, a silly, ill-bred woman without the slightest presentiment of anything in existence superior to herself, and a stupid, good-natured, unaffected husband. The husband took us one day to see the new light-house being prepared for erection on one of the outer reefs near St. Agnes—the Bishop's Rock, I think. Every morsel of the structure is prepared and fitted before it is carried to the spot, and the light-house is thus temporarily built up and taken to pieces again.

The little indications of the social life at Scilly that we were able to pick up were very amusing. I was repeatedly told, in order to make me aware who Mr. Hall was, that he married a Miss Lemon. The people at St. Mary's imagine that the lawyers and doctors at Penzance are a

6. John Grenfell Moyle, M.R.C.S. 1839, was acting surgeon of the Royal Invalid Artillery.

sort of European characters that every one knows. We heard a great deal about Mr. Quill, an Irishman, the controller of the customs, and one day that we called on the Buckstones, Mr. Buckstone said two or three times at intervals, "I wish you knew Quill!" At last, on our farewell call, we saw the distinguished Quill, with his hair plaistered down, his charming smile, and his trowsers with a broad stripe down each leg.—Mr. Buckstone amused us by his contempt for curs—"O, I wouldn't have a cur—there's nothing to look at in a cur."

Our readings aloud were Cromwell's Letters, Aurora Leigh (for the 2d time), Life of Charlotte Bronte, Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea,[7] Twelfth Night and Macbeth, and Northanger Abbey and Persuasion. I read the Œdipus Tyrannus and the Œdipus Coloneus, De Quincey's Glories of Stage Coach Travelling and Revolt of the Tartars, and the greater part of Shelley's poems.

We left St. Mary's on the 11th of May about 2 o'clock in the windless afternoon; but after a while a little breeze sprang up and the good little sailing yacht Ariadne carried us into Mount's Bay, Penzance about 10 o'clock at night. We went to Dingley's, a quiet comfortable family hotel, and remained there all the next day, enjoying very much our walk through the Penzance lanes and fields, "fed full of noises" by streams not "invisible" but beautifully visible in their clearness as they leaped or rippled over the brown stones. The next morning we went on the top of the omnibus to Falmouth, and after resting and lunching walked through the town to the castle, from which we had a fine view of the pretty harbour. The evening passed by pleasantly reading *Emma*, and early the next morning we set off by the "Sir F. Drake" to Plymouth. The fog was so dense, that the vessel was stopped repeatedly in order to ascertain how far we were from the shore; but at length it cleared away, and we got into Plymouth Harbor safely under a broiling sun. After dining and resting on shore we returned on board the same vessel at 5 o'clock, and after a night of misery in my berth, I came on deck yellow and frowsy to look at the shores of Jersey. We went to Jenne's Hotel in Royal Square,[8] and were very comfortable there. A walk to St. Aubin's in search of lodgings filled up the time till dinner, but we determined not to decide on our residence till we had seen and considered more, so we remained at the hotel that night and in the morning set out by omnibus to Gorey, which G. thought would be more likely to suit his zoological purposes than St. Aubin's, where there are no fishermen. Gorey proved to be just what we wanted and to Gorey we came, with our traps filling our fly inside and outside, on Saturday evening, the 16th of May.

7. Matthew Fontaine Maury, 1855.

8. In St. Helier's.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 30 JUNE 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | June 30/57.

My Dear Sir

I hope you have got your copy of the Magazine and find Janet correctly printed in all respects.[9] Your letters always give me much pleasure, and I wish I could overcome my habitual disinclination to letter writing so as to give myself a fair claim to more frequent communications from you.

As yet of course I have no means of judging how Janet is going to take with the public, but I have no doubt as to the power, ability, and lifelike character of the sketches in Part 1. That too many of the harsher elements of character are painted without relief in this part I still think, but I feel perfectly confident that the continuation of the Story will cause my objections to disappear altogether. The temptations to idleness in this hot weather in Jersey must be very great; nevertheless I hope to see a batch of M.S. very soon.

In the meantime I have the pleasure of paying into Lewes' account with the Union Bank £27 in acknowledgment of Janet Part 1. As I write to Lewes along with this I trust that you will excuse the brevity of this note.

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 7 JULY 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | July 7/57.

My Dear Sir

I inclose proof of Janet's Repentance Part 2.[1] Most graphic and life like your pictures are. Clever and humorous as this part is I feel that the best of the Story is yet to come. Hitherto Janet and Tryan, who ought to bear the chief burden of the interest, do not stand out from your canvas so distinct in form and substance as your other figures.

9. *Blackwood's*, 82 (July 1857), 55–76. 1. Chs. 5–9.

Your Bishop is doubtless a true sketch, but I wish he had been a better sample of the cloth. Some allusion to the solemn and affecting sight that a confirmation ought to be would not lessen the effect of your quaint and amusing picture of the scene at Milby thirty years ago and would destroy the chance of any accusation of irreverence or wish to make the ceremony ridiculous.[2]

The preparations for the reception of the Bishop[3] are capitally sketched, as also Mrs. Jerome with her abominable tea cups.[4] Indeed the part is full of admirable touches. The placard is too long and my impression is that it would be better very much cut down or described in general terms. It did not make me laugh, which ought to be the emotion combined with indignation at the outrage excited by such a document.[5] You show very great skill in exciting the interest of your readers and I am sure most of them will be as anxious as I [to] see the rest of Janet's story. Let me have back proof as soon as you conveniently can.

The Madeleine Smith[6] Trial keeps Edinburgh quite ahead of London at present. The girl will get off. She is a nice young woman but I really doubt whether she did poison the beast and at all events he deserved anything. I wish the dog had died and made no sign, as such exposures do much harm. I should like to hear Lewes on the subject as I think he has rather a turn for the analysis of remarkable trials.

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

I have been giving out George Eliot as the mysterious author. Do not allow any objections of mine to Janet to disturb you. Probably my want of experience of English country life [keeps me] from seeing that the placard is natural in the excitement of a village religious war.

2. Ch. 6.
3. Ch. 5.
4. Ch. 8.
5. Ch. 9.
6. Madeleine Hamilton Smith was put on trial at Edinburgh 30 June 1857 for the murder by arsenic of Emile l'Angelier, from whom she wanted to recover letters she had written while they were intimate. See *The Trial of Madeleine Smith*, ed. A Duncan Smith, Notable Scottish Trials Series, Glasgow and Edinburgh [1905]. The case was the subject of *Madeleine*, a film produced by J. Arthur Rank in 1950.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, GOREY, 7 JULY 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosa Cottage, Gorey | Jersey 7 July 1857.

My dear Blackwood

Thanks for the papers and your letter which contains such pleasant news. But by an unusual oversight you have sent G.E. his Maga, leaving G.H.L. Magaless.

I am glad you like my Algerine friend on second reading. I should be glad if you gave her the encouragement of Maga's patronage [7] for although a painter of considerable power I believe she has stuff in her to make a remarkable contributor now and then; and two strings to a bow are never superfluous.

Eliot sent you a packet of M.S. last week; and I shall send you one in a day or two. I did intend returning home on the 16th, but as he will not leave Jersey till the 24th I have extended my stay also till then; so that both our proofs may be sent here.

Expect something "stunning" in No. III.[8]

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, GOREY, 12 [JULY] 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extracts published: William Blackwood,* II, 441–442.

Rosa Cottage | Gorey | Jersey | June [9] 12. 57.

My dear Sir

By today's post I return the proof of Part 2. Part 1 was printed as I wished in every respect except one. The printer's reader made a correction after I saw the proof, and though he may sometimes do so with advantage, as I am very liable to overlook mistakes, I in this case particularly object to his alteration, and I mention it in order to request that it may not occur again. He has everywhere substituted the form —"the Misses So and So" for "the Miss So and Sos"—a form which in England is confined to public announcements, to the backs of letters, and to the conversation of schoolmistresses. It is not the conversational

7. Blackwood did not accept the article.

8. Of "Sea-Side Studies."

9. A slip for July.

English of good society, and causes the most disagreeable jolt in an easy style of narrative or description.[1]

I think you have rather mistaken the intention of the jokes in the play-bill. They are not meant by any means as Attic wit, but as *Milby* wit, and any really fine sarcasm would be out of place. I have altered the conclusion a little to prevent that mistake in the reader. It would not do, I think, to substitute vagueness for particularity in this instance, and omit the play-bill. In the real persecution, a play-bill of an equally insulting kind was printed and circulated and thought the finest joke imaginable.

My own impression on rereading very carefully the account of the confirmation is, that readers will perceive, what is the fact—that I am not in the least occupying myself with confirmation in general, or with Bishops in general, but with a particular confirmation, and a particular Bishop.

Art must be either real and concrete, or ideal and eclectic. Both are good and true in their way, but my stories are of the former kind. I undertake to exhibit nothing as it should be; I only try to exhibit some things as they have been or are, seen through such a medium as my own nature gives me.[2] The moral effect of the stories of course depends on my power of seeing truly and feeling justly; and as I am not conscious of looking at things through the medium of cynicism or irreverence, I can't help hoping that there is no tendency in what I write to produce those miserable mental states.

The interest of the next part will turn entirely on Janet and Mr. Tryan.

I think Madeline Smith one of the least fascinating of murderesses, and since she is acquitted it is a pity Palmer [3] is not alive to marry her and be the victim of her second experiment in cosmetics—which is too likely to come one day or other. Ever, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

J. Blackwood Esq.

1. See *Blackwood's*, 82 (July 1857), p. 60: "the four tall Misses Pittman." When reprinted in *Scenes of Clerical Life*, 1858, it becomes "the Miss Pittmans," etc., as in the MS.

2. Cf the extended statement of this principle in *Adam Bede*, ch. 17.

3. William Palmer was tried and convicted at Stafford in May 1856 for the murder by poison of J. P. Cook.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, GOREY,
[12 JULY 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extract published: John Blackwood,* p. 39.

Rosa Cottage | Gorey, Jersey | Sunday.

My dear Blackwood

You want to know what I think of the Smith case. In one word I would say that it is very lucky for that miserable girl that her victim was a Frenchman and she a Scotchwoman. Under any other circumstances she must have been hanged. A more hideous case it would be difficult to find. I cannot feel the slightest approach to sympathy with her. I see absolutely *no* trace of goodness in her. From first to last she is utterly bad. As to Angelier's having corrupted her—in the ordinary sense of the word, he did—that is he gained her consent to what she seems far from reluctant in granting; but for all other 'corruption' she seems to me more capable of corrupting him. Not that I have any sympathy with him. But he *had* good feelings. She has none.

While, however, the evidence against her is overwhelming and even the jury only returns a verdict of not proven [4]—a moral condemnation though a legal acquittal—I must say the masterly defense of the Dean [5] was enough to shake a jury. It is one of the finest specimens of forensic argument I remember. Admirable in tone as well as masterly in legal acuteness. From the first I feared lest the *last* proof could be adduced; and the Dean takes up a strong position in showing the absence of such proof.

The sympathy felt for this girl is to me thoroughly incomprehensible. I understand the profound sympathy felt for her family. But it is clear the Dean believed her guilty—the judge summed up dead against her—the evidence in her favor was of itself a tacit avowal—yet the audience cheers her acquittal! Unless that cheer meant a condemnation of capital punishment altogether, it has a hideous sound in my ears.

Entre nous let me hint that unless you have any *serious* objection to

4. The verdict 9 July 1857 was not guilty on the first count (administering poison the first time), not proven on the second and third (administering poison the second time and murdering l'Angelier by poison). See *The Trial of Madeleine Smith,* ed. A. Duncan Smith, Glasgow and Edinburgh [1905]. Later in 1857 she married Tudor Hora, a surgeon of Perth, and emigrated to Melbourne, where he died. She then married a Mr. Wardle. She died at Melbourne 29 September 1893. (Boase.)

5. John Inglis (1810–91), Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, conducted the defense. His address to the jury 8 July 1857 is published in *The Trial of Madeleine Smith,* pp. 211–252.

make to Eliot's stories, *don't* make any. He is so easily discouraged, so diffident of himself, that not being prompted by necessity to write, he will close the series in the belief that his writing is not relished. I laugh at him for his diffidence and tell him it's a proof he is *not* an author. But he has passed the middle of life without writing at all, and will easily be made to give it up. *Don't allude to this hint of mine.* He wouldn't like my interfering.

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

By the way I have not had my copy of *Maga* this month. One came for G.E. which he carried off.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, GOREY, [14 JULY 1857]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* July 17. 1857. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosa Cottage Gorey | Tuesday Evening.

Dear Sara

I *do* answer your letters because there are things I want to say.

First, we shall be at Park Shot, Richmond again, on the 16th [6] July. If, as is very likely, the rest of the house should be full, we can make you a comfortable bed for a night in Mr. Lewes's dressing room, which is in fact a bedroom as soon as there are sheets on the bed. I don't ask you to *stay* with us because, as we have no superfluity of rooms or of time, that would hamper us in our work. But it would be a real delight to me if you could take us in your way *to* or *from* the Carters.[7] I say just the truth, because you used always to like that.

Secondly, I have written to Mr. Holbeche, my Father's trustee telling him the whole truth as far as essentials—that our marriage is not a legal one though we both regard it as sacred, *why* Mr. Lewes cannot contract a legal marriage, how long it is since I have been his wife and borne his name, and why I have withheld the fact from my family. I dare say I shall never have any further correspondence with my brother, which will be a great relief to me. So now there is nothing to be concealed from any one, and the greatest service my friends can do is to tell the truth in contradiction to false rumours.

6. The MS is clear, but their journals show that they returned to Richmond 25 July.

7. The daughters of John Bonham Carter.

No more now, because it is evening and we are going to carry the letters to post.

Ever yours
Marian.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, GOREY, 19 JULY 1857

MS: Berg Collection, New York Public Library. *Endorsed:* Bessie. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Rosa Cottage | Gorey | July 19. 57.

Bravo, dear Bessie!

Your opening address is eloquently wise. Mr. Lewes and I both admire it.

I long to know particulars about your editorship,[8] and am hoping it is the beginning of a new era for you—your Hegira from all sorts of vexation.

I will say no more this melting afternoon, except that I love you and am a sharer in all good that happens to you.

Marian.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, GOREY, [19 JULY 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Jersey, Sunday.

My dear Blackwood,

You have been so uniformly agreeable in editorial relations with me that I should be sorry indeed, if any inconvenience arose from my papers; and beg you will decide respecting the publication of No. III next month *entirely* according to your own convenience. As a mere memorandum I would suggest that the interruption of a series is always undesirable, and peculiarly does this apply just now when people are

8. Miss Parkes had become a contributor to the *Waverley Journal* earlier in 1857. The issue for 7 February contains a letter by her on "French Algiers" and one on an Algerian school for the instruction of Mohammedan girls. An article in the same issue, "Women and Work," by Barbara Leigh Smith, was reprinted as a pamphlet. In noticing the *Waverley Journal* in the *Leader*, 14 February 1857, p. 161, Lewes says parenthetically that it "is in its third volume, although we never heard of its existence before." I have been unable to find any copy of it.

flocking to the coast and are more likely to take an interest in marine articles than at any other time. But you have doubtless weighed that consideration, and I repeat, if there are other papers of more temporary interest, or if you wish to oblige their writers, don't let me stand in the way, but decide as your own judgement and wishes incline, assured that I shall entertain no doubt of the propriety of the decision.

Your bits of Madeleine Smith amused me much. What utter deadness of moral feeling!—she is so *un*moral that she produces in me the effect of a wild beast. I should like to "anatomize her and see what breeds about her heart." [9]

George Eliot has not left. Indeed it is owing to his resolution of staying here till next Friday [1] that I am not already in Richmond. On Friday however I make "positively last appearance" on the sands of Gorey.

G.E. begs me to send his kind regards. We were both amused with the divination of the Manx Seer and his friend Liggers.[2] Quel nom! How can you wonder at the anonymous being desired, when its removal would disclose a somewhat antique Liggers who had sown wild oats in Manx society, and was now subdued to the grave proprieties of Maga. Liggers would look well on a title page! Liggers's New Novel. | The Manx Cat. | By Joshua Liggers. | 3 vols. £1.11.6d.

"In the *Manx Cat* the brilliant Liggers has produced a work which may vie with the finest productions of his pen." *Sun.*

"In the *Manx Cat* Liggers shows a master hand." *Observer.*

"We were the first to recognize the genius of Liggers. The Manx Cat may go forth with our recommendation." *Athenæum.*

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

Proof goes by this post.

9. Cf. *King Lear,* III, vi, 75.

1. They left Jersey Friday, 24 July 1857, spent the night at the Craven Hotel in London, and after a little shopping, reached Richmond at one o'clock, the 25th. (GHL Journal.)

2. Blackwood apparently sent GHL the article about "Liggers" from the *Manx Sun.* See GE to Mrs. Houghton, 2 June 1857.

GE JOURNAL, RICHMOND, [26? JULY 1857]

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 444–448.

Recollections of Jersey. 1857

It was a beautiful moment when we came to our lodgings at Gorey. The orchards were all in blossom—and this is an island of orchards. They cover the slopes; they stretch before you in shady, grassy, indefinite extent through every other gateway by the road side; they flourish in some spots almost close to the sea. What a contrast to the Scilly Isles! There you stand on the hills like a sparrow on the house top; here you are like the same sparrow when he is hopping about on the branches with green above him, green below, and green all round. Gorey stands on Grouville Bay, where the grand old castle of Mont Orgueil stands and keeps guard on a fine rocky promontory overlooking the little harbour, dotted with fishing craft. The other "limb" of the bay is formed by the St. Clement Reefs, which stretch their desultory length far out into the sea, one of them forming the site of a martello tower. Similar towers are placed at intervals almost all round the bay. There is an immense belt of sand laid bare at low water, but it is so uneven and consequently wet, that except towards St. Clement's reefs, one can get no nice walking on the beach. As some compensation, there is a charming piece of common or down, where you can have the quietest easiest walking, with a carpet of minute wild flowers that are not hindered from flourishing by the sandy rain of the coast. I delighted extremely in the brownish green softness of this undulating common, here and there varied with a patch of bright green fern—all the prettier for two little homesteads set down upon it with their garden fence and sheltering trees. It was pretty in all lights, but especially the evening light to look round at the castle and harbour, the village, and the scattered dwellings peeping out from among trees on the hill. The castle is built of stone which has a beautiful pinkish grey tint, and the bright green ivy hangs oblique curtains on its turreted walls, making it look like a natural continuation or outgrowth of the rocky and grassy height on which it stands. Then the eye wanders on to the right and takes in the church standing halfway down the hill, which is clothed with a plantation, and shelters the little village with its cloud of blue smoke; still to the right, and the village breaks off, leaving nothing but meadows in front of the slope that shuts out the setting sun and only lets you see a hint of the golden glory that is reflected in the pink eastern clouds.

The first lovely walk we found inland was the Queen's Farm Valley,

where a broad strip of meadow and pasture lies between two high slopes covered with woods and ferny wildness. Pursuing the road to the right as we entered the valley from Gorey, we first ascended a little and saw the grassy flat, with a water-mill, a little pool, a farm-house, and farther on a pasture with tethered cows lying below us; then we began to descend always by the wood side, with the birds singing and the sunlight shimmering in the boughs above us, the curious fresh green *Euphorbia* inviting our attention on the bank close by us, until we came quite to the depth of the valley, and winding our way along a narrow path with a clear musical brook running between banks fringed with long grasses and fern, stopping to pat the mild cows tethered with a view to those long grasses, we reached at last a *perfect* pond—on one side overhung by the outermost bows of the hanging wood, on another bordered by a meadow with its tall grasses, on another by the narrow footpath edged with young oaks. A current ran through the pond, making a river between the tiny forests of white blossoms that covered almost all the rest of the surface. When we first saw this valley it was in the loveliest spring-time: the woods were a delicious mixture of red and tender green and purple. We have watched it losing that spring beauty, passing into the green and flowery luxuriance of June, and now into the more monotonous summer tint of July.

When the blossoms fell away from the orchards my next delight was to look at the grasses mingled with the red sorrel; then came the white umbelliferous plants making a border or inner frame for them along the hedgerows and streams. Another pretty thing here is the luxuriance of the yellow iris that covers large pieces of moist ground with its broad blades. Everywhere there are tethered cows, looking at you with meek faces—mild eyed, sleek fawn-coloured creatures, with delicate downy udders.

Another favorite walk of ours was round by Mont Orgueil along the coast. Here we had the green or rocky slope on one side of us and on the other the calm sea stretching to the coast of France, visible on all but the murkiest days.[3] But the murky days were not many during our stay, and our evening walks round the coast usually showed us a peaceful, scarcely rippled sea, plashing gently on the purple pebbles of the little scalloped bays. There were two such bays within the boundary of our sea-side walk in that direction, and one of them was a perpetual wonder to us in the luxuriant verdure of meadows and orchards

3. "Weather transcendant ever since we have been here. Delicious walk through the lanes and farms on the coast. Passing through a garden belonging to a cottager we were agreeably surprised by the woman's offering us a bunch of lilac; she then brought out a telescope for us to see the coast of France, and was altogether extremely obliging, smiling, and good." (GHL Journal, 20 May 1857.)

and forest trees that sloped down to the very shore. No distressed look about the trees, as if they were ever driven harshly back by the wintry winds—it was like an inland slope suddenly carried to the coast.

As for the inland walks, they are inexhaustible. The inland is one labyrinth of delicious roads and lanes, leading you by the most charming nooks of houses with shady grounds and shrubberies—delightful farm homesteads—and trim villas.

It was a sweet, peaceful life we led here—good creatures, the Amys, our host and hostess, with their nice boy and girl and the little white kid, the family pet. No disagreeable sounds to be heard in the house, no unpleasant qualities to hinder one from feeling perfect love to these simple people.

We have had long rambles and long readings. But our choice of literature has been rather circumscribed in this out of the way place. The life of George Stephenson [4] has been a real profit and pleasure. I have read Draper's Physiology [5] aloud, for grave evening hours, and such books as Currer Bell's "Professor," [6] Mde d'Auney's Mariage en Province [7] and Miss Ferrier's "Marriage" [8] for lighter food. The last, however, we found ourselves unable to finish, notwithstanding Miss Ferrier's high reputation. I have been getting a smattering of botany from Miss Catlow and from Dr. Thomson's little book on Wild Flowers,[1] which have created at least a longing for something more complete on the subject.

Our only carriage expedition here has been to Bouley Bay,[2] one delicious evening when the sea was glassy smooth. The coast there is an agreeable contrast to that on the Gorey side of the island—tall hills with curving slopes, and perpendicular indentations making dark shadows on the soft green. We came back by Rozel Bay, also pretty.

An amusing episode for us in our quiet life was the Gorey Races which happened on the 15th and 16th of July. We strolled about the ground and saw a little of Jersey human nature between the races—men at the gambling tables, and the crowd round a company of mountebanks.

On the 24th we left this green island—a sweet spot in our memories, while our memories last.

4. Samuel Smiles, *Life of George Stephenson*, 1857, which GE read aloud 26 June. (GHL Journal.)

5. John William Draper, *Human Physiology*, 1856.

6. Charlotte Bronte, *The Professor*, 1857. GE finished reading it aloud 23 June.

7. Léonie d'Aunet, *Un Mariage en province*, Paris, 1857.

8. Susan Edmonstone Ferrier's *Marriage*, her first novel, originally published in *Blackwood's* in 1818.

1. Spencer Thomson, *Wild Flowers*, 1854.

2. 13 July 1857. (GHL Journal.)

GHL TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, [26 JULY 1857]

MS: Coventry City Libraries. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | Sunday.

Dear Miss Hennell

Polly is suffering from one of her terrible headaches and begs me to assure you that you can at any time have a bed here without putting us to inconvenience. Wednesday next will suit us better than Monday; indeed I should suggest to you *not* to come tomorrow lest her head should still be bad.[3] We remain here all the autumn and winter. Polly sends her love and believe me Dear Miss Hennell

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [2 AUGUST 1857]

MS. National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Sunday | 8 Park Shot, Richmond.

My dear Blackwood

By this post I forward part III of Clerical Scenes, which I have just read with absorbing interest. The drama becomes terrible.

I also send Sea-Side Studies. But fearing to make the paper as long as the last—which I think was too long—I have left out some interesting points for a final short paper. Owen [4] says the professional as well as the unprofessional public will be instructed by my papers—a very pretty sentence, don't you think so?

I fear my letter did not reach you in time, and that Maga is travelling to Gorey in search of me.

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

3. An additional reason was that he and GE went to the opera Monday: "*Lucrezia Borgia* with Grisi, Ronconi, and Neri Baraldi. Grisi still lovely and impassioned. Afterwards we had an act of *Macbeth* in Italian with Madame Ristori in the sleeping scene. Fine, but not equal to my expectations." (GHL Journal, 29 July 1857.) Miss Hennell came Friday, 31 July.

4. Richard Owen, Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy, to whom *Sea-Side Studies* was dedicated. He lived at Sheen Lodge in Richmond Park, where GHL dined with him 26 July 1857.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GHL, EDINBURGH, 4 AUGUST 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extracts published: John Blackwood,* pp. 40–41.

Edinburgh | August 4/57.

My Dear Lewes

I came from the country [5] today and very soon after I arrived I had the pleasure of receiving your note with the packet from G. Eliot and the Seaside Studies.

I did not know that there was any particular call for me to read Janet at once, but it was an immense relief to turn to her from the other mass of papers lying on the table. Part III is admirable. Although Parts 1 and 2 did not exactly hit my taste, my expectations of what was to come were very highly raised, and they are now in the process of being more than answered. The interest rises very high and the first step to a community of feeling between Tryan and Janet is beautifully and most skilfully managed. Towards the close of the part I was in a horrid funk for poor Janet and like her self felt rather relieved when the door was closed upon her.[6]

I am only in town for a day but I shall write G. Eliot with the proof from the country. Address here however.

In the meantime I have the pleasure of making a cheque £44, being £20 in acknowledgment of Seaside Studies Part III and 24£ for Janet Part II.

I am afraid you will find Richmond rather hot and dusty at present but with such relaxations as the occasional eye of a cuttle fish to dissect, I daresay you will be able to rub on.

ever yours truly
John Blackwood.

I have not yet had time to read your M.S. but I daresay you will excuse my giving G. Eliot the pas.

5. The Blackwoods were staying at Torwood, by Dunkeld.

6. Ch. 14, the end of Part III.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 6 AUGUST [1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | 6th August.

Dear Blackwood

Magas and the double checque arrived in due course, for which thanks. I shall send your letter to G.E. with the 'filthy lucre.'[7] It will please him to have pleased you, for he was immovably and disagreeably possessed with the idea that you didn't like the story. Genus irritabile! Now in my buoyant confidence I am most immovably possessed with the idea that you *do* like the papers I send you—or else you wouldn't publish them pour mes beaux yeux—and I try in vain to give him some of my hopefulness, but Nature is too strong. She has made him diffident, and *défiant* (the French, not the English word of that aspect) of praise; and no sooner does anything not praise come than he says "There, you see I was right!" So he will hug your letter, for he is obstinate in cleaving to what he has written, and really thinks it fine though he can't think others will think so.

Richmond is not Jersey, tant s'en faut; neither, however, is it London. I went to see Ristori in Medea[8] and although I got a headache, I got it cheap. What a superb creature it is! Did you fall in love with her? I was disappointed with her Lady Macbeth—the first part I saw her in—but Medea surpassed all expectation.

Are you coming to London? I hope it won't be towards the end of this month, as then I shall have run away to Switzerland to see my boys, whom I have not seen for 12 months. As you are a father, I needn't say more. Ever my dear Blackwood

Yours faithfully
G. H. Lewes.

7. Titus 1:11.

8. 3 August 1857. (GHL Journal.) The play was by Ernest Legouvé.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 9 AUGUST 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

London | August 9. 57.

My dear Sir

I have to thank you for the sum of £24.[9] transmitted to me by our friend Lewes, and accompanied by the agreeable news, that you are better pleased with the third part of "Janet" than with its predecessors.

The story, I expect, will be completed in two more numbers.

Ever yours truly
George Eliot.

J. Blackwood Esq.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, TORWOOD, 12 AUGUST 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Torwood by Dunkeld | August 12/57.

My Dear Sir

I inclose proof of Janet's Repentance part III and I beg to congratulate you upon it. It is first rate. At pages 3 and 4 you hit the nail on the head. That passage cannot be too highly praised—full of sound sense and real religious feeling. The root of the matter is in it.

In spite of the objections I mentioned I had a conviction from the first that Janet would turn out something very wonderful and I could not have anticipated anything more powerfully interesting and exciting than the close of this part. I look with great impatience for the rest of the M.S.

This is a lovely morning for the 12th [1] and I rather grudge not having made arrangements to be on the Hill by daybreak. If I shoot at all it will not be until much later in the Season. There is fishing in these parts but I have either been too busy or too lazy, as I have never taken out my rod. The weather is so fine and the country so beautiful that there is amusement enough without any special pursuit.

9. For "Janet's Repentance," Part II, *Blackwood's,* 82 (August 1857), 189–206.

1. The opening of the grouse season.

Tell Lewes that I shall be able to send him his proof tomorrow or next day. Address to Edinburgh.

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GHL, TORWOOD, 15 AUGUST 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Torwood by Dunkeld | August 15/57.

My Dear Lewes

I inclose proof of Seaside Studies part 4 which is pleasant like its predecessors. The Anti-anemonists will, I doubt not, have had enough of the Series, but I think you were right to divide the last part. The wind up should I think be brief and as popular in character to suit the general reader as you can make it.

I inclose a note which George Eliot should see. I hope the old gentleman is under a delusion and that our friend has not in his love of reality said anything to identify his story with living characters.

I have written to Mr. Jones saying that there are to be more parts of Janet, that of course I had no intention of hurting his feelings and the author as little—that I believed him to be laboring under one of the mistaken impressions frequently arising from a similarity of incidents in real and fictitious life. I shall be curious to hear from Eliot.

There is no present prospect of my being in London this autumn, so our meeting must be postponed until next Spring.

ever yours truly
John Blackwood.

G. H. Lewes Esq.

WILLIAM PITMAN JONES TO MESSRS. BLACKWOOD, PRESTON, 12 AUGUST 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

St. Thomas' Parsonage | Preston | August 12. 1857.

The Revd. W. P. Jones[2] would be very much obliged to Messrs.

2. William Pitman Jones (1787–1864), son of John Jones of Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, gent., matriculated at Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1804, aged 17; B.A. 1808, M.A. 1811. He was Perpetual Curate of St. Thomas, Preston, 1843–64.

Blackwood to inform him if there will be any more Parts of Scenes of Clerical Life, *Janet's Repentance*. Parts 1 and 2 of that allude to his deceased Brother,[8] who died 23 years ago last December, and he is utterly at a loss to conceive who could have written the statements or revived what should have been buried in oblivion. W. P. Jones with his only surviving sister had his attention drawn to the Paper by a clerical friend who knew all the Parties alluded to, *most* if not *all* of whom have long been in Eternity. If Messrs. Blackwood will oblige Mr. Jones by an answer they will confer a kindness on him.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, [RICHMOND, 18 AUGUST 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 462–464.

Tuesday.

My dear Sir

Lewes has just given me your letter of the 15th with the accompanying one from the Rev. W. P. Jones.

Mr. Tryan is not a portrait of any clergyman, living or dead. He is an ideal character, but I hope probable enough to resemble more than one evangelical clergyman of his day.

If Mr. Jones's deceased brother was like Mr. Tryan, so much the better, for in that case he was made of human nature's finer clay. I think you will agree with me that there are few clergymen who would be depreciated by an identification with Mr. Tryan. But I should rather suppose that the old gentleman, misled by some similarity in outward circumstances, is blind to the discrepancies which must exist where no portrait was intended. As to the rest of my story, so far as its ele-

3. John Edmund Jones (1797–1831) matriculated at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, 1816, aged 19; B.A. 1820, M.A. 1822. A memorial tablet in the north wall of Stockingford Church reads: "Sacred to the memory of the Revd John Edmund Jones, M.A. who, after faithfully and zealously discharging the duties of a Christian minister for the period of twelve years, the last three of which were devoted to the spiritual instruction of this hamlet, was called to his high reward among those who, being wise and having turned many to righteousness, shine as the firmament and the stars for ever and ever. His mortal remains rest in the family vault at Withington, in the County of Gloucester. He died Decr. 23d 1831; in the 34th year of his age " His name first appears in the Stockingford register 20 September 1828; his last entry is 6 March 1831. Like Mr. Tryan he had a long last illness, during part of which his duties were carried on by W. P. Jones, who signed a baptismal entry 18 December 1831. For the text of this tablet and other information about Mr. Jones I am indebted to Mrs. Norman Dodds of Nuneaton.

ments were suggested by real persons, those persons have been, to use good Mr. Jones's phrase "long in eternity."

I think I told you that a persecution of the kind I have described did actually take place, and belongs as much to the common store of our religious history as the Gorham Controversy, or as Bishop Blomfield's decision about wax candles.[4] But I only know the *outline* of the real persecution. The details have been filled in from my imagination.

I should consider it a fault which would cause me lasting regret, if I had used reality in any other than the legitimate way common to all artists who draw their materials from their observation and experience. It would be a melancholy result of my fictions if I gave *just* cause of annoyance to any good and sensible person. But I suppose there is no perfect safeguard against erroneous impressions or a mistaken susceptibility. We are all apt to forget how little there is about us that is unique, and how very strongly we resemble many other insignificant people who have lived before us. I shouldn't wonder if several nieces of pedantic maiden ladies saw a portrait of their aunt in Miss Pratt, but I hope they will not think it necessary, on that ground, to increase the already troublesome number of your correspondents. Ever, my dear Sir

Yours truly
George Eliot.

J. Blackwood Esq.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 19 AUGUST [1857]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1857. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 464; *George Eliot and John Chapman,* p. 98.

8 Park Shot | August 19.

Dear Sara

What a pleasant surprize—the date of your note this morning! I write at once, because if you are to fly away again in that sparrow-like way after only peeping at the sea, I must make haste and catch you. I do hope, though, that you will find it do you so much good, you will decide on staying longer than a week.[5]

4. George Cornelius Gorham (1787—19 June 1857) had had a dispute with Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, who objected to his views on baptismal regeneration. After four years of litigation Gorham won his cause and was instituted into the Vicarage of Brampford Speke 6 August 1851. Charles James Blomfield (1786—5 August 1857), Bishop of London. I can shed no light on the decision.

5. Miss Hennell took Nelly Bray to Penmaenmaur 15 August 1857. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

Dr. and Mrs. Bodichon came a few days after you left us. We think the *essential* is there—that he is a genuine, right-feeling man. They are wisely going to America for a year, and I hope in that time he will learn to speak English, so as to be an "organ" better fitted to this "medium" of English life than he is at present.[6]

We went to see Rosa Bonheur's picture [7] the other day. What power! That is the way women should assert their rights.

