

JOURNALISM AND THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE WOMAN WRITER

Joanne Shattock

The subject of this paper is the role of journalism in the professional life of the nineteenth-century woman writer: how she perceived this aspect of her writing life, how it was perceived by her contemporaries, and how it influenced posthumous assessments of that writing life. It is a subject which is closely connected with the complex question of the status of journalism in the nineteenth century. Dorothy Thompson in her article "Women, Work and Politics in Nineteenth Century England: the Problem of Authority" reminds us that writing was unique among professions for women in the nineteenth century because it could be followed exclusively in the home, "with only the name and the product of the author being necessarily in the public domain." She acknowledges that in terms of respectability and acceptability, hack writing, editorial and journalistic work remained "grey areas," and that "the extent to which women were involved in the expansion of journalism generally, especially in the higher echelons which were becoming for the first time respected professional occupations, is not clear" (69). It is also, I suggest, problematic.

The evolution of the woman journalist in the nineteenth century involves questions about authority, about professionalism, about her entry, however tentatively, into the public sphere. It is also bound up with the question of anonymity versus signature, with the public debate over the "Woman Question," and with developments in women's education. I want to begin with two perspectives on the woman journalist, two images which are sixty years apart, and which, I will argue, provide a trajectory of the development of journalism as a career for women. I want then to connect these images with the careers of two highly productive practitioners of the so-called "higher journalism," Margaret Oliphant and Eliza Lynn Linton.

In an article in the *Illustrated London News* for 22 March 1890, Florence Fenwick Miller, journalist, suffragist, and feminist, wrote:

Emphatically, journalism is a profession in which the amateur, either of the one or of the other sex, is quite out of place. There is work for women in journalism, but it must be taken up in as business-like a manner and must be pursued as steadily, and must be expected to involve as much contact with the outer world and as many difficulties and annoyances as any other remunerative occupation.

Fenwick Miller was a prolific contributor to the *ILN*, the one-time editor of the *Woman's Signal*, one of the first women members of the London School Board, and also the first biographer of Harriet Martineau. Her comments accord nicely with the sentiments inherent in Arnold Bennett's *Journalism for Women: A Practical Guide*

(1898), a curious publication, intended, one assumes, to be enabling, but which managed at the same time to be both patronising and slightly cynical. It is difficult to decide what sort of woman was its intended reader. In chapter two we read that “Despite a current impression to the contrary . . . there should not be any essential functional disparity between the journalist male and the journalist female.” But, it goes on, “Of the dwellers in Fleet St. there are, not two sexes but two species, journalists and women-journalists” (10). There is much in the guide about the importance of a good writing style, of the “slipshod” qualities of women’s writing, the “inattention to detail,” their lack of restraint. Alice Meynell’s writing is held up as exemplary: “a style unsurpassed in simplicity, fitness and strength” (39). There is much, too, about the “influence of domesticity which cannot be lightly thrown off,” and the “laxities long permitted her in the home which she must not carry into business”; advice about how to conduct oneself in the office, all problems of transition as women’s work moved out of the home and into the public arena. There is a sense in which the guide might have been part of a general series on careers for the woman of the nineties from nursing through typesetting to dress making. It is geared to an age of mass circulation daily newspapers, the “new journalism” as opposed to the mandarin “higher journalism” of the 1860s.

