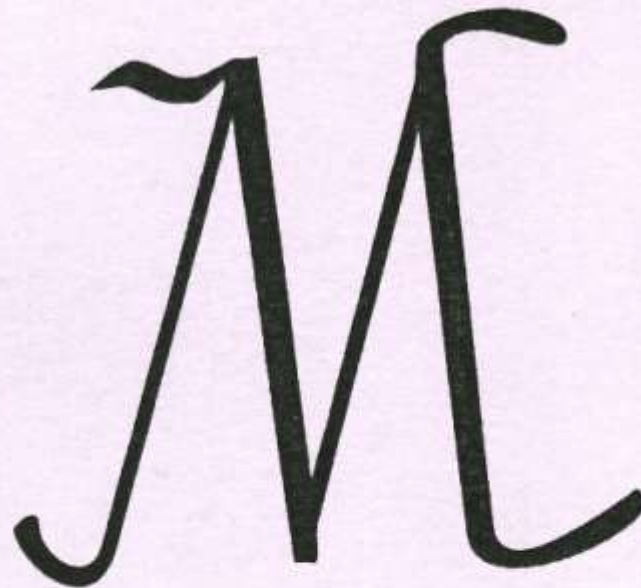


The
Martineau
Society



Nineteenth Newsletter
February 2004

THE MARTINEAU SOCIETY

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EDITORIAL

It appears my valedictory comments in the last Editorial were somewhat premature: unfortunately Barbara Todd, who was intending to take over as editor, has been suffering from poor health, and is now unable to take on the Newsletter as planned. I have therefore taken it back for this issue, but would very much welcome any offers from members who feel they would have the time (and the patience!) to be the next Newsletter Editor. You will need basic computer skills and access to a computer, but if necessary I can still help in arranging for copies to be printed. In the meantime, please excuse the lateness of this issue.

Observant members will have noticed that we have another important anniversary coming up: the tenth anniversary of our foundation as a Society, which we shall be celebrating in Birmingham this July (2-4th). Why Birmingham? Well, Birmingham has long been associated with the Martineaus as civic leaders, ever since Harriet and James's brother Robert became Lord Mayor of the city in 1846. Robert remained a supportive friend throughout her life, when her relationship with James disintegrated, and Harriet's body was finally buried there, rather than near her home in the Lake District. The University Library has substantial holdings of Martineau papers, which we shall be seeing this summer. There is even a Martineau Square in the city centre - so please come and see for yourselves! Meanwhile special thanks are due to Sophia Hankinson, who is not only making all the arrangements for the Birmingham meeting, but who, with Alan Middleton, has been the driving force behind the Society's beginnings and continued success.

We would very much like to see more members attending events and becoming actively involved in the work of the Society. The annual meetings are always in interesting places, and provide an opportunity for scholars and those with general interest in the Martineaus to meet together and exchange information in a friendly and unstuffy environment. Unlike the big literary societies, which can seem rather grand and impersonal, we are a small and relaxed group who are always keen to welcome new faces.

Let's now build on the success of the first ten years, and see what we can do with the next ten - of which the first significant event is the bicentenary of James's birth in 2005. Barbara Todd ensured that Harriet's bicentenary in 2002 was a party to remember: there was also a commemorative conference for James's death centenary at Harris Manchester College in 2000. The James scholars now have a second opportunity to do something for this forthcoming anniversary: something to discuss at the AGM in the summer, so either come to the meeting in person, or else let one of the Committee or me know of any thoughts.

AGM OXFORD 2003

After all the fun of the Bicentenary celebrations last year in Ambleside, we returned to the familiar territory of Harris Manchester College, Oxford, for 2003, where one of the highlights was being shown some of the library's more unusual holdings by the Librarian, Sue Killoran. What intrigued many of us the most was a birthday book kept by James Martineau's youngest daughter, Edith, for twenty years from the ages of five to twenty-five. I found this so

interesting that I went back to read it in January, and have written briefly about it elsewhere in this Newsletter.

We were also delighted to have Christine Penney with us to talk about the Martineau papers at Birmingham University Library. These are a major resource for Martineau scholars, which we are looking forward to investigating further at this year's AGM in Birmingham. Other equally enjoyable and fascinating papers by other members and guests appear either in this or the next Newsletter, in an abridged form. The rest of the time was spent exploring the rich cultural setting of Oxford itself.