It has often occurred to me since I left you, that you may have misunderstood what I said about publishing your book with Mr. Chapman. I should not like you to be under the mistake of supposing, that I would not *go out of my way* to do him any real service—for example, I would write an article for his review rather than for any other, though that other might give me a few more guineas. But self-defeating actions do no one any good. And for you to publish with him would in my opinion, be an action of that kind.[8]

On one other point, too, do not misunderstand me. Writing is part of my religion, and I can write no word that <does not clothe my [deep?] faith.> is not prompted from within. At the same time I believe that almost all the best books in the world have been written with the hope of getting money for them. God bless you.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

Mr. Lewes sends his kind remembrances. He takes Bertie to Hofwyl next week.

6. Barbara Leigh Smith was married to Dr. Eugène Bodichon (1810–86) at the Unitarian Chapel in Little Portland St. 2 July 1857. His father belonged to an old bourgeois family in Brittany who were Bonapartists; his mother's family were Royalist and Catholic. As a medical student in Paris Bodichon had known Louis Blanc and other young republicans; when he settled in Algiers in 1836 he practiced medicine among the natives and worked for the abolition of slavery. In his election address published in 1848 he said: "Mes espérances pour l'avenir—le genre humain ne formera plus qu'une seule famille." Barbara's namesake Lady Stephen described him as tall, dark, dignified, "an attractive and romantic figure." (*Emily Davies and Girton College*, London, Constable, 1927, p. 44.) Besides his medical thesis, he had published five books and pamphlets on Algeria, African exploration, etc., and a philosophical treatise *De l'humanité*. See also H. Burton, *Barbara Bodichon* [1949], 87–96. Dr. and Mrs. Bodichon came to Richmond 4 August, dined with GE and GHL, and went with them by boat to Twickenham (GHL Journal.)

7. In the annual exhibition of pictures by modern artists at the French Gallery, Rosa Bonheur had two paintings: "Bouricairos Crossing the Pyrenees" and "The Denizens of the Highlands," in both of which animals figure. GE is referring to the former.

8. Miss Hennell disregarded this advice. Her *Essay on the Sceptical Tendency of Butler's "Analogy,"* printed at Coventry, was published by John Chapman in 1859.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [23? AUGUST? 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Endorsed:* Sep. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Sunday.

My dear Blackwood

G.E. has sent back his proof altered, and I now send it on to you, with nothing further to add except that I think the alterations improvements. What you say [9] about the hacknied nature of the clergyman's story is perfectly true; and it appears all the more hacknied because the rest of the tale is so entirely original; but the vaguer such a story, the *more* hacknied it would necessarily appear; details give an air of reality, and I could have wished G.E. had been more detailed.

I don't know how you find Janet's story affect people in general, but to me it seems singularly powerful and pathetic. My sympathies are not easily enlisted on the side of an Evangelical curate and a woman with "spiritual" weaknesses; nevertheless Tryan affects me, as if the real man were before me, and Janet redeems her weakness by her goodness. One feels the want of a larger canvas so as to bring out those admirable figures, Old Mr. Jerome—the Linnets—and the rest; but that is the drawback in all short stories.

By the way G.E. begs me to ask you not to draw a checque again for George Eliot, as it will be revealing to his banker who George E. really is.

I am hard at work revising and adding to Sea-Side Studies. In your estimate don't leave out the paper on Sea Anemones which will of course find its place.

Ever yours faithfully
G. H. Lewes.

9. Blackwood's letter has not been found.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, RICHMOND, 1 SEPTEMBER [1857]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss B R. Parkes | 14A Princes Street | Cavendish Square | London. *Postmarks:* RICHMOND | EV | SP 1 | 1857; 8NT | SP 1 | 57. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | September 1.

Dear Bessie

Thanks for the Journals.[1] I found a great deal that interested me in them. Especially the account of Miss Carpenter's school, and that touching little paper "East and West" signed E.F.[2] (surely I recognise those initials.) I am very fond of reading about other people's good works, though I have none of my own, and I should think that for the public whom you most desire to address that sort of information will be decidedly the most valuable part of the journal.

It is a doctrine of Mr. Lewes's, which I think recommends itself to one's reason, that every new or renovated periodical should have a specialité—do something not yet done, fill up a gap, and so give people a motive for taking it. But I do not at all like the specialité that consists in the inscription "Conducted by Women," and I am very glad you are going to do away with it. For my own taste, I should say, the more business you can get into the journal—the more statements of philanthropic movements and social facts, and the *less literature,* the better. Not because I like philanthropy and hate literature, but because I want to *know* about philanthropy and don't care for second-rate literature. However, I am a wretchedly bad judge of what a newspaper should be—a person who dislikes wine can never be a good 'taster' and I only read newspapers as a hard duty. So my personal impressions are really of no value.

My heart was warmed by that letter of Barbara's about Miss J. M. White,[3] and I wished it had been in large print.

I shall see you, I hope, some day before very long. We have a call to

1. The *Waverley Journal,* which Miss Parkes was editing.

2. Emily Faithfull?

3. Jessie Meriton White (1832–1906), who in 1856, having been refused admission as a medical student by 14 London hospitals, became a correspondent of the *Daily News* in Genoa, nursed the wounded, and married a Garibaldian officer Alberto Mario. See Barbara Bodichon, *Women and Work,* 1857, pp. 40–44, 53–56; *The Birth of Modern Italy: Posthumous Papers of Jessie White Mario,* ed. L. V. Varese, 1909. She returned to England, "where she flaunted, like George Sand, a particularly evil-smelling cigar." (H. Burton, *Barbara Bodichon* [1949], p. 166.)

make in town and—topography being willing—I shall look in at 14A Princes Street.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, [RICHMOND, 4 SEPTEMBER 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Friday.

My dear Blackwood

I came back yesterday morning after a delightful trip,[4] and after the greatest pleasure a father's heart can feel, in seeing my boys robust in health, greatly improved, and perfectly happy. *Janet No. IV* awaited me, and having read it I dispatch it by this post together with the last Sea-Side Studies. The conclusion is not so amusing in matter as I could have wished; but if the substance be a little severe, the discovery therein announced will be sufficiently startling to excite the attention of all philosophic readers—and if the paper should be thought uninteresting it is a consolation to know that it will be the last.

I am much pleased that you concur with me respecting the illustrations and I will get from Monti [5] an exact estimate of the expense. I shall alter the papers considerably, and remove the purely magazinic portions, without touching what is popular and gilds the scientific pill. The additions will be mainly directed towards making the book *useful* to seaside visitors, so as to have a permanent value. There is no book which really instructs the student in many of the indispensable trifles—and from my own experience of the want of such information I hope to be able to save others much of the trouble and annoyance I felt in not knowing where to look, and how to set about my work.

The additions will not add much to the quantity already printed, when the excisions are taken into account. But until I set about altering I can't say with accuracy how much new matter there will be. Believe me,

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

Last night I saw G.E. to whom I gave your letter and checque. He wants

4. GHL was away 24 August—3 September.

5. Perhaps Rafaello Monti (b. 1818), who was both sculptor and engraver. GHL "dined with the Montis" 5 and 18 August 1857. (GHL Journal) The seven plates in *Sea-Side Studies* are unsigned.

to close the series with Janet. But as he is to write to you today on the point, I need say nothing, except that his reasons for closing seem to me valid, bearing all things in mind.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, [RICHMOND, 5 SEPTEMBER 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Endorsed:* Oct. 1857. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 464.

My dear Sir

I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 31st enclosing a cheque for £20.

Part IV will have reached you, I hope, by the time you receive this letter. With Part V the story will end.

Unless there be any strong reason to the contrary, I should like to close the series with this story. According to my calculation, which however may be an erroneous one, the three stories will make two good volumes, i.e. good as to bulk.

I have a subject in my mind which will not come under the limitations of the title "Clerical Life," and I am inclined to take a large canvas for it, and write a novel.[6]

In case of my writing fiction for Maga again, I should like to be considerably beforehand with my work, so that you can read a thoroughly decisive portion before beginning to print.

According to my calculation, a page of Maga makes three good pages of a novel, and in that case the three stories would make 2 volumes of 300 pages each.[7] But if I am wrong, you will be good enough to set me right. Ever, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

J. Blackwood Esq.

6. The first reference in the letters to *Adam Bede.*

7. In the 1st ed. of *Scenes of Clerical Life,* 1858, Vol. I consists of pp. vi + 366; Vol. II, vi + 382.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 21 SEPTEMBER 1857

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 464–465.

8 Park Shot, Richmond | September 21. 57.

Dear Sara

Mr. Rands [8] writes like a sensible tasteful man, whose good opinion must be valuable to you, such a man as one might expect in the author of the "Reading Raids" and "Tangled Talk." We are quite glad to know who wrote those pleasant papers, the solitary things one could read in Tait. Mr. Lewes used to notice them with admiration in old days, when he wrote the Literary Summary for the Leader. But Mr. Rands must be grateful to some other critic for revising his "Chain of Lilies," for Mr. Lewes hardly writes one article in three months for the Leader, and particularly wishes its literature may not be imputed to him. He seems to have forgotten all about Cronippus, and unfortunately has not by him the numbers of the Leader in which his letters on Butler appeared.[9]

I hope you are not reading the old edition of the Hist[ory] of Phil[osophy], for it is not at all a fair representation of the author now, and it is really cruel, after all the trouble he has had in castigating and completing it, that any reader should not have the benefit of his work or not give *him* the benefit of judging him by his latest revision. I wish we could send you our copy, but he can't spare it. I'm sorry, too, that we have either sold or mislaid the last edition of Baden Powell,[1] so that I can't tell you what he says of Feuerbach.

We have not seen Mr. and Mrs. Call [2] yet, but we are going to dine with them by invitation on Wednesday. We didn't know they were come home until we received a pleasant note from Mrs. Call; and Mr. Chap-

8. William Brighty Rands (1823–82) had recently published *Chain of Lilies and Other Poems*, 1857. "Reading Raids" was the title of a series of essays he contributed to *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine;* "Tangled Talks," which also appeared there in 1856–57, was reprinted in 1864.

9. GHL's letters on Butler, which began as a review of Samuel Halifax's edition of *The Analogy of Religion* in Bohn's Standard Library, ran in the *Leader*, 30 October—4 December 1852. In the second, "Butler's Analogy vs. Modern Unbelief," GHL says: "We have received a letter from *Cronippus*, in reply to our first article, and we beg him to permit our withholding it until the completion of the series of articles. . . ." It is published with a rebuttal 4 December, p. 1166.

1. *The Unity of Worlds and of Nature*, 2d ed., 1856.

2. Elizabeth Rebecca Brabant Hennell, widow of Charles Christian Hennell, was married 23 July 1857 at St. Pancras Church to Wathen Mark Wilks Call, Esq., of Bideford. (*Leader*, 15 August 1857, p. 789.)

man, who came to see us a week ago, was also in the dark on that subject. He is grown so stout, that he looks like an elder and coarser brother of his former self.

Mr. Lewes was only absent ten days, and came back greatly comforted to have found the boys more improved than he had ventured to hope in one year. They can speak German quite well, and, what is better, their dispositions seem to be under a favourable influence. They are happy and ruddy, and picking up all sorts of practical knowledge as well as school learning. Altogether, we are very thankful for Hofwyl.

The days are very peaceful—peacefully busy. One always feels a deeper calm as autumn comes on. I should be satisfied to look forward to a heaven made up of long autumn afternoon walks, quite delivered from any necessity of giving a judgment on the Woman Question or of reading newspapers about Indian Mutinies.[3] I am so glad there are thousands of good people in the world who have very decided opinions and are fond of working hard to enforce them—I like to feel and think everything and do nothing, a pool of the "deep contemplative" [4] kind.

Tell Cara she little thinks what success some of her witticisms have in my keeping. Do you remember her joke about "the Egyptians talking in beetles"? I told it Mr. Lewes, and we often recur to it with a hearty laugh. I like to think of the journey to Stratford in this nice weather, and of the Flowers [5] rich and content. Some people *do* prosper—that is a comfort. The rest of us must fall back on the beatitudes—"Blessed are the poor." That is Luke's version, you know, and it is really on the whole more comforting than Matthew's.[6] I'm afraid there are few of us who can appropriate the blessings of the poor 'in spirit.'

Mr. Bray, I suppose, is going to take the field against the "Working Women," [7] if I am right in my inference from the letter he wrote to Mrs. Bodichon. Something will come out of the battle, whoever is right.

We are reading one of the most wonderful books in French, or any

3. The papers were filled with casualty lists and gloomy news about the effort to relieve Lucknow.

4. *As You Like It*, I, ii, 7.

5. The Brays had just returned from a visit to Edward Fordham Flower at "The Hill," Stratford-on-Avon. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

6. Luke 6:20: "Blessed be ye poor: for your's is the kingdom of God." Matthew 5:3: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven."

7. Charles Bray was never converted to feminism. In the appendix to his *Autobiography*, pp. 268–269, he says: "The first step towards civilization is safety to life and property, and the man only can secure this. He has to fight for it; all government must be based on brute force, and for her share in this kind of government woman by nature is disqualified . . . . as the weaker vessel, she ought to be under man's special protection, and gain more from his chivalry than from *fighting* for her 'rights.'"

other literature—Monteil's 'Histoire des Français des divers États'[8]—a history written on an original plan. If you see any account of it, read that account.

I must go. It is feeding time.

Ever thine
Marian.

Mr. Lewes desires me to say that he particularly begs you will not quote the old edition of his History of Philosophy, when you bring out a new edition of your book. He repudiates that old edition. He suggests, by the way, that you can probably procure the new edition at the Library of the Mechanics' Institute in Coventry. The "Sea-Side Studies" are to come out in the course of a month or two.[9]

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES,
RICHMOND, [24 SEPTEMBER 1857]

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | 14A Princes Street | Cavendish Square | London. *Postmarks:* RICHMOND | EV | SP 25 | 1857; 8NT8 | SP 25 | 1857. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | Thursday.

Dear Bessie

This letter comes by way of postscript to our interview yesterday.

First, it did me good to see you—the warm unmistakeable affection in your face was a sweet cordial to me.

Secondly, you must please not call me *Miss Evans* again. I have renounced that name, and do not mean to be known by it in any way. It is Mr. Lewes's wish that the few friends who care about me should recognize me as Mrs. Lewes, and my Father's Trustee sends me receipts to sign as Marian Lewes, so that my adoption of the name has been made a matter of business. There is not much probability of such a chance as that of your having to introduce me should occur again. But I think it better to write on the subject to you while it is in my memory, to prevent the possibility of a future mistake.

There is another thing I want to say, though perhaps it is superfluous. Mr. Lewes was afraid you would misunderstand my words about "Providence bringing you to Richmond" as an invitation, which it would be quite indelicate in me to give in the present state of our relative circumstances—i.e. of *your* circumstances and *mine. I* don't think you would misunderstand me so far—you know that I would not for

8. Amans Alexis Monteil (1769–1850). *L'Histoire* was published in 10 vols., Paris, 1828–44.

9. It appeared at the end of January 1858.

the world have you do anything that should cause "your good to be evil spoken of." [1] I meant that some unforeseen good luck might bring you to Richmond and that I might see you without causing offence to any one.

Ever your loving
Marian E. Lewes.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, RICHMOND, 27 SEPTEMBER 1857

Text: Maggs Bros. Catalogue 317 (November–December 1913), item 3377.

Several other books will be necessary for the article on Newman.[2] I do not possess one of his works, and I must have them all by me, i.e., all the theological ones. I should also have the 'Eclipse of Faith' and Mr. Greyson's 'Letters' [3] might contribute something.

I shall be too busy till Christmas to write any article for the January number, but it will be as well to have the Newman books by me, that I may get the reading done and the requisite passages marked. . . .

George unites with me in fond remembrances and good wishes à propos of your new establishment.[4]

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, [RICHMOND, 10 OCTOBER 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Endorsed:* October 1857. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Saturday.

My dear Sir

I have to thank you for £21, received through Lewes. He will forward you this note in company with the conclusion of Janet,[5] which I hope will not be found an anticlimax.

1. Romans 14:16.

2. Chapman wanted an article on Francis W. Newman, one of the staunchest supporters of the *Westminster Review*. A letter to him from Newman 28 September 1857 calls attention to attacks on him which the reviewer might wish to take notice of. (Yale.)

3. *Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson*, 1857, was the work of Henry Rogers (1806–77), a Congregational minister and professor at Spring Hill College, Birmingham, whose *The Eclipse of Faith, or a Visit to a Religious Sceptic*, published under the pseudonym F.B., 1852, contained a thinly disguised portrait of Newman.

4. Chapman took his M.D. degree at St. Andrews 6 May 1857 and after passing the R.C.P. examinations began to practice medicine in London. A postscript to the Newman letter says: "I do not direct to you *Dr* at your publishing house."

5. "Sent off the Fifth Part of 'Janet' to Blackwood." (GE Journal, 10 October 1857.)

The rains will render correspondence rather more endurable,[6] and anxious contributors less of a bore. So I shall hope to hear from you soon with the proof. Ever, my dear Sir

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, [RICHMOND, 10 OCTOBER 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Endorsed:* Oct. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Blackwood

By this post the conclusion of "Janet" is dispatched. Prepare your cambric—or bandannah—as the case may be! A note from E. is enclosed.

I dispatched the advertisement[7] sent me by your brother to Langford sticking in the words "With illustrations." I find it universally considered that the illustrations will greatly add to the attractiveness of the book.

Ever yours faithfully
G. H. Lewes.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 15 OCTOBER 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | October 15/57.

My Dear Sir

I inclose proof of Janet. I have read this last part both in M.S. and Type with the deepest interest. The pathetic interest is very great and gathers strongly round Janet in spite of the unpoetic nature of her weakness and temptation. It was a bold choice of a plot and some will object to such a feature in a heroine, but there is no more common agent of human misery and trial than drunkenness, and consequently there can be no more legitimate material for the writer of Fiction. There is an air of reality about the whole story and that is in itself about the greatest of all merits.

6. By preventing golf.

7. "To be published in December. *Sea-Side Studies. . . .*" *Leader,* 7 November 1857, p. 1080. There is no mention of the illustrations in the *Leader* until 9 January 1858, p. 58.

I was a little puzzled when I came to the climax about the bottle of brandy but you have rearranged it beautifully and it contributes to the air of truth.[8] Should there be so much of Dempster's delirium?[9] I daresay the effect would be lessened if it was shortened. Tryan's death is finely painted and I think few can fail to be affected by the closing scenes of the good man's life.[1]

Along with this I send you a copy of all the parts of the Clerical Scenes in order that you may make any corrections you wish for the reprint. We should begin it soon.

I rejoice to think that you are going to devote your powers to a Tale on a great scale. With a larger canvass your exquisite little sketches of character will all come into full life and take their legitimate share in the story.

It will give me much pleasure to hear anything about this new story and to know how soon there is any chance of it being transferred from your head to paper.

Return the proof of Janet as soon as you can. Very probably I shall begin the number with her this month.

With compliments to Lewes I am

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 17 OCTOBER 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 465–466.

Saturday | October 17. 57.

My dear Sir

I am very much gratified that my Janet has won your heart and kept up your interest in her to the end. I return the proof by today's post.

My new story haunts me a good deal, and I shall set about it without delay.[2] It will be a country story—full of the breath of cows and the scent of hay. But I shall not ask you to look at it till I have written a volume or more, and then you will be able to judge whether you will

8. Ch. 25.

9. Chs. 23–24. The MS and 1858 ed. agree with the serial version. There is no sign of shortening.

1. Ch. 27.

2. "Began my new novel." (GE Journal, 22 October 1857.)

prefer printing it in the Magazine, or publishing it as a separate novel when it is completed.

By the way, the sheets of the "Clerical Scenes" are not come, but I shall not want to make any other than verbal and literal corrections, so that it will hardly be necessary for me to go through the sheets *and* the proofs, which I must of course see.

I enclose a title page with a motto. But if you don't like the motto, I give it up.[3] I've not set my heart on it.

I leave the number of copies to be published, and the style of getting up, entirely to your discretion. As to the terms, I wish to retain the copyright, according to the stipulation made for me by Lewes when he sent "Amos Barton," and whatever you can afford to give me for the first edition, I shall prefer having as a definite payment rather than as half profits.

You stated, in a letter about "Amos Barton," your willingness to accede to either plan, so I have no hesitation in expressing my wishes. I remain, my dear Sir,

Always yours truly
George Eliot.

J. Blackwood Esq.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 20 OCTOBER 1857

MS: Yale. *Extracts published.* Cross, I, 467.

8 Park Shot | October 20. 57.

Dear Sara

You are the best correspondent in the world, for you always write to me when you have a nice little budget of news to tell me.

I'm very glad to know that Mr. Bray read his paper and had the satisfaction of feeling that his work was effective. I looked through the Athenæum report for it in vain, and feared that he might not have been able to read it after all. I shall be glad to receive a copy.

"Open to conviction" indeed! I should think so. I am open to conviction on all points except dinner and debts. I hold that the one must be eaten and the other paid. These are my only prejudices.

I *was* pleased with Mr. Call.[4] He is a man one really cares to talk to—has thoughts, says what he means, and listens to what others say.

3. It was not used. See 15 December 1857.

4. Mr. and Mrs. Call stayed at Rosehill 22–29 October 1857. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

We should quite like to see him often. And I cannot tell you how much I have felt Mrs. Call's graceful as well as kind behaviour to me.

Your praise of the Biog[raphical] Hist[ory] of Philosophy is very pleasant reading to me, because I know it represents your real feeling. That sort of testimony is worth half a dozen newspaper critiques. We have not seen the one in the Spectator,[5] for we never see that oracular journal, and never *look out* for reviews. When the Biog[raphical] Hist[ory] originally came out in Knight's edition it was hardly noticed at all—Mr. Heraud, in the Athenæum, said it was written from the *transcendental* point of view!! and dismissed it in three lines.[6] Yet you see it has sold better than most books that have the laudation of the press and is a text book at Oxford, of all places. Encouragement for all authors who have something to say and know how to say it. Some months ago, before the new edition came out, Mr. Lewes had a letter from a workingman,—at Leicester, I think—who said that he and some fellow students met together on a Sunday to read the book aloud and discuss it. He had marked some errors of the press and sent them to Mr. Lewes for his new edition. Wasn't that pretty?

I suppose you see the "National," when you like. The article on the "Ultimate Laws of Physiology" is Herbert Spencer's,[7] as indeed you will see at a glance, if you don't know it already. The whole number is interesting and certainly more fascinating than the W[estminster] R[eview], though that too is good this time.

I've no news to tell you, except that we are both much better than we have ever been since our sudden transition from sea-breezes to London haze. You give no sanitary report. I hope that means that you are well. Best love to Cara and Mr. Bray.

Ever your loving
Pollian.

5. *Spectator,* 10 October 1857, pp. 1067–1068.

6. *Athenaeum,* 19 July 1845, p. 715, carried an unsigned paragraph of grudging and hostile comment. In the next issue, p. 745, GHL in a signed letter asked the editor to correct the misstatement that his book is merely his opinions, predetermined, etc. A caustic comment by the editor declares that the whole letter is but an opinion—"and that of the reviewer differs from his." John Abraham Heraud (1799–1887), to whom GHL ascribed this review, began to contribute to the *Athenaeum* in 1843.

7. *National Review,* 5 (October 1857), 332–355.

Adam Bede

1857 October 22	*Adam Bede* begun.
1858 January 5	*Scenes of Clerical Life,* 2 vols., published.
1858 January 31	*Adam Bede,* ch. 8 finished.
1858 February 28	GE reveals her identity to John Blackwood.
1858 April 7	GE and GHL leave for Munich.
1858 June 10	*Adam Bede,* ch. 21 finished.
1858 July 7	GE and GHL leave Munich.
1858 July 17	Arrive at Dresden.
1858 September 2	Return to Richmond.
1858 September 8	GE sends Blackwood MS of *Adam Bede,* Vol. II.
1858 October 29	Vol. III, through p. 216 sent to Blackwood.
1858 November 3	Blackwood offers £800 for copyright for 4 years.
1858 November 16	*Adam Bede* finished.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 28 OCTOBER 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | October 28/57.

My Dear Sir

I fear you will think me rather dilatory in answering your last letter. The explanation is that the past week has been what are called "The Preachings" [1] here which cut so seriously into business hours that there is no time in the Printing Office for anything but works of necessity and mercy, foremost among which of course I reckon The Magazine.

I have now however had a regular calculation made of "The Scenes" and see that they will make 2 post 8° volumes of about 400 pages each to sell for 21/. The page will be rather sparser than I like but that cannot be helped. I wish the Series had been long enough to make the statutory 3 vols. as that would have afforded time to fix your reputation more firmly and *familiarly* in the public mind and given the reprint a better chance of a start at first. With this view I would have suggested a prolongation of the Series had I not thoroughly agreed in the opinion that you require a broader canvass and freedom from the trammels of your Clerical Title.

The chances of a permanent or extended sale for the Scenes must be in one volume at a moderate price, so we propose to make the first edition a short one of 750 copies and for this I beg to offer you £120. According to our calculation this is a little less than ½ the clear profit supposing we sell the whole edition, which of course is no certainty. We have hesitated whether to make the edition 1000 [2] but on the whole we think the short number the best plan as it is a desperate nuisance to be stranded with 4 or 500 copies of a book which we feel would sell better in a cheaper form.

As to the copyright of the book I wrote before publication [3] commenced saying I should consider that we had an interest in it to the extent of one half, and as a general principle this is what I think we are entitled to unless in the case of authors of very firmly established reputation whose works are sure to command an audience and an extensive sale in what ever form they are published.

1. A communion service in the spring and autumn preceded by days of fasting or preparation. See John Galt, *Annals of the Parish,* 2 vols., Boston, 1895, II, 293–294.

2. Blackwood's records show that 1050 were printed. The extra 50 provided for review copies, wastage, etc.

3. 29 December 1856.

I did not recollect that Lewes had mentioned your wish to retain the Copyright, but I at once agree to it and in the event of future editions, of which may there be many, I daresay we will have no difficulty in arranging about them as pleasantly as we have been able to settle everything in our intercourse hitherto.

Inclosed I have the pleasure of sending a cheque £30 in acknowledgment of the last part of Janet. I shall miss the series very much but I trust soon to see you in the field with your new Tale. Pray let me know if you begin to make way. Believe me

ever yours truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

P.S. Your motto is very applicable. Has it not been used before as a motto? I hope to be able to write to Lewes today with a sheet of his book but if I do not, I shall tomorrow.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GHL, EDINBURGH, 28 OCTOBER 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | October 28/57.

My Dear Lewes

I inclose proof of the first 48 pages of your book. It is very difficult to form any estimate of the probable demand and we hesitate a good deal as to the number we should print. We incline to try an edition of 1250 as it will require some such sale to give anything like a good return. What do you think?

Until this is fixed and I know the exact cost and appearance of the engravings I have no data to guide me in making you an offer for the edition but in the meantime I understand that we take the whole risk of the publication and divide profits with you when any such arise.

I shall miss the Clerical Scenes much. I shall be curious to see how they tell as a separate book.

I daresay it would have been no use, but I wish I had pressed George Eliot more to curtail or to indicate more delicately the Delirium Tremens scene.[4] It is too naked and the shudder with which one turns from the picture is too much akin to disgust. He does push his Theory of qualifying any description by its truth too far. This scene would be

4. "Janet's Repentance," ch. 23.

more effective if more were left to the imagination. I intended to send you a copy of Smith's book [5] and he also put you on his list. What do you think of it?

Let me know if you have any subject for an article in view.

ever yours truly
John Blackwood.

G. H. Lewes Esq.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 30 OCTOBER 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Mostly published:* Cross, I, 469.

October 30. 57.

My dear Sir

I thank you for your cheque for £30, received today, together with your letter of the 28th.

I am quite contented with the sum you offer me for the edition, being thoroughly confident of your disposition to do the best you can for me. I perceive your hope of success for the 'Scenes' is not strong, and you certainly have excellent means of knowing the probabilities in such a case.

I am not aware that the motto has been used before, but if you suspect it, we had better leave it out altogether. A stale motto would hardly be an ornament to the title page. Ever, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

J. Blackwood Esq.

5. William Henry Smith (1808–72). GHL wrote Blackwood [31 October 1857]: "I am sorry to say 'Thorndale' does not greatly interest me, in spite of my old regard for the author. Some years ago I daresay I should have read it with pleasure; but the age of doubt and vacillation has pass[ed] and I want something solid, or [seeming] solid whereon to stand and look [about] me. The book is charmingly writ[ten] but I think its structure a mista[ke.] Don't tell him so, however. If the public likes it, he won't believe [me;] if the public doesn't like it, he w[ill] find out the mistake fast enough." (NLS.)

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, 30 OCTOBER 1857

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 467–468.

Richmond | October 30. 57.

Dear Friend

Thank you for sending me your pamphlet,[6] which I have read with much interest. It brings forward some important points for the consideration of our reformers. The picture you give of the results of female labour in factories is sad enough. How is it that the results have been so different at Lowell?

That passage you quote from Mrs. Bodichon's book about "doing small things badly" is mine.[7] She did me the honor to copy it from a letter I wrote to her, and that word—"Conscience goes to the hammering in of nails" is my Gospel. There can be no harm in preaching *that* to women, at any rate. But I should be sorry to undertake any more specific enunciation of doctrine on a question so entangled as the "Woman Question." The part of the Epicurean gods is always an easy one; but because I prefer it so strongly myself, I the more highly venerate those who are struggling in the thick of the contest.

"La carrière ouverte aux talen[t]s," [8] whether the talents be feminine or masculine, I am quite confident is a right maxim. Whether "La carrière ouverte à la sottise," be equally just, when made equally universal, it would be too much like 'taking sides' for me to say.

Ever your affectionate Friend
Marian Lewes.

Charles Bray Esq.

6. Charles Bray, *The Industrial Employment of Women: Being a Comparison between the Condition of the People in the Watch Trade in Coventry, in Which Women Are Not Employed, and the People in the Ribbon Trade, in Which They Are Employed . . .*, 1857.

7. *Women and Work*, 1857, p. 49: "Ill-done work seems to me the plague of human society. People are grasping after some grandiose task, something 'worthy' of their powers, when the only proof of capacity they give is to do small things badly." The passage is quoted from Mrs. Jameson's *Communion of Labour*.

8. Napoleon's famous phrase, quoted by Barry Edward O'Meara in *Napoleon in Exile*, 2 vols., 1822, I, 103.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, [30 OCTOBER 1857]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Nov. 1. 57. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 469.

Richmond, Friday.

Dear Cara

How I wish I could get to you by some magic and have one walk over the hill with you again. I often think I see your dear little shoulders and dearer phiz just as they used to come towards me. Letters are poor things compared with five minutes of looking and speaking and one kiss. Nevertheless I do like to have a little letter now and then, though I don't for a moment ask it, if you have no spontaneous impulse to give it, and my words to Sara were rather intended as an apology for sending messages quite gratuitously, than as a complaint. I can't help losing belief that people love me—the unbelief is in my nature and no sort of fork will drive it finally out.

I fancy you a great deal in your present 'Weben und Streben,' with your kitchen apron on one hour, and looking very nice and pretty at your sewing or writing the next. Then taking up the books as you used to do in the evening and picking out some joke or other, at which I see your laughing face as well as if it were only yesterday that I looked at it last.

I can't help wondering you can think of *me* in the past with much pleasure. It all seems so painful to me, made up of blunders and selfishness, and it only comes back upon me as a thing to be forgiven. That is honest and painful truth, and not sentimentality. But I am thankful if others found more good than I am able to remember.

Mr. Lewes laughed very heartily at your description of Mr. Wise,[9] which I read to him. We had never heard of him before and wondered

9. John Richard de Capel Wise (1831–90) had been in Warwickshire preparing *The Beauties of Shakespeare,* 1857, and *Shakspere: His Birthplace and Its Neighbourhood,* 1861. The latter has 25 illustrations engraved by W. J. Linton and a glossary of Warwickshire words. "Shelley" appeared in the *Westminster Review,* 69 (January 1858), 97–131. J. A. Froude wrote Chapman 11 January [1858]: "But who in the name of conceit and stupidity is your friend who writes on Shelley? I have a dreadful misgiving that I may be in part answerable for the thing, and that it may have come out of that poor fellow John Wise. Do let me know that I am mistaken, and if you value the credit of the Review don't let in such a paper again. Ambitious vulgarity is the sin for which there is no forgiveness." Wise is discussed in greater detail in another letter Froude wrote Chapman 15 April [1859]. The MSS of these letters were lent me by Mr. Sydney Ross.

who was the anonymous man Mr. Chapman talked of as the proposer of an article on Shelley.

If ever you know of any one who would be glad of some old clothes, too good for servants—such as would do to make up for children etc. I wish you would ask me to rummage among mine; for now I don't send them to my sister,[10] I should sometimes have such things, and among all your objects of charity you might be able to find a destination more useful for them than I can.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO [E. F. S. PIGOTT], RICHMOND, 30 OCTOBER [1857]

Text: B. J. Beyer Catalogue 12 (13 September 1927).

8 Park Shot | Richmond October 30.

No is a very ugly word, and I especially dislike to say it to any one who has been so kind to me as you have always been. I have no special knowledge of Freytag and have not read "Son and [Soll und] Haben." [11] I assure you nothing but utter inability has kept me from writing for the "Leader." . . . Do not think me an ordinary conceited woman who is flattering herself that her work is of importance to the world. It is nothing but the sense that my work is important as a matter of every day advantage, that gives me courage to write at all . . . George has had a sore throat . . . He is up to the ears in proof and manuscript. . . .

Marian E. Lewes.

10. Mrs. Clarke acknowledged GE's announcement of her "change of name" (GE Journal, 22 June 1857) and then at her brother's insistence broke off correspondence with her.

11. Gustav Freytag, *Soll und Haben,* 1855. Three English translations under the title *Debit and Credit* appeared in 1857. The *Leader* reviewed the book 7 November 1857, pp. 1074–1075. A year later GHL devoted to it more than 5 pages of his "Realism in Art: Recent German Fiction," *Westminster Review,* 70 (October 1858), 488–518.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 5 NOVEMBER 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | November 5/57.

My Dear Sir

I inclose the first 16 pages of the Reprint. In looking over the proof the impressions first made upon me by each turn of phrase come so vividly before me that I can hardly believe a twelvemonth to have slipped away since I sate eagerly reading the M.S.

I think it wisest to print a short number but do not let that discourage you. No man can approach to anything like an accurate idea of the probable demand for a book when there are no previous data to go upon, and it is best to err upon the safe side. We shall also be able to keep a large portion of the Type standing so that we will be ready to meet an extended demand very quickly.

You may rely upon my doing the best I can for you, and I should be bitterly chagrined if I thought anyone could fairly do better. The proofs will now follow fast on each other.

What of the new Tale? I shall miss you much each month.

ever yours truly
John Blackwood.

G. Eliot Esq.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 7 NOVEMBER 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Published:* Cross, I, 470.

November 7. 1857.

