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THE THIRTY-SECOND GEORGE ELIOT MEMORIAL LECTURE, 2003

Delivered by Dr Pam Hirsch

WHAT'S IN A NAME: COMPETING CLAIMS TO THE AUTHORITY OF GEORGE ELIOT

The contentious issue of fame, infamy, and notoriety is the issue at stake in this lecture.¹ On the one hand I focus attention on a tiny moment at the beginning of George Eliot's career, but argue that its gendered implications remain provocative. It acts as a test case of how nineteenth-century women writers had to justify the 'unfeminine' attribute of ambition. It also tells us something about the double standards operating in the reception of fiction by male and female writers.

On 1 February 1859 literary history was made with the publication of a novel called *Adam Bede*. A chorus of critical acclaim followed in periodicals across the political spectrum – moving politically from left to right, the *Westminster Review*, the *Athenaeum* and the *Saturday Review* – which all trumpeted their approval. E. S. Dallas's review in *The Times* is representative of the predominant tone, with its opening declaration that 'there can be no mistake about *Adam Bede*. It is a first-rate novel, and its author takes rank at once among the masters of the art'.² Charles Dickens wrote a letter of praise, as did Jane Welsh Carlyle, while Queen Victoria's admiration was such that she commissioned the court painter, Edward Corbould, to paint two scenes from the novel for her private collection. Victoria asked for illustrations of the heroine of the book, Dinah Morris, an earnest young Methodist preacher bringing her audience back to the paths of righteousness, and another of the seduced woman, Hetty Sorrel. Her choice was entirely predictable as her taste ran to narrative paintings with an unexceptionable moral message.³ So, it would seem from all this that *Adam Bede* was a respectable novel, promulgating an unambiguous moral message, well-designed to suit a middle-class Victorian readership. Indeed, the novel sold over 15,000 copies in 1859 and was also translated into Dutch, French, German and Hungarian, making it, by the standards of the day, an international bestseller.

One would expect the author of such an acclaimed first novel to be delirious with happiness, but in the event, this was not quite the case, as there was an unlikely fly in the ointment. It was generally assumed that the name attached to this runaway success, 'George Eliot', was a *nom de plume*, as nobody in London's gossipy literary cliques had heard of such a person. The critic, Dallas, noted that *Scenes of Clerical Life*, three tales originally published anonymously in 1857 in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* but subsequently, in 1858, published in book form with the 'George Eliot' name attached, were by the same author, whoever that author might be. Consequently, this earlier collection of tales, each with a clergyman as protagonist, albeit of three different kinds – two evangelicals and one a more comfortable kind of Anglican – encouraged the view that George Eliot might himself be some breed of clericus. Into the vacuum created by the lack of the female figure which the pen-name masked, stepped a most unlikely 'master', one Joseph Liggins (1800-72). Liggins, the only child of a prosperous Nuneaton baker, had gone up to St Catherine's College, Cambridge in 1834, with a view to

taking up a career in the church. There, spoiled and over-indulged with money, he had got in with a disreputable crowd and ended up being 'rusticated' (sent down) from Cambridge.⁵ A far from illustrious career followed; not a great deal is known about him other than the scanty facts that he did a little tutoring, retired for a time to the Isle of Man, and was briefly on the staff of a Liverpool newspaper. In short, he appears to have stuck at nothing.

Yet it was confidently noised abroad that Liggins was the man who had written *Adam Bede*. How did this fallacy come about? And was Liggins a reluctant impostor, a professional confidence trickster, or simply a lucky opportunist?⁶ These are the facts as far as I can ascertain: he appears to have complained to anyone who would listen that he had never been paid for *Adam Bede*, a complaint which the proprietors of William Blackwood & Sons could not easily rebut, as, indeed they had not paid Liggins for a novel he had not written. During the *Adam Bede* epoch, he seems to have survived by hustling money out of various sympathetic and naive souls. This may have been his most prosperous moment, as he ended his days destitute, being ignominiously removed from his lodgings by the relieving Officer and taken to Chilvers Coton workhouse where he died on 29 May 1872.