Books from Norwich School

Those of you who joined us on the AGM and Trail in Norwich in 2001 may remember our visit to Norwich School, where we were shown some editions of Harriet Martineau's works in their collection. Those books have since been offered to Sue Killoran, Librarian at Harris Manchester College, Oxford, where they have now been placed. They include copies of *Biographical Sketches*, *Eastern Life, Present and Past*, *The Hour and the Man*, an incomplete set of *Illustrations of Political Economy*, *Traditions of Palestine*, *Restrospect of Western Travel*, and *Society in America*. James Martineau's *Endeavours after the Christian Life* is also in the collection. We are very grateful to Dr Paul Cattermole and Norwich School for their generosity in making this gift to the College.

"Memories of Lenton" by Mary Constance Martineau

Sophia Hankinson has sent in the following extracts from *Memories of Lenton* by Mary Constance Martineau (1830-1917) whose mother was a Needham of Lenton:

p 75 'In May Cousin Harriet Martineau came and remained nearly a month, partly at Lenton, partly at Lenton Field.. She had just been cured by mesmerism of her long illness at Tynemouth, and was very full of the subject. She had wonderful tales to tell, and we felt it a great privilege to hear them. Mr Atkinson came, too, for a few days, but I do not remember that we greatly admired him, although of course we were much interested in seeing one of whom we had heard so much.'

[1845]'..delightful three weeks tour at the Lakes...in our large, roomy travelling carriage which we took on the railway as far as Leeds, posting thence by Ilkley to Bolton Bridge, where we spent Sunday, seeing th ruins of the old abbey and the Strid, celebrated in Wordsworth's poem. On the Monday we posted by Skipton, Kirby Lonsdale and Kendal to Bowness, where we stayed three days...my first sight of mountains...next morning was wet but in the afternoon we drove to Waterhead, to see Cousin Harriet Martineau who was then lodging there and planning her future home at Ambleside...'

A PLEA FOR A REPRINT OF *THE HOUR AND THE MAN* by Ruth Braithwaite

Unlike *Deerbrook*, reprinted by Virago a few years ago, HM's novel *The Hour and The Man*, based on the life of Toussaint L'Ouverture, is not easily accessible to the general public. Surely it is time for a new edition?

The story of the negro who led a successful revolution of the slaves of Haiti against the French settlers, who preached NO RETALIATION to his well-disciplined troops, proving to be a wise administrator as well as a military genius, has obvious relevance for us today, when too little effort is put into restoring order and stability into war-ravaged lands.

The Mandela-like character of Toussaint would be an excellent model for a new generation. This is a book which would be wonderful to read aloud to school children, a lucidly written adventure story which might be enjoyed by all kinds of people, as HM intended, when she wrote it with missionary zeal, hoping to win converts for the Anti-Slavery Society.

Although HM did not complete her novel until the autumn of 1840 when she was an invalid at Tynemouth, her first inspiration came from reading a article in the *Quarterly* on January 15, 1838:

We little know what a day may bring forth: while reading an article in the *Quarterly* on Haiti, it flashed across my mind that my novel must be on the Haitian revolution, and Toussaint my hero. It furnishes me with a plot, it will do a world of good to the slave question...Spent the morning looking our materials which abound. At my mother's earnest request, told her my Haitian project. (*Harriet Martineau's Autobiography* (1877), III, p. 216)

Fortunately for Mrs Martineau, HM was not one of those writers - including Graham Greene and Charlotte Brontë - who cannot bear to talk about a work in progress. 'We sat over the fire, talking about my novel, till half past twelve,' a later entry records. Some of her friends - and the publisher, Moxon, thought having a 'coloured' man as a hero "hazardous", but her neighbour, the poet Samuel Rogers, made a remark which would bear fruit: 'Rogers observed that in Scott's, the story stands still during dialogue, while in Miss Austen,

as in a play, the story proceeds by way of the dialogue.' Carlyle was not present that evening, but a week later, he sent her a letter which was full of encouragement: 'Note from Carlyle, very hearty about my book, and advising me to keep clear of theory and cling to giving pictures of facts' (Show, don't tell! as creative writing tutors say nowadays). Carlyle, who said that he could only write when seized with a sort of paroxysm of clairvoyance knew that nothing must be allowed to stand in the way of true inspiration. HM admired Carlyle as profoundly as she did Austen, whom she considered a glorious novelist. She may even have been in love with him, as Jane suspected. On January 2nd, when he called at Fludyer Street, her diary recorded: 'Carlyle called...very kind. Looks finely, and it is worth watching his entrance into a room full of company. So modest, so gentlemanly!'