My dear Sir

It is pleasant to have the first sheet of one's proof—to see one's paragraphs released from the tight lacing of double columns, and expanding themselves at their ease.

I perceive clearly the desirableness of the short number—for my observation of literary affairs has gone far enough to convince me that neither critical judgment nor practical experience can guarantee any opinion as to rapidity of sale, in the case of an unknown author; and I shudder at the prospect of encumbering my publishers' bookshelves.

My new story is in progress—slow progress at present. A little sun-

shine of success would stimulate its growth, I daresay. Unhappily, I am as impressionable as I am obstinate, and as much in need of sympathy from my readers as I am incapable of bending myself to their tastes. But if I can only find a public as cordial and agreeable in its treatment of me as my editor, I shall have nothing to wish. Even *my* thin skin will be comfortable then.

The page is not a shabby one, after all, but I fear the fact of two volumes instead of three is a fatal feature in my style in the eyes of librarians. Ever, my dear Sir,

Yours truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, [RICHMOND, 9 NOVEMBER 1857]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Nov. 9. 1857. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 470–471.

Monday.

Dear Sara

It was just one of your pretty actions to send the Spec[tato]r, which I return. The article [1] is not what one cares to see, because the writer has evidently not that sort of knowledge which would enable him to make any valuable criticism or suggestion. One is glad to have one's book spoken well of by papers of good circulation, because it is possible, though not certain, that such praise may help the sale; but otherwise it is hardly worth while to trouble one's self about newspaper reviews unless they point out some error, or present that very rare phenomenon, a true appreciation, which is the most delicious form in which *sympathy* can reach one. I have just read your letter to Mr. Lewes. He sends his kindest regards, and thanks you for your offer of sending him the Psych[ological] Journal,[2] but unless there were any point in it which would suggest to him a necessary reconsideration or correction, he would rather not see it.

I hoped you were nearer the end of your first edition than it has turned out. Still, I should think the book has not done ill as publishing

1. Probably the review of GHL's *Biographical History of Philosophy* in the *Spectator,* 10 October 1857, pp. 1067–1068.

2. "Philosophical Progress," *Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology,* 10 (1857), 671–694, reviewed GHL's *Biographical History of Philosophy,* objecting to his skepticism.

goes. It has surely not been out more than half a year? and you may reasonably hope that another half year may carry off the 180.

It is quite news to me that Henry Pears has so long been in the army.[3] How should I ever hear any news if it were not for you? But you don't let anything thrust me out of your loving care to give me pleasure—not even when you have the excuse of being occupied, as I know you must be, with Harriet,[4] in addition to your daily doings for others.

We had a visit from Mr. Chapman last Sunday, accompanied by his brother [5] whom I had never seen before. The brother is really an interesting man—tradesman-like in person and manners, but impressing one as having true refinement in intellect and feeling. It was a trait I always liked in Mr. Chapman that he admired his brother—and I think the admiration is well-founded.

I suppose you have read the 'Virginians.' We groaned over the recurrence of the everlasting type—the old lady courted for her money and fond of champagne. It is unfortunate the 1st no.[6] should be so far from promising.

My love to Cara and Mr. Bray, though they never make any sign of remembering me.

Everything goes well with us and we make no bad blood. Some of the sweetest in my system goes to feed the feeling that you are very good and very dear. Doubtless, very naughty and hateful also, to some people or at some moments, but then that is all hidden from me, like the other side of the moon.

Ever your loving
Pollian.

I have forgotten to say, that it seems a fixed idea in your mind and Mr. Bray's that Mr. Lewes knows nothing of Phrenology and writes about it in sublime ignorance of what phrenologists say. He must be ignorant indeed not to know that "a great portion" of the brain is assigned to the animal functions. A propos of a philosophical discussion, we lately re-read the chapter on Phrenology,[7] and I detected no mis-

3. Henry Pears, son of Abijah Hill Pears, was Charles Bray's nephew. He appears in *Hart's Army List* as ensign, 1 June 1855, and lieutenant by purchase, 13 November 1855. When he died in 1892 he was a colonel in the King's Own Borderers.

4. Harriet Hennell (1805–75), only surviving sister of Miss Hennell and Mrs. Bray, had been away from home for many years in consequence of her mental condition. Her sisters visited her occasionally and used to bring her to Coventry for a week or two each year.

5. Thomas Chapman (b. 1816), a cutler and dressing-case maker at 56 Buchanan St., Glasgow.

6. The first four chapters of Thackeray's *The Virginians,* published as Part 1 for November 1857.

7. *Biographical History of Philosophy,* 1857, Epoch 10, ch. 2, pp. 629–642.

conception of phrenological data. Not that this is any proof of there being *no* misconception. But one so gross as that you mention could hardly have escaped me. I know the attitude of Mr. Lewes's mind towards Phrenology and I am sure it is free from any unphilosophical desire to make out a case. But so much sectarian feeling usually arises in discussions on the subject that I confess the associations of the word are not agreeable to me. The last refuge of intolerance is in not tolerating the intolerant—and I am often in danger of secreting that sort of venom.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, 15 NOVEMBER 1857

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 471–474.

8 Park Shot | November 15. 57.

Dear Friend

It is pleasant to have a kind word now and then when one is not near enough to have a kind glance or a hearty shake by the hand. It is an old weakness of mine to have no faith in affection that does not express itself, and when friends take no notice of me for a long while I generally settle down into the belief that they have become indifferent or have begun to dislike me. That is not the best mental constitution; but it might be worse, for I don't feel obliged to dislike *them* in consequence. I, for one, ought not to complain if people think worse of me than I deserve, for I have very often reason to be ashamed of my thoughts about others. They almost always turn out to be better than I expected—fuller of kindness towards me, at least.

I don't make out quite clearly what is the point on which you ask my opinion—whether it is the desirability of republishing the Phil[osophy] of Necessity, or the degree in which I share its doctrines. To any one who is not bound to consider authorship from the pecuniary point of view, the question about republication is not—'Will the book find a large public?' but 'Will it find *any* public?' Your book *has* found a public, since the first edition sold at last, though slowly, and you have had indications that the book has been thought valuable by some earnest readers. I should not think a second edition would find a different *kind* of public, but it would very likely enlarge your circle of readers, especially if it were cheap. But that is an expensive mode of doing good.[8]

8. Bray published the 2d ed., revised, of *The Philosophy of Necessity* in 1863.

In the fundamental doctrine of your book—that mind presents itself under the same condition of invariableness of antecedent and consequent as all other phenomena (the only difference being that the true antecedent and consequent are proportionately difficult to discover as the phenomena are more complex)—I think you know that I agree. And every one who knows what science means must also agree with you that there can be no Social Science without the admission of that doctrine. As to the more detailed contents of the book, I have not any longer a vivid recollection of them, but I think it is very likely that I should be unable to agree with much that you say in relation to the religious ideas and the moral tendencies. For I dislike extremely a passage quoted by Sara [9] in which you appear to consider the disregard of individuals as a lofty condition of mind. My own experience and development deepen every day my conviction that our moral progress may be measured by the degree in which we sympathize with individual suffering and individual joy. The fact that in the scheme of things we see a constant and tremendous sacrifice of individuals is, it seems to me only one of the many proofs that urge upon us our total inability to find in our own natures a key to the Divine Mystery. I could more readily turn Christian and worship Jesus again than embrace a Theism which professes to explain the proceedings of God. But I don't feel at all wise on these matters. I have a few strong impressions which serve me for my own support and guidance but do not in the least qualify me to speak as a theorist.

Mr. Lewes sends you his kind remembrances and will not like you any the worse for cutting him up.[1] He has had to perform that office for his own friends sometimes. I suppose Phrenology is an open question, on which everybody has a right to speak his mind. Mr. Lewes, feeling the importance of the subject, desired to give it its due place in his History of Philosophy, and doing so, he must of course say what *he* believes to be the truth not what other people believe to be the truth. If you will shew where he is mistaken, you will be doing him a service, as well as phrenology. His arguments may be bad, but I will answer for him that he has not been guilty of any intentional unfairness. I daresay I expressed myself very ill in my letter to Sara, for I had a bad head-

9. *Christianity and Infidelity*, 1857, p. 131; *The Philosophy of Necessity*, 2 vols., 1841, I, 205–206.

1. In *The Philosophy of Necessity*, 1863, pp. 144–149, Charles Bray published a long note attacking GHL's chapter on phrenology in the 1857 ed. of *The Biographical History of Philosophy*. His belief that functions of the mind are proportionate to the size and shape of the skull is fanatically defended against the array of physiological evidence GHL cited.

ache then, and may have written nonsense, for what I know. But in anything I said about sectarianism I meant no 'fling' at you, though I cannot except you from my general experience of phrenologists. With regard to their system, they seem to me to be animated by the same sort of spirit as that of religious dogmatists and especially in this—that in proportion as a man approximates to their opinions without identifying himself with them, they think him obnoxious and contemptible.

It is amusing to read, from the opposite side, complaints against Mr. Lewes for giving too high a position to phrenology, and a confident opinion that "phrenologists, by their ridiculous pretensions, merit all the contempt that has been thrown on them." Thus doctors differ!

But I am much less interested in crusades for or against phrenology than in your happiness at Ivy Cottage. Happiness means all sorts of love and good feeling, and that is the best result that can ever come out of science.

Ever yours affectionately
Marian Lewes.

Do you know Buckle's History of Civilization? [2] I think you would find it a suggestive book.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND,
[23 NOVEMBER 1857]

MS Yale. *Endorsed:* Nov. 24. 1857. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 474.

Richmond | Monday.

Dear Sara

The chinks of my time yesterday [3] were so filled up with things I was obliged to attend to—proof-readings etc. that I couldn't write to you. But I didn't forget to think of you gratefully, as we walked in the mild sunshine and looked at the purple and gold along the river.

Sometime, I *do* mean, if I can, to send you an ugly photograph, since you desire it, having perhaps a savage pleasure in perceiving how "the individual withers." [4] I didn't give your letter to Mr. Lewes or tell him it was my birthday, for except you, I don't like anybody to say any-

2. Henry Thomas Buckle (1821–62), *History of Civilization in England,* 2 vols., 1857–61.

3. GE's birthday. Miss Hennell's was the 23d.

4. Tennyson, "Locksley Hall," line 142.

thing about it or make a fuss and congratulate me. Anniversaries are sad things—to one who has lived long and done little.

Herbert Spencer dined with us the other day—looks well, and is brimful of clever talk, as usual. His volume of 'Essays' [5] is to come out soon. He is just now on a crusade against the notion of 'species.' Next to that his indignation with government interference about Jointstock Banks seems to be the dominant interest.[6]

We are reading Harriet Martineau's history [7] with edification, and otherwise feeding our souls, which flourish very well notwithstanding November weather. What of your Antichrist? [8]

Ever thine
Marian.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [5 DECEMBER 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Saturday.

My dear Blackwood

I wish to submit to your judgement the two plans by which the editing of Johnston [9] may be executed. The ordinary plan is that of leaving the text unaltered, and placing the corrections in footnotes, signed *Ed.* Instead of this I suggest that the corrections, which will be very numerous, should be made silently in the text; the editor keeping as much out of sight as possible, and only making a note when a difference of *opinion* seems called for—as for instance when Johnston adopts the current doctrine but the editor thinks it right to indicate that other authorities hold another view.

By this plan it seems to me the book will be far more readable. Controversial notes distract attention and call attention to the editor,

5. *Essays: Scientific, Practical, and Speculative,* 1857.

6. See Spencer's article "State-Tamperings with Money and Banks," *Westminster Review,* 69 (January 1857), 210–232.

7. Harriet Martineau, *Introduction to the History of the Peace from 1800–1815,* 1851, and *History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace, 1816–1846,* 2 vols., 1849–50; new ed., 1855. (GE Journal, 6 December 1857.)

8. "Had the pleasure of handing Miss H. her £5 prize for the essay on Antichrist." (Chapman's Diary, 8 February 1851.) See also 6 August 1860

9. James Finlay Weir Johnston (1796–1855), whose *The Chemistry of Common Life,* 2 vols., Edinburgh, 1853–55, Blackwood had proposed that GHL revise and continue. See Blackwood Letter Book, 5 November and 7 December 1857.

who ought really to be in the background. But of course on this plan the reader will not *see* the amount of alteration in the new edition. When I add that the corrections are mostly of a physiological nature —the mistakes arising from the author treating physiological subjects on chemical principles, which from Liebig downwards has been the cause of a flood of hypotheses and errors—you will I think agree with me that the less obvious the editorial alteration the better.

What an admirable and interesting book it is! I do not wonder at its great success.

I am at work collecting material and shall allow nothing to interrupt me in getting on. If you are in any hurry to reprint, I can send you the parts as they are finished.

G.E. has come to stay at Richmond and is writing his new story with a fresh influx of confidence (much needed) from having heard of a rector of a large parish having "cried like a child" over Janet's Repentance. If a few more rectors would be equally tearful I think E. would at last really begin to believe in his power.

Have you thought of an index for Seaside Studies? I think there should be a minute one made because the book contains such a mass of details.

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

GE JOURNAL, RICHMOND, 6 DECEMBER 1857

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 414–417, 428–429, 457.

How I Came to Write Fiction

September 1856 made a new era in my life, for it was then I began to write Fiction. It had always been a vague dream of mine that some time or other I might write a novel, and my shadowy conception of what the novel was to be, varied, of course, from one epoch of my life to another. But I never went farther towards the actual writing of the novel than an introductory chapter describing a Staffordshire village and the life of the neighbouring farm houses, and as the years passed on I lost any hope that I should ever be able to write a novel, just as I desponded about everything else in my future life. I always thought I was deficient in dramatic power, both of construction and dialogue, <though> but I felt I should be at my ease in the descriptive parts of a novel. My "introductory chapter" was pure description though there were good

materials in it for dramatic presentation. It happened to be among the papers I had with me in Germany and one evening at Berlin, something led me to read it to George. He was struck with it as a bit of concrete description, and it suggested to him the possibility of my being able to write a novel, though he distrusted—indeed disbelieved in, my possession of any dramatic power. Still, he began to think that I might as well try, some time, what I could do in fiction, and by and bye when we came back to England and I had greater success than he had ever expected in other kinds of writing, his impression that it was worth while to see how far my mental power would go towards the production of a novel, was strengthened. He began to say very positively, "You must try and write a story," and when we were at Tenby he urged me to begin at once. I deferred it, however, after my usual fashion, with work that does not present itself as an absolute duty. But one morning as I was lying in bed,[2] thinking what should be the subject of my first story, my thoughts merged themselves into a dreamy doze, and I imagined myself writing a story of which the title was—"The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton." I was soon wide awake again, and told G. He said, "O what a capital title!" and from that time I had settled in my mind that this should be my first story. George used to say, "It may be a failure—it may be that you are unable to write fiction. Or perhaps, it may be just good enough to warrant your trying again." Again, "You may write a chef-d'œuvre at once—there's no telling." But his prevalent impression was that though I could hardly write a *poor* novel, my effort would want the highest quality of fiction—dramatic presentation. He used to say, "You have wit, description and philosophy—those go a good way towards the production of a novel. It is worth while for you to try the experiment."

We determined that if my story turned out good enough, we would send it to Blackwood, but G. thought the more probable result was, that I should have to lay it aside and try again.

But when we returned to Richmond I had to write my article on Silly Novels and my review of Contemporary Literature for the Westminster; so that I did not begin my story till September 22.[3] After I had begun it, as we were walking in the Park, I mentioned to G. that I had thought of the plan of writing a series of stories containing sketches

2. Cross omits "lying in bed."

3. GE's Journal entry reads: "Tuesday, September 22. Began to write 'The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton.' . . ." But Tuesday was the 23d. Since there is another entry for the 22d, it is probable that GE really began on the 23d.

drawn from my own observation of the Clergy, and calling them "Scenes from Clerical Life" opening with "Amos Barton." He at once accepted the notion as a good one—fresh and striking; and about a week afterwards when I read him the early part of 'Amos,' he had no longer any doubt about my ability to carry out the plan. The scene at Cross Farm,[4] he said, satisfied him that I had the very element he had been doubtful about—it was clear I could write good dialogue. There still remained the question whether I could command any pathos, and that was to be decided by the mode in which I treated Milly's death.[5] One night G. went to town on purpose to leave me a quiet evening for writing it. I wrote the chapter from the news brought by the shepherd to Mrs. Hackit, to the moment when Amos is dragged from the bedside and I read it to G. when he came home. We both cried over it, and then he came up to me and kissed me, saying "I think your pathos is better than your fun."

So when the story was finished G. sent it to Blackwood, who wrote in reply, that he thought the "Clerical reminiscences would do," congratulated the author on being "worthy the honours of print and pay," but would like to see more of the series before he undertook to print. However, when G. wrote that the author was discouraged by this editorial caution, Blackwood disclaimed any distrust and agreed to print the story at once. The first part appeared in the January number 1857. Before the appearance of the Magazine—on sending me the proof, Blackwood already expressed himself with much greater warmth of admiration, and when the first part had appeared, he sent me a charming letter with a cheque for fifty guineas, and a proposal about republication of the series. When the story was concluded he wrote me word [6] how Albert Smith had sent him a letter saying he had never read anything that affected him more than Milly's death, and, added Blackwood, "the men at the club seem to have mingled their tears and their tumblers together. It will be curious if you should be a member and be hearing your own praises!" There was clearly no suspicion that I was a woman. It is interesting, as an indication of the value there is in such conjectural criticism generally, to remember that when G. read the first part of "Amos" to a party at Helps's, they were all sure I was a clergyman—a Cambridge man. Agnes [7] thought I was the father of a family—was sure I was a man who had seen a great deal of society etc. etc. Blackwood seemed curious about the author, and when I signed my letter "George Eliot" hunted up some old letters from Eliot War-

4. Ch. 1.
5. Ch. 8.
6. See 10 February 1857.
7. Agnes Jervis Lewes.

burton's brother, to compare the handwritings, though, he said, "Amos seems to me not in the least like what that good artillery man would write."

Several pleasant bits of admiration came about that time:—a letter from the Rev. Mr. Swaine, saying that "Amos," in its charming tenderness, reminded him of the "Vicar of Wakefield," is the only one I remember just now. The adverse critics mentioned by Blackwood were Colonel Hamley and Prof. Aytoun. Professor Aytoun came round afterwards, said he had been quite mistaken in his estimate of the powers of the author of "Amos Barton," and expressed great admiration of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story"—or rather at the conclusion of it. Colonel Hamley said I was "a man of science, but not a practised writer." Blackwood was eager for the second story, and much delighted with the two first parts of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," which I sent him together. I wrote the fourth part at Scilly—the epilogue, sitting on the Fortification Hill, one sunshiny morning.[8] Blackwood himself wrote in entire admiration of it, and in the same letter told us that Thackeray "thought highly of the series." When we were at Jersey, he was in London, and wrote from thence that he heard nothing but approval of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." Lord Stanley, among other people, had spoken to him about the "Clerical Scenes" at Bulwer's, and was astonished to find Blackwood in the dark as to the author.

I began "Janet's Repentance" at Scilly and sent off the first Part from Jersey, G. declaring it to be admirable, almost better than the other stories. But to my disappointment, Blackwood did not like it so well, seemed to misunderstand the characters, and be doubtful about the treatment of clerical matters. I wrote at once to beg him to give up printing the story if he felt uncomfortable about it, and he immediately sent a very anxious, cordial letter, saying the thought of putting a stop to the series "gave him quite a turn"—"he didn't meet with George Eliots every day"—and so on.

One of the pleasantest little incidents at Jersey was a letter from Archer Gurney to the unknown author of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," expressing simply but warmly his admiration of the truth and originality he found in the Clerical Scenes. Dear G. came upstairs to me with the letter in his hands, his face bright with gladness, saying, "Her fame's beginning already!"

I had meant to carry on the series beyond "Janet's Repentance," and especially I longed to tell the story of the Clerical Tutor, but my annoyance at Blackwood's want of sympathy in the first two parts of "Janet,"

8. GE Journal, 8 April 1857.

(although he came round to admiration at the third part) determined me to close the series and republish them in two volumes.

The first volume is printed, and the advertisements greet our eyes every week, but we are still wondering how the public will behave to my first book.

December 6. 57.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [9 DECEMBER 1857]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Endorsed:* Dec. 9. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Wednesday.

My dear Blackwood

I don't know how to set about making an index and it would give me infinite trouble, so if you can get a regular index maker to do it, it will both be better done and more expeditiously done. Tell him to be careful to register every *fact,* the mention of every *animal,* and every *opinion.*

Johnston will be a long business so that I had better go on at once, that I may be certain not to keep you waiting.

I was going to call on your brother today but this morning a letter came from him announcing his visit for tomorrow and I shall try and get G.E. to meet him.[1] I will convey to that gent the pleasant news of your letter.

By this post I send you a short jeu d'esprit [2] which may or may not suit Maga.

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

John Blackwood Esq.

1. Major William Blackwood, who came to Richmond 10 December 1857 to discuss with Lewes arrangements for the revision of Johnston's book, wrote his brother the same day: "I have just returned from Richmond. G.E. did not show: he is such a timid fellow, Lewes said. He was very pleasant, and talked in a very handsome way of his connection with us, saying of all editors he had ever had to do with, and he had had to do with many, you and Lord Jeffrey were the most agreeable. I saw *a* Mrs. Lewes." (*William Blackwood,* II, 484.) GE wrote in her Journal, 10 December 1857: "Major Blackwood called—an unaffected agreeable man. It was evident to us when he had only been in the room a few minutes that he knew I was George Eliot." She did not reveal herself, however, until 28 February 1858.

2. "People I Have Never Met," *Blackwood's,* 83 (February 1858), 183–189.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 11 DECEMBER 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Published:* Cross, I, 476–477.

Richmond | December 11th 57.

My dear Sir

Lewes has read to me your last kind letter, and I am not insensible to the "practical cheerer" it contains. But I rejoice with trembling at the additional 250, lest you should have to repent of them.[3]

I have certainly had a good deal of encouragement to believe that there are many minds, both of the more cultured sort and of the common novel-reading class, likely to be touched by my stories, but the word "many" is very elastic, and often shrinks frightfully when measured by a financial standard.

When one remembers how long it was before Charles Lamb's Essays were known familiarly to any but the elect few, the very strongest assurance of merit or originality—supposing one so happy as to have that assurance—could hardly do more than give the hope of *ultimate* recognition.

With thanks for the good news you send me, I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 13 DECEMBER 1857

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 477–478.

Richmond | December 13. 57.

Dear Sara

I hope you are looking forward to a placidly happy Christmas—for I suppose you would prefer that to a merry one. I have an impulse to send you that wish, though I have not yet got any news to tell you as an excuse for writing. You know all public affairs better than I do, and I know no private affairs except our own. These are very prosperous

3. "A letter from Blackwood today tells us that Major Blackwood, during his brother's absence in England, having some reasons, not specified, for being more hopeful about the 'Clerical Scenes,' resolved to publish 1000 instead of 750, and in consequence of this Blackwood promises to pay me an additional £60 when 750 shall have been sold off." (GE Journal, 8 December 1857.)

just now, making a sunshine in a shady, or rather a foggy place.[4] It is a great happiness to me that Mr. Lewes gets more and more of the recognition he deserves; pleasant letters and speeches have been very numerous lately, especially about his Sea-Side Studies which have appeared in Blackwood and are soon to appear—very much improved and enlarged—in a separate volume. His head is nearly well now, and he works vigorously.

Herbert Spencer, you see, has made his new avatar. His volume of Essays came to us by post this morning, looking very handsome.[5]

Dear Carlyle writes, àpropos of his "Frederic"—"I have had such a 14 months as was never appointed me before in this world,—sorrow, darkness and disgust, my daily companions; and no outlook visible except getting a detestable business turned off, or else being driven mad by it." [6] That is his exaggerated way of speaking, and writing is always painful to him; but he has been specially tormented by the shortcomings of German commentators and book-makers, on whom he has depended as authorities. Do you know he is 62! I fear this will be his last book.

Tell Mr. Bray I am reading a book of Riehl's—"The Family"—forming the sequel to his other volumes.[7] He will be pleased to hear that so good a writer agrees with him in several points about the occupations of women. The book is a good one, and if I were in the way of writing articles, I should write one on it.

There is so much to read and the days are so short! I get more hungry for knowledge every day, and less able to satisfy my hunger. Time is like the Sibylline leaves getting more precious the less there remains of it—that, I believe, is the correct allusion for a fine writer to make on the occasion.

Write me some Christmas news of you all when you have nothing better to do. Mr. Lewes who is "a-squinting through his glass," [8] as the girl at Scilly said of him, sends you his kind regards and anticipatory Christmas wishes. Love to all in Ivy Cottage.

Ever yours
Marian.

4. Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, I, iii, 4.

5. Reviewed by GHL in the *Leader*, 19 December 1857, p. 1216.

6. Probably from a letter to GHL. D. A. Wilson quotes the passage from Cross without identifying it further. (*Carlyle at His Zenith*, 1927, p. 302.)

7. *Die Familie*, 1855, the third and last of a series entitled *Naturgeschichte des Volks als Grundlage einer deutschen Social-Politik;* the others were *Land und Leute*, 1851, and *Die bürgerliche Gesellschaft*, 1854.

8. GHL devoted most of his time now to physiological studies.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 14 DECEMBER 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | December 14/57.

My Dear Sir

I inclose proof of Title page which I shall be glad to have back by return with any thing else that you may wish to go into the book. As I write I recollect that you sent a motto from Fielding. I have stupidly allowed it to fall aside but if you still fancy it send down another copy and it can be printed yet. I thought I had sent it into the Printing Office but they say no.

We shall probably subscribe the book in London on Thursday or Friday [9] and the earliest intelligence of the result will be sent to you. It will give me real pleasure if I can send you good news but a bad subscription will not cast me down at all.

I hear a great many favourable opinions of the Scenes [1] and, what is more to the purpose, I know that they are *good,* but I see that you understand the difference between a general and a literary reputation and it is impossible to say whether that general buzz which is the precursor of a large sale has arisen about the book.

ever yours truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 15 DECEMBER 1857

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extract published:* Cross, I, 478.

Richmond | December 15th 1857.

My dear Sir

I like the present appearance of the title-page better than if it had another line. But if there is any more serious reason than an æsthetic

9. It was not done, however, till 4 January 1858. See J. M. Langford to J. Blackwood, 4 January 1858. (NLS.)

1. Prompted by GHL, Blackwood had learned to suppress unfavorable opinions. While the Rev. G. C. Swayne's comparison of "Amos Barton" to *The Vicar of Wakefield* was enthusiastically reported, nothing was said of his feeling that "Janet's Repentance" was "a disagreeable story" or his remark on the "evangelical parson's contracting at the end a passion for the reformed gin-drinker, the explosion of which in scandal is happily prevented by his *timely* death." (9 November [1857]. NLS.)

one for inserting the "originally published," let it be inserted by all means. Shouldn't we have "Right of translation reserved" on the back of the title-page? [2]

I give up the motto because it struck you as having been used before, and though I copied it into my note-book when I was re-reading "Amelia" a few months ago, it is one of those obvious quotations which never *appear* fresh though they may actually be made for the first time.

I shall be curious to know the result of the subscription. There are a few persons to whom I should like a copy of the volumes to be sent, and I enclose a list of them.[3] Ever, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, 23 DECEMBER 1857

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | December 23. 57.

Dear Friend

Thank you for sending me your pamphlet on the Currency. I have read your letter on the subject in the Leader,[4] and so far as I am capable of judging, your views are the "sound" ones. But it has often appeared to me—and your letter is, I think, open to a similar criticism —that the opponents of the 'gold-standard' do not make it sufficiently clear to their readers that they presuppose, as a necessity, some guarantee such as government security, as a basis for confidence; so that the holder of a bag of cowries for example, where cowries are the circulating medium, should not be liable, some fine morning, to discover that his cowries will purchase him nothing. That contingency, so far as I am able to see, is the one stronghold of those who maintain that the circulating medium should have an intrinsic value, and therefore all the emphasis of argument and illustration should storm them at that point. But whether I am talking "sanity or insanity," as Carlyle says

2. Scenes of Clerical Life | By | George Eliot | In Two Volumes | Vol. I. | William Blackwood and Sons | Edinburgh and London | MDCCCLVIII | The Right of Translation is Reserved. | [*On verso*] Originally published in Blackwood's Magazine.

3. See 8 January 1858.

4. "Our Monetary System," *Leader*, 19 December 1857, p. 1209. Arguing against the gold standard Bray says, "Labour, or the cost of production, is the only real and natural standard or measure of value."

of himself,[5] is a perfectly equal chance, on a subject of which I know so little.

I heartily respond to your good wishes for Christmas and the New Year. I find there is nothing so heart-warming as happiness when it comes to those who have known what it is to suffer. But the human being can hardly be educated, at present, without the two. I'm sorry to hear from Sara that you have been having a little too much of the suffering lately, in the way of toothache and other bodily evils.

We should like to lend you "Buckle" ourselves very much, but I am sorry to say that Mr. Lewes is needing it for reference on some subjects on which he is engaged. But we shall be going to Germany early in the Spring, and by that time I have no doubt he will have done with it and will be able to leave it for you to read at your leisure, if you cannot obtain it before then. It is a book full of suggestive material, though there are some strangely unphilosophic opinions mixed with its hardy philosophy. For example, he holds that there is no such thing as *race* or *hereditary transmission* of qualities! I should tell you, at the same time, that he is a necessitarian, and a physiological-psychologist. It is only by such negations as these that he can find his way to the position, which he maintains at great length, that the progress of mankind is dependent entirely on the progress of knowledge, and that there has been no intrinsically-moral advance. However, he presents that side of the subject which has perhaps been least adequately dwelt on.

Mr. Lewes unites with me in kind regards, and I am always

Your affectionate Friend
Marian Lewes.

GE JOURNAL, RICHMOND, 2 JANUARY 1858

MS· Yale. *Published:* Cross, II, 1–2.

Jan. 2. George has returned this evening from a week's visit at Vernon Hill. On coming upstairs he said, "I have some very pretty news for you—something in my pocket!" I was at a loss to conjecture, and thought confusedly of possible opinions from admiring readers, when he drew the "Times" from his pocket,—today's number, containing a review of the "Scenes of Clerical Life."[6] He had happened to ask a gentleman in the railway carriage coming up to London to al-

5. *Past and Present,* Part III, ch. 12: "The higher the Wisdom, the closer was its neighbourhood and kindred with mere Insanity."

6. By Samuel Lucas (1818–68). See *The History of* The Times, II (1939), 489.

low him to look at the "Times," and felt quite agitated and tremulous when his eyes alighted on the review. Finding he had time to go into town before the train started, he bought a copy there. It is a highly favourable notice, and as far as it goes, appreciatory.

When G. went into town he called at Nutt's,[7] and Mrs. Nutt said to him "I think you don't know our curate. *He* says the author of 'Clerical Scenes' is a High Churchman; for though Mr. Tryan is said to be Low Church, his *feelings* and *actions* are those of a High Churchman." (The curate himself being, of course, High C.) There were some pleasant scraps of admiration also gathered for me at Vernon Hill. Doyle [8] happening to mention the treatment of children in the stories, *Helps* said, "O, he is a great writer!"

I wonder how I shall feel about these little details ten years hence, if I am *alive*. At present I value them as grounds for hoping that my writing may succeed and so give value to my life—as indications that I can touch the hearts of my fellow men, and so sprinkle some precious grain as the result of the long years in which I have been inert and suffering. But at present fear and trembling still predominate over hope.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, [RICHMOND, 3 JANUARY 1858]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Sunday.

My dear Blackwood

I came home last night from Helps's hospitable and delightful mansion where Christmas has been very jolly,[9] and my arrival was saluted by your very pleasant letters and very liberal enclosure. The approbation of men like Simpson [1] is indeed gratifying; and your unexpected increase of the honorarium was a practical compliment which had an eloquence of its own.

G.E. has a fine bit of luck in that notice in the *Times,* and the encouragement will materially help him in his new story. Though the critic is I think quite solitary in preferring 'Gilfil' to 'Amos' and 'Janet'

7. David Nutt (d. 1863), publisher and bookseller. His wife Ellen, daughter of Robert Carter, was a granddaughter of William Miller, publisher, of Albemarle St., predecessor of John Murray. (*DNB,* 2d Supplement: Alfred Trubner Nutt.)

8. Richard Doyle (1824–83), illustrator and caricaturist.

9. GHL spent Christmas with GE and went to Vernon Hill 26 December 1857. (GE Journal.)

1. James Young Simpson (1811–70), Professor of Midwifery at Edinburgh, introduced the use of chloroform in 1847.

—especially the latter. As far as opinions reach me Gilfil is thought the least good of the three stories, and Janet the best. But les gouts ne se disputent pas and it is enough that the great Thunderer is pleased to praise.

I was interested by what you said of Stephens[2] (—whose Book of the Farm by the way I have not thanked you for sending, which was the more ungrateful as the book is really very useful) and I shall be glad to make his acquaintance.

The index seems admirable and will be a real addition to the book.[3] I have written to Monti about the illustrations which were promised a month ago and told him to send them without further delay.

Wishing you and your brother many pleasant new years Believe me

Yours very faithfully

G. H. Lewes.

John Blackwood Esq.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 7 JANUARY 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | January 7/58.

My Dear Sir

I inclose memorandum of the subscription to Clerical Scenes as far as it has yet gone. The prospect looks well for the disposal of the edition and I think I shall have the pleasure of making the first and second payments to you at one and the same time.

The Leviathan Mudie was induced to take the 350 by our giving him an extra 10 per cent discount. Do not mention this however as, although we thought it wise to give the discount in this case, as a general principle it is doubtful policy.

We shall not be able to judge for a week or two how the book is really going to take as the subscribers generally are rather more at sea than ourselves and it is only when we know how the books are moving from the shelves of the purchasers that we are able to form a sound estimate of sales.

The review in the Times was a most fortunate circumstance and it

2. Henry Stephens (1795–1874). His *The Book of the Farm,* 3 vols., 1842–44, went through many editions.

3. *Sea-Side Studies.*

was a very friendly act on the part of the potentates of P[rinting] H[ouse] Square.[4]

Mr. Langford, our manager in Pater Noster Row, writes me that he got an early copy off to Lewes and you. Let me know how many more copies you would like or send me a list of friends private or literary whom you wish to receive the book.

Mr. Langford necessarily knows now that the Clerical Scenes came through Lewes, but of course keeps the secret. If L. can look in at P. N. Row at any time Mr. Langford will show him our presentation list in Town and he may suggest additions. He will also be able to show him how the book is going on.

How does the new Tale progress? I think you should be in good feather about it now.

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

GE JOURNAL, RICHMOND, 8 JANUARY 1858

MS: Yale. *Published:* Cross, II, 3.

Friday, 8. News of the subscription. 580, with a probable addition of 25 for Longmans. Mudie has taken 350. When we used to talk of the probable subscription G. always said, "I daresay it will be 250!" (The final number subscribed for was 650.)