Although, on the one hand, Liggins seems to have been a pathetic bad joke on a successful author, nevertheless he has a peculiar role in literary history, in that, after two years of gossip and rumour Liggins was effectively to 'out', or flush from cover, the woman attempting to remain *incognito* behind the *nom de plume*, 'George Eliot'. The first question must be why anyone ever imagined Liggins could be the putative author. Part of the answer is simply a shared locality. In 1819 Chilvers Coton parish church records show the birth of Mary Anne Evans, the third child of Robert Evans and his second wife, Christina Pearson. Mary Ann's mother was the daughter of a yeoman farmer and her father, Robert Evans, was a skilled craftsman, a carpenter and cabinet-maker who had risen to the position of estates manager for the Newdegate family at Arbury Hall. She was highly intelligent and largely self-educated, as no university-level education was then available to women.⁷ After her father's death, and freed from his control, she went to live in London, now calling herself by the more cosmopolitan-sounding name, 'Marian' Evans.

She became at once part of London's literary Bohemia and came to enjoy the esteem of its radical intellectual circles. Having cut her teeth on translating two of the leading philosophical attacks on Christian orthodoxy, she now took on the job of co-editor of the leading radical, progressive journal, the *Westminster Review*, known in its day as the Wicked Westminster.⁸ She boarded in the house in the Strand of its proprietor, John Chapman, a surprisingly successful sexual predator. His wife tolerated sharing her home with his mistress, Elizabeth Tilley, but drew the line when she believed Chapman had seduced Marian, although he could not see why all three women could not live together under one roof without making a fuss about it. Under pressure from an unusual coalition between his wife and long-standing mistress, Chapman broke off his relation with Marian.

Following her elopement with George Henry Lewes, a fellow-journalist and novelist, Marian retired from her semi-public editorial role and retreated to a more private life as 'Mrs Lewes', the name she now adopted. As the mistress of a married man, respectable women would not visit her, and even less conventional ones, such as the art historian Anna Jameson (separated

from her own husband) and Harriet Martineau (the writer and one of the financial backers of the *Westminster Review*), both of whom had previously admired her skills as writer and editor now became hostile. This hostility was partly due to the reputation of Lewes as an unprincipled Lothario. Until he moved in with Marian, Lewes had lived in a three-family commune, which had included his own, that of the painter Samuel Laurence and that of Thornton Hunt, co-editor with Lewes of another radical journal called *The Leader*. Trying to stay true to their free-thinking principles, Lewes had not denounced his wife, Agnes, when, after 1850 the children she bore were fathered, not by Lewes, but by Thornton Hunt. This meant however, that under English law, Lewes was regarded as having colluded in allowing his friend to share the sexual favours of his wife and, consequently, divorce was impossible.⁹

These complicated sexual entanglements all added to the enormous anxiety which attended Marian Lewes's move from writing anonymous critical articles in periodicals, to writing fiction which must bear some name. Having experienced opprobrium for choosing to 'live in sin' with Lewes, she wanted her books to escape the contamination of her own name (that is the name of not-really-Mrs Lewes). I suggest that we should regard the signature 'George Eliot' not only as a *nom de plume* but also as a *nom de guerre*.

In November 1856, the first approach to a publisher on Marian's behalf was made by Lewes to John Blackwood (one of the two brothers trading as William Blackwood and Sons) who had long published Lewes's own work in *Maga*, as *Blackwood's* was usually known. In this letter Lewes refers variously to the author for whom he is acting as agent as 'he' and as 'my clerical friend'.¹⁰ Lewes meant that the tales were about clerical life, but John Blackwood took him at face value, commenting 'that your friend is as I supposed a Clergyman'.¹¹ This seemed to Lewes a convenient fiction and it was not contradicted. Writing to John Blackwood on 4 February 1857 Marian commented: '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'.¹²

And so 'George Eliot' was born. John Blackwood informed Lewes that 'there was a general tendency to attribute the series [of clerical tales] to Bulwer [Lytton]'.¹³ As Lytton was one of the nineteenth-century's leading novelists, who used the novel as a vehicle to explore intellectual ideas, this mistaken identity can only have been perceived as a compliment to an inexperienced writer of fiction. And, initially, Marian too found it amusing when over-authoritative Warwickshire fans suggested to her the name of Liggins to haunt the empty signifier 'George Eliot'. Marian's half-sister, Fanny Houghton, was the first person to tell her of the rumour that Liggins had written *Adam Bede*. Marian replied that she remembered Liggins as 'a vision of my childhood – a tall black coated genteel young clergyman in embryo'¹⁴ and, enjoying the game, commented, 'You are wrong about Mr Liggins ... 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'.¹⁵ Initially then, Liggins's close connections with Chilvers Coton served as a useful 'beard' for Marian Lewes.