No one can accuse HM of writing for the films, but she does use her pen almost like a camera, moving swiftly from one dramatic scene on the exotic island to the bleak desolation of the fortress on the Jura where Toussaint died of starvation in an icy dungeon where the sun never penetrated. HM never describes Toussaint physically, except to say that he "looked splendid" in the uniform of a Spanish general, but when Toussaint is introduced to us, riding beside his master M. Bayou and a neighbouring plantation owner, Papalier, a line of dialogue tells us what kind of man he is. Papalier, a widower who has a beautiful negress, Theresa, as his mistress, asks Toussaint how many children he has. He replies "I have five children, sir". "And as many wives, I suppose?" Toussaint is silent, and drops in the rear.

Toussaint and another loyal negro, Henri Christophe, are guiding the settlers back to their home by out-of-the-way paths, after a banquet they were attending at Cap Française broke up in confusion as smoke drifted into the room from the fires of burning plantations. Bayou boards a ship for France, but Papalier goes into hiding, hoping the revolt will soon be put down. HM makes no mention of Bayou's family, so that we are left with the impression that this humane and scholarly planter, who educated Toussaint and gave him the run of his library, may have been a lonely man.

Toussaint refuses to join the rebels, telling their leader Jean Française that he knows he is allowing his troops to commit atrocities on the settlers and their families. But when news reaches him of the imprisonment of King Louis and Marie Antoinette, "Toussaint the loyal" makes his way to the Spanish camp, telling General Hermona he offers himself to fight for his King. Hermona gives him the rank of Colonel of a black regiment, and there begins the string of victories which earn him the name of Toussaint L'Ouverture - it is said he can find a way through any situation.

One night Papalier comes to his tent, his face daubed with mud, disguised as a negro. He begs Toussaint to obtain a safe permit from Hermona to help him reach the coast and board a ship. "It was horrible - pah!" he exclaims as he washes off the mud - "but there was no other way..." "No other way than by looking like a negro" Toussaint says calmly. Theresa refuses to go to Paris with him. She believes he killed her baby by stifling its cries when they feared an ambush. She becomes the wife of one of Toussaint's generals,

Jacques Dessalines, who overhears her saying she does not care what happens to her.

Papalier asks, in passing, if Toussaint has heard of Napoleon's Edict of the Fourth of February, giving freedom to the slaves of Haiti? - "Of course it is nonsense, no one will heed it!" Late that night, Toussaint goes to ask Father Laxabon to hear his confession - Will God forgive him for fighting on the wrong side, against the providence of God? The priest upbraids him bitterly for being a deserter and a traitor.

"You will be nothing - no longer an officer, no longer even a soldier - you will be a mere negro, where negroes are wholly despised."

"I shall be a true man."

At early morning Mass, while General Hermona ponders over his letter of resignation, Toussaint appears, wearing his old plantation clothes. After telling his regiment every man must make up his mind for himself, Toussaint rides through the throng of Spanish soldiers trying to detain him.

Florence Nightingale, who read the story of Toussaint every year, said she could never forget the scene where the white petals of amaryllis and orange, carried for the Mass, strewn on him by his men as a token of honour, fly in the faces of the Spanish as they pursue the black horseman. Wearing light clothing, unencumbered by arms, Toussaint easily outdistances the Spanish soldiers. His men watch him disappear into a well-wooded hill, and a great cry of "He is safe! He is safe!" goes up from the negroes when he is seen on the ridge at the top before vanishing from sight. It is not long before his regiment follow him, riding away at midday when the Spanish are overcome by the heat and weakened by fever.

When he rules over the island of St Domingo (Haiti) as Commander-in-Chief, Toussaint invites the plantation owners to return from their exile in Paris, provided they agree to give a fourth of every harvest to the cultivators, their former slaves. M.Caze, the spokesman for the settlers, tells Toussaint they are overwhelmed with amazement and gratitude.