I ordered copies to be sent to the following persons: Froude, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Ruskin, Faraday, "The author of Companions of my Solitude," Albert Smith, Mrs. Carlyle.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 9 JANUARY 1858

MS: The National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | January 9. 1858.

My dear Sir

Thanks for your letter, and not less for the satisfaction I feel in the handsome getting up of the 'Scenes.' The two volumes are entirely

4. John Thadeus Delane (1817–79), editor of the *Times*, wrote Blackwood 27 December 1857: "I see you are about to publish 'Scenes of Clerical Life' and should like to review it in the short season which is alone open to us before the re-assembling of Parliament. Can you let us have an early copy? It is such work reading up a story from the magazine." (NLS.)

agreeable to my eyes.[5] The subscription far exceeds my highest hopes, and certainly hitherto everything has been auspicious. But we have of course still to wait for the proof of a real success.

As a matter of business I think it will be wise to send a copy to M. Emile Forgues,[6] Bureau de la Revue des deux Mondes. I should also like a copy addressed to "The Author of Companions of my Solitude" (NOT *to Arthur Helps Esq.*), to be sent to Messrs. J. W. Parker and Son, and one to Professor Faraday. Besides these, I do not at present think of any one to whom I desire a copy to be sent on *literary* grounds, and I send none on private grounds. When I wish to drop my incognito, I will take a few intimate friends into my confidence, but not till then; and I shall not feel that wish for a long time to come.

Mr. Langford sent word that a copy had been addressed to *Alfred* Smith, Esq. It was *Albert* Smith whom I intended, and I mention the matter to you lest you should not be aware that a copy has been sent to Albert Smith. Lewes has rectified the mistake for me with Mr. Langford.

My new story goes on with a pleasant andante movement. I have read the early chapters [7] to Lewes, who is a safer test than Molière could find in his housekeeper, I imagine, and he pronounces them to be better than anything I had done before. That is the best thing I have to tell you about it, and the next best is, that my heart is in the story. But I fear this last has been the case with very poor writers and very poor stories.

Always yours truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

5. "Today the 'Clerical Scenes' came in their two volume dress, looking very handsome." (GE Journal, 5 January 1858.)

6. Paul Émile Daurand Forgues (1813–83).

7. The first four. (GE Journal, 6 January 1858.)

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, RICHMOND, 12 JANUARY 1858

MS: Miss Virginia Moore. *Endorsed:* M. Evans. *Extracts published:* B. C. Williams, *George Eliot,* New York, 1936, pp. 143–144.

8 Park Shot | January 12. 58.

Dear Friend

I can't help grieving over Wilson's [8] letter, for he will be a great loss to you, especially if he drags Patterson [1] after him, of which I fear there is some danger. I think ability and conscientiousness in the execution of work undertaken, so much more important elements in a contributor than an unrestrained 'outspokenness,' that I shall not cease to regret Wilson's alienation until I hear that you have replaced him by some one who, being more undaunted, is equally well-informed and judicious. I am sorry to say we cannot do anything towards filling up the gap, for we are going to Germany shortly—the precise time is not yet fixed—and intend to remain there as many months as business will allow, so that we can undertake no work which cannot be done equally well abroad. Would or could not Dr. Donaldson [2] do the theological part, some one else doing the philosophy?

Alas! I have not done a stroke towards the article on Newman, and before your letter came I was intending to send you the books and letters with a confession of my hopelessness; for since I cannot do the article, it would perhaps be well for some one else to write one on the appearance of Newman's new book.[3] I have been quite unhappy about this article, and disgusted with myself that I undertook it even in a problematic way, for I can't bear to be shilly-shally about things.

It is almost needless to say that I don't neglect the opportunity of working for the W[estminster] R[eview] in order to do work for any other review, and that I have no ground for my negations but inability.

8. Henry Bristow Wilson (1803–88), one of the advocates of freedom in theological inquiry. He contributed to both the *Oxford Essays,* 1857, and the *Essays and Reviews,* 1860.

1. Robert Hogarth Patterson (1821–86) had come from Edinburgh to be editor of the *Press,* of which he was afterward proprietor.

2. John William Donaldson (1811–61), whose theory that the fragments of the book of Jashar, which he published in 1854, form "the religious marrow of the scriptures," probably caused his resignation as Headmaster of King Edward's School, Bury St. Edmund's.

3. I have not discovered who wrote "F. W. Newman and his Evangelical Critics," *Westminster Review,* 70 (October 1858), 376–425. Among the ten volumes by Newman noticed in it was his new book *Theism, Doctrinal and Practical,* published by Chapman in 1858.

I wish you could get the <*Literature*> Belles Lettres better done, though it is troublesome to say so to you just now. This number seems to me worse done than the previous ones—the tone is so flippant and journalistic.[4] I only mention it in this letter that, if you have any intention to make a change in that department, I may contribute towards confirming that intention.

I am not using mere phrases when I say that I would much rather reply to you in affirmatives than in negatives, but even sincere words are a poor substitute for deeds, so I will not pour out that ineffectual sort of friendliness. Do come and see us, when you can. Mr. Lewes concurs with me in that wish and in kind regards, after the melancholy fashion of a philosopher with a swelled face, and I am always

Yours very truly
Marian Lewes.

I was in deep amazement at the article on the Religious Weakness etc.[5] —thinking you had told me it was Wilson's!

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 17 JANUARY 1858

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, II, 6–7.

Richmond | January 17. 58.

Dear Sara

Your letters are always seasonable whether it is the new year or the old or the middle-aged. "A pretty letter," Mr. Lewes said, when I read it to him. We can sympathize as to the sore throat having had colds ourselves the last few days, but being otherwise in good condition.

I fear many people will share your opinion about the article on the Religious Weakness of Prot[estantis]m; I don't know *who* wrote it. I confess it is very repugnant to me, though I abstained from saying so to Mr. Chapman, because I pity the sorrows of an editor. I have long ceased to feel any sympathy with mere antagonism and destruction, and all crudity of expression marks, I think, a deficiency in subtlety of thought as well as in breadth of moral and poetic feeling. The article on Shelley [6] is a perfect puddle for an unfortunate editor to have fallen

4. *Westminster Review,* 69 (January 1858), 281–304. It was by George Meredith. See 26 January 1858.

5. "The Religious Weakness of Protestantism," *Westminster Review,* 69 (January 1858), 132–154, was by F. W. Newman.

6. [J. R. Wise], *Westminster Review,* 69 (January 1858), 97–131. The passages GE alludes to are on p. 102.

into. Can anything be more feebly foolish or foolishly feeble than that stuff about the 'blood-red hand of the baronet *covering up* atheism' and that false sarcasm on the same page about a mésalliance? I have not, of course read the article—I have only dipped in here and there, but a mere taste of an undone cake made with rancid butter is enough.

Mr. William Smith, the author of "Thorndale," is an old acquaintance of Mr. Lewes's—I should say an old *friend,* only I don't like the too ready use of that word. Mr. Lewes admires and esteems him very highly.[7] He is a very accomplished man, a bachelor, with a small independent income—used to write very effective articles on miscellaneous subjects in 'Blackwood.' I shall like to know what you think of 'Thorndale.'

How could you waste your pretty eyes in reading 'White Lies'?[8] Surely they are too precious to be spent on the inflated plagiarisms of a man gone mad with restless vanity and unveracity.

Herbert Spencer dined with us last week, and I had a talk with him about his monetary article,[9] which interests me strongly. It is better written than his things have been of late, probably because it was written more rapidly. He cleared up several questions for me, and inclined me to think that he must be in the right. But I have not time at present to think of the subject except in a scrambling way. Apropos, I don't know whether you look out for Ruskin's books whenever they appear. His little book on the Political Economy of Art[1] contains some magnificent passages, mixed up with stupendous specimens of arrogant absurdity on some economical points. But I venerate him as one of the great Teachers of the day—his absurdities on practical points do no harm, but the grand doctrines of truth and sincerity in art, and the nobleness and solemnity of our human life, which he teaches with the inspiration of a Hebrew prophet, must be stirring up young minds in a promising way. Mr. Lewes has been enjoying a week's holiday at Vernon Hill, and was very pleased to find Alice Helps[2] the eldest daughter there, a girl of seventeen, become an enthusiastic student of painting under Ruskin, and stoutly battling against the falsity that paints what the painter does not see. The two last volumes of Modern Painters[3]

7. But cf. [30 October 1857].

8. By Charles Reade, 3 vols., 1857.

9. 5 January 1858. (GE Journal.) The article was "State-Tamperings with Money and Banks," *Westminster Review,* pp. 210–232.

1. *The Political Economy of Art,* based on lectures given at Manchester in July 1857.

2. After Sir Arthur Helps's death in 1873 Alice became a frequent caller at the Priory.

3. Vols. III and IV, 1856.

contain, I think, some of the finest writing of this age. He is strongly akin to the sublimest part of Wordsworth, whom, by the bye, we are reading now with fresh admiration for his beauties and tolerance for his faults.

I hope we shall see Mr. and Mrs. Call again before we leave—we shall certainly make an effort to do so.

Couldn't you write a much better article for the Westminster than most of the contributors? Why don't you? Though, indeed, I think I should rather urge you to rest and take life easily.

Our present plans are:—to remain here till about the end of March, then to go to Munich, which I long to see. We shall live there several months, seeing the wonderful galleries in leisure moments. Our living here is so much more expensive than living abroad that we save more than the expenses of our journeying, and as our work can be as well done there as here for some months, we lay in much more capital in the shape of knowledge and experience by going abroad.

I have nothing else to say, except love to Cara and Mr. Bray. When you write again, tell me how poor Annie Whittem is—also if Mrs. John Cash has more than one child. If you can remember that I have asked the questions, which I confess it is unreasonable to expect.

Ever your loving
Marian.

CHARLES DICKENS TO GE, LONDON, 18 JANUARY 1858

MS: British Museum. *Published:* Cross, II, 3–4.

Tavistock House, London, W.C. | Monday Eighteenth January 1858.
Dear Sir

I have been so strongly affected by the two first tales in the book you have had the kindness to send me through Messrs. Blackwood, that I hope you will excuse my writing to you to express my admiration of their extraordinary merit. The exquisite truth and delicacy, both of the humour and the pathos of those stories, I have never seen the like of; and they have impressed me in a manner that I should find it very difficult to describe to you, if I had the impertinence to try.

In addressing these few words of thankfulness to the creator of the sad fortunes of Mr. Amos Barton, and the sad love-story of Mr. Gilfil, I am (I presume) bound to adopt the name that it pleases that excellent writer to assume. I can suggest no better one; but I should have been

strongly disposed, if I had been left to my own devices, to address the said writer as a woman.[4] I have observed what seem to me to be such womanly touches, in those moving fictions, that the assurance on the title-page is insufficient to satisfy me, even now. If they originated with no woman, I believe that no man ever before had the art of making himself, mentally, so like a woman, since the world began.

You will not suppose that I have any vulgar wish to fathom your secret. I mention the point as one of great interest to me—not of mere curiosity. If it should ever suit your convenience and inclination, to shew me the face of the man or woman who has written so charmingly, it will be a very memorable occasion to me. If otherwise, I shall always hold that impalpable personage in loving attachment and respect, and shall yield myself up to all future utterances from the same source, with a perfect confidence in their making me wiser and better.

Your obliged and faithful Servant, and Admirer,
Charles Dickens.

George Eliot Esquire

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 21 JANUARY 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Published:* Cross, II, 8–9.

Richmond | January 21. 58.

My dear Sir

I'm sure you will be interested in Dickens's letter which I enclose, begging you to return it as soon as you can, and not to allow any one besides yourself and Major Blackwood to share in the knowledge of its contents. There can be no harm, of course, in every one's knowing that Dickens admires the "Scenes," but I should not like any more specific allusion made to the words of a private letter.

There can hardly be any climax of approbation for me after this, and I am so deeply moved by the finely-felt and finely expressed sympathy of the letter, that the iron mask of my incognito seems quite painful in forbidding me to tell Dickens how thoroughly his generous impulse has been appreciated. If you should have an opportunity of conveying

4. In his covering letter to Langford Dickens wrote: "Will you—by such roundabout ways and methods as may present themselves—convey this note of thanks to the author of Scenes of clerical life: whose two first stories I can never say enough of, I think them so truly admirable. But if those two volumes, or a part of them, were not written by a woman, then should I begin to believe that I am a woman myself!" (Mrs. Dorothy Hicks.)

this feeling of mine to him in any way, you would oblige me by doing so.

By the bye, you probably remember sending me, some months ago, a letter from the Rev. Archer Gurney[5]—a very warm, simple-spoken letter, praising me for qualities which I most of all care to be praised for. I should like to send him a copy of the "Scenes," since I could make no acknowledgment of his letter in any other way. I don't know his address, but perhaps Mr. Langford would be good enough to look it out in the Clergy List. I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

MRS. THOMAS CARLYLE TO GE, CHELSEA, 21 JANUARY 1858

MS: Mr. Frederick W. Hilles. *Extracts published:* Cross, II, 9–11.

5 Cheyne Row Chelsea | 21st January | /58.

Dear Sir,

I have to thank you for a surprise, a pleasure, and a—*consolation*(!) all in one Book! and I *do* thank you most sincerely. I cannot divine what inspired the good thought to send *me* your Book; since (if the name on the Title Page be your real name) it could not have been personal regard; there has never been a *George Eliot* among my friends or acquaintance. But neither I am sure could *you* divine the circumstances under which I should read the Book, and the particular benefit it should confer on me! I read it—at least the first volume—during one of the most (physically) wretched nights of my life; sitting up in bed, unable to get a wink of sleep for fever and sore throat; and it helped me through that dreary night, as well—better than the most sympathetic helpful friend watching by my bedside could have done!

You will believe that the book needed to be something more than a "new novel" for me; that I *could,* at my years, and after so much reading, read it in positive torment, and be beguiled by it of the torment! that it needed to be the one sort of Book, however named, that still takes hold of me, and that grows rarer every year—a *human* book—written out of the heart of a live man, not merely out of the brain of an author—full of tenderness and pathos without a scrap of sentimentality, of sense without dogmatism, of earnestness without twaddle

5. See 22 May 1857.

—a book that makes one *feel friends,* at once and for always, with the man or woman who wrote it!

In guessing at why you gave me this good gift, I have thought amongst other things: "Oh, perhaps it was a delicate way of presenting the *novel* to my Husband, he being head and ears in *History.*" If that was it, I compliment you on your *tact!* for my Husband is much liklier to read the *Scenes* on *my* responsibility than on a venture of his own —though, as a general rule, never opening a novel, he has engaged to read this one, whenever he has some leisure from his present task.

A severe Influenza, which fell on me the same day I had the windfall of the book, and from which I am but just *beginning* to recover, must excuse the tardiness of my acknowledgements.

I hope to know someday if the person I am addressing bears any resemblance, in external things to the Idea I have conceived of him in my mind—a man of middle age, with a wife from whom he has got those beautiful *feminine* touches in his book, a good many children, and a dog that he has as much fondness for as I have for my little Nero! for the rest, not just a clergyman, but Brother or first cousin to a clergyman!—How ridiculous all this *may* read, beside the reality!

Anyhow, I honestly confess I am very curious about you, and look forward with what Mr. Carlyle would call "a good, healthy, genuine desire" to shaking hands with you someday. In the meanwhile I remain your obliged

Jane W. Carlyle.

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, RICHMOND, 26 JANUARY 1858

Text. Maggs Bros. Catalogue 326 (May–June 1914), item 1423.

I sent back the Newman books because I thought you would perhaps make up your mind to get someone else as the writer of *an* article on Newman, if not precisely *the* article you had contemplated.[6]

6 Chapman sent an advance sheet of the article 'F W. Newman and His Evangelical Critics" to Newman, who replied 8 October 1858: "It was from mere haste and preoccupation of mind, that I did not thank you for (what you evidently meant as a compliment) the sending of a proofsheet of the article concerning me and my Evangelical critics. It is, as you say, in a genial tone. I accepted it, (before seeing it, as well as since,) not as a personal favour, but as an endeavour on your part to make known the truth impartially. As such I think you would wish it to be taken. I certainly do not like to be slandered, or any way misrepresented, and I am obliged to all who will refute my slanderers: but I fear I could not care much for praise without being proportionally sensitive to blame:

My inability is simply an inability to do two things at once, for you do not suppose I am turning fine lady and doing nothing. . . .

It is so difficult to get a satisfactory writer! One can never judge à priori. For example, you had good reason to believe that the Belles Lettres would be well done by the present writer (Meredith,[7] is it not?); yet he turns out to be unfit for that sort of work. And *entre nous,* I don't think you have hooked a very valuable fish in the writer of the article on Shelley.[8] My mind is so constituted that I immensely prefer a man of *ill*iberal ideas who writes well and says what he has to say vigorously, to a man of liberal ideas who deals in feeble sarcasm, loose reasoning, and sprawling tawdry rhetoric. The worst service, I fancy, that anyone can do for truth, is to set silly people writing on its behalf. And the *next* worst service is a parole [puerile?] crude, unsympathetic antagonism towards well-intentioned error.

M. L.

CHARLES DICKENS TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, LONDON, 27 JANUARY 1858

Text: John Blackwood, pp. 44–45.

Tavistock House, London, W.C., | 27th January 1858.

My Dear Sir,

I have been very much interested by your extract from "Mr Eliot's" letter, which has given me the greatest pleasure. Also of your account of the manner in which you had the good fortune to find (I say nothing of the good sense immediately to appreciate) that admirable and charming writer.

The portions of the narrative to which you refer had not escaped my notice. But their weight is very light in *my* scale, against all the references to children, and against such marvels of description as Mrs Barton sitting up in bed to mend the children's clothes. The selfish young fellow with the heart disease, in "Mr Gilfil's Love-Story," is plainly taken from a woman's point of view. Indeed I observe all the

and I really had so little eagerness to get quickly at a reading of the article, that I wrongly forgot (while writing to you) the good will with which you had tried to accommodate me with the earliest possible sight of it." (Yale.)

7. The Parrish Collection, Princeton, has a receipt signed by George Meredith for £12.12, "being payment for an Article forming Section 4 of the Contemporary Literature published in the Westminster Review for April 1857." A similar receipt for October 1857 is owned by Professor Richard L. Purdy of Yale.

8. John Richard de Capel Wise.

women in the book are more alive than the men, and more informed from within. As to Janet, in the last tale, I know nothing in literature done by a man like the frequent references to her grand form, and her eyes and her height and so forth; whereas I do know innumerable things of that kind in books of imagination by women. And I have not the faintest doubt that a woman described her being shut out into the street by her husband, and conceived and executed the whole idea of her following of that clergyman. If I be wrong in this, then I protest that a woman's mind has got into some man's body by a mistake that ought immediately to be corrected.

I feel truly obliged to you and Mrs Blackwood for your friendly invitation; but as I do not expect to remain in Edinburgh more than one complete day,[9] I am declining hospitalities on all hands, and have no alternative but to do the like in this case, as in a hundred others, against my will.

Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, RICHMOND, 30 JANUARY 1858

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | January 30. 58.

Dearest Bessie,

Pleasant to see your handwriting—and also Barbara's! I will not tell you how painfully I had felt her long silence after she had left me saying decidedly, she would come again.

I have not been to town since I saw you, but I *shall* go in the course of ten days or a fortnight, and if you do not decide to come here before then, I will write and fix an hour for calling on you. About 3 o'clock, I think, is a good time for you?

I am anxious to hear about the new labours [10] that I imagine to be indicated by the circular you have sent me, and I should be so glad if I could give help in any way—*except* by writing, which is at present impossible to me, from the complete occupation of my time and faculties in a peremptory manner elsewhere.

9. To give a reading for the benefit of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute 26 March 1858.

10. As editor of the *English Woman's Journal*, the first number of which appeared in March 1858.

I very often think of you—very often speak of you. For the memory of you is very sweet to me, unclouded by the least sense of grievance, which is too apt to spring up even between mortals who love each other truly.

If you could spare me a stray copy of the "Waverley" at rare intervals, it would interest me to look at it. I hear it is improving greatly.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 30 JANUARY 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | 30th January 58.

My dear Blackwood

Now I know you approve the method of Johnston [1] I shall finish in comfort. Send me back Vol. 1, however, as occasional touches may be added, unless you want to begin printing.

My next paper on Food and Drink [2] will be sent off in a few days. Such a collection of facts and arguments has not I believe been made before, even by erudite Germans.

G.E. is pleased with the good news, as he always is with anything in that direction. I agree with you that having secured the admiration of the best judges that of the public must follow. It was six weeks before *Jane Eyre* showed any decided movement in the way of sale.[3]

Faraday has written a letter [4] which G.E. treasures beside that of Dickens. Has the 'Spectator' or 'Examiner' pronounced? Rigid secrecy as to authorship will help the interest in the book, as well as preserve E's cheerfulness.

I shall be anxious to hear what subscription there is of Sea-Side

1. Blackwood had commissioned GHL to revise J. F. W. Johnston's *The Chemistry of Common Life*, 2 vols., Edinburgh, 1853–55.

2. *Blackwood's*, 83 (March 1858), 325–343, the first of three articles on this subject; the others appeared in April and May.

3. "The other night we looked into the Life of Charlotte Bronte to see how long it was before 'Jane Eyre' came into demand at the libraries, and we found that it was not until six weeks after publication. It is just three weeks now since I heard news of the subscription for *my* book." (GE Journal, 30 January 1858.)

4. Michael Faraday, 28 January 1858 (Cross, II, 12, MS sold at Sotheby's, 6 March 1934, item 436).

Studies—and I should be hopeful about it, if a public were secured to begin with. With kind regards to your brother

Believe me, ever truly yours
G. H. Lewes.

John Blackwood Esq.

GE JOURNAL, RICHMOND, 2–3 FEBRUARY 1858

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

2d and 3d. Unable to work still, so that I have lost 3 days. Gave up Miss Martineau's History [5] last night after reading some hundred pages in the second volume. She has a sentimental rhetorical style in this history which is fatiguing and not instructive. But her history of the Reform Movement is very interesting. G. has finished the Excursion, which repaid us for going to the end by an occasional fine passage even to the last. He has now begun the other poems of Wordsworth. This morning I finished the Eumenides.[6] Wrote to Barbara,[7] 79, East Fifteenth Street, New York. Bessie Parkes has written to me wishing me to contribute to the "Englishwoman's Journal," a new monthly which, she says, "We are beginning with a £1000 and great social interest."

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 2 FEBRUARY 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | 2 February 1858.

My dear Blackwood

I am disappointed with the subscription. I should have thought the booksellers would by this time have had more confidence in me, but probably they felt sceptical of my vitality in so new a direction as zoology, the more so as many trashy tank books have been published

5. Harriet Martineau, *History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace, 1816–1846,* 2 vols., 1849–50, which GE mentions in her Journal, 6 December 1857, as one of the books she and GHL are reading; they were also reading Miss Martineau's *Half a Century of the British Empire,* [1851].

6. GE's close reading of the classics is traceable in all her novels. Aeschylus more than any other author supplies the background for her doctrine of Nemesis. She quotes the *Eumenides* in *Romola,* ch. 11, in analyzing Tito's rationalization of Baldassarre's claim on him.

7. Mme Bodichon and her husband spent most of a year in the United States, traveling through all the southern states but Texas, and up the Mississippi. A few brief excerpts from her diary are found in H. Burton, *Barbara Bodichon* [1949], ch. 6.

of late. However if the book be really a good one, as I believe, it will make its way when known; though I fear slowly.

My banker's balance has been seriously drained this month by the schooling account of my boys, and I should feel obliged by your sending me a checque. You must deduct therefrom the expense, whatever it may be, of that alteration I suggested, because the fault was wholly mine in making the statement, and in justice I ought to pay for the same.

I have sent Langford a list of some eminent names to whom the book may with effect be sent. G.E. of course is included among private friends—he having as you may suppose been duly indoctrinated not to say overwhelmed by

Yours ever faithfully
G. H. Lewes.

Would it not be well to send one to Prof. Simpson—and one or two leading men in Scotland?

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, RICHMOND, 3 FEBRUARY 1858

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | February 3. /58.

Dearest Bessie

My negative about the writing has no special relation to the 'Englishwoman's Journal,' but includes that and all other Reviews. I dare say you have not seen Mr. Chapman lately, or have not made any allusion to me in conversation with him, or he would have told you that I have not written for the Westminster since the last Christmas but one —that is, just a year ago—and that I have been obliged to say 'No' to all his requests for contributions. I have given up writing 'articles,' having discovered that my vocation lies in other paths. In fact *entre nous,* I expect to be writing *books* for some time to come. Don't speak of that at all; but I tell it you that you may not in the least misapprehend my negatives. If it were a mere question of a little more or less of effort, I should have contrived to write an article for Mr. Chapman for old friendship's sake. But it is not that. It is a question whether I shall give up building my own house to go and help in the building of my neighbour's garden wall.

So much purely in explanation, to prevent you from misconstruing me.

I will write to you the day before I go to town, for the chance of half an hour's talk which may not be altogether unfruitful.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

Miss Parkes

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 5 FEBRUARY 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | February 5th 1858.

My dear Blackwood

The checque for 75 £,[8] with the pleasant news arrived in due course. I had no conception that it was your custom to pay six months after publication although as you do not get your money till 12 months after the plan is fair. G.E. says he also understood his arrangement to be on date of publication and made his calculations on that basis.

How very handsome 'Sea-Side Studies' looks! I do not remember anything in better taste, or more genuinely attractive. It almost tempts me to read it myself—which is the utmost stretch temptation can reach after I have once dismissed proofs.

G.E. is again 'down in the mouth' because his book does not sell and all his old misgivings come over him in spite of Dickens's letter which raised his spirits for a time. I preach a sanguine philosophy, but half the prosperity of a sermon lies in the audience, and here my audience is painfully deaf. If you hear of any *good* critical notices mention them when you write. They will make his new story (which I think surpassingly fine) evolve itself more pleasantly.

By this post I send you part 1 of *Food and Drink.* There will be three parts [9] I find: the two to come being occupied with examination of the various articles used by man, with dietetic explanations and practical hints. I have done all three parts, but retain the two last in case of additions suggesting themselves. With kind regards to your brother Believe me

Ever truly yours
G. H. Lewes.

8. For the 1st ed. (1250 copies) of *Sea-Side Studies.* The news was that Mudie had taken 200 and would take 500 if given the extra percentage. Blackwood gave it.

9. *Blackwood's,* 83 (March–May 1858), 325–343, 402–415, 515–525.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 10 FEBRUARY 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | February 10/58.

My Dear Sir

I have the pleasure of inclosing a cheque £120 being the first instalment for the reprint of Clerical Scenes, and from the state of the sales I think the other payment for the edition will be at your service when you wish it. I have not heard lately from London about the book from which I infer that there is no particular movement, but I fancy the sale must be towards 800.

After the fine start I thought we should have got through the edition at once, but there is no call to feel disappointed. On the contrary the sale is a good sale and you will recollect that when we proposed to reprint my impression was that the series had not lasted long enough in the Magazine to give you a hold on the general public although long enough to make your literary reputation. Unless in exceptional cases, a very long time often elapses between these two stages of reputation—the literary and the public. Your progress will be *sure* if not so quick as one could wish.

How does the new Tale get on? Is it at all in such a state that you could send me a portion to read? I feel a very warm interest in it on your account as also partly on my own. Tell Lewes that I got his M.S. and will write him in a day or two with proof.

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 12 FEBRUARY 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | February 12. 58.

My dear Sir

Thank you for the cheque for £120 which you have been so good as to send me before the usual term.[10]

10. This brought the amount received for *Scenes* to £383.

I hope to send you the first volume of my new novel [11] shortly. Your letters are always cheering and I often wonder what unfortunate thin-skinned authors do whom the Fates have allotted a disagreeable, unsympathetic publisher. I can never be sufficiently glad that they sent me to you.

I do hope the edition of the 'Clerical Scenes' will move off in a reasonable time, else I shall not avoid disappointment in spite of the philosophy you urge upon me. Ever, my dear Sir

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

GE JOURNAL, RICHMOND, 16 FEBRUARY 1858

MS: Yale. *Published:* Cross, II, 13–14.

Feb. 16th Today G. went into the city and saw Langford, for the sake of getting the latest news about our two books—his Sea-[Side] Studies having been well launched about a fortnight or ten days ago with a subscription of 800. He brought home good news. The Clerical Scenes are moving off at a moderate but steady pace. Langford remarked that while the press had been uniformly favourable, not one *critical* notice had appeared. G. went to Parker's [1] in the evening, and gathered a little gossip on the subject. Savage,[2] author of the "Falcon Family" and now editor of the Examiner, said he was reading the C.S.—had read some of them already in Blackwood, but was now reading the volume; G. Eliot was "a writer of great merit." A barrister named Smythe [3] said he had seen "the bishop" reading them the other day. As a set-off against this, Mrs. Schlesinger [4] "couldn't bear the book." She is a regular novel reader; but hers is the first unfavourable opinion we have heard.

11. The progress of *Adam Bede* can be traced in GE's Journal. 20 January: "Read aloud the additional dialogue in the chapter [6] of 'The Hall Farm.'" 31 January: "Finished Chapters 7 and 8—the dialogue between Dinah and Mr. Irwine, and the rest up to the arrival of the Rector and Captain at Adam's cottage," a scene that was removed in revising. 10 February: "Finished Chapter 9."

1. John William Parker (1792–1870), publisher and editor of *Fraser's*.

2. Marmion W. Savage (1803–72) edited the *Examiner* 1856–59. *The Falcon Family, or Young Ireland,* appeared in 1845.

3. Frederick Smythe of 5 New Square, Lincoln's Inn?

4. The wife of Maximilian Schlesinger. Born in Hungary, he studied medicine at Prague and Vienna, where he lived through the siege in 1848. His description of it was published in a number of German newspapers, including the Cologne *Gazette,* of which, after he fled to London in 1850, he served as English correspondent. His home was a center for literary and artistic foreigners. He died in February 1881. (*Athenaeum,*

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, [RICHMOND, 25 FEBRUARY 1858]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

My dear Blackwood

Herewith the two concluding articles on Food which I burden you with to save the *chance* of any miss by the post.—

As I flit at the beginning of the next month I should be glad if you could have both papers set up, and the proofs sent to me before I depart. That will leave my mind at rest, when on the journey.

G.E. has not yet *quite* finished the part he wants to show you, so that it must remain till you come to Richmond, if you *do* come, and go by post, if you don't.

Ever yours
G. H. L.

GE JOURNAL, RICHMOND, 28 FEBRUARY–5 MARCH 1858

MS: Yale. *Published:* Cross, II, 14–15.

On Sunday the 28th Mr. John Blackwood called on us, having come to London for a few days only. He talked a good deal about the "Clerical Scenes" and George Eliot, and at last asked, "Well, am I to see George Eliot this time?" G. said, "Do you wish to see him?" "As he likes—I wish it to be quite spontaneous." I left the room, and G. following me a moment, I told him he might reveal me. Blackwood was kind, came back when he found he was too late for the train, and said he would come to Richmond again. He came on the following Friday, and chatted very pleasantly—told us that Thackeray spoke highly of the "Scenes" and said *they were not written by a woman.* Mrs. Blackwood is *sure* they are not written by a woman. Mrs. Oliphant,[5] the novelist, too is confident on the same side. I gave Blackwood the M.S. of my

19 February 1881, pp. 266–267.) GHL wrote John Blackwood [20 December 1857] that "he contributes to *60* of the principal German papers" and would be willing to notice in his London Letter any of Blackwood's publications likely to find a sale in Germany, Holland, or Russia; GHL had two offers for German reprints of his *Goethe* and two for translations after Schlesinger's mention of the book. (NLS.)

5. Margaret Oliphant Oliphant (1828–97), novelist, a steady contributor to *Blackwood's* from 1853 until her death; she edited the first 2 vols. of *Annals of a Publishing House. William Blackwood and His Sons Their Magazine and Friends,* 2 vols., 1897. On first reading "Amos Barton" Langford suspected that Mrs. Oliphant wrote it.

new novel to the end of the second scene in the wood. He opened it, read the first page, and smiling said, "This will do." We walked with him to Kew, and had a good deal of talk. Found, among other things, that he had lived two years in Italy when he was a youth, and that he admires Miss Austen.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO MRS. JOHN BLACKWOOD, LONDON, 1 MARCH 1858

Text: John Blackwood, p. 46.

I drove to Richmond to see Lewes, and was introduced to George Eliot—a woman (the Mrs. Lewes whom we suspected). This is to be kept a profound secret, and on all accounts it is desirable, as you will readily imagine. She is a most intelligent pleasant woman, with a face like a man, but a good expression. I am not to tell Langford the secret even. . . . Lewes says he would do ten times the work for me that he would do for any other man, and he does not think any other editor in the world would have been able to induce George Eliot to go on. It was very flattering, as his experience of editors is very great, and he is a monstrous clever fellow.

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, RICHMOND, 1 MARCH 1858

MS. The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope:* Miss Parkes | 14A Princes Street | Cavendish Square | London. *Postmarks:* RICHMOND; LONDON EC | 8NT | MR 1 | 58. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | March 1. 58.

Dear Bessie

I have been a good deal moved by your opening paper on the Profession of the Teacher.[6] A series of articles on that class of subjects, well nourished with facts, would be likely to make the Journal acceptable and useful. I should especially like to see you return to the charge on the subject you touch upon at pp. 11 and 12.

The chief suggestion that has occurred to me on looking through the Magazine is this: that it would be a better thing to do, in a literary sense,

6. *English Woman's Journal,* 1 (March 1858), 1–13, a review of the *Annual Report of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution from 1843 to 1856.* Pages 11–12 attack the "most insane notion" that there are only one or two occupations a gentlewoman can pursue; they are urged to try to work in telegraph offices, clothing establishments, etc.

and *therefore* in a business sense, if you chose to give *one* good and long criticism of some work worthy either to be read or damned, in place of several short notices. You would get as many books of the better sort sent to you; and as for publishers and their advertisements, they follow success, which will not be won by futile writing.

The state of weekly and monthly book-reviewing is to me so nauseating—such a miserable hodge-podge of conceited incompetence, hackneyed phrases, unscrupulous praise and unscrupulous blame, that I should like you to use your present opportunity of sending a clear little current along that muddy gutter. You would be doing something towards this by having a carefully written review of a single book, or cluster of kindred books, every month. There would be some nourishment for your readers in that.

I know you will forgive me for obtruding this opinion on you. All opinions are good for something, à propos of periodicals intended for the gros publique.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 2 MARCH 1858

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, I, 15–16.

Richmond | March 2. 58.

Dear Sara

We spent a very pleasant couple of hours with Mr. and Mrs. Call last Friday.[7] It was worth a journey on a cold dusty day to see two faces beaming kindness and happiness. I was very glad too to shake hands again with Miss Marshall,[8] who is mixed up with many grateful memories in my mind. She had her bonnet on before we left, ready to go and see that things were in order in her new house.