But how did it come about that a disreputable character like Liggins could seriously be considered as the author George Eliot. The first scrap of evidence pointing to the author's identity, was, as we've seen, both geographical and historical. The very first of the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, 'Amos Barton', was triggered by Marian's memories of the Reverend John Gwyther, the Curate of Chilvers Coton, a rather ineffectual Evangelical preacher whose sermons she had heard both at her mother's funeral and her sister's wedding. Blackwoods' London manager, Joseph Langford, had written to his bosses on 16 February 1857, saying that he had heard that 'Amos Barton' was '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'.¹⁶ The second story, 'Mr Gilfil's Love-Story', was similarly sparked off by Marian's memories of being allowed by the housekeeper to slip into the library of Arbury Hall, where Marian's father had been the estates manager. Her account of 'Cheverel Manor' within the tale was recognizable to local people as a faithful description of Arbury Hall; indeed Newdegate, the Squire of that estate, approached Blackwood on Derby Day 1858 at Epsom Downs, and assured him that *Clerical Tales* was 'all about my place and my county...[and] he knew the author, a Mr Liggers'.¹⁷

Marian was still enjoying the 'Liggers' joke on 10 April 1859 when she copied out for John Blackwood's amusement a letter from her Coventry friend, Sara Hennell. [Dear Marian, Sara began]

I want to ask you if you have read 'Adam Bede' or the 'Scenes of Clerical Life', and whether you know that the author is Mr. Liggins... A deputation of dissenting parsons went over to *ask him to write for the Eclectic*, and they found him washing his slop-basin at a pump. He has no servant and does everything for himself, but Mr Rosevear (one of said parsons) said that he inspired them with a reverence that would have made any impertinent question impossible... It sounds strange to hear the Westminster doubting whether he is a woman, when he is here so well known.¹⁸

This seemed wonderfully funny to George Lewes, who was renowned for his robust, and even scatological sense of humour. Indeed, it is an irresistible image, the juxtaposition of Liggins emptying out his chamber pot as the band of Baptists arrived to worship at the shrine of 'George Eliot'.¹⁹ But the joke turned sour in that the Baptists had come away from the meeting with Liggins bearing the strong impression that 'he gets no profit out of "Adam Bede"', which, of course, was strictly true, as he had not written it. Nevertheless, this led these good, innocent souls to set up a subscription to raise money for him.²⁰

Indeed, Liggins's ability to exploit this farcical situation borders on a kind of genius, albeit of another kind than that of the real 'George Eliot'. Liggins soon had some surprisingly vociferous and utterly wrong-headed champions. Not only were varieties of dissenters championing his cause, but also an Anglican vicar entered the fray. Henry Smith Anders, vicar of Kirkby-la-Thorpe, wrote on 13 April 1859 to the *Times*, his letter bristling with the absolute self-assurance of a Cambridge-educated man, that 'the author of *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede* is Mr Joseph Liggins, of Nuneaton, Warwickshire. You may easily satisfy yourself of my correctness by enquiring of anyone in that neighbourhood'.²¹ Anders had received his

information from the Reverend James Quirk, Curate of Attleborough, who had been thoroughly conned by Liggins showing him a 'manuscript' of *Scenes of Clerical Life* in what was supposed to be Liggins's own hand. Quirk's acceptance of Liggins's confidence trick is the source of much nonsense that followed as his opinion was disseminated from parsonage to parsonage. George Lewes promptly sent a defiant letter to the editor of the *Times*, flatly contradicting Anders's statement but, by signing it 'George Eliot', he continued to cross-dress the real author:

The Rev. H. Anders has with questionable delicacy and unquestionable inaccuracy assured the world through your column that the author of *The Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede* is Mr Joseph Liggins, of Nuneaton.... Allow me to ask whether the act of publishing a book deprives a man of all claim to the courtesies usual among gentlemen? If not, the attempt to pry into what is obviously meant to be withheld – my name – and to publish the rumours which such prying may give rise to, seems to me quite indefensible, still more so to state these rumours as ascertained truths.²²

The persistent Quirk then demanded to see a copy of the letter George Eliot had sent to the *Times* in order to compare handwriting. This was duly sent on to him via John Blackwood. Marian's accompanying note commented: 'I hope Mr Quirk feels a little gravel in his boots this morning. I am fond of Liggins, compared with Quirk'.²³

John Blackwood wrote to 'George Eliot' marvelling at the persistence of the Liggins rumour: 'But who in the world is Liggins? He must have ability of some kind to impose upon so many people...There is evidently a perfect fever about the author's life now'.²⁴ Poor Blackwood continued to be engaged with sending letters to well-meaning but deceived champions of Liggins, assuring them that 'George Eliot' had no need of 'pecuniary assistance', although he could not comment on Liggins's financial affairs, as this was not the same person.²⁵ But finally, after receiving a letter from Charles Bracebridge, a magistrate from Atherstone, which came uncomfortably close to accusing the Blackwoods of robbing Liggins by not paying for the manuscript of *Adam Bede*, and furthermore, of preventing him by contract from taking up literary work for another journal, John Blackwood became seriously alarmed. He wrote to Lewes: 'this myth about Liggins is getting serious and must be put a stop to. I think an explicit denial should be given to Mr. Bracebridge. We are bound not to allow sums of money to be raised (or perhaps a place given) on a false supposition of this kind.... I am rather doubtful about Mr. Liggins's character. The last report I heard of him was that he spent his time in smoking and drinking'.²⁶ Despite John Blackwood's categorical insistence to Bracebridge that Liggins was *not* George Eliot, Bracebridge continued to accuse the publishers of causing Liggins's pecuniary embarrassment by having kept the manuscript of *Adam Bede* for ten or twelve years unpublished.²⁷ Bracebridge was a worrying nuisance because he imparted the Liggins myth with its attendant story of Blackwoods' malpractice to his numerous correspondents, including Harriet Martineau, Elizabeth Gaskell, Catherine Winkworth, and Marian's old Coventry friends, Charles and Cara Bray.

In contrast to all these gentlemen wrapping themselves into knots, much-needed affirmation came from Marian's closest woman friend, Barbara Leigh Smith, the leader of the Victorian

women's movement, one of only a handful of women friends who had not deserted her when other women turned away.²⁸ In 1857 Barbara had married a Dr Eugene Bodichon, resident in Algiers, and she had been away on a year-long tour through America before returning to North Africa. Consequently, she had no idea that Marian had embarked on fiction-writing until she read E. S. Dallas's review of *Adam Bede* in the *Times* that was mentioned at the beginning of this lecture. Barbara was entirely confident in recognizing from 'one long extract' in Dallas's review that *Adam Bede* could only have been written by Marian: 'there is her great big head and heart and her wise wide views'. She wrote confidently to Marian on 26 April 1859:

I can't tell you, my dear George Eliot how enchanted I am. Very few things could give me such pleasure.

1st That a woman should write a wise and humorous book which should take a place by Thackeray.

2nd That you *that you* whom they spit at should do it!²⁹

Barbara's reference to Thackeray is straightforward. Dallas had made the comparison between George Eliot and Thackeray, stressing that the difference between the two writers was that whereas Thackeray's fiction showed that we all had specks of wickedness in our souls, 'Mr. Elliot' insisted that we all had goodness. The comment about 'spitting' refers to the Victorian policy of cutting a fallen woman: Marian's brother, Isaac, on learning that she was living with a married man, broke off all communications with her, and insisted that his sisters and half-sisters did so, too.