"We fled when our fields were ravaged - we return to find our plantations restored, our homes secure, and the passions of war stilled!"

"The passions of war need never have raged if God had permitted the whites to dream of what was in the souls of the blacks," Toussaint replies.

His old master, Bayou, is taken to his palace and welcomed by Madame Toussaint and her beautiful daughters, Aimée and Gènefrède, wearing yellow silk dresses of Parisian design. Aimée is engaged to one of the French emissaries who visit the island, Gènefrède is heartbroken by the death of her fiancé. At first, Toussaint refuses to believe the news from France: corrupted by power, Napoleon has signed a decree reinstating slavery in Haiti and all French colonies. Toussaint and his family are forced to take refuge in the mountains in the north. One day, they look down and see fifty-four ships bringing fresh troops. HM's skill as a novelist makes the love stories of Aimée and Gènefrède compelling reading. Toussaint's youngest son, Denis, and his cousins are so true to life that when their bodies are found, torn apart by Cuban bloodhounds, imported by the French to hunt down negroes, the shock is harder to bear than the graphic details of the settlers' cruelty to their slaves in a recent book on Haiti.

In the first chapter of *All Souls Rising* (Madison Smartt Bell, Granta 1997), a young French doctor fresh from Paris, goes to call on the sick wife of a plantation owner. He is shocked to see a mulatto woman, not yet dead, nailed to a pole. "She didn't even have time to get rid of the afterbirth - what happened to the child?" he asks his host. "She drove nail through its head," he replies, pouring a glass of wine. This happened frequently, the mother preferring to end the child's life rather than let it be a slave.

HM's readers would have been even more shocked if she had described Theresa's sexual exploits with her lovers. In the more recent book, the doctor finds Theresa living in an expensive apartment with her child and a maid. When the troops burn down Cap Française, she is taken to a convent, from which the doctor rescues her, feeling that "her gifts were not of the kind which would be appreciated by the nuns".

Toussaint makes only a brief appearance in *All Souls Rising* when he is a prisoner in a windowless cabin on the Heros, bound for France, after being abducted by the treacherous Le Clerc, who invited Toussaint and his family to a banquet on the ship on the promise of opening negotiations. While they were at table, the ship slipped her moorings and set sail for Brest, where Toussaint and his family are separated for ever. His face is heavily lined, he has sparse grey hair, the whites of his eyes are yellow, and he is so small that he might have been a jockey "which would account for his amazing feats of horsemanship".

Both books bring to life an important period of Haitian history, and although HM admits that she included imaginary characters as well as those who existed, her skill as a story-teller keeps us turning the

pages. *The Hour and the Man* had glowing reviews, led by Lord Jeffrey, and succeeded, as HM had hoped, in finding a wide circle of readers. Extracts were read aloud in lecture halls all over America as well as in England. "I had reason to hope that my book had done good to the Anti-Slavery Cause by bringing into full notice the intellectual and moral genius of as black a negro as ever lived" she wrote ten years later in her *Autobiography*.

Sophia Hankinson: Who's Afraid of James Martineau?

There has been a tendency towards Harriet Martineau and away from James Martineau among our speakers and writers, with the notable exception of those with theological training. The rest of us have treated JM as 'HM's little brother,' with the vague optional parenthesis 'who became a famous Unitarian minister and theologian and who quarreled with her in later years.' Coming from the Norwich Unitarian congregation, where he is still spoken of in hushed tones, as it were, if at all, and in whose memory the congregation built a Martineau Hall, I felt duty bound to find out more about him, and soon came up against a paradox. How could the cherished infant prodigy whom HM taught classics and who as an adult encouraged her early essays into journalism, who was an athletic, good-looking, student of engineering, who gave up part of his vacation to come home and resuscitate the Norwich chapel Sunday school, - how could such a one turn into the writer of numerous and voluminous works the language of which has ensured that the cabinet in which they repose remains locked, and the key lost, for a century?

When I found a biography of Gertrude (James's fourth and longest surviving daughter) by Violet Martineau, the mystery deepened. From the point of view of his daughters, JM is the warm-hearted, sensitive, loving paterfamilias who carted his wife and seven children off to a holiday, first in the Lakes, but for 30 years in the Scottish highlands, where they established a home, each summer. There he spent much of every day walking and talking and playing with them; and even when at home during the rest of the year in Liverpool or London, he read to them over tea (Dickens and Scott, for instance) every day his duties allowed, and helped his wife direct their schooling.