Three useful points, however, emerge. If in answer to the questions “Are you seriously addicted to reading newspapers and periodicals? Does the thought regularly occur to you, ‘here is copy for a paper?’” the reader is unable to reply in the affirmative, she is instructed to “take up poker work, or oratory or fiction or nursing, but [to] leave journalism alone” (22). Journalism then is no longer an adjunct to a creative writing life—it is a separate and distinctive career. Journalism and the writing of fiction are two quite separate, and it is assumed, incompatible occupations. The second point is a “horses for courses” pecking order of current periodicals for the information of the would-be woman journalist. The first group, the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator* and the *Speaker* are to be avoided; they require an advanced technique, and they touch on subjects with which women are not conversant. A third group, which includes the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly*, the *National*, *Westminster*, and *Contemporary Reviews*, require “expert knowledge, scholarship or high technique,” and should also be eschewed. The middle-category, high-class general magazines, *Blackwood’s*, *Macmillan’s*, the *Cornhill*, *Longman’s* are more suitable and the would-be female journalist is likely to succeed in them.¹ These categories are interesting, I suggest, when one looks at where women journalists had published their work prior to 1898. The final point to note in the *Guide* is Bennett’s encouragement to women to branch out in their subject matter, to treat topics “not commonly termed feminine.” “There is no reason why a woman should not deal as effectively as a man with general matters” (54). To that end she is given two pieces of practical advice: a London base is an advantage, and she should obtain a reader’s ticket to the British Museum. The combination of London lodgings and a reader’s ticket becomes a kind of leitmotif in the lives of women journalists from the 1840s through to the 1890s.

¹ Bennett 83-84. Valeric Sanders has also drawn attention to Bennett’s *Guide* in *Eve’s Renegades* (129).

A more familiar image of the woman journalist, one with possibly more relevance to the first half of the century, but an image which took a very long time to die out, has been highlighted by Linda Peterson; it is in Book 3 of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, published in 1857. Aurora has gone to London to earn her living as a writer. She takes "a chamber up three flights of stairs" in "a certain house in Kensington" where, she tells the reader:

The midnight oil
 Would stink sometimes; there came some vulgar needs:
 I had to live that therefore I might work,
 And, being but poor, I was constrained, for life,
 To work with one hand for the booksellers
 While working with the other for myself
 And art. (Bk 3, lines 299-305)

The image of two forms of literary activity, the first, to earn essential income and the other devoted to the higher calling of art, is one which resonates for many nineteenth-century writers, male and female. Peterson has shown that Barrett Browning was much influenced by Laman Blanchard's 1841 biography of Letitia Landon, and by other biographical notices which proliferated after her death, and that she incorporated various details of Landon's writing life into *Aurora's*.² Landon's biographers emphasised her enormous prose production, consisting mainly of articles for William Jerdan's *Literary Gazette*, and routinely described her attic room at 22 Hans Place, with its spare furnishings, books and papers strewn everywhere. The emphasis is not so much on drudgery as on her prodigious learning. As biographer Emma Roberts recorded: "the history and literature of all ages, and all countries were familiar to her; . . . the extent of her learning, and the depth of her research, manifesting themselves in publications which do not bear her name" (17). Blanchard too describes her journalism as bearing the "results of great miscellaneous reading, research in more than one foreign language, acuteness and brilliancy of remark—with, it is true, much hastiness of judgment, many prejudiced and inconclusive views, frequent wildness of assertion" (72).

The image is ambivalent—midnight oil, hardship, penury, haste and hackwork—but also knowledge and learning which went unacknowledged because unsigned. But as Peterson points out, the room in London, with its implicit independence of family ties, was a significant step in the professional writing lives of women, and the writing of reviews, translations, and other "hack work" was recognised as necessary to support a literary career. She notes the number of women writers who from the 1820s through to the 1840s moved to lodgings in London as a sign of their professional aspirations: Harriet Martineau in Fludyer St, Landon in Hans Place, Mary Ann Evans at 142 The Strand, Eliza Lynn at Montagu Place.

² Peterson, "Rewriting A History of the Lyre" 124-25. The discussion is expanded in chapter four of Peterson's *Traditions of Victorian Women's Autobiography*.

The whiff of Grub Street and the conscious separation of writing in order to pay the bills from writing for oneself and one's "art," in Aurora's terms, dogged women writers in particular until the end of the century. Hence Elizabeth Gaskell in 1851 writes in mock exasperation to her friend Tottie Fox after *Mary Barton* has been snubbed as "light and transitory":

I have offered myself to the "Critic" as a writer. I did it in a state of rage . . . and I swore I would penny-a-line and have nothing to do with publishers never no more; so my critics generously offered me 7s. a column. (I never saw the paper but I heard it was a respectable dullard) and I counted up and think its about 3d a line, so I think I shall do well—. (172)