We don't migrate till the first week in April [9] when, one hopes, the wind will have changed its mind. Yes, I know you have been at Munich. When you write again, try and think of what you liked best there, that I may associate you with it. I dare say we shall see Salzburg, but we don't form more than general plans beforehand. Perhaps we may go to

7. "We went into town for the sake of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Call, and having our photographs taken by Mayall." (GE Journal, 26 February 1858.)

8. Miss Hennell's cousin Mary Marshall.

9. They left 7 April 1858, reaching Munich the 11th, where they remained until 7 July. (GE and GHL Journals.)

Dresden, perhaps not: we leave room for the *imprévu,* which Louis Blanc found so sadly wanting in Mr. Morgan's millennial village.[1]

You are among the exceptional people who say pleasant things to their friends, and don't feel a too exclusive satisfaction in their misfortunes. We like to hear of your interest in Mr. Lewes's books—at least *I* am very voracious of such details. I keep the pretty letters that are written to him; and we have had some really important ones from the scientific big-wigs about the "Sea-Side Studies." The reception of the book in that quarter has been quite beyond our expectations. Eight hundred copies were sold at once, in the first subscription, so there is a good chance of a second edition being wanted before the year is out. There is a great deal of close, hard work in the book, and every one who knows what scientific work is, necessarily perceives this; happily, many have been generous enough to express their recognition in a hearty way.

I enter so deeply into everything you say about your mother. To me that old old popular truism "We can never have but one mother" has worlds of meaning in it, and I think with more sympathy of the satisfaction you feel in at last being allowed to wait on her, than I should of anything else you could tell me. I wish we saw more of that sweet human piety that feels tenderly and reverently towards the aged.

We had heard that Francis Newman wrote the Rel[igious] Weakness of Prot[estantism] but had *not* heard so favourable an account of its reception. Dr. Chapman has been announcing a visit to us repeatedly since the appearance of the Review, but we have not yet seen him. He is, I dare say, overwhelmed with anxieties and occupations, just now that he is entering his new house in Albion Street.

Do you know that Miss Parkes is the editress of the Englishwoman's Journal, which you see advertised? Co-editress, at least, with Miss Hayes.[2] She gave me the first number the other day when I called on her at the office. It is just middling. Her own first paper on the Profession of the Teacher, has some *good* stuff in it: I can't help crying over the stories of those superannuated governesses. If you haven't seen the Magazine I will send it you. Bessie has talent and real ardour for

1. John Minter Morgan (1782–1854), philanthropist and miscellaneous writer, tried in 1850 to raise £50,000 to erect a "Church of England self-supporting village." For a view of his plan see the *Illustrated London News,* 24 August 1850, pp. 177–178.

2. Matilda Mary Hays (b. 1820), a tall, handsome woman with strongly featured face, very clever, and with a great deal of charm, particularly for other women. She formed an ardent friendship with Theodosia, Lady Monson, and spent many years as her companion. (Mrs. Belloc Lowndes to Gordon S. Haight, 7 August 1942.)

all goodness, but I fear Miss Hayes has been chosen on the charitable ground that she had nothing else to do in the world. There is something more piteous almost than soapless poverty in this application of feminine incapacity to Literature.

I can't be very sorry that Nelly should have measles *now*. For I remember how very ill I was with the disease, when I was several years older than she is, and I suppose the older one is, the more one suffers from those inevitable things.

Give my love to Mrs. John Cash, and tell her I shall rejoice in her joy when she has got safely through the terrible hour.

We saw such a fine photograph of Livingstone the other day—just what one would expect him to be. It is a thousand pities, there is that hideous one at the beginning of his book.[3] And beside it we saw a portrait of Bulwer! Fancy the contrast. Bulwer looks more of a sham even than his novels. Love to all,

From thine always,
Marian.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 13 MARCH [1858]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | 13 March.

My dear Blackwood

By a strange coincidence G.E. was with me when your letter[4] arrived with its checque (for which thanks) and he was greatly relieved and inspirited by your approbation, for with his customary misgivings he had no belief in anybody's feeling the sort of delight in his personages he feels, or in any one (I, of course, counting as nobody!) liking the story. Your hearty letter made him quite comfortable and he will doubtless write with fresh confidence—till the next desponding fit comes. Simpkin's rational demand for more copies has also not been without effect.

3. David Livingstone, *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*, 1857.

4. "Tell George Eliot that I think Adam Bede all right, most lifelike and real," Blackwood wrote GHL, 11 March 1858. "I wish to read the MS quietly over again before writing in detail about it. . . . Is there much more written or is it merely blocked out? Tell George Eliot also that I hear to-day Simpkins have 12 more of the 'Clerical Scenes.' . . . In spite of all injunctions I began Adam Bede on the Railway and felt very savage when the waning light stopped me as we neared the Scottish Border." (Letter Book.)

He bids me say that no more is yet *written;* although all is laid out; but before he goes away he will send m.s.s for another *part.*[5]

We are glad to know you got your cab, as we had some misgivings lest, giving us more of your time our pleasure in the river-stroll and chat might have frustrated some other engagement. We were so pleased at the chance which brought you to town, since our absence in May would have prevented a meeting for a long while.

With kind regards to your Brother, Believe me

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

John Blackwood Esq.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, 25 MARCH [1858]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | March 25.

Dear Friend

We send Buckle today—glad to be able to make it useful to a friend. Never mind about stamps—those things balance themselves in the long run. I am unable to pay for parcels by the railway, because there are two different lines between us.

Criticisms are never futile, so pray make them whenever they occur. But as to the celandines and dog violets I believe that, so far as my testimony is worth anything, I can vindicate Mr. Lewes's juxtaposition of them.[6] About Ilfracombe I have no distinct image of those flowers—I don't know whether he places them at Ilfracombe—but at Scilly I distinctly remember noticing the fact that they were in blossom together. I have busied myself a good deal the last two years with Calendars of Natural History, and I find it quite futile to argue from one part of England to another as to the times of the phenomena in plants and animals.

I am so glad to see that pleasant word "I am as happy as it is possible." I'm sure it makes me the happier that you are so.

Ever your affectionate friend,
Marian.

Tell Cara I shall write to her shortly. Mr. and Mrs. Call are coming to see us shortly.

5. GE contemplated publishing *Adam Bede* serially in *Blackwood's.* Blackwood called a second time 4 March, when GE "gave him my M.S. to the end of the second scene in the wood." (Ch. 13.) 8 March she notes: "Wrote Chap. 14 up to the going to bed." (Journal.)

6. In *Sea-Side Studies,* 1858, p. 189: "already the dog-violet and celandine are gay with colour" at St. Mary's, Scilly.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 27 MARCH [1858]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1858. erratum in Cara's letter 27 for 26. *Extract published* Cross, II, 16.

March 27.

Dear Sara

I should so like to have your Journal,[7] if you could rummage out the copy for me. I remember how good it was, I should like to read it to Mr. Lewes. He has heard your interesting letter, and you may be sure has felt all that becomes an author when he perceives that he has had an appreciatory reader. He doesn't mind about your keeping the passage from the old edition of the Biog[raphical] Hist[ory]. The modification you propose will prevent any one from supposing the old edition to be the final one.

I enclose a letter which will interest you. It is affecting to see how difficult a matter it often is for the men who would most profit by a book to purchase it or even get a reading of it, while stupid Jopling of Reading [8] or elsewhere, thinks nothing of giving a guinea for a work which he will simply put on his shelves.

Yes, Isaac Taylor, who has just published "The World of Mind," is *the* Isaac Taylor, author of the Nat[ural] Hist[ory] of Enthusiasm.[9] I dare say by this time there is a want of fatty particles in his brain.

I think you have misunderstood about the "shamming dead." Mr. Lewes, I think, makes it clear enough, if you look again, that he thinks the phrase merely an untenable anthropomorphism. But no more, for I have pins and needles in my feet. I shall write from Munich.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

7. Of Miss Hennell's trip to Germany in 1844.

8. In "Hudson's Statue," the 7th of Carlyle's *Latter-Day Pamphlets,* July 1850, p. 16: "Joplin of Reading, who had anchored himself in that pleasant place, and fondly hoping to live by upholstery and paperhanging, had wedded, and made friends there,—awakens some morning, and finds that his trade has flitted away!" in consequence of the new railways.

9. Published in 1829. *The World of Mind, an Elementary Book,* 1857, treats the grounds of certitude and compares the manifestations of mind in the lower animals with those of man. It was a courageous excursion into comparative psychology but marred by wild flights of speculation and careless writing.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 27 MARCH 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | March 27. 58.

My dear Sir

I set out on my journey to Munich on Monday, the 5th, and before I go I shall send you a small packet of M.S. forming the fourth part of "Adam Bede," if he is destined to appear in parts, which your last pleasant letter has made me regard as probable. In that case, I leave entirely to you the decision when he shall make his début. I feel ready to begin now at any time.

Since I saw you, I have had some agreeable demonstration of a gradually spreading warm interest in the Clerical Scenes, so I begin to share your hope that the remaining copies will be absorbed.

I shall be much obliged to you if you will let me have the additional cheque, for £60,[1] before my departure. Always, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, [RICHMOND, 29 MARCH 1858]

MS. Yale. *Endorsed:* March 1858. *Extracts published:* Cross, II, 17.

My dear Friend

Mr. Lewes really did pack up Buckle, direct him and stamp him, with due care, and I presume the cover must have stuck to him as far as Coventry since I think Rowland Hill[2] doesn't employ any clairvoyants.

Apropos, when do you bring out your new poem? I presume you are already in the Sixth Canto. It is true, you have never told me you intended to write a poem, nor have I heard any one say so who was likely to know. Nevertheless, I have quite as active an imagination as you, and I don't see why I shouldn't suppose you are writing a poem, as well as you suppose that I am writing a novel, and when the second edition of your Philosophy of Necessity comes out, I shall con-

1. In consideration of the 250 additional copies. It brought the total of money received for *Scenes* to £443.

2. The inventor of penny postage and the adhesive stamp was Secretary of the Post Office.

sider that a surreptitious affair, got up by a pseudo-Charles Bray, the real one being deeply engaged on his epic.

Seriously, I wish you would not set false rumours, or any other rumours afloat about me. They are injurious. Several people, who seem to derive their notions from Ivy Cottage, have spoken to me of a supposed novel I was going to bring out. Such things are damaging to me. It is true we *are* happy, but I don't know how you found it out from the book.

Ever yours
Marian.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, [RICHMOND, 29 MARCH 1858]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Monday.

Impossible, my dear Cara, though I give you twenty spiritual kisses for wishing it.[3] We set out next Monday, and there are all sorts of insuperable reasons why I couldn't leave home in the interim. But the aforesaid lady will not fail to make her appearance at Ivy Cottage and *she* will not turn Nelly out of her bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Call came to see us yesterday, to our great pleasure. We talked of you with less of that abuse than might be expected of affectionate friends in your absence. But we must not demand a too consistent affection from our intimate friends. It will sometimes happen that they are not as damaging in their remarks as they might be.

In haste, ever your loving

Marian.

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, 31 MARCH [1858]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1858. *Extracts published:* Cross, II, 17–18.

Richmond | March 31.

Dear Friend

Thanks for your disclaimer. It shows me that you take a right view of the subject, and I feel sure that Sara too will on reflection see it in the same light. There is no undertaking more fruitful of absurd mistakes than that of "guessing" at authorship, and as I have never com-

3. Mrs. Bray had evidently invited GE to visit Coventry for the first time since 1854.

municated to any one so much as an *intention* of a literary kind, there can be none but imaginary data for such guesses.

What these random shots of conjecture are worth, may be seen from Dr. Hodgson's success in this way. I have not read Guy Livingstone,[4] but from the reviews I have seen, I imagine Mr. Lewes would be anything but gratified to have it fathered upon him.

If I withhold anything from my friends which it would gratify them to know you will believe, I hope, that I have good reasons for doing so, and I am sure those friends will understand me when I ask them to further my object—which is not a whim but a question of solid interest —by complete silence.

I can't afford to indulge either in vanity or sentimentality about my work. I have only a trembling anxiety to do what is in itself worth doing and by that honest means, to win very necessary profit of a temporal kind.

"There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed" [5]—in due time. But till that time comes—till I tell you myself "This is the work of my hand and brain"—don't believe anything on the subject. There is no one who is in the least likely to know what I can, could, should or would write.

It would have been a great pleasure to me to see you all, but you perceive it was impossible. Goodbye, and love to all from

Yours ever affectionately
Marian Lewes.

I should have thought it might have been seen that Mr. Lewes is hardly in a vein for novel-writing. He is now engaged on a series of physiological papers for Blackwood, which are to be published separately as the "Physiology of Common Life."

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 31 MARCH 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | March 31/58.

My Dear Sir

I have again carefully read the 219 M.S. pages of Adam Bede and a very remarkable story it promises to be.

4. George Alfred Lawrence (1827–76) wrote *Guy Livingstone, or Thorough,* 1857. Guy, the hero, is a superman of incredible physical strength and a hot temper under masterly control. The book made such a sensation that Lawrence gave up law for literature.

5. Matthew 10:26.

To begin at the beginning the scene in the carpenter's workshop is very lifelike, and Adam's reflections upon Religion are capital as also upon men working without heart in their work, striking when the bell strikes—the grindstone illustration is happy.

The picture of the cottage preparatory to the sermon is very complete—the loud talking habit of the rustics truly and graphically described. I did not think you could possibly have managed such an outré proceeding as Dinah's Sermon with such delicacy and skill—freedom from cant or offence of any kind. It is beautiful. I think her prayer too much of an address rather than a petition but perhaps this is done as characteristic of her sect. The meaning of the proverb about Chad's Bess should be made clear or it may be taken to imply something more than I suppose it does.[6] I feel doubtful about the direct address to poor Bess and her throwing down the ear rings. It strikes me that the passage page 53 about the identity of Love, religious feeling, and Love of Art would be better modified a little.[7]

At page 57 some of the remarks about relations are most beautiful and true, but part of the reflections might be softened with advantage.[8] Adam's dreary night work, the rap of the willow wand, and the brothers carrying the coffin in the lovely morning[9] most skilfully throw in the shadows, preparing one for the coming catastrophe. The wind up of the first part and Adam's reflections are admirable.

The Vicar is a capital fellow and the visit to the sick room is very touching,[1] but I wish for the sake of my Church of England friends he had more of "the root of the matter in him." However I hope he is to sublime as the story goes on.

The description of Mrs. Poyser is first rate. The Captain's inquiries as to Hetty walking in the Chase are direct enough.[2] Dinah and the clergyman are good together and Hetty is certainly very attractive.

Does it not seem inconsistent with the minute reality of the story to say nothing of the Vicar's visit to the cottage after the death.

Lisbeth is a very perfect picture but there is rather too much of her, or rather of her dialect.[3] The reflections on her emotions after the

6. "Bessy belonged unquestionably to that unsoaped, lazy class of feminine characters with whom you may venture to 'eat an egg, an apple, or a nut.'" (Ch. 2. Cabinet ed., 1, 39.) Like most of the suggestions in this letter, it was not accepted, though about a dozen words were deleted earlier in the sentence. (British Museum.)

7. "Love of this sort is hardly distinguishable from religious feeling. What deep and worthy love is so? whether of woman or child, or art or music." (Ch. 3. Cabinet ed., 1, 51.) The MS shows no revision.

8. Ch. 4. Cabinet ed., 1, 55.

9. Ch. 4.

1. Ch. 5.

2. Ch. 6.

3. Chs. 10–11. See 25 November 1858.

old man's death are beautifully true. Dinah's soothing influence on her is exquisitely painted—the influence of real religion and good feeling with no cant or methodism about it. Dinah's is indeed an angel visit. Adam's reflections on hearing her footstep in the house with the illustration of dreaming in sunshine and waking in moonlight are very touching. I should not wonder if Dinah fell in love with the manly fellow.

The Captain's unfortunate attachment to Hetty will I suppose form a main element in the Tragic part of the story. I am not quite sure how far I like the scenes in the wood and I hope things will not come to the usual sad catastrophe!

Is the mysterious stranger who listens to the Sermon the general of the district—looking at Adam with an eye to a recruit? I suppose he will reappear soon.[4] There is as you said too much of the dialect but this can be remedied in proof.

The story is altogether very novel and I cannot recollect anything at all like it. I find myself constantly thinking of the characters as real personages, which is a capital sign. It will be very different from anything that has ever appeared in the Magazine and as far as I can at present judge will do well there, but if you will allow me I shall not decide on the form of publication until I have seen more.

When you send down the two other parts you mention will you give me a sketch of the rest of the story?

I look anxiously for more of Adam Bede and believe me

ever yours truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GHL, EDINBURGH, 2 APRIL 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extract published: John Blackwood,* p. 41.

Edinburgh | April 2/58.

My Dear Lewes

I have the pleasure of sending a cheque One Hundred and Thirty

4. The mysterious stranger on horseback at the end of ch. I, a reminiscence of Scott's favorite opening, reappears rather improbably as Colonel Townley, the magistrate who gives Dinah permission to visit Hetty in prison. (Ch. 45.)

Five Pounds being £30 in acknowledgment of Food and Drink parts 2 and 3 and £105 your honorarium for editing Johnston.

The additions are not so extensive as I thought you would find necessary, but I am not sorry to see this, as it is the best practical testimony to the merit of my old friend's book, and I am in every way satisfied with the judgment you have shown in adding only what you thought necessary and not cumbering the book with superfluous matter. It must have cost you much trouble and research to satisfy yourself as to what additions were necessary.

The Food and Drink papers are exceedingly good and I read No. 3 (of which I inclose proof) with great pleasure last night. Your tribute to Tripe [5] quite touched me and I read it aloud in triumph to Mrs. Blackwood. That lady cannot bear the sight of what she irreverently calls the horrid mess and it is only at very rare intervals that I am allowed to see the dish, which is an old and particular favourite with me, especially to supper in my supper days.

The M.S.S. of the two papers on the Blood [6] arrived safely today and I expect to read them with much interest. I hear nothing but praise of the Seaside Studies. Mr. Langford has not said how the book is moving lately but I shall get the return of Sales for the month tomorrow or next day in time to tell you if there are any pleasant features—but if you are passing the Row look in and see for yourself.

I have an admirable letter from George Eliot today.[7] I knew that he would fear to give me a sketch of the rest of the Story lest he should give me a wrong impression and I very nearly said so when I made the request. On the whole I think he is right. What he says of the treatment of a subject being the essence of art is very true and a more elegant rendering of my constant reply to fellows sending lists of subjects for articles, "that any subject being suitable entirely depends upon how it is handled." I shall steal his expression the next time I wish to choke off any anxious enquirer as to the probable acceptability of his proposed "little paper."

5. *Blackwood's*, 83 (May 1858), 517: "An excellent food, too much neglected, is Tripe, which is simply the stomachs of ruminant animals. As it contains a large proportion of albumen and fibrine, and requires not more than one hour for its digestion in the stomach, we see the justification of the practice popular in many families, of having Tripe for supper. There is no nightmare in it."

6. 83 (June 1858), 687–702, and 84 (August 1858), 148–164.

7. This letter has not been found. In her Journal, 1 April 1858, GE notes Blackwood's "wanting to know the rest of the story in outline before deciding whether it should go in the Magazine. I wrote in reply, refusing to tell him the story." GE and GHL left from Dover 7 April and reached Munich the 11th.

I hope to receive the additional M.S. tomorrow in time to congratulate George on its merits before he leaves England.

ever yours truly
John Blackwood.

G. H. Lewes Esq.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 3 APRIL 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | 3 April 1858.

My dear Blackwood

I am hurrying to London, but pause to acknowledge forthwith the receipt of the checque of 135 £ for Johnston and Food and Drink—for which many sincere thanks. I did not expect the Johnston before it was due; but just now it comes in most agreeably, and I can't help feeling how friendly and thoughtful it was of you to send it.

I will give G.E. your message. You are the right sort of person to deal with him, for you perceive his Pegasus is tender in the mouth, and is apt to lay back his ears in a restive ominous style if even the reins be shaken when he is at work. Some people's Pegasus seems to have the mouth (as well as the *pace,*) of a cart horse; but your thoroughbred—all bone and nerve—requires other treatment. Ever my dear Blackwood

Yours faithfully
G. H. Lewes.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, MUNICH, [14 APRIL 1858]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

15 Luitpold Strasse | Munich | Wednesday.

My dear Blackwood

We reached this place on Monday and have only just settled into our lodgings, the search after which seemed as little promising as that of the philosopher's stone. Imagine yourself in a semi desert of brick and mortar every other house appearing to be a palace (though most of them have lodgings to let) and with no better guide to vacant rooms than a scrap of paper pasted against a post (generally a long way off) informing you in illegible pot hooks that "a solid gentleman" can find elegant

rooms at such a place. In full persuasion of your solidity, you trudge to the spot indicated, and after being first sent here, then there, and finally back again you come perhaps to a dog kennel, or spitoon, which you are *not* ambitious of making your residence. The amount of damns I have bestowed on the worthy German during the last few days is scarcely worth alluding to. Enough that we are settled at last, and with some prospects of comfort and the certainty of cleanliness; and here perhaps we shall remain some time.

Our journey was like every other journey except the two days at Nürnberg, which was one protracted *oh!* Were you ever there? If so, you will understand our rapture; if not, I don't think any description bearing the marks of sanity would convey a proper feeling of the pleasure we received. E. was all *entoozymoozy*—having never seen anything of the kind before. Who knows but some day we may have a Nürnberg novel, as the product?

I couldn't get to Paternoster Row, so that I am still innocent of the news—bad or good—which there awaited me. When you write [8] let us know what a misguided public has been induced to order. E. sends kind regards and believe me, My dear Blackwood

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

I have 20 letters to scribble—perhaps they're all as legible as this.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, MUNICH, 17 APRIL 1858

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, II, 28–29.

15, Luitpold Strasse | Munich | April 17. 1858.

Dear Sara

We got into our lodgings last Tuesday, and on Wednesday when we were seated on our sofa, taking our after-dinner coffee, I read aloud your journal. So you see, you have made part of our thoughts in this far-off new place.

We arrived here on Sunday night from Nürnberg—that town of towns—and of course the first thing to be done on Monday morning was to look out for lodgings. We walked ourselves weary all round by

8. Blackwood wrote GHL 30 April that GE "will find me quite ready to meet his wishes by the publication of Adam Bede as a separate work at once. In whatever form the Tale first sees the light I am sure it will be an excellent thing both for the pocket and for the reputation of the author." (Letter Book.)

the Englischer Garten and the streets leading from the Ludwig Strasse, till we began to think it a hopeless business. That private mode of advertising which is common in Germany, seems to attain its climax here; for the only intimation you get of lodgings to be let is on small bits of paper covered with small German manuscript and pasted up at street corners as remote as possible from the place in question. At last, Mr. Lewes bethought himself of going to Oldenburg,[9] the publisher, to whom he had an introduction, and he turned out to be an unostentatiously kind man, who was ready to take a great deal of trouble for us without making the smallest fuss. He took us to two Hôtels Garnis—places where you get lodgings and attendance and coffee and nothing else—but they were too grand and comfortless. Then we took to reading notices again, and trudged along no end of streets all in vain, till we couldn't, for shame, trouble our benevolent German any longer. So after our one o'clock dinner we set out again by ourselves and at last found "zwei elegant möblirte Zimmer," where there has been an immense expenditure on wax and china ornaments and the least possible outlay in basins. We have two time-pieces under glass shades, several crucifixes also under glass shades, several bouquets of artificial flowers under glass shades, a Schranke with glass doors crammed full of the most brittle and tiny articles to be found in the German shops, selected apparently for their brittle-minuteness, and seventeen bad pictures. These are the chief advantages of our lodgings. As secondary ones, we have a very clean old maid as our landlady, and a goodnatured ruddy *dummes mädchen* for servant; we have a clean Abtritt(!) and two very large gilt framed mirrors hung in dark corners.

Our only discomfort of a serious kind, is that our box of books dispatched a fortnight ago is not yet arrived. We only want that to make us feel quite settled. Mr. Lewes has introductions to some of the best people here—von Siebold,[1] and Bodenstedt [2] and eminences of that sort —and Oldenburg is going to introduce him to Liebig,[3] who is now one of the University professors here. So I dare say we shall have quite as much society as we shall care for.

We have been just to take a sip at the two Pinacotheks (the new one

9. Rudolf Oldenbourg (1811–1903). Born in Munich, he lived in London 1834–35 before being appointed director of the literary and artistic part of the von Cotta publishing firm in Munich.

1. Karl Theodor Ernst von Siebold (1804–85), appointed Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Zoology at the University of Munich in 1853.

2. Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt (1819–92), poet and journalist, was a professor at the University of Munich 1854–66.

3. Baron Justus von Liebig (1803–73), appointed Professor of Chemistry at Munich in 1852.

devoted to modern art is just finished) and at the Glyptothek, have bought our catalogues, and glanced here and there at the chief attractions. At present the Rubens-Saal is what I most long to return to. Rubens gives me more pleasure than any other painter, whether that is right or wrong. To be sure, I have not seen so many pictures and pictures of so high a rank, by any other great master. I feel sure that when I have seen as much of Raffaelle, I shall like him better, but at present Rubens more than any one else makes me feel that painting is a great art and that he was a great artist. His are such real, breathing men and women—men and women moved by passions, not mincing and grimacing and posing in mere apery of passion! What a grand, glowing, forceful thing life looks in his pictures—the men such grand bearded grappling beings fit to do the work of the world, the women such real mothers.

We have just glanced round the Glyptothek, and looked at the original Sleeping Faun, of which I had seen an excellent copy at Berlin, at your great Apollo, the Medusa head,[4] and the Venus of Cnidos; but the cold marble floors are not so comfortable now as they will be in warm weather, and enthusiasm, I find, though of the warmest "description" will not warm one's feet. So we hurried out, promising ourselves many another visit by and bye. Amongst the modern pictures Kaulbach's seem to me quite the best—I don't know what we shall say to Cornelius here, but at Berlin I saw nothing that gave me a great idea of him.

The general aspect of Munich is distasteful to me. The buildings are generally huge, expensive and ugly, and one feels everywhere that the art is something superinduced by royal patronage. Such a contrast to Nürnberg! I see by your journal that you didn't come to Munich by way of Nürnberg—the more's the pity. We staid there only twenty-four hours, and I felt sad to leave it so soon. *There* one sees a real mediæval town, which has grown up with the life of a community as much as the shell of a nautilus has grown with the life of the animal; and the result is just as beautiful. No uniform barrack-like lines of houses there. Every house has a physiognomy—there is no end to the varieties which the vista of every street presents—but it is a variety like Nature's, showing general unity presiding over an endless play of individual variety. A pity the place became protestant, so that there is only one Catholic church where one can go in and out as one would. We turned into the famous St. Sebald's for a minute, where a Protestant clergyman was

4. The "Barberini Faun," the "Apollo Citharoedus," and the "Medusa Rondanini."

reading in a cold formal way under the grand gothic arches. Then we went to the Catholic church, the Frauenkirche, where the organ and voices were giving forth a glorious mass, and we stood with a feeling of brotherhood among the standing congregation, till the last note of the organ had died out.

I can understand the effect you must have experienced from being set in a different key to your companions. The gentleman [5] you mention once said to me, "I think Mannheim the most delightful of German towns." I have never seen Mannheim, but since then I have read Riehl's description of it, and know just what sort of place it must be. That is enough to tell me how much sympathy you must have had.

I am miserable physically for the first time since setting out, having caught a Schnupfen or Schleimfieber, which gives me a headache and a general sense that life is a thing which smells badly and has a nasty taste.

Mr. Lewes sends his kind regards. By the bye, did the "lady" present herself only at Ivy Cottage? Love to all from

Your affectionate
Marian.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, MUNICH, 10–13 MAY 1858

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, II, 34–39.

Luitpold Strasse, 15 | Munich | May 10th 1858.

Dear Sara

I write to you again so soon because I want you, whenever you have a spare moment, to tell me how all has been going on with you for the last month—how Mrs. Hennell is, and what sort of spirits and health you are in yourself.

Our life here is very agreeable—full of pleasant novelty, although we take things quietly, and observe our working hours just as if we were at Richmond. People are so kind to us that we feel already quite at home, sip Baierisch Bier with great tolerance, and talk bad German with more and more aplomb. The place, you know, swarms with professors of all sorts—all gründlich, of course, and one or two of them great. There is no one we are more charmed with than Liebig. Mr.

5. Probably Dr. Brabant, with whom Miss Hennell was traveling when she wrote the journal in 1844.

Lewes had no letter to him—we merely met him at an evening party [6] —yet he has been particularly kind to us, and seems to have taken a benevolent liking to me. We dined with him and his family yesterday, and saw how men of European celebrity may put up with greasy cooking in private life. He lives in very good German style, however, has a handsome suite of apartments, and makes a greater figure than most of the professors. His manners are charming—easy, graceful, benignant, and all the more conspicuous because he is so quiet and low-spoken among the loud talkers here. It is touching to look at his hands, the skin begrimed and the nails black to the roots. He looks best in his laboratory with his velvet cap on, holding little phials in his hand and talking of Kreatine and Kreatinine in the same easy way that well bred ladies talk scandal. He is one of the professors who have been called here by the present king, Max, who seems to be a really sensible man among kings—gets up at five o'clock in the morning to study, and every Saturday evening has a gathering of the first men in science and literature, that he may <gather> benefit by their opinions on important subjects. At this "Tafel-rund," every man is 'required' to say honestly what he thinks—every one may contradict every one else—and if the King suspects any one of a polite insincerity, the too polished man is invited no more. Liebig, the three poets—Geibel,[7] Heyse,[8] and Bodenstedt, and a Professor Löher,[9] a writer of considerable mark, are always at the Tafel-rund, as an understood part of their functions; the rest are invited according to the King's direction. Bodenstadt is one of our best friends here—enormously instructed after the fashion of Germans, but not at all stupid with it. Like all the best men here, he is a North German, and has not acquired the Bavarian habit of spending his evenings at the Kneipe, drinking beer, smoking tobacco, and trying to talk down his companions. That is the understood mode of life for all genuine Bavarians, however cultivated, and you may imagine what

6. At Oldenburg's 27 April 1858. GHL called on him 29 April and saw his newly invented method of silvering mirrors; 5 May GHL and GE called in the evening and spent an hour and a half in his laboratory; 9 May they went again to dinner and had a very pleasant time. Liebig said he hoped to see them often, "for you interest yourself in the same ideas, and like the same works of art and literature that I like." (GHL Journal.)

7. Emanuel von Geibel (1815–84) was invited by the King to become honorary Professor of Philosophy at Munich in 1852.

8. Johann Ludwig Paul Heyse (1830–1914) came to Munich in 1854. His *Novellen,* which included "L'Arrabbiata," were published in 1855.

9. Franz von Loher (1818–92), author of the *System des preussischen Landrechts,* 1852, and other works on the law, was another of the honorary professors at Munich.

is the character of the women *dabei.* It is quite an exception to meet with a woman who seems to expect any sort of companionship from the men, and I shudder at the sight of a woman in society, for I know I shall have to sit on the sofa with her all the evening listening to her stupidities, while the men on the other side of the table are discussing all the subjects I care to hear about. And the stupidity of a Bavarian woman——

13th. I think I was going to say that the stupidity of a Bavarian woman has not the virtue even of German cabbage—it is not copious, liberal, abundant—it is stingy, feeble, barren of propositions. But there [are] exceptions to this dreadful description. And happily there is such a colony of North Germans among the educated people that one hopes there may be a gradual modification through their influence.

Mr. Lewes is in a state of perfect bliss this morning. He is gone to the Akademie [1] to see wonders through von Siebold's microscope and watch him dissecting. We were at his house last night to meet a party of celebrities, and, what was better, to see the prettiest little picture of married life—the great comparative anatomist (von Siebold) seated at the piano in his spectacles, playing the difficult accompaniments to Schubert's songs, while his little round-faced wife sang them with much taste and feeling. They are not young—von Siebold is grey, and probably more than fifty, his wife perhaps nearly forty, and it is all the prettier to see their admiration of each other. She said to Mr. Lewes, when he was speaking of her husband, "Ja, er ist ein netter Mann, nicht wahr?"

We take the Art in very small draughts at present, the German hours being difficult to adjust to our occupations. We are obliged to dine at *one!* and, of course, when we are well enough, must work till then. There is no moving for two hours afterwards, and then all the great public exhibitions are closed—except the churches. There must have been a great deal built and completed since you were here—the colossal Bavaria and the Ruhmeshalle [2]—the Basilica and the Ludwigs-kirche, the one full of frescoes by Hess,[3] the other of frescoes by Cornelius.[4] But alas! I *cannot* admire much of the modern German art. It is for the most part elaborate lifelessness. Kaulbach's great compositions are huge charades, and I have seen nothing of his equal to his own Reineke

1. GHL calls it the Museum of Comparative Anatomy. (Journal, 13 May 1858.)

2. The "Bavaria" is a bronze 62 feet high by Schwanthaler; the Ruhmeshalle with busts of Bavarian notables was designed by Klenze and completed in 1853.

3. Peter von Hess (1792–1871) did some of the frescoes in the basilica of St. Boniface, completed in 1850.

4. Peter von Cornelius (1783–1867), a leader of the new school of German art.

Fuchs. It is an unspeakable relief, after staring at one of his huge pictures, the Destruction of Jerusalem, for example, which is a regular child's puzzle of symbolism, to sweep it all out of one's mind—which is very easily done, for nothing grasps you in it—and call up in your imagination a little Gerard Dow that you have seen hanging in a corner of one of the cabinets. Kaulbach himself is not much liked here: some are jealous, of course, for he has made a very large fortune, while others who think themselves equal to him are in poverty, getting no royal orders to execute; others have been offended by his whims etc. etc.—At Munich, as well as in London, one must listen with a grain of scepticism. We have been to his atelier, and he has given us a proof of his *Irrenhaus,* a strange sketch which he made years ago, very terrible and powerful. He is certainly a man of great faculty, but is, I imagine carried out of his true path by the ambition to produce "Weltgeschichtliche Bilder," which the critics (German) may go into raptures about. His "Battle of the Huns" which is the most impressive of all his great pictures was the first of the series. He painted it simply under the inspiration of the grand myth about the spirits of the dead warriors rising and carrying on the battle in the air. Straightway the German critics began to smoke furiously that vile tobacco which they call Æsthetik, declared it a "Weltgeschichtliches Bild," and ever since, Kaulbach has been concocting these pictures, in which, instead of taking a single moment of reality, and trusting to the infinite symbolism that belongs to all nature, he attempts to give you at one view a succession of events, each represented by some group which may mean "whichever you please, my little dear."