Later, I was given the two-volume Life and Letters published two years after JM's death and found it as might be expected, somewhat adulatory. But here is the paradox in the flesh, as it were: the good pastor, loving family man and friend, even on informal occasions, writing letters to his friends which, while their warmth fills them with charm, seem to us nowadays laboriously orotund. Taking an example at random, he starts: 'My dear friend, your letter is so rich in important suggestions, that it has furnished constant matter for reflection in my rambles ever since, and often in wakeful hours of the night...for the last year and a half I have so deeply felt the privilege of yielding myself to your influence every other Sunday...,' when what he means is... sorry to be so long replying to your wonderful letter, it has given me a lot to think about, as your sermons always do... Should we be surprised if his serious works are little read?

Of course JM's theological works were meant for his peers and colleagues - ordinary people were hardly expected to understand or

have opinions about God in his day - and if JM had been born a century later (I firmly believe) when classical education had loosened its hold on intellects like his, and such verbiage was no longer required in writing, he would surely now be much more widely revered and read.

As it is, his published writings (mainly sermons or derived from sermons) needed a translator for the 21st century, and have now found one. Our President, Frank Schulman, has read them and taken them in his stride, and in a little book called *James Martineau - 'This Conscience-Intoxicated Unitarian,'* has distilled them into a dispassionate survey of this extraordinary man's religious thinking in plain, clear, English, painlessly understandable by non-theologians. There is even a page (65) devoted to JM's explanation of why he had to use such elaborate language.

The two sides of the paradox now merge into one: here we have the sincere man who felt it his duty to tackle the age-old questions about God and Man, Jesus, other religions and the relationship between them, and in particular, about the conduct of worship and the position of the minister - questions every good little boy and girl must wonder about, but JM had the intellect to work out for himself the answers and the sense of duty (matched only by HM's) to tell everyone what they were.

In Schulman's summary, there are sections on Worship, Sources of Authority, and JM's theology, helpfully subdivided for easy reference, all neatly packed into 176 pages including notes, and a very useful chronology, and full bibliography. With Schulman's help we can now see through JM's eyes the problem of the minister - the tension between public worship, the way of awakening people to an

awareness of their true nature and divine potential (which he regarded as his most important task), and the free expression of the spirit which led to his insistence on the term 'Free Christian' church: 'the aim of worship is not to feel good or to make friends, it is to draw the person closer to God.' We can understand why he felt the Anglican Prayerbook, while achieving great eloquence and beauty, forestalled the search for further truth. JM followed the Puritan idea that devotion should be a free outpouring of the spirit and God has 'more truth and light to break forth from his word.'

One mystery, already the subject of much debate in this Society, is not explained: why did JM and HM never make up their quarrel? In his introductory biographical chapter, Schulman just says JM could not approve of HM's positivist stance - but is that a reason for our family man to discard a sister? The paradox rears its ugly head again.

But this was meant to be a brief appreciation, and I can only commend the book for your further reading - no theological qualification required!

While looking up extracts from Violet Martineau's book I came across some letters from Hugh Kinder in 1997. At an early meeting I had just mentioned the possibility of visiting the Polchar, the home JM made for his family near Aviemore. Hugh had mentioned that his daughter lives in the neighbourhood, and many months later wrote to tell me the detailed results of his reconnaissance when he was visiting her. I had quite forgotten, and was most touched that he had gone to such trouble, but now realise this was just typical of Hugh. I should like to dedicate this brief paper to his memory.

NEWS FROM AMERICA

Deborah Logan has updated us on news from Martineau scholars at work in North America and Canada. She writes that Susan Hoecker-Drysdale and her husband John (who were both at the Bicentenary events in 2002) are currently Visiting Professors at the University of Iowa, though their home base is still in Montreal. Her eight-volume facsimile edition of *Harriet Martineau: Studies of America, 1831-1868* has now been published by Thoemmes Press. A full library set can be ordered for \$1,000 or £675. It contains her three major works on America, plus an eighth volume of diverse articles and writings on America from 1831 to 1868.