Marian received Barbara's letter on 5 May 1859 and wrote back delightedly: 'You are the first friend who has given any symptom of knowing me – the first heart that has recognised me in a book which has come from my heart of hearts'.³⁰ She expressed surprise and disappointment that her old Warwickshire friends had not recognized her in the book, but realizes that it is the ubiquitous Liggins who has 'screened me from their vision'.³¹ In response, Barbara sent her a cartoon entitled 'Popular idea of George Elliott, in the act of composing "Adam Bede"', the misspelling echoing, although not quite duplicating, that of the Dallas review (see Figure 1). Its visual vocabulary is a reminder of a well-known, spiteful cartoon of another strong-minded woman author, Harriet Martineau. The cat on Martineau's shoulder renders her witch-like, and as the cartoon of Martineau appeared in 1833 when she was writing about the 'masculine' science of Political Economy, it may indicate that only a witch could have those powers (see Figure 2).

For Marian, misogynous clouds were gathering. On 2 July 1859, a savage attack designed to flush her out from cover appeared in 'The Weekly Gossip' column of the *Athenaeum*:

It is time to end this pother about the authorship of 'Adam Bede'. The writer is in no sense a 'great unknown'; the tale, if bright in parts, and such as any clever woman with an observant eye and unschooled moral nature might have written, has no great quality of any kind. Long ago we hinted that Mr Liggins, with his poverty and his pretensions, was a mystification, got up by George Eliot, as the showman in a country fair sets up a second learned pig to create



Figure 1: Caricature of Liggins writing *Adam Bede*, by Anne Leigh Smith, Barbara Bodichon's sister, 1859. (Reproduction by kind permission of the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale.) The Cats on the author's shoulders recall Maclise's sketch of Harriet Martineau in 1833 (see Figure 2, p. 14).



Harriet Martineau . . .

AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY"

Published by James Fraser 23, Regent Street London.

Figure 2: Harriet Martineau by Daniel Maclise, *Fraser's Magazine*, 8 (1833).

a division among the penny paying rustics.... Mr Nicholas, it is true, answers for Mr Liggins; but who answers for Mr Nicholas? Liggins, Eliot, and Nicholas are like Sairy Gamp, Betsy Prig, and Mrs. Harris. Roll all three into one and you turn up a rather strong-minded lady, blessed with abundance of showy sentiments and a profusion of pious words, but kept for sale rather than for use. Vanish Eliot, Nicholas, Liggins, – enter, (let us say at a guess,) Miss Biggins!...The elaborate attempt to mystify the reading public, pursued in many articles and letters at the same time, but with the same Roman hand discernible in all, is itself decisive of the writer's power. No woman of genius ever condescended to such a *ruse* – no book was ever permanently helped by such a trick.³²

The 'great unknown' referred to here, was Sir Walter Scott, whose hidden presence as author of the Waverley novels was indeed a publishing ruse which became an open secret in the end. However, it did not interfere with the attribution of genius to him.

The *Athenaeum* review, clearly signalling that the writer regarded the whole Liggins scandal as 'spin' to increase sales, was also indicating none-too-subtly that the morality of the woman writer's personal life hardly matched the morality displayed in her books, and reduced Marian to a condition she described as 'very poorly and trembling'. Nor is it surprising that Marian was distressed by the sudden hostility of the press, as, in reality, she had made no great effort to disguise her gender. As well as the recent example of the Brontë sisters publishing under the pseudonyms of Acton, Currer, and Ellis Bell, the name 'George' itself should have given the more cosmopolitan readers a nudge in the direction of a woman writer, 'George Sand' (1804-1876), the pen-name of the French woman writer, Baronne Dudevant, on whose *bergeries* – lives of ordinary country people – Marian had modelled her early fictional work.

So what was it that made the critics turn on Marian so savagely once she had been outed? There seem to have been two main reasons. One reason was a deep reluctance to accept that the self-educated daughter of a Warwickshire land agent could have written *Adam Bede*. Ultimately they could not forgive Marian Lewes for failing to be a mature Oxbridge-educated man, the only body they could admit as the bearer of 'genius' which Dallas had first ascribed to the writer of *Adam Bede*, which attribution, try as they might, could not be un-said, un-thought, un-acknowledged. The second reason was a petty-minded sense of irritation that Marian (with George Lewes's help) had fooled the London literati, the in-crowd, who thought they could and should know everything. Of course, as history has shown, the recognition of George Eliot's genius could not be un-done by any amount of misogynist critics. The shade of the persistent Liggins has faded into oblivion and a scandal, hot in its day, is now almost totally forgotten. Yet, finally, what was scandalous? Liggins was merely something of a down-at-heel con-man who came to a bad end. Marian's private life was arbitrarily considered scandalous, although she acted in good faith, living with Lewes until he died, helping to pay off Agnes Lewes's debts and paying for the upbringing of the Leweses' three sons. In the nineteenth century, any amount of scandal attached to a man's private life did not prevent admiration for his writing. The real scandal of the Liggins story is the double standard and the high price Marian was made to pay for her justified ambition.