Of course she didn't mean it. Journalism—and like so many others, she distinguished between serialising one's novel in a periodical and reviewing or writing occasional pieces for it—remained decidedly secondary in her writing life, resorted to when there was a particular financial need. The word "journalist" was never applied to Elizabeth Gaskell. And yet she was a natural journalist. In the 1850s she adapted herself to the readership of *Household Words*, "writing down" to her information-hungry audience, and in the next decade wrote for her peers in the *Cornhill*, *Fraser's* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. She had no difficulty in finding a journalistic "voice." She did not, like George Eliot, consciously adopt a masculine persona in order to blend in with her fellow contributors and the largely masculine readership of the *Westminster Review* or the *Leader*. Nor did she assume masculinity and then drop her guard, or affect the grand manner in her openings, and then "lapse" into her "real" self, as was the case with Margaret Oliphant. Gaskell was herself from the beginning. She wrote comfortably in the first person. Her articles were unsigned, but her authorship, at least in *Household Words*, is unmistakable. Had she continued to write extensively in the next journalistic era, for middle-class family magazines such as the *Cornhill* and *Fraser's*, there is no doubt that she could have adapted herself easily to the demands of these readers. Why didn't she? She preferred to write fiction—of that there is no doubt. But the most likely reason is that unlike Margaret Oliphant or Marian Evans or Eliza Lynn Linton she did not need to write to support herself or her family. Had she done so, there is little doubt that "literature" and "journalism" would have remained separate and distinct activities in her writing life, as they were for others of her generation.

Carol Christ notes that in a trawl of the *Wellesley Index* she could find only eleven women writers who were credited with more than fifty articles each, apart from novels and poetry. Christ's list is of course dependent on the fortuitous selection of periodicals in the *Wellesley*, but most of them would be regarded as organs of the higher journalism, which Christopher Kent has shown opened up a second career at the mid-century for members of the emerging professions, graduates of the universities and politicians. This "mid-Victorian clerisy," as Kent termed it, was by definition almost exclusively masculine—in Morgan's less neutral terms it was a Foucauldian "fellowship of discourse," a hegemonic group that controls the production of discourse

in a given society by formulating and enforcing “rules of exclusion” (7). Christ’s eleven women, however crudely identified, are significant individually and collectively for their encroachment on this predominantly masculine world.

In her 1995 book *Mrs Oliphant: "A Fiction to Herself": A Literary Life* Elisabeth Jay writes perceptively about Oliphant’s journalism. She sees the journalism—and it was for the most part reviewing—as inextricably bound up with her writing of fiction. Rather than separating the two in her own mind, Jay argues that in Oliphant’s case reviewing fuelled her creativity rather than exhausting it. Due to the demands of her reviewing she became a voracious reader of the works of other writers and her own work was as a result enriched. As we know from her *Autobiography* Oliphant was dismissive, if not resentful of the images of a life dedicated to art, the literary success story as projected both by Cross’s *George Eliot’s Life*, which she reviewed, and by Trollope’s autobiography:

I have never had any theory on the subject. I have written because it gave me pleasure, because it came natural to me, because it was like talking or breathing, besides the big fact that it was necessary for me to work for my children . . . They are my work, which I like in the doing, which is my natural way of occupying myself, though they are never so good as I meant them to be. And when I have said that, I have said all that is in me to say. (Coghill 4-5)

By “my work” Oliphant was referring not only to her novels, but to her reviews, biographies, literary histories, or as Virginia Woolf described them in *Three Guineas*: “the innumerable faded articles, reviews, sketches of one kind or another which she contributed to literary papers.” Woolf’s dismissal of Oliphant’s journalism was made to advance her argument that she had “sold her brain, her very admirable brain, prostituted her culture and enslaved her intellectual liberty in order that she might earn her living and educate her children” (166). And this is how Oliphant has been perceived until very recently, a writer condemned by her industry.