I must tell you something else which interested me greatly as the first example of the kind that has come under my observation. Among the awful mysterious names hitherto known only as marginal references, whom we have learned to clothe with ordinary flesh and blood is Prof. Martius [5] ("Spix and Martius"), now an old man, and rich, after the manner of being rich in Germany. He has a very sweet wife—one of those women who remain pretty and graceful in old age—and a family of three daughters and one son—all more than grown up. I had suspected that Frau Martius was a Catholic, yet it seemed to me, from the Professor's *Wesen,* impossible that he could be a Catholic too. So the other night, I asked the charming Frau, and learned that she *is*

5. Karl Friedrich Philipp von Martius (1794–1868), Bavarian naturalist, author of the great *Flora Brasiliensis,* 1840–1906. GHL describes their visits in his Journal, 26–28 April 1858. With Johann Baptist von Spix von Martius wrote *Reise in Brasilien,* 1823–31.

Catholic, that her daughters are Catholic, and her husband and son Protestant, the children having been so brought up according to the German law in cases of mixed marriage. I can't tell you how interesting it was to me to hear her tell of her experience in bringing up her son conscientiously as a Protestant, she herself being a Catholic all the while, and then to hear her and her daughters speak of the exemplary priests who had shown them such tender fatherly care when they were in trouble. They are the most harmonious affectionate family we have seen, and one delights in such a triumph of human goodness over the formal logic of theorists.

But I go on scribbling in a meagre way what is present in my own imagination, forgetting that this bit of paper will carry no picture to you. Goodbye, and God bless you—Love to all.

Your affectionate
Marian.

I was sorry to hear there was anything in Mr. Call's article [6] that you didn't understand. I admired it thoroughly. On the other hand I did *not* admire Dr. Chapman's part,[7] and was obliged to tell him so, when he sent me the proof. However, he cut off the last few pages, which were the most objectionable. There are several misstatements in his part. But it is well that readers differ. We all get admired in our turn.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GHL, LONDON, 23 MAY 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extracts published: John Blackwood,* p. 42.

The Cavendish, Jermyn St. | May 23/58.

My Dear Lewes

I have been paying some visits, and since I came to London a week ago the whirl of engagements has left me no leisure, or rather energy, to get through more than the daily proofs and M.S.S. which every day supplies. This must be my excuse for not sooner answering your pleasant note from Munich, where I am glad to hear that George Eliot and you find so much to interest and amuse you. You are well entitled to a hearty welcome from the Germans and it is to the credit of the Goethe and pipe loving race that they are so cordial. By all means send

6. "The Religion of Positivism," *Westminster Review,* 69 (April 1858), 305–350, an account of Richard Congreve's translation of Comte's *The Catechism of Positive Religion,* 1858.

7. "Medical Reform," pp. 478–530, an attack on the monopoly held by the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons.

the Translation from Liebig's Lecture [8] for the Magazine, unless you think it could appear more advantageously in some other form. I think however that it will suit the Mag. and that will be the best way of making it known in England.

My silence as to the sales of Clerical Scenes and Seaside Studies prevented, I am sorry to say, your having no good news to give. Inclosed is Mr. Langford's mem. of the state of sales in London. It is aggravating but we cannot compel the brutes to buy. As to the Sea-side Studies I have no doubt the edition will go off as the season gets on. We are advertising and I think some copies are gone since this mem. was made out a week ago.

In regard to the Clerical Scenes I am still confident that we will do [them] in a cheaper form, and tell G.E. that I am satisfied the great point is gained, viz., that degree of reputation which ensures a market and readers for the author's next work. The book is talked of everywhere and I am excessively surprised that the sale has not been greater, although to a certain extent I understand it. The following will perhaps interest and amuse G.E. I was smoking my cigar and watching the betters in the enclosure in front of the Stand on the Derby day when I was accosted by Newdigate,[9] the member for Warwickshire, who after some talk on politics etc. said, "Do you know that you have been publishing a capital series of stories in the Mag., the Clerical Scenes, all about my place and County." My disbelief availed nothing. He knew the author, a Mr. Liggers. This is I think the same unfortunate patronymic that the *Manx Cat* selected as the author's.

Liggers has not acknowledged the authorship but Newdigate said he had written to him accusing him of it but saying that the stories were told with so much delicacy, good taste, and good feeling that no offence could possibly be taken. Oldinport he said was old Sir Roger Newdigate, and he could send me a key to the whole characters.[1] The date he considered about the beginning of the present century al-

8. "On the Identity of the Physical Forces." GHL promised Liebig that he would translate it and wrote Blackwood 15 May 1858 asking if he would like it. See also 9 June 1858.

9. Charles Newdigate Newdegate (1816–87), Conservative M.P. for North Warwickshire, came into possession of the Arbury estate in 1835 on the death of his uncle Francis Parker Newdigate, who had brought Robert Evans there from Kirk Hallam as his agent in 1806. The Derby was run at Epsom 19 May 1858.

1. Most of the lists circulated in Warwickshire give Francis Parker Newdigate as the original of Oldinport; Sir Roger Newdigate (1719–1806) is said to be the original of Sir Christopher Cheverel. See Lady Newdigate-Newdegate, *The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor*, 1898, pp. 229–231.

though more recent characters were introduced. The perfect conviction of Newdigate in the truth of his surmises was very curious, and G.E. must write me a line with a message to him. Newdigate is a capital specimen of an honest high minded English gentleman and Squire, and his opinion is excellent evidence as to the existence of the qualities he attributed to the Tales.

I went to the Isle of Wight to the Revd. J. White,[2] as I think I told you I intended. Great fun we had, White being one of the most humorous of men. We had one delightful day at Freshwater with Tennyson [3] whom I had never met before. He was exceedingly pleasant and took Mrs. Blackwood and me a walk nominally of 3 miles which lasted 3 hours at a good pace.

Of literary men the chief specimens I have seen since coming to Town are Bulwer, Thackeray, Warren,[4] and A. Smith. Bulwer is in great form and I do not think he cares much whether he is to be a Cabinet Minister or not. I hope he will, as I think he has the best head in the House of Commons. I never met any one whose views were so clear and statesmanlike. Very few have any idea what a shrewd practical man he is and how ready to consult the opinions and wishes of others.

Thackeray's daughters had a soirée last night and to be out of the way of the preparations the venerable man dined with us. He says he cannot get ahead with the Virginians and was desperately pushed with the last number, having written the last 16 pages in one day, the last he had to spare. The last two numbers are, I think, better than their predecessors, but he must improve much or the book will not keep up his reputation. He spoke of the Clerical Scenes in the usual terms of praise. By the way Bulwer, as also his son,[5] a very clever young fellow, spoke in the highest terms of your articles.

The indefatigable Albert [6] seems pretty well done at present, and

2. James White (1803–62) was Vicar of Loxley, Warwickshire, for some years. Succeeding to a considerable patrimony, he resigned his living and retired to Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, to write. He was a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's* and the author of a dozen books.

3. For a detailed account of the day with Tennyson see *John Blackwood,* pp. 31–32.

4. Samuel Warren (1807–77), another of the regular contributors to *Blackwood's,* had studied medicine at Edinburgh and practiced law for some years in London. But his interests were literary. His *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician,* 1838, and *Ten Thousand a Year,* 3 vols., 1841, had previously appeared in *Blackwood's.*

5. Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton (1831–91), only son of the novelist, wrote under the pseudonym Owen Meredith.

6. Albert Richard Smith (1816–60), author and lecturer, began life as a surgeon but soon began to write humorous pieces for *Punch* and burlesques and pantomimes for the theaters. Having ascended Mount Blanc in 1851, he pro-

no wonder. Fancy playing on that confounded horn and telling the same stories for two thousand nights. He will be greatly the better of his trip to China and I doubt not he will popularise China and give the public a clearer idea of the Chinese than we have hitherto derived from the Tea Chests and three fellows in pigtails crossing the bridge on the old blue plates.

How does Adam Bede get on? Let me know if you wish me to remit or pay into a banker here the honoraria for your Magazine papers.

With best regards to G.E.

ever yours truly
John Blackwood.

G. H. Lewes Esq.

Ministers are now pretty safe for the Session unless Dizzy [7] commits some absurdity.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, [MUNICH] 28 MAY 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extracts published:* Cross, II, 42–43.

May 28th /58.

My dear Sir

You were right in believing that I should like to hear Mr. Newdegate's opinion of the Stories. His testimony to the spirit in which they are written is really valuable, for I know he deserves the character you give him.

As to details, he seems, from what you say, as likely to be mistaken about them as he is about the authorship; but it is invariably the case that when people discover certain points of coincidence in a fiction with facts that happen to have come to their knowledge, they believe themselves able to furnish a key to the whole. That is amusing enough to the author, who knows from what widely sundered portions of experience—from what a combination of subtle shadowy suggestions with certain actual objects and events, his story has been formed. Certain vague traditions about Sir Roger Newdegate [8] (him of "Newdegate-

duced an entertainment descriptive of his travels in which he appeared as narrator and burlesque lecturer. It ran 15 March 1852—6 July 1858. After a quick trip to Hong Kong he opened a new entertainment called *China* that was equally popular and ran until a few days before his death.

7. Disraeli, leader of the House of Commons in Lord Derby's government, was defending the ministry for its handling of the suppression of the Indian Mutiny.

8. The Newdigate Prize was founded in 1805 by Sir Roger Newdigate (1719–1806), 5th Baronet. In sending this letter

Prize" celebrity) which I heard when I was a child are woven into the character of Sir Christopher Cheverel, and the house he improved into a charming Gothic place with beautiful cielings, I know from actual vision—but the rest of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" is spun out of the subtlest web of minute observation and inward experience, from my first childish recollections up to recent years. So it is with all the other stories. It would be a very difficult thing for me to furnish a key to them myself. But where there is no exact memory of the past any story with a few remembered points of character or of incident may pass for a history.

Surely there has been a sale of the Clerical Scenes in Scotland so as to make up the 800, of which I had received a confident impression that they had been sold, some time before I left England? If not, I shall be really uncomfortable on the subject since I had written to you under that confident impression.

We pay for our sight of the snowy mountains here by the most capricious of climates. English weather is steadfast compared with Munich weather. You go to dinner here in summer and come away from it in winter. You are languid among trees and feathery grass at one end of the town, and are shivering in a hurricane of dust at the other. This inconvenience of climate, with the impossibility of dining (well) at any other hour than one o'clock, is not friendly to the stomach —that great seat of the imagination, and I shall never advise an author to come to Munich except *ad interim*—when he is writing nothing, and only gathering materials for a picture of society where it is held a recreation to drink tea without flavour and tell jokes without point. There is something else worth studying—the great Saal full of Rubens's Pictures, and two or three precious bits of sculpture; and the sky on a fine day always puts one in a good temper—it is so deliciously clear and blue, making even the ugliest buildings look beautiful by the light it casts on them.

Ever yours truly
George Eliot.

J. Blackwood Esq.

to his brother 3 June Blackwood wrote: "Newdegate is great about Clerical Scenes and says that the old Squire in Gilfil is old Sir Roger Newdigate. You will see from George Eliot's letter that there is something in it, although he is on the wrong scent as to the author. He maintains that the facts must have been communicated by this Liggins. He says the story is most delicately and beautifully told, whereas it might have been made very offensive to his family. It has made the Mag. more popular than ever in his part of the country." (NLS.)

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, MUNICH, 28 MAY 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

15 Luitpold Strasse, | Munich | 28 May 1858.

My dear Blackwood

The pleasure of hearing from you was somewhat damped by Langford's enclosure. It seems particularly hard that books which—especially the C.S.—excite such unusual admiration, should nevertheless make so little progress in the market. Of course every author thinks his book good, and worthy of an exceptional sale; but I am not the author of C S. and yet I scarcely know any book of the kind to put above it. Upon all those who read it it produces a deep impression; but the public seems quite content to leave it unread. It is my unshaken confidence in the merit of the book that makes me agree with you in the certainty of its ultimately doing well, in a cheap form; for it is a book to buy. About my own book I have never been very sanguine or only so at times, when I thought of the public there is for such a book, and the amount of new matter which it contains. Yet though not very sanguine, I am very anxious that it should sell.

The *Manx Cat* has miauled to some purpose! It is well that Liggers, or any one else, should be the supposed author; because the more confidently such reports are spread, the more difficult will be the detection of the real culprit.

"Adam Bede" gets on steadily and vigorously.[9] As it is not to appear in Maga, the new edition of C.S. (whenever you think it desirable to bring one out) will be the best possible advertizement it can have. If "Adam" does not produce a profound sensation I will hold my tongue as critic for ever after, and say that I have grown "out of joint with the time."[1]

Liebig is going to assist me in some experiments on Animal Heat; and altogether I find my studies here very profitable, unfortunately my health does not let me work as much as I could wish.

It was an agreeable surprise to hear that the Bulwers liked my articles. But the word 'articles' (when one thinks of articles in general and how they are written) applied to papers, in which a mere parenthesis often costs days of labor and sentences sometimes compress the results of years, the word 'articles' I say has a sort of implied compliment, indicat-

9. GE was beginning ch. 21, the last in Book II.

1. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, v, 189.

ing that the d——d hard writing has been easy reading. Don't forget to warn me whenever I am getting dull or technical.

Yes, please pay into the Union Bank of London 4 Pall Mall East, any monies that may from time to time be due.

E. has given you all the news.

Believe me, ever faithfully
G. H. Lewes.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, LONDON, 7 JUNE 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

The Cavendish, Jermyn St. | June 7/58.

My Dear Sir

I had the pleasure of receiving your letter and also Lewes'. The sales in Scotland make up the demand for the Scenes to the number you supposed so there is no occasion for gloom, although considering the excellence of the book, the opinion formed of it, and the opinion expressed by the newspapers etc., one would have been inclined to bet that double the number would have been sold by this time.

Still the great point is attained, the reputation made, which will bring your next work an audience at once prepared to admire. You would see too from the number we printed that I did not calculate upon a very large sale. My impression was that the general public were not fairly caught, although by what process I arrived at this opinion I cannot tell as it was quite against my own conviction of the merits of your admirable stories.

I sent a copy of the Saturday Review to Lewes containing a highly laudatory notice. I hope[d] it would reach you as the praise was hearty and the description of the author would amuse you highly.[2] The secret is well kept and it is of the utmost importance that it should continue so.

How does Adam Bede progress? I long to see more of him—in a week I hope to be out of this red hot Babel and back in Scotland with famous time for reading.

You will I doubt not see the Revue des Deux Mondes [3] at Munich.

2. "A New Novelist," *Saturday Review*, 29 May 1858, pp. 566–567, praises the *Scenes* for boldness, originality, humor, and especially pathos; "the suspicion is pretty general that George Eliot is an assumed name, screening that of some studious clergyman, a Cantab, who lives, or has lived the greater part of his life in the country, who is the father of a family, of High Church tendencies, and exceedingly fond of children, Greek dramatists, and dogs."

3. GE asked Blackwood 9 January 1859 to send a copy of *Scenes of Clerical Life* to Émile Forgues, whose article "La Vie cléricale en Angleterre" appeared in

There is not much merit in the Review, although the sketch of the stories is given with tolerable fidelity and it is a compliment to have a paper of that length on your book in the only good French periodical.

Tell Lewes that I have paid £20 to his account at the Union in acknowledgment of Blood pt. 1. As I write, it flashes across me that the Major (my brother) [4] may not know or remember that part 2 is among the M.S.S. I left at home, but I write to him about it today.

Your account of Munich tallies very much with my own recollection of the place. With the exception of the Gallery I thought it had neither the merits of Germany nor Italy. Still I think you will find a good many studies for heads in the Italian story you have in view.[5]

London is very hot and very full. People seem too busy to read anything but the newspapers. I am sure Lewes is right in thinking this a bad residence for a literary man. Thackeray would I think do well to select some quiet retreat in the country. With best regards to Lewes, Believe me

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

I have desired a copy of the Magazine to be sent to you. I wish you to read the article on Religious Memoirs [6] which I think particularly good.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, MUNICH, 9 JUNE 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

15 Luitpold Strasse | Munich, 9 June 1858.

My dear Blackwood

It was very kind of you to send the "Saturday," although Langford had already done so, and G.E. begs me thank you for it. Have you seen the article on the Clerical Scenes in the Revue des Deux Mondes? The number has not yet reached Munich so that we are uncertain as to whether its tone be flattering or the reverse. *I* assume the former. E, of course, the latter.

Revue des deux mondes, 15 May 1858, pp. 305–331. Remarking that the only one of GE's clergymen who approaches the ideal is unmarried, Forgues says: "une impression générale demeure qui n'est pas précisément très favorable à cette interprétation particulière du dogme chrétien par laquelle est autorisé le mariage du prêtre." (p. 328.)

4. See Introduction.

5. Had GE discussed her plans for *Romola* with Blackwood?

6. In *Blackwood's,* 83 (June 1858), 703–718 [by Mrs. Oliphant].

The weather has become splendid since I last wrote—rather too splendid, indeed, in these shadeless streets; and has tempted us into little excursions more advantageous to health than to the progress of work. Àpropos of work, Liebig has changed his mind about that Lecture of his, and wishes it *not* to appear. It is very tiresome, this shilly shally, but on the whole I am better pleased not to have to translate the lecture; though I was willing to undertake it for him, because he has been so very kind to us. *That* indeed must be said of everybody here.

I have been expecting daily to hear from you with the proof, and hope it has not been lost or missent. But perhaps you are not contemplating the insertion of the paper on the Circulation in the next number [7] and *that* may be the cause.

Are you still broiling in London streets, and London parties? I *don't* envy you. Even in old London days I always pined to get away as soon as the sunshine appeared, and *now* it is incomprehensible to me how those stay there who are not forced. De gustibus!

Can you spare me a couple of copies of Seaside Studies for Liebig and von Siebold—the latter of whom will quote it in the new edition of his "Comparative Anatomy"—they are both much interested by the discoveries therein described and I should like on all accounts to present them with a copy. If my request is not unreasonable perhaps Langford will send the parcel per *Continental Parcel Delivery Co.*

G.E. begs to be most kindly remembered. And believe me

Ever yours
G. H. L.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, MUNICH, 14 JUNE 1858

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, II, 44–45.

15 Luitpold Strasse | Munich | June 14. 58.

Dear Sara

My thoughts were very often with you in conjectures not far from the truth, before your letter came.[8] It is a long while since it came—for I have been very poorly and have not had energy to put a letter on paper, though I have been sometimes writing one in my mind. Words are very clumsy things—I like less and less to handle my friends' sacred feelings with them. For even those who call themselves 'intimate' know

7. "Circulation of the Blood: Its Course and History," *Blackwood's,* 84 (August 1858), 148–164.

8. Announcing the death of Mrs. James Hennell 15 May 1858.

very little about each other—hardly ever know just *how* a sorrow is felt, and hurt each other by their very attempts at sympathy or consolation. We can bear no hand on our bruises. And so I feel I have no right to say that I know *how* the loss of your mother—'the only person who ever leaned on you'—affects you. I only know that it must make a deeply felt crisis in your life, and I know that the better, from having felt a great deal about my own mother and father and from having the keenest remembrance of all that experience. But for this very reason, I know that I can't measure what the event is to you, and if I were near you I should only kiss you and say nothing. I cried over your letter and felt myself with you in all you were telling me about. People talk of the feelings dying out as one gets older—but at present my experience is just the contrary. All the serious relations of life become so much more real to one—pleasure seems so slight a thing, and sorrow and duty and endurance so great. I find the least bit of real human life touch me in a way it never did when I was younger.

I hope this letter will be sent to you at Ramsgate. That is a very nice place to take Harriet [9] to—it is so full of innocent enjoyment to counterbalance the hoops and the vanity of a watering place. <What a precious sister you are to her. I don't know any one else who could have fulfilled that duty so bravely and generously as you have done.> Cara, I dare say, is like you, worn and in need of rest and change. I hope she means to allow herself some by and bye. Give my best love to her and divide between you twenty kisses.

Mr. Lewes has been suffering a good deal for the last fortnight from his old trouble of singing in the ears and deafness, which often obliges him to leave off work. I am quite well again now, and better pleased with the heat than most people can be; it saves me the trouble of walking after breakfast to warm my feet.

Whenever you can spare me half an hour to tell me something about yourself, you will be doing a good deed.

Ever your affectionate
Marian.

9. Harriet Hennell had been brought from Northampton at the time of her mother's death and taken back there 2 June, after a brief holiday. Sara wrote in reply to this letter 27 June 1858: "My immediate business is settling Harriet in a lodging of her own at Northampton. I have engaged a couple of rooms for her in the house of a very respectable old couple—the husband calling himself Revd from casually officiating as a Baptist minister, but whose impoverished circumstances make them glad of pecuniary aid. And in a fortnight I am going to Northampton to take the rather hazardous step of taking her away from the Asylum, though the power of restoring her there is still, unknown to her, retained. . . . We did not go to Ramsgate after all—she would not muster courage for it, and it would have been unwise to press it." (Yale.)

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, MUNICH, 18 JUNE 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Luitpold Strasse, Munich | 18 June 1858.

My dear Blackwood

Herewith proof, and an article on Respiration and Suffocation.

Thanks for Maga. We both especially admire the article on Religious Biographies both in tone and style; and indeed the sight of the familiar face is quite pleasant here. The German reviews we carefully avoid.

What a poor article that is in the Revue on the Clerical Scenes! but nevertheless one calculated to have some reverberations in England, and do good to the author's reputation, and aid the sale of the cheap edition. I see you are advertizing "Seaside Studies" with a "courage worthy of a better cause"—and hope that when the people go to the coast they will exhibit a more lively desire to possess that invaluable work. By the way that scrap from the Daily News excites the most ludicrous images in my mind. I see myself in Academic cap and gown smilingly strewing "the path of learning with flowers" (sea anemones I suppose?) at once affable and pedantic, pottering and big wiggish—but above all *unsaleable!* A mild watering pot of Science, a zoologist who has taken to the "hat trick" of the wizards, and from the intestines of a mollu[sc] keeps incessantly producing bouquets which he scatters among his "overflowing audiences" (three men in the pit, and one box order.)—*that* is the hero of the Daily News criticism.

G.E. begs his kindest regards and believe me,

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, MUNICH, 28 JUNE 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

15 Luitpold Strasse | Munich 28 June 1858.

My dear Blackwood

I have just returned from Switzerland [1] where I have been to see my boys and had the delight of seeing them in splendid health, very happy,

1. GHL determined suddenly to run over to Hofwyl to see his sons. He called for his passport 17 June, left Munich the next day, spent the night at

and making progress. On my return I found your pleasant letter, and the two copies of 'Seaside Studies,' for which thanks. Your advice about the Tyrol had already been anticipated in petto. We start on the 6th for Salzburg, and after a breath of Alpine scenery go to Vienna, Prag, and Dresden, staying at the last named place a few weeks. If you have any proof to send me and do not despatch it by the 2d, please address it Dresden poste restante.

We shall leave our friends here with real regret. It is they who have made our stay memorable and advantageous. The place itself—especially the climate—we shall quit with great cheerfulness. We have had tropical heat, and now suddenly great coats are in requisition! G.E. suffers from the climate, but works on with untiring energy. We have puzzled ourselves greatly to divine the reason why Mudie [2] has never advertized "The Scenes" among his works, although many works very far less significant, and of which he must have taken fewer copies are named in every list. As he doesn't know the author it can't be personal whim—is it to *you*? E. of course takes it as a sign that Mudie doesn't think much of the book. I utterly scout *that* idea. He sends his kind regards. And believe me

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

I have been doing some capital work in the laboratories of my friends here,[3] where an extensive apparatus and no end of frogs are at my disposal! When government establishes a physiological Institute professors (and amateurs) can work in clover.

I stopped a day at Zurich to see Moleschott,[4] who invited some celebrities to see me, and I had quite a little ovation. My portrait has been published in one of the German periodicals, with a biography which I should like to see—one always learns something *new* in such memoirs! This portrait—as well as the 'Goethe'—had reached Zurich,

Berne, arriving at Hofwyl 19 June at 10 30 A.M. After five pleasant days at the school, he left 23 June, stopped at Zurich to call on Moleschott, and reached Munich 24 June at 10 P.M. (GHL Journal.) In her Journal GE wrote: "G. came in the evening at ten o'clock—after I had suffered a great deal in thinking of the possibilities that might prevent him from coming."

2. Charles Edward Mudie's Circulating Library, 510 New Oxford St., London. Among the fifty or more books being advertised are Charles Kingsley's *Two Years Ago* (1200 copies); Charles Reade's *It Is Never Too Late To Mend* (1000 copies); Charlotte M. Yonge's *Dynevor Terrace* (1000 copies) and *Heartsease; or the Brother's Wife* (900 copies)

3. Especially T. L. W. Bischoff and E. H. Harless.

4. Jacob Moleschott (1822–93) became Professor of Physiology at Zurich in 1856. GHL had been reading his *Untersuchungen über Mensch und Thiere.* (GHL Journal, 30 May 1858.)

so that when I presented myself at Moleschott's his wife, who first said he was not at home, suddenly recognized me, and seizing me by the hand dragged me triumphantly to her husband and we had a "tremendous recognition" as Forster said when he met Leech [5] in the Strand.

GE TO FRAU KARL VON SIEBOLD, MUNICH, [29 JUNE 1858]

MS: Historical Society of Pennsylvania. *Endorsed:* Dieser Brief wurde im Sommer 1857 in Munchen geschrieben von der Frau Lewes (Frau des Verfassers von Goethe's Leben), welche unter dem Namen George Eliot bekannt ist. C. v. Siebold. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Dear, kind Friend

You thought of us, like a guardian spirit, before we were awake this morning, and the first thing we saw on our table was the pretty little bottle of tea! [6] I am sure it will taste all the better, because you have given it to us.

Thank you very heartily for that and the many other pleasures we owe to you. They will make Munchen a charming memory to us as long as we live.

Ever yours truly
Marian Lewes.

Frau von Siebold.

Luitpold Strasse | Tuesday Morning.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, DRESDEN, 19 JULY [1858]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

5B Waisenhaus Strasse | Dresden 19 July.

My dear Blackwood

After an exquisite journey through the Tyrol, down the Danube, a stay of three days at Vienna and one day at Prag, we are here comfortably settled and ready for work once more after the holiday.[7] We

5. John Forster (1812–76), Dickens's friend and biographer, and John Leech (1817–64), famous caricaturist for *Punch*.

6 "Polly very unwell yesterday and today. Yesterday I drove her about in a Droschky morning and afternoon; but today she has been in bed, Dr. *Lindwurm* attending her. Frau von *Siebold* extremely kind, sending soup, tea etc." (GHL Journal, 30 June 1858)

7. GE and GHL left Munich 7 July 1858, reached Salzburg at noon next day, and went by way of Ischl and Linz to Vienna. GHL "saw my old lodgings in

left Munich with ungrateful alacrity; and carry away no pleasant memories of the place, although so many of the *people!* I do not regret the time given to it for it has been extremely beneficial to me, but I never want to see Munich itself again. Dresden, as you know, is the most habitable of German towns, and our lodgings front the Johannis Allée, to which we pass out, and there the perpetual sight of green foliage and the pleasant sound of birds presents a striking contrast to our Munich prospect of tall blank houses, with not handsome Bavarians lolling out of the windows and asthmatic soprani and bellowing bassi singing through the summer day.

E. says he has seen so much beauty this last fortnight, and such fine works that he feels it shameful not to have spent less time in Munich, and more in the Tyrol or elsewhere. The *Bedesman* ought to profit by such a journey; whether any glimpse of beauty will irradiate my Physiology may be more confidently questioned. It was so very amusing to find myself thinking of "nerve cells" amid the grand mountains, and of physiological processes on the shores of a lake. But after all the two went perfectly well together.

I have a heap of letters to write and send this only to give you our address for the next six weeks. Is it as hot with you as it is and has been with us? But you run off to St. Andrews I suppose and get the breezes. I wish Dresden had a coast!

E. begs to be most kindly remembered and believe me, my dear Blackwood

Ever truly yours
G. H. Lewes.

John Blackwood Esq.

the Kärnther Thor." (GHL Journal, 12 July 1858.) After a whole night on the train they reached Prague, where they visited the "Jews' quarter," the "alte Friedhof," and the Synagogue. "The Jew who showed us over the Synagogue explaining everything and reading a bit out of the old parchment copy of the Books of Moses was a very decent quiet man for whom I felt quite a liking." (GHL Journal, 16 July.) At the Friedhof (the Jewish burial ground) they saw a lovely dark eyed Jewish child, "which we were glad to kiss in all its dirt" (GE Journal.) The next morning they went to Dresden, stopping at the Hotel de Pologne while looking for lodgings.

GHL TO JOHN CHAPMAN, DRESDEN, 23 JULY 1858

MS: Medical Library, Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

5 *B.* Waisenhaus Strasse | Dresden | 23 July 1858.

My dear Chapman

Here we are deliciously settled in a magnificent suite of rooms looking on a pretty allée where nothing but sky and trees, and promenaders are to be seen, and birds to be heard—carriages not having the right of way—and for this we pay 18/- a week! Is it not to make the mental mouth water? We quite regret that we can only stay here till the end of August, for the lodgings are so charming, the place so agreeable, and the pictures in the gallery so divine that it will be heartrending to tear oneself away.

Munich we left without any regret, unless it was to leave so many kind and illustrious friends. Polly, although very popular, did not enjoy Munich; but I learned so much there from Liebig, Von Siebold, Bischoff, Harless,[8] and others that the place will be ever memorable to me. Polly saw Strauss the day before we left, and was much pleased with him. He called while I was at a meeting of physiologists to whom Jacubowitzsch [9] showed his 50,000 preparations of the spinal column!

On leaving Munich we had an exquisite tour through the Tyrol, down the Danube to Vienna, where we stayed three days, and called on *Hyrtl,*[1] the great anatomist whose injections are the marvel of Europe. He was very friendly, and quite pleased to show Marian preparations which no woman—not even his wife—had ever expressed a wish to see. From Vienna we went to Prague—the most splendid city in Germany—where we stayed a day—and then came through the "Saxon Switzerland" to this place, having had an intoxicating draught of beauty—lakes, mountains, and valleys such as will long live in the memory.

8. Theodor Ludwig Wilhelm Bischoff (1807–82), anatomist and physiologist. Emil Harless (1820–62), whose major study was nerve and muscle physiology, came to the Physiologische Institut at Munich in 1857.

9. Nicolaus Martin Jacubowitsch (1816–79), physiologist, devoted his whole life to the histology of the nervous system. GHL describes the three-hour demonstration in Bischoff's laboratory when Jacubowitsch showed them his preparations of the spinal chord: "Beautiful they were. But they failed to convince one of us that any single fibre was in connection with a cell. . . . Gave J. my card and promised to introduce him to Owen if he comes to London." (Journal, 6 July 1858)

1. Joseph Hyrtl (1810–94), anatomist, known for his work in angiology and in comparative anatomy, especially of fishes. GHL describes their call on him in his Journal, 14 July.

She has not been well since we left, and in Munich was for one week in bed, but here at Dresden she seems in capital condition and will I trust continue so.

I have nearly finished the article on German novels,[2] but unless you much wish to have it before, I should prefer keeping it till our return on the 1 Sept. because meanwhile I may have fresh books to add, or modifications to make. If however you want the paper earlier I will send it when required. As far as I can guess it will run to six or eight and twenty pages, but extract type puts me out, and it may be much less.

Let us hear all about you and anyone else in whom we are interested. Spencer I suppose is at Treport. Do you know anything of the new Quarterly that is to be published by Bentley?[3] My authority is Galignani. Have you heard from the Calls? Where are the Lintons? "These be questions!"—Polly who is writing in the next room shouts, in answer to my question whether she has any message to send "only my kindest regards."

Ever faithfully yours,
G. H. Lewes.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, DRESDEN, 28 JULY 1858

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, II, 61–63.

5B Waisenhaus Gasse | Dresden! | July 28th 1858.

Dear Sara

Just received your letter, which by a quite miraculous inspiration of practicality in Bavarian officials, has been sent on to me here, though we omitted to leave any directions at the P.O. Since I wrote to you last I have lived through a great deal of exquisite pleasure. First, an attack of Cholerine during our last week at Munich—which I reckon among my pleasures because I was nursed so tenderly. Then a fortnight's unspeakable journey to Salzburg, Ischl, Linz, Vienna, Prague, and finally Dresden, which is our last resting place before returning to Richmond, where we hope to be at the beginning of September. Dresden is a proper climax, for all other art seems only a preparation for feeling the superiority of the Madonna di San Sisto[4] the more. We go three days a week

2. "Realism in Art: Recent German Fiction," *Westminster Review*, 70 (October 1858), 488–518, discusses Heyse, Ludwig, Mugge, Freitag, and others.

3. *Bentley's Quarterly Review*, begun in 1859, lasted for only two years.

4. Raphael's picture affected both GE and GHL curiously. GE sat on the sofa opposite it for an instant, "but a sort of awe, as if I were suddenly in the living presence of some glorious being. made my heart swell too much for me

to the gallery, and every day after looking at other pictures, we go to take a parting draught of delight at Titian's Zinngroschen and the *Einzige* Madonna. In other respects I am particularly enjoying our residence here—we are so quiet, having determined to know no one, and give ourselves up to work. We both feel a happy change in our health from leaving Munich, though I am reconciled to our long stay there by the fact that Mr. Lewes gained so much by his intercourse with the men of science there—especially Bischoff, v. Siebold, and Harless. I remembered your passion for autographs, and asked Liebig for his on your account. I shall send it you from Richmond. I was not sure that you would care enough about the handwriting of other luminaries, for there is such a thing as being European and yet obscure—a fixed star visible only from observatories.

You will be interested to hear that I saw Strauss at Munich. He came for a week's visit before we left. I had a quarter of an hour's chat with him alone, and was very agreeably impressed by him. He looked much more serene, and his face had a far sweeter expression than when I saw him in that dumb way at Cologne.[5] He speaks with very choice words, like a man strictly truthful in the use of language. Will you undertake to tell Mrs. Call from me that he begged me to give his kindest remembrances to her and to her father,[6] of whom he spoke with much interest and regard as his earliest English friend. Or perhaps, I had better reserve the message until I write to her myself on my return to Richm[on]d.

I dare not begin to write about other things or people that I have seen in these crowded weeks. They must wait till I have you by my side again, which I hope will happen some day. We delight in your letter and all its news—Mr. Lewes especially in your account of the Choral Festival[7]—I, in your account of Harriet. I make a charming picture of her out of your details. What a deep comfort it will be to you if she keeps happy in that way.

Your portrait of poor Dr. Chapman is sadly graphic, and recals to me what have often been my own impressions in meeting him during this last year. There is so much to respect and pity in him! We couldn't help smiling at the fate of your gentle efforts to speak about your own

to remain comfortably, and we hurried out of the room." ("Recollections of Our Journey from Munich to Dresden.") Two days later the scientific GHL "looked at the Raphael Madonna di San Sisto, till I felt quite hysterical." (GHL Journal, 20 July 1858.) They returned to it several times a week during their stay in Dresden.

5. 30 July 1854.