Notes

- 1 An extended version of this lecture was published in *Critical Survey*, vol. 13, no. 2 (2001), pp. 78-97 under the title 'Ligginitis, Three Georges, Perie-zadeh and Spitting Critics, or "Will the Real Mr Eliot Please Stand Up?"'
- 2 Unsigned review by E. S. Dallas, 12 April 1859.
- 3 Corbould's 'The Woman Taken in Adultery', for example.
- 4 'Amos Barton' in two instalments, January and February 1857; 'Mr Gilfil's Love-Story' in three instalments in March, April and May 1857; 'Janet's Repentance' in three instalments, July, August and October 1857.
- 5 Joseph Liggins was admitted pensioner to St Catherine's 3 February 1824, matriculating in the Michaelmas term. Information from *Alumni Cantabrigienses* compiled by J. A. Venn (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1951), part 2, vol. 4, p. 169.
- 6 Vincent Frome's 'The Reluctant Impostor' was transmitted on Thursday 12 March 1964, 7.30 – 8.15 Home Service RP REF NO TLO 32518.
- 7 Marian's closest woman friend, Barbara Leigh Smith Bodichon, was to co-found Girton College, Cambridge, a deed wholly approved of by Marian.
- 8 Strauss's *The Life of Jesus Critically Examined* (1846) and Feuerbach's *The Essence of Christianity* (1854).
- 9 Rosemary Ashton's sympathetic biography of Lewes (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1991) has done the best job of unpicking the truth from the rumour of this story.
- 10 *The George Eliot Letters*, ed. Gordon S. Haight, 9 vols (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1954-79), II, pp. 269; 273.
- 11 *The George Eliot Letters*, II, p. 275.
- 12 *The George Eliot Letters*, II, p. 292.
- 13 *The George Eliot Letters*, II, p. 323.
- 14 *The George Eliot Letters*, III, p. 46.
- 15 *The George Eliot Letters*, II, p. 337.
- 16 Gordon S. Haight, *George Eliot: A Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1968), p. 220.
- 17 *The George Eliot Letters*, II, p. 457. This was May 1858.
- 18 *The George Eliot Letters*, III, p. 44.

- 19 Rosevear was the Baptist minister of Bailey Lane Chapel, Coventry (*Post Office Directory of Warwickshire*, 1860).
- 20 *The George Eliot Letters*, III, p. 44.
- 21 *The George Eliot Letters*, III, p. 48. Henry Smith Anders (1816-77), Vicar of Kirkby-la-Thorpe, near Sleaford. Author of *Distinctive Errors of Romanism*. Information from *Alumni Cantabrigienses* compiled by J. A. Venn (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1940), part 2, vol. 1, p. 51.
- 22 *The George Eliot Letters*, III, p. 50.
- 23 *The George Eliot Letters*, III, p. 78.
- 24 *The George Eliot Letters*, III, p. 51.
- 25 *The George Eliot Letters*, III, p. 52.
- 26 *The George Eliot Letters*, III, pp. 53-54.
- 27 *The George Eliot Letters*, III, p. 58 n. 3.
- 28 See Pam Hirsch, *Barbara Leigh Smith Bodichon: feminist, artist and rebel* (Chatto & Windus, 1998) for a full account of this remarkable woman.
- 29 *The George Eliot Letters*, III, p. 56.
- 30 *The George Eliot Letters*, III, p. 56-7.
- 31 *The George Eliot Letters*, III, pp. 63-4.
- 32 *The George Eliot Letters*, III, p. 109; n. 1.