For her contemporaries too it was her prolificacy which was always commented upon, and the negative comments were directed to her journalism, not her fiction. Edith Simcox related a conversation with George Eliot in 1878 when the talk was “of translations, ignorance in print, and the unprincipledness of even good people like Mrs Oliphant who write of that whereof they know nothing” (Haight 228). Henry James remarked that no one had practised criticism “more in the hit-or-miss fashion than Mrs. Oliphant . . . I should almost suppose in fact that no woman had ever, for half a century, had her personal ‘say’ so publicly and irresponsibly” (358). But as Jay points out, the comment is interestingly double-edged. James noted her prodigious output but he also noted her influence. Hardy’s irritated reference to her review of *Jude* in the preface to the 1912 edition as “the screaming of a poor woman in *Blackwood’s*” is another inadvertent testimony to the power of her reviewing (42).

Jay argues that Oliphant suffered in comparison with George Eliot, and the model of a working life which she presented to her contemporaries—a writing life in

which journalism was an apprenticeship abandoned when financial security was achieved, and “serious” writing could begin. A more appropriate model for Oliphant, she suggests, would be contemporary novelists like Fay Weldon, Anita Brookner, A.S. Byatt and Marina Warner, who successfully combine reviewing with creative writing, and who do not regard journalism as “the financial penalty for being a minor artist” (4). Eliot’s earnings from her journalism and the marked upward curve of her income once her fiction became successful tell their own story (see *Journals* 58, 64-65, 72, 75, 88, 301-02). The description of journalism as “the financial penalty for being a minor artist” is difficult, in Oliphant’s case, to resist. But is Jay correct in her assumption that Eliot was the dominant model for her generation of women writers?

If one turns to Eliza Lynn Linton, Oliphant’s contemporary, and also George Eliot’s, there are some interesting contrasts. Linton’s career, more than that of any of her contemporaries, paved the way for Fenwick Miller’s comment that there was work for women in journalism and that the amateur had no place in this world. In many ways Linton was also Arnold Bennett’s model—independent from the age of twenty-three, living in her London lodgings and with a reader’s ticket to the British Museum. She was entirely self-educated—her deep resentment of her clergyman father’s neglect of her education is a theme which runs through her fiction and her journalism. Her envy of what she perceived as George Eliot’s fortunate upbringing in contrast to her own is transparently obvious near the beginning of her review of Cross’s *Life*:

Lonely she might be, but she was never cold shouldered at her own home, never snubbed nor suppressed, nor made to feel that her exceptional gifts were exceptional defects. She was always admired, believed in, sympathized with, helped forward; and she did not lose her time by the arduous process and inevitable mistakes of self-education. (513)

Lynn Linton was, as her biographers emphasise, the first woman newspaper writer to draw a fixed salary—twenty guineas per month for writing six leaders for the *Morning Chronicle*, on all subjects apart from politics where, by her own account her then radical sympathies were regarded as antipathetic.³

The volume of her writing is truly astonishing. Between August 1849 and February 1851 she wrote eighty articles and thirty-six reviews. In a single year, 1859, she produced ninety-seven articles, roughly two per week, for a variety of journals: the *Literary Gazette*, *Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, the *Athenaeum*, *Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal*. In 1870-71 the total was 225, written for the *Saturday Review*, *All the Year Round* and the *Queen*. Dickens’s comment, written against her name in the *Household Words* contributors’ book: “good for anything and thoroughly reliable” sums up her approach to her job (Layard 125-26, 163).

³ She was not, her biographer acknowledged, the first woman newspaper writer. Harriet Martineau, Caroline Norton and Harriet Grote preceded her. See Layard 59-60.

She had what Nancy Anderson describes as a chameleon-like ability to adapt her style to the editorial tones of the diverse journals for which she wrote. She submitted a piece to George Bentley with the comment, "Every magazine has a certain keynote, and I have almost invariably found that a paper written for one does not suit another. If you do not care for it, I will turn it into a different key for another" (qtd Anderson 71-72). It is instructive to read through her pieces for the *Fortnightly* and to compare them with her articles in *Temple Bar*. Those in the *Fortnightly* exude gravitas and detailed knowledge of her subjects, although John Addington Symonds accused her of stealing material from his *Renaissance in Italy* for her February 1888 article on Italian women in the middle ages without acknowledgment.⁴ Those in *Temple Bar* were shorter, geared to that journal's less intellectually demanding and acknowledged feminine readership, or as the *Wellesley Index* described them, "the comfortable, literate but ill-educated middle class which read magazines for pure entertainment and easy instruction" (3: 387).