6. Dr. R. H. Brabant.

7. At the Crystal Palace 16 July 1858. There was an orchestra of 200 instruments and the choir numbered 800.

writing under a shower-bath of Medical reform. But I am glad you have stirred the subject of your writing for the W[estminster] R[eview]. Something may come of it, after all.

I am afraid to tell you how much I dislike the Reasoner,[8] since you seem to have a friendly inclination towards it. It has always been matter of astonishment to me that so superior a man as Holyoake, who has written so well elsewhere, can't turn out something better than that imbecile paper. I should have thought the Reasoner could do no good to any good cause. But since you feel so differently, I hope I am wrong.

We shall probably leave here on the 30th or 31st of August. So don't write after then. Anything before that time will be gratefully received.

Your loving friend
Pollian.

Glad to hear Herbert Spencer's article [9] is so good. We, of course, have not seen it.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, DRESDEN, 16 AUGUST 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

5B Waisenhaus Gasse | Dresden 16 August 58.

My dear Blackwood

By this post the proof goes to Edinburgh. The following is the list of subjects for the Physiology:

*1 Hunger and Thirst
*2 The Food we eat
3 Digestion and Indigestion
*4 The Blood and its Circulation
*5 Respiration and Suffocation
6 Why we are warm and how we keep so
7 Feeling and Thinking in relation to the Nervous System
8 Sleep and Dreams
9 The qualities we inherit from our Parents
10 Life and Death

Those marked * have already been printed; 3, 6, and 7 are written; and 8, 9, and 10 I never contemplated publishing in Maga.

8. George Jacob Holyoake (1817–1906), reformer and secularist, founded the *Reasoner* in 1846 to further freedom of speech and religion.

9. "Recent Astronomy, and the Nebular Hypothesis," *Westminster Review*, 70 (July 1858), 185–225.

Perhaps, however, Maga has already had enough of physiology and we may cry Hold! [1]—Even those that are printed will have to be enlarged on republication, and by enlarging them I shall be able to make them more readable to "those that run." The necessities of space hampered me in Maga: each subject was really too much for an article and could only be got into one by compression. Moreover in republication there will be the advantage of illustrations (most of which by the way can be repeated from Johnston).

Have you heard any grumbling or yawning remarks about those which have already appeared? and did the yawners *specify* what parts were tiresome? Tell me any thing of this kind, that I may stop the future mouths!

G.E. is vastly pleased to hear of a revival of the clerical interest.[2] White neck-cloths forever! Bedesman is in training, and will make a splendid run if he does not win the Derby. I have faith in that horse and will back him to any reasonable amount.

E. begs his kindest regards to his best and most encouraging of jockeys, and says he will let Bedesman show some of his paces directly we return to Richmond (NB. this will be the 1 September) when E. will also write to that successful and cheering jockey.

I am also glad to hear that "Studies" have so much of life as is implied in movement. It will be deuced hard if the book doesn't sell, considering how some books sell with nothing new in them at all.

We live like Hermits here. Not a soul will I see and our society is strictly limited to Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Veronese, and the other "gents" of painting. In Munich we had too much society; it was pleasant but prevented work; and as it is not easy for me to know one family in these small places without being forced to know a great many more I have resolved on complete seclusion. It is amazing how well one can do without "society"! When the mind is occupied, and the affections engaged, "the world" becomes a visionary kind of entity—a sort of playhouse into which one feels tempted to go now and then for an hour, halfprice to see what is going on; but where one has no desire to remain.

So you are golfing again? I must learn that golf, some day to ascer-

1. In addition to those marked • only No 6, "Animal Heat," appeared in *Blackwood's* 84 (October 1858), 414–430. The rest were first published in *The Physiology of Common Life*, 2 vols., 1859–60.

2. Joseph Langford wrote John Blackwood 16 July 1858: "We have sold 19 Clerical Scenes; indeed the dropping sale of this last has been so good that I am inclined to think we might advertise it a little with advantage just now." (NLS.)

tain what its fascinations are. Do you *really* think it as thrilling as molluscs? How many days could you spend doing *nothing else*? That is the test. In Munich I made the acquaintance of a Russian anatomist who for *six years daily* has done nothing but make preparations and observations on the Spinal Chord—and with 50,000 preparations he couldn't convince me of the truth of his "discovery." What say you to that?

Ever yours faithfully
G. H. Lewes.

GE TO MRS. WATHEN MARK WILKS CALL, RICHMOND, 4 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Published:* M. L. Parrish, *Victorian Lady Novelists,* 1933, pp. 5–6.

8 Park Shot | Richmond | September 4. 58.

Dear Friend

We are at home again after our five months' wandering, and are wishing very much to know whether you and Mr. Call are well and have reason to be satisfied with your new home. We will be magnanimous enough to rejoice if you are thoroughly happy and comfortable at Lymington, though if some unsatisfied want should send you within half a day's reach of us again, we should hope to be gainers. Do write us word about yourselves.

Next to that request comes a message from—whom, do you think? —From Strauss, whom I saw for a quarter of an hour the day before we left Munich, some agreeable chance having sent him thither for a short visit. He inquired with much interest about you as well as about Dr. Brabant, and desired me to give his kindest greetings to both. I told him of your marriage and described Mr. Call with all the rare infelicities of English-German. But the merits of the subject gleamed through the dim medium—for Strauss saw reason to rejoice at my picture.

Dr. Brabant will be pleased to hear that Strauss looks much more placid and healthy than he did four years ago—not happy, perhaps, but as if he were contented to bear sorrow. He is busy now with his life of Klopstock,[3] about whom he has collected some new facts or shadows of facts.

We staid three months at Munich, chiefly for the sake of the people

3. Two fragments of the biography of Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock, written in 1858, were published in Strauss's *Kleinen Schriften biographischen,* Leipzig, 1862, and reprinted in his *Gesammelte Schriften,* 12 vols, Bonn, 1876–78, x, 1–173.

we found there, for the climate is afflicting, and the galleries always shut except just at the time when we could not go out to see them. Then we had a delicious journey to Salzburg and from thence through the Salz Kammergut to Vienna, from Vienna to Prague, and from Prague to Dresden, where we spent our last six weeks in quiet work, and quiet worship of the Madonna. What have you been doing the while?

Mr. Lewes unites with me in heartiest remembrances to you and Mr. Call—a true message though it comes in words that have had the meaning worn away—and I am always

Yours truly and affectionately,
Marian Lewes.

Has Mr. Call digested the "Principles of Psychology"? If so, Mr. Lewes would be glad to have it again.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 4 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Saturday September 4th. | 8 Park Shot Richmond.

Dear Sara

On the other side you see Liebig's autograph,[4] in which probably you will discover his character and manners.

We arrived at our beloved Richmond on Thursday, after a prosperous but fatiguing journey of two days and a night from Leipzig, where we spent a day and dined with the mighty publisher Brockhaus [5] and spent an evening with Victor Carus, of Thierisch-morphological celebrity.[6]

Any good news about you and yours at any time will be acceptable. I retain the copy of your Journal till an opportunity occurs of sending or giving it you otherwise than through the Post.

Ever your affectionate
Marian Lewes.

4. The half-sheet containing the autograph has been cut away.

5. Heinrich Eduard Brockhaus (1804–74), head of the publishing firm at Leipzig founded by his father. "After dinner Victor Carus came in and we had a long talk. We then went over the printing establishment. Carus accompanied us to a concert, and there we continued our talk. He also took us to the Museum and showed us an Amphioxus, a Hectocotylus, and other curious things." (GHL Journal, 31 August 1858)

6. Julius Victor Carus (1823–1903) became Professor of Comparative Anatomy at Leipzig in 1853, the year his *System der thierischen Morphologie* was published.

GHL TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 4 SEPTEMBER [1858]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | 4 September.

My dear Major

I got back here yesterday and found your note with the pleasant German proposition. Brockhaus is one of the first of German houses, and gave me 50 £ for the English reprint of 'The Life of Goethe'; but enquiries must be made (I will make them) as to what sum will be likely to be given for the C.S.[7]

I hope to see Mr. Simpson [8] one day next week.

Among the packets awaiting me I found several pamphlets from Mr. Lawes of Rothamstead [9]—sent of course on account of the articles on 'Food and Drink' but there was no letter—Did they come through your house and did he write to you about them?

We have vastly enjoyed our trip, and have brought back a goodly heap of M.S.—I shall take a packet containing a portion of the Bedesman to Mr. Langford next week.

A great many letters have come about "Seaside Studies" and I hope after all the book may make its way.

Ever truly yours
G. H. Lewes.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, [5 SEPTEMBER 1858]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Sep. 5. 1858. *Extract published:* Cross, II, 64.

8 Park Shot | Sunday.

Dear Sara

You have surely been thinking me the shabbiest of mortals, to send you that curt note at the back of the autograph without saying one word about your interesting letter which you sent to bid me welcome

7. GHL called on Brockhaus and sat half an hour with him (GHL Journal, 31 August 1858.) *Scenes of Clerical Life* was published in Tauchnitz's Collection of British Authors, Vols. 462–463. GE was paid £30. See 9 December 1858.

8. George Simpson, chief of the Edinburgh office of William Blackwood and Sons.

9. John Bennet Lawes (1814–1900), inventor of mineral phosphate for agricultural use, published 132 separate papers and reports on the experiments at Rothamsted, Hertfordshire. (DNB.)

home. Unless, as Helps says, you have employed your imagination in the service of charity, and conceived the possibility of my not having seen your letter at the time I scribbled said shabby note; which was the fact. For our good landlady had placed carefully before us a pile of letters, all of which we should have been content to wait for until the day of judgment, when the writers of unnecessary letters will doubtless receive their reward, and had with equal care locked up in her desk the two letters we should have been glad to see—yours and another, equally agreeable in its way, since it contained a cheque for £40. I need not enter into details—you foresee of course that I got your letter just when mine was gone to the irrevocable Post. Not that I am going to make you the least amends now—only to thank you and tell you how pleasant it was to read your letter aloud after dinner.

Your account of Spurgeon [1] tallies with all I had conjectured from newspaper accounts and from one or two of his printed sermons which I have read—also with his portrait. The only thing that shook me with a doubt in his favour was Ruskin's testimony; but Ruskin is a man of strange whims.

There is a sad beauty in what you tell me of Edward Bache. I never saw him after he was grown up, but I remember his sweet mother and the expression of her face perfectly. I did not know of *her* death.[2]

Will you not write to the author of Thorndale [3] and express your sympathy? He is a very diffident man, who would be susceptible to that sort of fellowship, and one should give a gleam of happiness where it is possible. Mr. Lewes has no autograph of his, not being a preserver of letters.

I shall write you nothing worth reading for the next three months, so here is an opportunity for you to satisfy a large appetite for generous deeds. You can write to me a great many times without getting anything worth having in return.

Mr. Lewes has suffered a good deal from his head during our absence, but he has been better the last week or two. In all other respects we are faring well.

Yours gratefully
Marian.

1. Charles Haddon Spurgeon (1834–92), Baptist preacher, spoke at the Town Hall in Coventry 11 August 1858. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.) Ruskin's contribution of 100 guineas after hearing him preach evoked a satirical sketch "Ruskin at the Feet of Spurgeon" in *Punch*, 28 March 1857, p. 129.

2. Mr. and Mrs. Bache came to dinner 12 January 1852, when GE was at Rosehill. Mrs. Bache's death is recorded 28 April 1855. (Mrs. Bray's Diary.)

3. William Henry Smith.

I was affected by reading of George Combe's death in Galignani, and Mr. Bray, I am sure must be still more affected by the good and able man's death. For good and able he was, with the utmost that severity might make of his weaknesses.—Robert Cox, I suppose, will write a Memoir of him.[4]

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 5 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | 5 September 1858.

My dear Blackwood

We reached home considerably knocked up having come from Leipsic without stopping on the way. Your letter with the checque (for which thanks) was laid aside, and I did not get it till last night.

I will see Mr. Simpson and consult with him about the C.S. and give him also the 2d volume of Bedesman to take back with him. We are not a little curious to hear your impressions thereof.

In spite of Maga's willingness to take more of the chapters on Physiology, and in spite of the advantage there is in having them printed first—as a sort of rough draft to work from—I think that the paper which goes herewith, and the one on 'Sleep'[5] (to be written) are all that we had better print, in order to preserve a sufficient quantum of novelty.

If there is time I intend preparing a paper[6] for the British Association of Science this year under Owen's presidency. I wish to give that *official* publication to some very astounding results I got at in Munich; and in the book I can then refer to that official publication. If there is not time, I must come out without

[*The rest of this letter is missing.*]

4. George Combe died 14 August 1858. Robert Cox, his nephew, revised some of Combe's books, but wrote no memoir of him.

5. Not published in *Blackwood's.*

6. See [8 October 1858].

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 8 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | September 8th. 58.

My dear Sir

I hope you will soon receive, through Mr. Simpson, the M.S. of 'Adam Bede,' up to what must be the end of the second volume. I wish it reached to the end of the third instead of the second, for the story is so closely knit together that it must lose by being read in fragments. But since I am behindhand, it is important to use every means of saving time, and it will be some saving if you will be so good as to read this portion at your earliest convenience.

Mr. Lewes tells me I shall lose a considerable advantage if the book does not appear in the Christmas season, and I shall work with the hope of being ready in time for that. I suppose the three volumes could be printed in six weeks, when the preliminaries were once arranged?

If you had not assured me that you retain a vivid recollection of the first part, I should have entreated you to re-read it, hard as that entreaty would be on you, for the early part of this new portion would suffer especially from a dim notion of what precedes.

I am always, my dear Sir

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [11 SEPTEMBER 1858]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | Saturday.

My dear Blackwood

Enclosed is a rough sketch of the proposed prospectus—which among many other topics I discussed with Mr. Simpson. Let him see it and both of you suggest any alterations you can. There is much in a good plan. Send me the sketch back as I have no copy.

G.E. begs me to say that 50 £ is the sum he requires from Brockhaus

for the translation and right of reprint of Clerical Scenes, which you will perhaps be good enough to intimate to Trubner.

Mr. Simpson takes volume 2 of Bedesman with him.

Ever faithfully yours,
G. H. Lewes.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [24 SEPTEMBER 1858]

MS: National Library of Scotland *Endorsed:* I have written Lewes telling him that it has been through a mistake of mine Trubner has not answered. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | Friday.

My dear Blackwood

On Tuesday I was at Trübner's and he mentioned casually that Brockhaus wanted to buy the copyright of Clerical Scenes for Germany —"but Mr. Eliot has not answered," said Trubner. Now as my letter containing Eliot's message that he would sell the right of translation and reprint for 50 £ went off about a fortnight ago, enclosing at the same time a sketch of a prospectus for the Physiology of Common Life, I begin to fear the letter must have miscarried—Is it so?—or is it only that you have been too busy. I hope the latter because I have no copy of the prospectus and shouldn't like to lose it.

In haste ever yours
G. H. L.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE TO GE, BIDEFORD, 26 SEPTEMBER [1858]

MS. Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Taplow House | Bideford | 26 September.

Sir,

A shadow holds out a hand to me. I try to take it and it fades away. Who are you? I do not ask from curiosity. You send me your book. I tell you how much it has affected me and I express my hope that the George Eliot who has touched me so keenly may allow me to know in him something more than the writer of the volumes on my table. You send me no answer.[7]

7. Froude's letter to GE 17 January 1858 thanking her for *Scenes of Clerical Life* says that both he and Mrs Froude "trust that the acquaintance which we seem to have made with you through your writings may improve into something more tangible. I do not know whether I am addressing a young man or an old, a clergyman or a layman. Perhaps if you answer this note you will give us some information about yourself." (Yale.)

Keep yourself to yourself if you please—but I should value your acquaintance beyond that of most men if I was so happy as to possess it.

Yours
J. A. Froude.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 30 SEPTEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Endorsed:* J. A. Froude | Taplow House | Bideford. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | September 30. 58.

My dear Sir

When you have read the enclosed letter, you will understand that it would be painful to me to leave it without any sort of response.

Will you take the trouble to answer it for me, and say, that my reason for sending my book to Mr. Froude was a literary admiration of long standing—an admiration which gives a peculiar value to the fact that the reading of my book has made him wish to know me. But that the reasons which urge me to maintain my incognito are imperative, and oblige me to renounce the very great pleasure I should anticipate from our knowing each other more intimately than through our writings.

Perhaps you will be writing to me soon. In that case, will you return me Mr. Froude's letter par la même occasion?

Ever yours truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, [2 OCTOBER 1858]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* Oct. 2. 1858. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | Saturday.

Dear Sara

I had a letter from Mrs. Call the other day in which she said incidentally that Dr. Chapman was staying with them, so I dare say we shall not see him for a week or so. I will willingly ask him that question, but as it is rather an awkward one, I must have some knowledge that will enable me to ask it adroitly. Can't you tell me what is the subject, and just hint the treatment?

I am all alarm and anxiety about the penny paper. The other, of

course, is not given up? What worry and care Mr. Bray must be having—and Cara can't help sharing it. She may well be thin. My love to her and tell her I don't value her a bit the more for not writing to me —on the contrary.

That is a delicious picture of poor Harriet! [8] I wish I could run in with you some day and hear her talk. I remember so well that description of the *Clerus* at the Asylum, which she gave us one day when we were all seated snugly in the drawingroom at Rosehill.

The "mysterious stranger" [1] is certainly thrilling to look at. It seems ludicrous that we take the opera glass to look at him—and see him much the better for it. I am not at all inclined to think contemptuously of him as a mere "flocculus."

We have had the pleasure of seeing our interesting friends Dr. and Mrs. Bodichon, who are soon to go away to Algiers again. She means to buy a house and garden there, and reside there the greater part of the year. I am delighted with her husband on a nearer acquaintance. He seems to me a gentle hearted, noble spirited man, and they are as happy together as——we are. They have been the only people we have seen since we came from Germany. Dinner is come.

Your loving
Pollian.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, ST. ANDREWS, 4 OCTOBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extract published: John Blackwood,* p. 47.

St. Andrews | October 4/58.

My Dear Sir

You would feel that I could not do otherwise than like the second volume of Adam Bede otherwise I should not have been guilty of so long a silence as to its merits, although my house has been so full of visitors during the last few weeks that I have had the greatest difficulty in finding any time to read, think, or write.

The story is a very striking one and I cannot recollect anything at all of the same kind. I long to see how you will work it out.

You may be sure that I shall sit down to the third volume the

8. See 14 June 1858.

1. A comet discovered by Donati at Florence 2 June 1858 became visible to the naked eye in September and was nearest the sun during the first ten days of October, when its appearance was described as "extremely magnificent." (*Annual Register,* 1858, pp. 166–168.)

moment I get the M.S. and you shall have no cause for impatience to hear from me about it.

Hetty is a wonderful piece of painting. One seems to *see* the little villain. She is painted in such irresistible colours that I am very sorry for the well intentioned Arthur. One feels that there is no chance of escape for any youth of his age unless he takes to his heels.

I have thought a great deal over the encounter between Adam and Arthur,[2] indeed I daresay it is pondering over that scene which has prevented me from sooner sitting down to write to you. The picture of Adam's feelings before he gets the fatal glimpse of the scene in the wood is perfection. The point is worked up to with wonderful skill. It is very difficult to imagine what would happen between any two men brought so suddenly into such a total revulsion of feelings and change of relative positions as happens to Adam and Arthur, but on the whole I think you have hit the mark and sustained in a very trying climax the characters of the two men you are drawing. I am ashamed of myself for not feeling more sorry for Adam, but I have no doubt the sympathies will gather round him keenly when the full force of his affliction comes upon him and the tender and stern fibres in his heart of oak fairly begin to struggle.

Mrs. Poyser is excellent as also her husband and the children, or rather child. I am puzzled as to what the wicked old Squire is up to.

There can be no doubt that the book will be successful but the degree of success will depend very much upon the third volume, so I think the best plan will be to leave our final arrangements for publication, number of copies to be printed, etc. etc. until the book is finished. The printing will occupy very little time and it would not save much to begin until you could give your undivided attention to the proofs.

I inclose Mr. Froude's note which is very gratifying. I write him a line embodying your message which will probably bring another outpouring from him.

Give my regards to Lewes when you see him and say that I shall write to him from Edinburgh where I intend to be tomorrow. Hoping soon to congratulate you on the completion of Adam, Believe me

ever yours truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

2. Ch. 27.

GHL TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [OCTOBER 1858]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | Monday.

My dear Major

If I did not return Trubner's letter it must have been destroyed, for I cannot find it.

Enclosed is the proof; pray let me see a revise. It was my rough draft I sent down to you and I did not expect to see it set up in type.

Àpropos of announcements will you give my compliments to Mr. Simpson and request him to humor me in two points.

1st to printing name as George Henry without the Esq.—or else as G. H. Lewes. I "can't abide" the George H.

2d. To say author of "Seaside Studies," "Life of Goethe" etc.—because if any "author" is to be in question I like to put my best leg foremost and not only is Goethe my best book but the mention of it is giving the book the advantage of the advertisement.

3d. There is a third point connected with this same advertizing business, namely that I am not the "author" of the Illustrations to Seaside Studies but only to three or four figures thereof; ergo "illustrations by the author" should not appear.

If he thinks me fastidious let him reflect what the race of authors is!

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

Major Blackwood.

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 6 OCTOBER [1858]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* '58. *Brief extracts published:* Cross, II, 64.

Richmond | October 6.

Dear Sara

Your letter came in time. Dr. Chapman announces that he will visit us tomorrow.

Thanks for the verses on Buckle.[2a] I'm afraid I feel a malicious de-

2a. Miss Hennell probably wrote the 32 lines of verse entitled "Buckle's Belief," of which the Coventry City Libraries have a proof slip. They begin:

"This is the Creed, let no man chuckle,
"Of that great thinker Henry Buckle."

light in them, for he is a writer who inspires me with a personal dislike—not to put too fine a point on it, he impresses me as an irreligious, conceited man.

Do not guess at authorship—it is a bad speculation. I have *not written a word* in the Westminster. The article on German Novels is Mr. Lewes's, and my only contribution to it was reading the novels aloud after dinner.[3] He very industriously translated and condensed the *Mädchen von Treppi*,[4] though that sort of work is extremely irksome to him.

Tell Mr. Bray he need have no qualms of conscience about Buckle. We are glad that the volume should be doing service, not at present needing it ourselves.

We understand that there is a very unjustifiable treatment of Miss Parkes's pamphlet—"Remarks on the Education of Girls" in the 'National.' A misrepresentation—so we are told—of a passage in the part on 'mental training' as if it were a recommendation for girls to read impure literature.[5] There is not a purer minded creature in the world than Bessie Parkes—not a woman more removed from vulgarity or laxity in all serious relations of life, and every just-minded person should enter a protest against this wanton mode of affixing a stigma on a writer who is clearly in earnest, whatever mistakes she may make in style or ideas. I mention it to you that if you see the National or hear any reference made to it you may be on your guard against accepting its representation.

I am sorry for Dr. Chapman's poverty which presses on him I fear, in a way to prevent a successful editing of the Review.

The article on Newman[6]—whose, I don't know, but my mind turned to Mr. Call as the writer—is very industrious, but too impersonal and *ex officio* to inspire a strong interest, and it is a sad mistake to give the whole series of his books, flying from Spiritual religion to

3. See 23 July 1858. At the top of this letter Miss Hennell has written:

Quid vobis pro laude, O admirabiles ambo
Magis quam hoc, utrumque utroque <confundi> conserti?

What can be greater praise, O worthy pair,
Than either with the other to compare?

4. By Paul Heyse. GHL's translation is included in his article, pp. 502–515.

5. In her *Remarks* Miss Parkes argued that it is preposterous to keep educated women from reading "Chaucer and Dryden, Ben Jonson and Fielding." The reviewer in the *National*, 7 (October 1858), 353–354, says, "the idea of *teaching* young girls to study the sexual relations with these works for text-books is excusable only under the assumption that the young lady is a theorist who has not realised the working of her vague ideas."

6. *Westminster Review*, 70 (October 1858), 376–425.

the Translation of Horace etc.—as if it were intended to be a puff of Newman's writings from beginning to end. Happily the tone is too much that of a dissident expositor for the notion of a puff to exist in the minds of those who really read the article. But unfortunately the majority of people form their opinions without that preliminary. Long ago, I had offered to write about Newman but gave it up again.

Ever yours
Pollian.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [8 OCTOBER 1858]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | Friday.

My dear Blackwood

The checque for Animal Heat [7] (for which thanks) and the Prospectus (enclosed) arrived this morning.

I am glad you are hopeful about the book. I put my whole soul into it and expect it will be a property to us, for it has no real rival. I am ready to go to press whenever you please; indeed almost all the new chapters—about one half of the whole work—are done; and those already printed are revised, expanded, and improved. There is nothing but illustrations to wait for, and tell Mr. Simpson, for his especial gratification that I have contrived to get *two* into the first chapter—which is all the better as none can possibly come in in the second and third. I don't think I shall want more than 15 altogether; but acting on his advice I will squeeze in as many as possible, while keeping clear of the "unpleasant."

If the book should be a hit, I have another scheme—"The Zoology of Common Life"—the fish we eat, the animals we domesticate, the animals *we* eat and which eat *us*, the insects which annoy and the insects which enrich us. A glorious field and inexhaustible! What do you think of it? However that is all looming in the distance.

My paper was read by the great Owen himself at the British Association [8]—and he replied to some objections. It was pronounced "most valuable" by the chairman, and will doubtless do good although the

7. *Blackwood's*, 84 (October 1858), 414–430. GHL received £20.

8. "The Spinal Chord a Sensational and Volitional Centre," *Report of the 28th Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science*. Miscellaneous Communications, Part II, pp. 135–138. It was read 27 September.

9. Richard Henry (or Hengist) Horne (1803–84) took part in a performance

Times did spoil my advertizement by calling me G. A. Lewes. That puts me in mind of poor R. H. Horne [9] who went nearly distracted because when he played Shylock one night at Sadlers' Wells (because I had done it) found to his horror that the walls were placarded with the announcement of Shylock by Mr. R. J. Horne. This comes of having initials!

That is a delicious touch in your note [1] about the *largehearted* critics —an awful race. E. was extremely gratified by the praise and the *kind* of praise in your letter. When you see the third volume—the bulk of which will be dispatched he says in a few days—bringing the tragedy to a close, I shall be much surprised if you do not rush even into largehearted emphasis, only that it will be *sincere* emphasis and not mere typography.—*I* know nothing like it.

I advise him to send you the m.s. which concludes the tragedy, because on the effect of *that* will depend the kind of success with the public. But he is disposed to wait till the whole is completed before sending you any. What do *you* think? If you agree with me write him word. After the winding up of Hetty's story nothing but peaceful sunshine and happiness will come—like the fifth act of the Merchant of Venice *when* R. H. Horne has left the stage.

Your dithyramb on golfing stirs my desires. "Thou almost persuadest me to be a golfer." Who knows but some day I may develope in *that* department too—and write you a book the "Golfing of Common Life"?

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

"for the benefit of the Grand Exhibition of 1851" at Sadler's Wells 16 May 1850. "The play was *Henry the Eighth*, prologued by an address spoken by Mr. Phelps, and written by R. H. Horne, Esq. The same gentleman, the poet of *Orion*, and the clever author of *The Spirit of the Age*, also played Shylock, a scene from *The Merchant of Venice*, of which the kindest critic will be he who says the least. A concert followed, and the whole concluded with the farce of *The Silent Woman*." (*Critic*, 1 June 1850, p. 287.)

1. To GHL, 7 October 1858. Fearing that he had not expressed himself warmly enough about *Adam Bede*, Vol. II, Blackwood said: "But you know that I am not equal to the abandon of expression which distinguishes the large hearted school of critics." (Letter Book.)

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 11 OCTOBER [1858]

MS: Yale. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | October 11. /58.

Dear Sara

Dr. Chapman came yesterday, in spite of the weather, and in spite of a bad headache, poor man! It was quite easy for me to speak about the article after your last letter, and I made myself sure of his mind on the subject. The negative seems to be a decided and *un*conditional one, not founded on any disagreement with the views contained in it, but on the opinion that the form given to the views is not such as to make them telling in a Review. The defect he alleges is a want of fusion:—the connection of the ideas advanced in the different portions of the article is not made sufficiently evident. It appears that he presented the article to Mr. Wilson [2] of Oxford (an excellent judge) for the sake of having his criticism, and I imagine that Dr. Chapman is expressing Mr. Wilson's opinion. I asked him point blank if he would insert it gratuitously, and he said "No."

I felt deep compassion for him yesterday. His health seems to be threatening again, and the load of anxieties he has to carry about his neck, while he is making efforts so strenuous and in many respects so disagreeable that few men would have the courage for them! That hideous Martineau-correspondence [3] gave me almost a sick-headache only to think of. He seems to have enjoyed his visit to Coventry, and gives me a pleasant idea of you all. It is good to me to get a glimpse of you through other eyes. In haste, ever

Your loving
Marian.

2. Henry Bristow Wilson (1803–88).

3. James Martineau, who had broken with Chapman in 1854 and founded the *National Review*, thought that Chapman had no right to reserve the copyright of articles contributed to the *Westminster Review* and threatened him with the Bankruptcy Court to prevent it. Thereupon Chapman "commenced active assault on a creditor" and wrote many of his correspondents that Martineau was trying to ruin him. See F. W. Newman to John Chapman, 16 October 1858. (Yale.)

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, 13 OCTOBER [1858]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1858. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | October 13.

Dear Friend

We had not thought of the stamps, but so far as I know, Sara is right in thinking they had not been sent. However, as there is no arriving at certainty on the subject, pray do not be so uncomfortably scrupulous about the next parcel we send, but let us pay for it without receiving stamps in return. Ten to one *we* forget to pay you in that way, and it would be better to leave such debts to adjust themselves.

It will be very pleasant if business brings you within reach of us. Do come, and if possible, let us know the day beforehand, that we may not be out of the house when you come. We will *not* live in community, but of course, like all enthusiastic friends, give you our 'best wishes.' Come, and tell us about the penny paper, and let us know better how things fare with you.

Tell Sara, the charming article on Travel[4] *is* Harriet Martineau's, but the exchange of cheque and receipt is understood to be the last communication between her and the editor. A pity for the Review, I think.

Mr. Lewes sends kind regards, and we are both glad you find the Biog[raphical] History of Philosophy a useful text-book. He is extremely happy in his work just now—is dissecting every animal he can get in furtherance of his investigation into the nervous system, à propos of which a paper of his was read at the British Association. But I suppose I am making him a "more definite object of contempt" by telling you this—as Helps says of the builders of the Pyramids.

Ever your affectionate friend
Marian Lewes.

4. "Travel during the Last Half Century," *Westminster Review*, 70 (October 1858), 426–465.

GHL TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 14 OCTOBER [1858]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | 14 October.

My dear Major

Will you be good enough to send me a copy of the prospectus of the "Physiology"? I want to send it to America to see if any money can be got from those unscrupulous gentlemen.[5]

I yesterday took 7 illustrations to Mr. Langford, for the wood cutter. They will supply four parts.

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [OCTOBER 1858]

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Monday.

My dear Blackwood

By this post I send Hunger and Thirst, which is not much altered, and only elucidated here and there. Unless you want the m.s.s. I prefer keeping it by me and sending it part by part in order to *add* anything if need be. The book is however nearly all done; though I am rewriting for the fourth time the difficult chapters on the Nervous System; and shall perhaps rewrite them again before they go to press. One can't be too particular—and I want the book to be permanent.

I have been so occupied with experiment and dissection for many months [6] that I begin to want the relaxation of a little literature. Would you like an article on Biot's *Mélanges* for Maga? it gives biographical accounts of Laplace, Newton, Lagrange, Galileo,—and some pleasant semi-scientific papers. There are some anecdotes and passages which would make a popular article I think.[7]

5. No payment for an American edition of *The Physiology of Common Life* is noted in GHL's Literary Receipts.

6. GHL's Journal contains minute observations on his dissection of tadpoles, newts, frogs, toads, mice, moles, and newborn pigs in the study of the function of the spinal chord.

7. "A Pleasant French Book," *Blackwood's*, 84 (December 1858), 675–687, reviews J. B. Biot, *Mélanges scientifiques et littéraire*, 3 vols., Paris, 1858.

The letter you sent to George Eliot was not from an admirer he tells me, but from the editor of the *Military Spectator* begging for a copy of the "Scenes" to review in that "widely circulated journal." G.E. asks me to mention it to you—you will know whether there would be any use in sending a copy.

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 3 NOVEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extract published: John Blackwood,* p. 48.

Edinburgh | November 3/58.

My Dear Sir

After writing to you on Saturday I fastened upon the 3d volume of Adam Bede [8] and read the whole of the M.S. that afternoon. I am happy to tell you that I think it capital. I never saw such wonderful effects worked out by such a succession of simple and yet delicate and minute touches. Hetty's night in the fields [9] is marvellous. I positively shuddered for her, poor creature, and I do not think the most thoughtless lad could read that horrible picture of her feelings and hopeless misery without being deeply moved.

Adam going to support her at the Trial [1] is a noble touch. You really make him a gentle Man by that act. It is like giving him his spurs.

The way poor Hetty leans upon and clings to Dinah [2] is beautiful Mr. Irving [3] is always good. So are the Poysers, lifelike as possible.

Dinah is a very striking and original character, always perfectly supported and never obtrusive in her piety. Very early in the book I took it into my head that it could be "borne in upon her" to fall in love with Adam. Arthur is the least satisfactory character but it is true too. The picture of his complacent happy feelings before the bomb shell bursts upon him [4] is very good.

We have been trying pages so as to start with the printing immediately. The extent is not so great as I imagined and I cannot help thinking that our people have rather underestimated the quantity.

8. "Oct. 29. George took the M.S. of the third volume up to p. 216 to town, to be dispatched to Edinburgh." (GE Journal)
9. Ch. 37.
1. End of ch. 42.
2. Ch. 45.
3. i.e., Irwine.
4. Ch. 44.
5. "Received a letter from Blackwood containing warm praise of my 3d volume and offering £800 for the copyright

Inclosed I send our formal offer [5] for the book which will I hope come up to your expectations and, congratulating you upon having worked out the climax of your story so splendidly, I am always,

yours very truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 5 NOVEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | November 5th 1858.

My dear Sir

Thank you for your letter. I care for the fact that my story has touched you, not merely as a guarantee of success, but as a matter of personal sympathy.

The specimen page you have sent me distresses me, I confess. It looks shabby by the side of the pages of Clerical Scenes. I suppose the calculations have been based on a fair *average* of my MS. pages which are very unequal, the size of my writing varying with my moods. If so, there is no help for it, but to make the volumes rather thinner for the sake of getting a handsome page. On looking at the novels we have by us, I find them usually of not more than 300 pages to the volume—a very respectable size. But your experience and judgment are a better guide than my own notions on these subjects: and on the time of publication also, though I was rather disappointed to find that a delay was desirable. Still, I have no motive for haste that would outweigh your opinion as to what is best for the book.

I enclose an acceptance of your proposition, with a slight modification of the terms, which I hope will not be otherwise than agreeable to you.