Straightforward reviewing is less predominant in Lynn Linton's output than in Oliphant's. Her metier is the "occasional" piece. Just as the circumstances of her own life emerge in her fiction, so they do in her journalism. A series of articles in *Temple Bar* in the early 1860s reflect her growing disenchantment with her marriage. One is ominously entitled "False Steps and Wrong Roads" (*Temple Bar* November 1862). "The Countess Melusine" and "Loops and Parentheses," also published in *Temple Bar* (February 1861 and August 1862) are about a wife trying to impose domestic order on an unwilling and chaotic husband, reflecting the tensions in the Linton household. Another, on "Domestic Life" (*Temple Bar* February 1862) proclaims, with pained transparency: "I do not believe in happy homes; why then swear that the mirage is living water" (415). Her response to the G.H. Lewes/Thornton Hunt menage, which spilled out later in the chapter on George Eliot in *My Literary Life* (1899), became a kind of King Charles's head at this period, turning up bizarrely in an article on Balzac: "And for a man to pose as a victim when he has sanctioned his wife's adultery and given his name to the children which are not his, is but a weak manner of repenting his complaisance. Still, it is human nature, as we saw here in England not so many years ago" (*Temple Bar* November 1886: 388).

Her reviews could be devastating. "I could not but cut it up. I have cut up every book I have had from them," she remarked after reviewing Mrs Henry Wood's *Elster's Folly*. "I cannot help it! If they send me trash, I must in my quality of faithful critic say that it is trash!" (qtd Layard 107). Yet later a discerning three-part series on Balzac in *Temple Bar* (October-December 1886) demonstrated her critical acuity, and she proved herself capable of a generous review of Rhoda Broughton in the same journal (June 1887). She was not above cross dressing in her reviewing, not so surprising for a writer whose fictionalised autobiography, *The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland* (1885), was written as if by a masculine narrator. But this happened only rarely. She came into her own as a journalist in the age of signature. "E.L.L." was a common signature on her

⁴ See Anderson 191. The series of articles on the history of women in the *Fortnightly* 1887-89 provocatively correlated female political activity with the decline of the nation, a position which was challenged by Millicent Garrett Fawcett in the *Fortnightly* for April 1889.

pieces, initials offering a disguise as to gender. "E. Lynn Linton" was the preferred form. She retained "Lynn" after her marriage deliberately so that it should not be lost. The articles on her contemporaries, George Eliot and Rhoda Broughton, significantly, were unsigned.

In the 1850s Lynn Linton earned as much as £250 a year for her journalism, which compared favourably with George Eliot's earnings at the same time. Later the figure rose to £500, compared with £600 to £800 for each of her novels.⁵ Her "press work" was the substance, while her independent writings were "the decorations of my income," she recorded later (qtd Layard 77). Initially the "decorations," the novels, were what mattered. She smarted when her entry in the 1859 edition of *Men of the Time* pointed out that she was no longer publishing "separate works" and was confining herself to periodical pieces. She told John Blackwood in 1863 that her primary ambition was "to get out of periodical literature and to succeed as a writer of good novels" (qtd Anderson 99).

But all of this changed in March 1868 with the publication of her article "The Girl of the Period" in the *Saturday Review*. As her biographer G.S. Layard records, up until that time she was little more to the public than "one of the great nameless band of literary hacks" (136). With "The Girl of the Period" she became a household word. And it is for her writings on women—Nancy Anderson estimates that there were over one thousand—that she is almost exclusively remembered. "The Girl of the Period" as a literary event was a journalist's dream. The title was hers, but the concept was not new. There had been other articles in the *Saturday Review* about "the British fast young lady" but she coined the phrase which stuck. The style—tough, hard hitting, trenchant—was what made the article a *cause célèbre*. It was published anonymously but after Linton claimed she met two other people who professed to have written it, she let her authorship be known. The pamphlet version, which was reprinted within the year, bore her signature.