Thank you once more for writing me such cordial words of admiration. I *was* rather desponding, now I am singing 'Viva la joia, fidon la tristessa.' [6] Ever, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

of Adam Bede for four years. I wrote to accept." (GE Journal, 4 November 1858.) Blackwood's offer has not been found.

6. Quoted from *Tristram Shandy*, VII. 43, where Sterne writes the Provençal "Fi donc" as "Fidon."

GE TO MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD AND SONS, RICHMOND, 5 NOVEMBER 1858

MS: Parrish Collection, Princeton. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Copy. Richmond | November 5th. 1858.

Gentlemen

I beg to accept your offer to pay me for the copyright of Adam Bede, for four years from this date, the sum of eight hundred pounds (£800), payable in two instalments, with this modification, namely, that the first instalment be paid to me by cash at the date of publication, and the second, as you propose, by bill at nine months after that date.

I remain, gentlemen

Yours very truly
George Eliot.

Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons

GE TO JOHN CHAPMAN, RICHMOND, 5 NOVEMBER 1858

Text: Maggs Bros. Catalogue 330 (November–December 1914), item 141.

I have just learned that you have allowed yourself to speak carelessly of rumours concerning a supposed authorship of mine.[7] A little reflection in my behalf would have suggested to you that were any such rumours true, my own abstinence from any communication concerning my own writing, except to my most intimate friends, was evidence that I regarded secrecy on such subjects as a matter of importance. Instead of exercising this friendly consideration, you carelessly, certainly, for no one's pleasure or interest, and to my serious injury, contribute to the circulation of idle rumours and gossip, entirely unwarranted by any evidence. . . . Should you like to have unfounded reports of that kind circulated concerning yourself, still more should you like an old friend to speak idly of the merest hearsay on matters which you yourself had exhibited extreme aversion to disclose?

Marian Lewes.

7. "Herbert Spencer came to dine with us and brought the unpleasant news that Dr. Chapman had asked him point blank if I wrote the Clerical Scenes. I wrote at once to the latter to check further gossip on the subject." (GE Journal, 5 November 1858.)

GE TO BESSIE RAYNER PARKES, RICHMOND, 5 NOVEMBER 1858

MS: The Countess of Iddesleigh. *Envelope* Miss Parkes | 14A Princes Street | Cavendish Square | London. *Postmarks.* RICHMOND; LONDON SW | 8 | NO 5 | 58. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | November 5th. 1858.

Dearest Bessie

Yes! I do wish to have the Journal, but I will begin, please, with the next January No. paying my subscription for 1859.

Thanks for the October No. I have read the article on Domestic Life,[8] but, very perversely, do not like the first part of it so well as your other articles. It wants their charm of concreteness and simple presentation—seems to me too ambitious and abstract. I liked it better towards the end, and wished you had gone on longer.

That Sunday walk [1] with you is very sweet in my memory. I care for you very much, and think of a happy, useful future for you with hope.

Ever your loving Friend
Marian Lewes.

Miss Parkes

GE TO SARA SOPHIA HENNELL, RICHMOND, 6 NOVEMBER 1858

MS: Yale. *Address* Miss Hennell | Ivy Cottage | Radford Road | Coventry. *Postmarks:* LONDON S.W. | 8 | NO 8 | 58, COVENTRY | NO 9 | 58. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | November 6th. 58.

Dear Sara

Do not be too much astonished at the sight of these grimy papers. They are autographs—such as collectors of autographs value. Mr. Lewes has been looking through a large collection of old letters tonight, and it struck me that it was worth while to rescue these from the fire that you might have the chance of seeing whether they will be real additions

8. *English Woman's Journal,* 2 (October 1858), 73–82, vindicating family life and urging homemaking as a career for women who cannot enter professions.

1. "A rather misty, yet fine day, this last of October. Barbara came (accompanied by Bessie) to bid us Good-By before her departure to Algiers, whither her husband, Dr. Bodichon is gone before her to provide a house for them. We walked by Ham Common through the Park." (GE Journal, 31 October 1858.)

to your store. One or two of them you are likely enough to throw away —either having a specimen of the same hand already, or not caring to have a specimen at all. But Thierry, De Tocqueville, Comte, and all "that description" of great personage, I think are likely to be new and desirable to you.

I heard good news of you yesterday from Mr. Spencer, who dined with us after a walk in our glorious Park.

I will say a "God bless you" for a birthday greeting now, lest I should forget to do it at the right moment. This last has been a memorable year to you. I hope it has had much sweetness in it as well as some sorrow.

Ever your loving Friend
Marian.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 15 NOVEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | November 15/58.

My Dear Sir

We agree with pleasure to make the first payment to you for Adam cash on publication instead of bill at six months.

The printers were, as I expected, all wrong in their calculation of the extent, and you will speedily see as full and handsome a page as you could wish. I thought some sheets would have been ready by this time, but in a day or two I shall be able to write with them.

Wishing your new venture all success and tolerably sanguine, Believe me

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

G. Eliot Esq.

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 17 NOVEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | 17 November 1858.

My dear Blackwood

Alex. Dumas, in one of his many lawsuits thus addressed the Judge. Un jour M. Véron vînt me voir et m'offrit cinq franc la ligne pour mes romans. C'est un homme de relations charmantes.

This eulogy of Véron must have been very appreciable to those who remembered how Dumas would write pages in this style.

Monsieur?

Eh bien!

Vous croyez . . .

Si fait.

Pourtant . . .

Et il se tût.[2]

Five francs the line would be remunerative on this reckoning. Although Physiology is not so remunerative as romans (if I [it?] were I know who would be physiologists). I have always said of you what Dumas said of Véron—c'est un homme de relations charmantes! and your liberal offer for the Physiology of Common Life (a formal acceptance of which is enclosed) considering how great a *risk* there must necessarily be in such a work assures me that I was quite right to leave the matter wholly in your hands, our previous *relations* having been so charmantes, that I was certain to be paid as much as there was any warrant to expect.

But you do not mention the *when*. Now as the book will take eighteen months before it is finally published, and as I am obliged to calculate some time beforehand what my income will be, I should be glad if you will tell me, when next you have occasion to write, at what period, or periods, the first edition will be paid for; in order that I may arrange accordingly.

Yesterday I placed the concluding portion of the m.s.s. of "Adam

2. In 1846 Dumas, at the request of the government, went to Algiers without fulfilling his commitments to the *Presse* and the *Constitutionnelle*. On his return he was sued for £2000 each by Émile de Girardin and Louis Véron. He pleaded for time and, far from denying his engagements, displayed them at length at one franc per line. The court awarded each editor £120 and stipulated that Véron was to have 6½ vols. within a specified time. See Arthur F. Davidson, *Alexandre Dumas (père). His Life and Works*, 1902, pp. 266–274.

Bede" in Langford's hands, who undertook to forward it in the next parcel.

By the way I have not seen any proofs of the illustrations. Do you print them, or does Mr. Branston? [3] I must have a set of proofs.

Please ask Mr. Simpson to do me the service of critically reading the proofs and marking any word or passage which is not perfectly clear. He, or you, queried the phrase alimentary canal, in the Hunger and Thirst. I should never have suspected any possible difficulty here; but as soon as his pencil directed my attention to it, I saw that "digestive organs" would be better. As I want *every* one to understand me, no criticism can be too minute or too trivial—if he can take so much trouble. I need scarcely add that any pencillings you may have time to make will also be of service.

With kind regards to the Major Believe me, my dear Blackwood

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

John Blackwood Esq.

GHL TO MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, RICHMOND, 17 NOVEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond, Surrey | 17 November 1858.

Gentlemen

I beg to accept the offers contained in yours of the 15 Inst, for the "Physiology of Common Life," viz. £250 for the first 5,000 copies and £3 per thousand of each sixpenny part sold over and above this; or an equivalent sum in case any change in form and price of the book be hereafter deemed desirable.

You retaining a permanent interest of two fifths in the copyright. I remain, Gentlemen,

Yours truly
G. H. Lewes.

Messrs W. Blackwood and Sons.

3. Robert Edward Branston, engraver, 36 St. Andrew's Hill. (*Post Office London Directory*, 1864.)

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 23 NOVEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | November 23/58.

My Dear Sir

Allow me to congratulate you on the conclusion of Adam Bede,[4] which is very beautiful. The supper party at the Poyser's [5] is delightful and Martin's preternatural shrewdness made me laugh. The meeting between Adam and Dinah on the hillside [6] is picturesque and touching. I should have liked to *see* the meeting between Adam and Arthur, but I daresay you were wisest only to indicate it.[7]

I inclose the two front sheets of the book, which I have read with great pleasure.

If the provincial dialect was not so exceedingly good, I would be inclined to say that there should be less of it.

The inclosed came today from Tauchnitz's agent.[8] The offer should be accepted I think.

always yours truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 25 NOVEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | November 25. 58.

My dear Sir

I shall be much obliged if you will accept for me Tauchnitz's offer of £30 for the English reprint of C.S. And will you also be so good as to desire that Tauchnitz may register the book in Germany, as I understand that is the only security against its being translated without our knowledge, and I shudder at the idea of my books being turned into hideous German by an incompetent translator.

4. "Nov. 16. Wrote the last word of Adam Bede, and sent it to Langford. *Jubilate!*" (GE Journal.)
5. Ch. 53.
6. Ch. 54.
7. In the Epilogue.
8. Williams and Norgate, offering £30 to reprint *Scenes of Clerical Life* on the Continent.

I return the proofs by today's post. The dialect must be toned down all through in correcting the proofs,[9] for I found it impossible to keep it subdued enough in writing. I am aware that the spelling which represents a dialect perfectly well to those who know it by the ear, is likely to be unintelligible to others. Mr. Lewes is a good test, being innocent of dialects, and he is good enough to run over the proofs for the sake of checking unintelligibility.

I hope the sheets will come rapidly and regularly now, for I dislike lingering, hesitating processes.

Your praise of my ending was very warming and cheering to me in the foggy weather. I'm sure if I have written well, your pleasant letters have had something to do with it.

Ever yours truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

Can anything be done in America for Adam Bede? I suppose not—as my name is not known there.

GE TO MRS. CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, 26 NOVEMBER 1858

MS: Yale. *Extracts published:* Cross, II, 72–73.

Richmond | November 26. 58.

Dear Cara

I am very grateful to you for sending me a few authentic words from your own self. They are unspeakably precious to me. I mean that quite literally, for there is no putting into words any feeling that has been of long growth within us. It is easy to say how we love *new* friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibres that knit us to the old.

Mr. Bray's welcome visit [1] was sadly too short. I have been thinking of you incessantly in the waking hours since he left, and feel a growing hunger to know more precise details about you and to talk with you

9. The softening of the dialect can be seen in comparing ch. 10 in MS and 1st ed.: "hey'd" is changed to "he'd," "yey" to "ve," "goo" to "go," "al'ys" to "allays," "shadder" to "shadow," "belave" to "believe," "marr'in'" to "marryin'," etc. It was softened further in subsequent editions.

1. "Nov. 25. Corrected the first four sheets of proof this morning. Afterwards, we had a visit from Mr. Bray, who told us much that interested us about Mr. Richard Congreve, and also his own affairs—his unpopularity among the Coventry artisans, etc., etc." (GE Journal.)

about these changes in the aspect of things towards you. I am of a too sordid and anxious disposition, prone to dwell almost exclusively on fears instead of hopes, and to lay in a larger stock of resignation than of any other form of confidence. But I try to extract some comfort this morning from my consciousness of this disposition, by thinking that nothing is ever so bad as my imagination paints it. And then, I know there are incommunicable feelings within us capable of creating our best happiness at the very time others can see nothing but our troubles. And so I go on, arguing with myself, and trying to live inside *you,* and looking at things in all the lights I can fancy you seeing them in, for the sake of getting cheerful about you, in spite of Coventry.

I listen to the project of your spending *many months* abroad with some trembling, lest the pleasures should not quite counterbalance the discomforts—especially in regions crowded with rich snobbish English visitors or residents. I should have thought beautiful scenery nearer home—in Scotland or Wales—would be found at less cost moral and financial. Towards the English *as* English, *no* foreigners have a kindly feeling—only one of predatory antagonism, and the English abroad are always English who decline to know fellow-countrymen without *prestige.*

I cannot satisfy my love and anxiety without saying these things, which I had not opportunity to say yesterday—and indeed the case did not present itself to me at once in all its complications. Mr. Bray's plan of living in a private lodging and providing everything himself, increases every form of difficulty. With the market-people, speaking in South Switzerland a French *patois,* and in N[orth] S[witzerland] a German *patois,* the language alone would be a serious obstacle and annoyance. In a boarding-house you would avoid that unpleasantness and twenty others that belong to the isolated plan. And in a boarding house there would be assured civility and endurable society. It is always a hateful office to urge doubts and negatives, but the distinct knowledge Mr. Lewes and I have of what foreign residence is for English people is something that we ought to use honestly for our friends, giving them the truest result we can of our experience. And after all we are only giving you a datum, which you can reject at once if you find it outweighed by others.

You are very much thought of and talked of—you, individually, dear Cara—in this chair where I sit, and in the Richmond walks; always with deep regard and tender affection. And so it will be through all changes, till the change that takes me out of this world. That doesn't

seem so very far off to one now, the years rolling by so quickly as they do.

Ever yours
Marian.

N.B. No respectable (so-called) lodging house people would take in English lodgers who acted on Mr. Bray's plan.

GE JOURNAL, RICHMOND, 30 NOVEMBER 1858

MS: Yale. *Published:* Cross, II, 65–71.

History of "Adam Bede."

The germ of "Adam Bede" was an anecdote told me by my Methodist Aunt Samuel (the wife of my Father's younger brother): an anecdote from her own experience. We were sitting together one afternoon during her visit to me at Griffe, probably in 1839 or 40,[2] when it occurred to her to tell me how she had visited a condemned criminal, a very ignorant girl who had murdered her child and refused to confess—how she had stayed with her praying, through the night and how the poor creature at last broke out into tears, and confessed her crime. My Aunt afterwards went with her in the cart to the place of execution, and she described to me the great respect with which this ministry of hers was regarded by the official people about the gaol. The story, told by my aunt with great feeling, affected me deeply, and I never lost the impression of that afternoon and our talk together; but I believe I never mentioned it, through all the intervening years, till something prompted me to tell it to George in December 1856, when I had begun to write the "Scenes of Clerical Life." He remarked that the scene in the prison would make a fine element in a story, and I afterwards began to think of blending this and some other recollections of my aunt in one story with some points in my father's early life and character. The problem of construction that remained was to make the unhappy girl one of the chief *dramatis personæ* and connect her with the hero. At first I thought of making the story one of the series of "Scenes," but afterwards, when several motives had induced me to close these with "Janet's Repentance," I determined on making what we always called in our conversations "My Aunt's Story," the subject of a long novel: which I accordingly began to write on the 22d October 1857.

The character of Dinah grew out of my recollections of my aunt, but Dinah is not at all like my aunt, who was a very small, black-eyed

2. It was in 1839.

woman, and (as I was told, for I never heard her preach) very vehement in her style of preaching. She had left off preaching when I knew her, being, probably, sixty years old, and in delicate health; and she had become, as my father told me, much more gentle and subdued than she had been in the days of her active ministry and bodily strength, when she could not rest without exhorting and remonstrating in season and out of season. I was very fond of her, and enjoyed the few weeks of her stay with me greatly. She was loving and kind to me, and I could talk to her about my inward life, which was closely shut up from those usually round me. I saw her only twice again, for much shorter periods: once at her own home at Wirksworth in Derbyshire,[3] and once at my Father's last residence, Foleshill.[4]

The character of Adam, and one or two incidents connected with him were suggested by my Father's early life; but Adam is not my father any more than Dinah is my aunt. Indeed, there is not a single *portrait* in "Adam Bede"; only the suggestions of experience wrought up into new combinations. When I began to write it, the only elements I had determined on besides the character of Dinah were the character of Adam, his relation to Arthur Donnithorne and their mutual relation to Hetty, i.e. to the girl who commits child-murder: the scene in the prison being of course the climax towards which I worked. Everything else grew out of the characters and their mutual relations. Dinah's ultimate relation to Adam was suggested by George, when I had read to him the first part of the first volume: he was so delighted with the presentation of Dinah and so convinced that the readers' interest would centre in her, that he wanted her to be the principal figure at the last. I accepted the idea at once, and from the end of the third chapter worked with it constantly in view.

The first volume was written at Richmond and given to Blackwood in March. He expressed great admiration of its freshness and vividness, but seemed to hesitate about putting it in the Magazine, which was the form of publication he, as well as myself, had previously contemplated. He still *wished* to have it for the Mag., but desired to know the course of the story; at *present*, he saw nothing to prevent its reception in Maga, but he would like to see more. I am uncertain whether his doubts rested solely on Hetty's relation to Arthur, or whether they were also directed towards the treatment of Methodism by the Church. I refused to tell my story beforehand, on the ground that I would not

3. 18 June 1840, when GE and her father spent the night with Samuel Evans at Wirksworth. (Robert Evans's Journal.)

4. 30 April–4 May 1842. (Robert Evans's Journal.)

have it judged apart from my *treatment,* which alone determines the moral quality of art; and ultimately I proposed that the notion of publication in Maga should be given up, and that the novel should be published in three volumes, at Christmas, if possible. He assented.

I began the second volume in the second week of my stay at Munich, about the middle of April. While we were at Munich, George expressed his fear that Adam's part was too passive throughout the drama, and that it was important for him to be brought into more direct collision with Arthur. This doubt haunted me, and out of it grew the scene in the Wood between Arthur and Adam: the fight came to me as a *necessity* one night at the Munich opera when I was listening to *William Tell.*[5] Work was slow and interrupted at Munich, and when we left I had only written to the beginning of the dance on the Birthday Feast: [6] but at Dresden, I wrote <in quiet> uninterruptedly and with great enjoyment in the long, quiet mornings, and there I nearly finished the second volume—all, I think, but the last chapter, which I wrote here in the old room at Richmond in the first week of September, and then sent the M.S. off to Blackwood. The opening of the third volume—Hetty's journeys [7]—was, I think written more rapidly than the rest of the book, and was left without the slightest alteration of the first draught. Throughout the book, I have altered little, and the only cases, I think, in which George <has> suggested more than a verbal alteration, when I <have> read the M.S. aloud to him, <have been> were the first scene at the Farm and the scene in the Wood between Arthur and Adam,[8] both of which he recommended me to "space out" a little, which I did.

When, on October 29, I had written to the end of the love scene at the Farm, between Adam and Dinah, I sent the M.S. to Blackwood, since the remainder of the third volume could not affect the judgment passed on what had gone before. He wrote back in warm admiration, and offered me, on the part of the firm, £800 for four years' copyright. I accepted the offer. The last words of the third volume were written and dispatched on their way to Edinburgh November the 16th, and now on this last day of the same month I have written this slight history of my book. I love it very much and am deeply thankful to have written it, whatever the public may say to it—a result which is still in darkness, for I have at present had only four sheets of the proof. The book would have been published at Christmas, or rather, early in December, but that Bulwer's "What will he do with it?" was to be published by Black-

5. 30 May 1858. (GHL's Journal.)
6. Ch. 26. They left Munich 6 July 1858. (GHL's Journal.)
7. Ch. 36.
8. Chs. 6 and 27.

woods at that time, and it was thought that this novel might interfere with mine.

8 Park Shot, Richmond. | November 30. 1858.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 1 DECEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | December 1. 1858.

My dear Sir

Mr. Lewes thinks it better that he should not put his name as a witness to my signature. If a name be necessary, will you be kind enough to insert yours?

I am very nervous about the preservation of the incognito, for I have reason to believe that some rumour of the authorship of C.S. has escaped from a member of my own family,[2] who, however, could only speak on *suspicion*.

This makes me anxious that the publication of 'Adam' should not be delayed longer than is necessary after the Christmas Holidays, for I wish the book to be judged quite apart from its authorship.

Ever yours truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

P.S. The rumour to which I refer is slight and, I believe, confined to an unimportant quarter.[3] If it reach us in the way of question, it will be met with direct contradiction, for I am of Scott's opinion[4] on that point. An incognito can be maintained on no other condition, and in such a case one ought to say 'No' to an impertinent querist as one would decline to open one's iron chest to a burglar.

2. Mr. Bray, who had once before suspected GE of writing a novel (see 29 March 1858), had perhaps spoken of some rumor.

3. The rumor was getting about London too.

In her Journal, 30 November 1858, GE notes "by way of dating the conclusion of an acquaintance extending over eight years, that I have received no answer from Dr. Chapman to my letter of the 5th, and have learned from Mr. Spencer that the circumstances attending this silence are not more excusable than I had imagined them to be. I shall not correspond with him or willingly see him again."

4. "Either I must have surrendered my secret,—or have returned an equivocating answer,—or, finally, must have stoutly and boldly denied the fact. . . . I therefore considered myself entitled, like an accused person put upon trial, to refuse giving my own evidence to my own conviction, and flatly to deny all that could not be proved against me." (General preface to the Waverley Novels, 1829.) GE and GHL were reading Lockhart's *Life of Scott* aloud. (GE Journal, 25 December 1858.)

GHL TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, [2 DECEMBER 1858]

MS. National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

8 Park Shot | Richmond | Thursday.

My dear Blackwood

Is there a copy of Hunger and Thirst [5] ready for me to send to Germany? If so, please let me have one forthwith.

G.E. is very uncomfortable about the delay in printing. He thinks—and I agree with him—that *mystery* as to authorship will have a great effect in determining critical opinion, and although when once a success has been made, the knowledge of the authorship cannot affect it, it might have a prejudicial influence if the rumour to which he alluded in his letter to you should spread—as spread of course it will. The evil consequences of the mystery being disclosed before the book appears seem to him, and to me, far greater than any disadvantage of contemporaneous appearance with "What will he do with it" [6]—the more so as that book having already been for 18 months in the mouths of men, will necessarily be less of a novelty, less *talked* about, than if it were now first appearing. Under these circumstances don't you think it very desirable to crowd all sail? Your own experience must have shown you the immense advantage there is in a mystery about authorship. Let the public [know] that Smith and not Brown wrote a certain book, and although both Smith and Brown are entirely unknown to the said public a certain charm is lost. When Jane Eyre was finally known to be a woman's book the tone noticeably changed. Not that I believe in the possibility of anything adventitious permanently hurting a *good* book, but there is always something temporary in the success of a novel, and one may as well secure all adventitious aids.

Ever faithfully yours
G. H. Lewes.

John Blackwood Esq.

5 *The Physiology of Common Life*, was reprinted in monthly parts beginning in December 1858

6. Bulwer Lytton's novel began its serial run in *Blackwood's* for June 1857. Langford wrote Blackwood 27 September 1858 "I should be inclined to hurry *Adam Bede* so as to publish before Christmas and (if even by keeping out of Maga one month) to hold Bulwer back till the end of January." (NLS.) The 20th part of the novel, however, was published in *Blackwood's* for January. Both novels were printed in the same type. Through Bulwer's failure to return proof, Blackwood wrote GHL, 26 November 1858, about a ton and a half of type was locked up. (Letter Book.)

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 9 DECEMBER 1858

MS. National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | December 9/58.

My Dear Sir

I inclose cheque £30 being the amount received today from Tauchnitz for the right of translation[7] in German. Williams and Norgate's was a cheque on a Scotch Bank which would have been charged with commission in London, so I send one of our own on Coutts instead.

It struck me as very possible that a divan would sit upon your signature at Williams and Norgate's so I got another copy of the *Vertrag* and made them be contented with my signature.

In regard to America for Adam Mr. Langford has seen Low and Co. who wish us to name a price. Shall we say £50, although I doubt whether we will get more than £30. Lewes may as well see Langford about it.

I have been quite vexed about the delay in the printing, but it was one of those unexpected fixes which will arise in the best regulated establishments. I am thankful to say that we have now got a release of Type and your Bedes or rather pearls will be strung as fast as you could wish now. I expect to have the whole in Type by the end of the year so that in reality no time will have been lost.

Sampson Low,[8] the American agent, asked to see some of the sheets of Adam, but I consider this a farce.

Lewes asked about a new edition of Alison's Physiology.[9] I am sorry to say that there is no prospect of such a thing, as the excellent old Doctor is shattered by repeated seizures of paralysis. No man ever devoted himself to good of the poor more heartily than he. He abandoned what would have been the leading practise in Edinburgh to toil per-

7. i.e., the English reprint.

8. Sampson Low (1797–1886), printer and publisher, correspondent of the New York publisher Harper since 1844.

9. Lewes wrote [29 November 1858]: "Is Alison's Physiology going through the press? Do you think the Professor would let me see his sheets as they are worked off?" William Pulteney Alison (1790–1859), Professor of Medicine at Edinburgh, resigned his chair in 1856 after suffering several attacks of epilepsy while lecturing. His *Outlines of Physiology*, published in 1831, had been several times revised.

petually in the lanes and wynds of the High St and Cannongate. I suppose L. has the old edition. If not I will give it to him.

ever yours truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.

I was sorry to hear that there had been some prying into your incognito. Keep your secret all you can. I shall do everything in my power to divert suspicion if I see any one getting on the scent.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 10 DECEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | December 10. 58.

My dear Sir

Your letter enclosing the cheque for £30 from Tauchnitz came to me this morning. Thanks for both: especially for the assurance contained in your letter, that there will be no further retardation of the printing. The non-appearance of proofs, the bad weather, and a remarkable faculty of fidgetting, had made me take rather a desponding view of human affairs in general and my own in particular.

Mr. Lewes is gone into the city today and will see Mr. Langford à propos of the American business. I think we had better not *ask* more than £30, American publishers being very narrow-necked jars indeed. Farcical enough—that Sampson Low should want to see some sheets of Adam! In order to form a critical judgment, I suppose? That is a little too far to descend for £30;—though I acknowledge myself to be a very sordid author, with some love for money as well as for mankind.

The present type of "Adam" is very satisfactory—one reads it without thinking about it, which is the best of all recommendations for type.

Ever yours truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 22 DECEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Richmond | December 22. 58.

My dear Sir

At Mr. Lewes's suggestion, I have written the enclosed "Remonstrance," which he recommends me to prefix to "Adam Bede."

I confess, I have written it rather against the grain—although the evil in question is one that used to excite some indignation in me long before I became a novelist myself—for I have a strong disinclination to place anything in the shape of preface or personal speech with the public, before my novels. Still, I should feel (metaphorically) flayed alive, if the story of "Adam" were to be told in all the variety of bad journalistic styles.

I want to have your opinion on the subject—at your leisure, of course. Will the "Remonstrance" do good or harm? And do you vote for prefixing it to "Adam"?

Mr. Langford has written to say that he has gained £30 for me from the American publisher,[1] and I think myself fortunate.

Ever yours truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

Alas, I have had a stingy allowance of proofs the last five days!

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GE, EDINBURGH, 25 DECEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh | December 25/58.

My Dear Sir

What you say by way of Preface is excellent in itself and I cordially sympathise with your feelings, but I decidedly advise against the publication of such a preface. It might raise a nest of hornets about you. Consider that probably one half of the small deer who will sit down to

1. Harper. For GE's later works, several of which were serialized in his periodicals, Harper paid generously, giving £300 for *The Mill on the Floss*, £1200 for *Middlemarch*, and £1700 for *Daniel Deronda*. See J. H. Harper, *The House of Harper*, New York, 1912.

review you are constantly guilty of the very crime you reprobate and would consequently come to the book with highly irritated feelings after seeing themselves so justly shown up.

Lewes is almost as knowing and experienced about such things as I am, so that I attach great weight to his suggestion, but I am sure I am right. I have read the first volume in print and am delighted to tell you that I am more confident than ever. Your characters are wonderfully individual and lifelike.

I am not sure but what Mrs. Poyser is the most perfect picture. She makes me chuckle uncommonly. While laughing over her quaint reflections on Hetty's want of feeling, I was positively affected at the illustration she gave of Hetty's supposed strong indifference to the child she had handled from its cradle.[2] In the third volume her passage at arms with Bartle[3] is a wonderful performance.

The second volume I have not yet begun as I wish to let the proofs accumulate so as to read it more in a mass. I had more doubt about the latter half of second volume than any other part of the book. I often think of the Italian Story of which you told me you had the idea in your head.[4] I look to it for the Magazine. Do you ever think of reviewing or writing miscellaneous papers. Your preface would come in capitally in a review.

Give my regards to Lewes when you see him and with every good wish of the season, Believe me

ever yours truly
John Blackwood.

George Eliot Esq.[5]

GE TO CHARLES BRAY, RICHMOND, 25 DECEMBER [1858]

MS: Yale. *Endorsed:* 1858. *Extract published:* Cross, II, 73.

8 Park Shot | Christmas Day.

Dear Friend

The well-flavoured Molluscs came this morning. It was very kind of you, and if you remember how fond I am of oysters your good nature

2. Ch. 15.
3. Ch. 53.
4. Not *Romola*. See 27 May 1860.
5. On the bottom of the last page of his letter Blackwood found he had earlier written: "My Dear Sir, I fear you are." He canceled the words and added: "This is evidently some letter at which I had been interrupted and forgot to finish. I cannot recollect who the unfortunate is I did not observe the marks until I finished my note to you."

will have the more pleasure in furnishing my gourmandise with the treat. I have a childish delight in any little act of genuine friendliness towards us—and yet not childish, for how little we thought of people's goodness towards us when we were children. It takes a good deal of experience to tell one the rarity of a thoroughly disinterested kindness.

Mr. Lewes is not quite so capable of appreciating oysters as I am, being a miserably moderate eater, unequal to the sublime excesses of a genius like me. In compensation, he will dissect a few.

He sends his kind regards to you, and will be as much interested as I shall be in knowing about the vicissitudes of Coventry journalism,[6] when any new phase or crisis comes of which you can tell us. He is an old soldier, and cares for battles of that sort.

You understand that what I said about the Continent had reference only to a *prolonged* residence there—a residence of five or six months; and would not apply to a visit of a month or two. One can rough it with enjoyment for a short time, but the pleasure of change is inherently short lived.

I hope you are all substantially happy this Christmas: the merriment perhaps will be chiefly of the sympathetic sort—looking on at the fun of the young ones, or helping to create it.

Tell Sara I am glad to think that she is pleasantly absorbed, and am content with her silence under such circumstances. Love to her and Cara. Kind remembrances, too, to Mrs. John Cash, when it occurs to you to mention me in her company. Tell her, an Oxford clergyman who lately paid us a visit—bringing a philosophic admiration of Mr. Lewes and, of course, MSS. of his own to be admired if possible—spoke of Hegel's Philosophy of History as being read by himself and many other Oxford clergymen or students. I was not so rude as to *ask* him whether he read it in Mr. Sibree's translation,[7] but as I gathered that he knew no German, I thought the symptoms justified such a conclusion. I dare say the majority of said readers prefer the 'well of English undefiled' [8] to the 'puddle of German unclarified' as decidedly as Mr. A. is likely to have done; so that we may safely infer Mr. John Sibree's labours as a translator to have been acceptable at Oxford and elsewhere. Worth telling him perhaps this Christmas time, if he is paying family visits at Coventry?

6. Two rivals to the Coventry *Herald* were started about this time: the Coventry *Free Press* ran from October 1858 to February 1862, when it was incorporated with the *Herald;* the Coventry *Examiner,* 18 January—8 June 1859.

7. G. W. F. Hegel, *Lectures on the Philosophy of History,* tr. from the 3d German ed. by John Sibree, 1849; it went through several editions.

8. Spenser, *The Faerie Queene,* IV, ii, 32. Mr. A. is perhaps Henry Anstey, lecturer at St. Mary Hall.

All prosperity of soul and body attend you on this and every other day in the calendar. That, dear friend, is the sincere wish of

Yours affectionately
Marian Lewes.

GE TO JOHN BLACKWOOD, RICHMOND, 28 DECEMBER 1858

MS: National Library of Scotland. *Extracts published:* Cross, II, 74–75.

Richmond | December 28. 58.

My dear Sir

I see with you entirely about the preface; indeed, I had myself anticipated the very effects you predict. The deprecatory tone is not one I can ever take willingly, but I am conscious of a shrinking sort of pride which is likely to warp my judgment in many personal questions, and on that ground I distrusted my own opinion.

Mr. Lewes went to Vernon Hill [9] yesterday for a few days' change of air, but before he went, he said, "Ask Mr. Blackwood what he thinks of putting a mere advertisement at the beginning of the book to this effect: As the story of Adam Bede will lose much of its effect if the development is foreseen, the author requests those critics who may honour him with a notice, to abstain from telling the story." I write my note of interrogation accordingly. "?"

Pray do not begin to read the second volume until it is all in print. There is necessarily a lull of interest in it to prepare for the crescendo. I am delighted that you like my Mrs. Poyser. I'm very sorry to part with her and some of my other characters—there seems to be so much more to be done with them. Mr. Lewes says she gets better and better as the book goes on, and I was certainly conscious of writing her dialogue with heightening gusto. Even in our imaginary worlds there is the sorrow of parting.

I have left off writing articles of late, but my hand is not quite untried in that sort of work, and if you think the doctrine in my 'Remonstrance' is one desirable to be enforced, and any book happens to turn up à propos of which said doctrine could be gracefully introduced, I would willingly do that service to my future self and my fellow novelists. I read more old books than new ones, so that I am in need of sugges-

9. To stay with Arthur Helps. In his Journal GHL wrote: "Monday 27th to 31st. Went down to Vernon Hill for the Christmas week. Parker, Doyle, Fuller, and Major the only guests. Weather bad and I was laid up with sore throat; so on the whole it was a dismal week."

tions. Articles expressly on criticism or reviewing are likely to be too invidious, I suppose.

I hope the Christmas weather is as bright in your beautiful Edinburgh as it is here, and that you are enjoying all other Christmas pleasures too, without disturbance.

Ever yours truly
George Eliot.

John Blackwood Esq.

I have not yet made up my mind what my next story is to be, but I must not lie fallow any longer when the new year is come. Do not trouble yourself to write a special answer to the query in this letter. Any time, when you are writing, in the course of the next ten days, a word or two will suffice.

JOHN BLACKWOOD TO GHL, EDINBURGH, 31 DECEMBER 1858

Text: Blackwood Letter Book. *Hitherto unpublished.*

Edinburgh December 31st 1858.

My Dear Lewis

I enclose a cheque £100 being the first instalment for the Physiology of Common Life.

We have sent out the first part largely on sale but as yet can form no guess as to the probable sale. Indeed we will not have anything like a fair means of judging for a month or two.

Along with this I send the proof of the next two parts arranged as you proposed. You will see that they rather exceed the quantity we fixed upon for each number, but it is no disadvantage to have the early parts portly.

It is not like so knowing a party as you to suggest so dangerous a preface as that proposed for G.E. The single sentence is fully as doubtful a step as the larger preface.

With all good wishes for the year that is opening upon us, I am

Ever yours Truly
John Blackwood.

G. H. Lewis Esq.