As Susan Hamilton points out in the introduction to her anthology of nineteenth-century writing by women on women, "*Criminals, Idiots, Women and Minors*," it is one of the truisms in the history of women's journalism that in the very act of writing on the "Woman Question" the woman writer "helps to establish the legitimacy and authority of women's participation and perspective on public issues, and helps to produce a public, professional identity for women as social and political critics" (13). It is one of the great ironies of that same history that some of the most forceful contributions were made on the anti-feminist side, and Linton's in particular. In the years following "The Girl of the Period" she wrote for the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Fortnightly*, two of the periodicals on Bennett's proscribed list—her positions increasingly extreme and the furore they provoked rising to ever more exaggerated crescendos. The debate over "the Wild Women" in the *Nineteenth Century*, written when she was seventy, gave a new boost to her reputation for controversy.⁶ She did not,

⁵ Anderson 140, Layard 60. For a comparison with George Eliot's earnings, see note 3 above.

⁶ Hamilton reprints, as well as "The Girl of the Period," "The Modern Revolt," "The Wild Women: as Politicians" and "The Wild Women: as Social Insurgents".

in her last years, confine herself to women's issues. She reversed her earlier opinion on Home Rule and vigorously opposed it. She endorsed Darwin's theories in an article on Pasteur in the *Fortnightly* for August 1885 which caught Gladstone's eye. He then quoted from it in an article the following November in the *Nineteenth Century*, to which Linton wrote a rebuttal. Gladstone's article and her rebuttal were then reprinted along with essays by Huxley and Max Muller in *The Order of Creation: The Conflict between Genesis and Geology*. This woman journalist did not confine herself to the traditional feminised spaces (see Anderson 189).

What Nancy Anderson described as a "chameleon-like" ability to adapt her style to suit a periodical has been more cynically described by Linton's critics as opportunism, particularly as regards her views on women. In Dorothy Mermin's view she "entered the fray from whatever viewpoint was most saleable at any given moment" (55). The transition from the radicalism of her youth—she was one of the first to champion Mary Wollstonecraft—to the arch-conservatism of her later years, and the disjunction of the role for women prescribed in her journalism with the freedom she herself enjoyed as a successful professional woman was not lost on her contemporaries. Layard, her friend as well as her biographer, put the argument for her "courageous change of front" and expanded on her belief that "emancipation had not proved such a success in her case as to warrant its general adoption" (139-40). But few were persuaded.

At the height of her fame numerous stories about her were in circulation. Robert Louis Stevenson told his mother that she was "the nastiest looking woman I ever saw," and Shirley Brooks, the editor of *Punch*, once gave her a pen wiper in the shape of a wasp (Anderson 136). Layard, meeting her for the first time in the 1880s, described her as having "the upright carriage of one who knew she was a 'somebody'" (282). Contemporary biographers and memoirists were quick to discern the nature of her achievement. Mrs Alec Tweedie, in "A Chat with Mrs. Lynn Linton" in *Temple Bar* (July 1894) four years before her death, wrote sycophantically that "she has a man's brain coupled with a woman's tenderness" (355), and alleged that even the room in which she wrote "resembles a man's rather than a woman's and its masculine severity is strictly in keeping with her authorship" (364). More significantly she commented:

It is, however more as an essayist that she has made her name, and in that capacity she stands far ahead of any other member of her sex. No woman holds the position she does as a magazine writer. Her language is so powerful and her opinions are so clear they lend themselves to that particular class of work; and as an essayist she is consequently continually before the public. (363)

Layard accurately summed up her career: "In a word she was great as a journalist, and in journalism is found her highest achievement. . . . It has been the fashion to regard her primarily as a novelist, whereas her novel-writing, remarkable as it was, was but a side issue and subordinate" (212).

It can be argued that Eliza Lynn Linton was the first woman journalist in the modern mode—a writer for whom journalism was not “the financial penalty for being a minor artist” but rather a professional and remunerative career, as Florence Fenwick Miller suggested it could be. From Linton the line moves on to writers like Alice Meynell and Virginia Woolf, women writers for whom journalism was a significant strand in a writing life, and from there to writers like Rebecca West, whose journalism, it has been suggested, reinforced her authority as a novelist. The ideal reader for Arnold Bennett’s *Journalism for Women: A Practical Guide* is difficult to fathom in the context of the woman of the nineties. One cannot help thinking that it would have been a much more convincing publication had John Lane given the job of writing it to Eliza Lynn Linton.

Works Cited

- Anderson, Nancy Fix. *Woman Against Women in Victorian England: A Life of Eliza Lynn Linton*. Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1987.
- Bennett, E(noch)A(mold). *Journalism for Women: A Practical Guide*. London: John Lane, 1898.
- Blanchard, S. L. *The Life and Literary Remains of Letitia Elizabeth Landon*. 2 vols. London: Colburn, 1841. Vol. 1.
- Christ, Carol T. “‘The Hero as Man of Letters’: Masculinity and Victorian Nonfiction Prose,” *Morgan* 19-31.
- Coghill, Mrs. Harry, ed. *Autobiography and Letters of Mrs Oliphant*. Introd. Q. D. Leavis. Leicester: Leicester UP, 1974.
- Gaskell, Elizabeth. *The Letters of Mrs Gaskell*. Ed. J.A.V. Chapple and Arthur Pollard. Manchester: Manchester UP, 1966.
- Haight, Gordon S. *The George Eliot Letters*. 9 vols. New Haven: Yale UP, 1954-79. Vol. 9.
- Hamilton, Susan, ed. “*Criminals, Idiots, Women & Minors*”: *Victorian Writing by Women on Women*. Peterborough, Ontario: Broadview Press, 1995.
- Thomas Hardy. April 1912 Postscript to the Preface. *Jude the Obscure*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1978.
- James, Henry. “London Notes, August 1897.” *Notes on Novelists*. London: Dent, 1914. 358.
- Harris, Margaret and Judith Johnston, eds. *The Journals of George Eliot*. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1998.
- Jay, Elisabeth. *Mrs Oliphant: “A Fiction to Herself”: A Literary Life*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1995.
- Kent, Christopher. “The Higher Journalism and the Mid-Victorian Clerisy.” *Victorian Studies* 13 (1969-70): 181-200.
- Layard, G. S. *Mrs Lynn Linton: Her Life, Letters and Opinions*. London: Methuen, 1901.
- Linton, Eliza Lynn. “George Eliot.” *Temple Bar* (April 1885): 513.

- Mermin, Dorothy. *Godiva's Ride: Women of Letters in England, 1830-1880*. Bloomington: Indiana UP 1993.
- Morgan, Thais E., ed. *Victorian Sages and Cultural Discourse: Renegotiating Gender and Power*. New Brunswick: Rutgers UP, 1990.
- Peterson, Linda H. "Rewriting A History of the Lyre: Letitia Landon, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and the (Re)Construction of the Nineteenth-Century Woman Poet." *Women's Poetry, Late Romantic to Late Victorian: Gender and Genre, 1830-1900*. Ed. Isobel Armstrong and Virginia Blain. London: Macmillan, 1999.
- . *Traditions of Victorian Women's Autobiography: the Poetics and Politics of Life Writing*. London: UP of Virginia, 1999.
- Roberts, Emma, ed. *The Zenana and Minor Poems of L.E.L. with a Memoir*. London: Fisher, [1839].
- Sanders, Valerie. *Eve's Renegades: Victorian Anti-Feminist Women Novelists*. London: Macmillan, 1996.
- Thompson, Dorothy. "Women, Work and Politics in Nineteenth-Century England: The Problem of Authority." *Equal or Different: Women's Politics 1800-1914*. Ed. Jane Rendall. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1987. 57-81.
- The Wellesley Index to Victorian Periodicals*. Ed. W.E. and E.R. Houghton. London: Routledge, 1979. Vol 3.
- Woolf, Virginia. *Three Guineas*. London: Hogarth, 1938.