Meanwhile, Linda Peterson's new edition of the *Autobiography* is due to be published by Broadview in 2005. In fact, new editions of Martineau's work with scholarly introductions are falling thick and fast from the press. 2003 marked the publication of Maria Frawley's edition of *Life in the Sick-Room* (also Broadview), and Deborah's volume of *Illustrations of Political Economy (A Manchester Strike, Weal and Woe in Garveloch, Sowers Not Reapers, and Cousin Marshall)* is forthcoming from Broadview in summer 2004. Her Empire series published by Pickering and Chatto (5 vols) appeared in January. Deborah is currently on sabbatical working on a new edition of Martineau's *History of England*, including a volume on her work with Nightingale on sanitary reform, and a projected collected letters.

Michael Hill's *An Independent Woman's Lake District Writings: Harriet Martineau* will be published this spring or summer by Humanity Books (Prometheus). Carol Keller has been editing her dissertation on James and Harriet preparatory to sending it out to

publishers; and finally, Maria Frawley, Linda Peterson and Deborah Logan will be presenting an all-HM panel at the British Women Writers Conference in Athens, Georgia, in March.

Another forthcoming new edition is Valerie Sanders's Penguin Classics edition of *Deerbrook*, with footnotes and Introduction, which will be published later this year.

Valerie Sanders: Edith Martineau's Birthday Book

Edith Martineau (1842-1909) was James and Helen Martineau's youngest child. At the age of five she was given a blank book like a diary in which to record a summary of her year's experiences on each birthday: a ritual she observed (often several weeks or even months after the actual birthday) until she was twenty-five, when she made her last entry. With each entry increasing in length and detail, it gives us a fascinating insight into the upbringing of an intelligent young girl in a household of educated siblings and parents in the middle of the nineteenth-century. Additionally, of course, it tells us in intimate domestic detail what it was like to grow up as one of James Martineau's children. Because James has had such a bad press at the hands of Harriet, this book is particularly useful in redressing the balance. Her entry for 19 June 1849, when the family were in Berchtesgaden in Germany, is a case in point. It begins: 'Today I am seven years old, & Papa gave me the first kiss.' His present to her was some money, enclosed in 'a beautiful little box from Mamma,' with the message: 'for a young lady who loves shopping!'

When she turned ten, his behaviour was just as unexpected. 'Papa was very late for breakfast on my birthday, & at last he came in with an iced sponge-cake, on a dish wreathed round with flowers, on his head; & he came up to me & set it in my head, & I soon found that it was from Mama.'

Life as one of James's children was by no means all fun and games, however, as one might have guessed. Edith increasingly devotes her birthday book entries to accounts of lessons learned, which show that James was keen to have his daughters properly educated, albeit at home and within the family. In this respect, he was continuing the pattern Harriet describes in her *Autobiography*, when the older children taught the younger ones, at least until they went to school. Edith records that she is taught by her mother, and by her older sisters Isabella (until she marries Leyson Lewis) and Mary Ellen; but she also learns Greek from 'Papa.' 'Papa teaches me Greek now,' she records in 1854 (aged twelve), 'and I am past the main accent rules, & am in adnouns.' She adds that she is enjoying all her lessons, 'but I like my Greek from Papa one of the best.' By 1856 he was also teaching her Arithmetic, Decimal Fractions, and Geometry; significantly, too - as she was later to study at the Royal Academy - drawing lessons had begun at the Mechanics' Institute.

Then comes the shock news that they are leaving their beloved Park Nook in Liverpool, and moving to London, because of 'Papa's' new job, as 'Philosophical' Professor at Manchester New College. Edith makes it clear that she is sorry to leave, but adds stoically that because her father feels it is his 'duty to go,' 'it is for us to go as willingly & cheerfully as we can; so we will try & make the best of

our London life, though indeed it is a hard trial to leave our dear home here.' As it happened, moving to London was by no means a bad thing for Edith: it broadened her opportunities for training as an artist, which she shared with her sister Gertrude (1837-1924). They also went swimming ('at the Baths in Marylebone Road'), and drew in the British Museum. By 1861, we hear that Gertrude is trying to get into the Royal Academy School, something both she and Edith eventually achieved, in 1862 after some rejections along the way. Edith notes in 1863 that there were only '10 lady-students & 4 probationers' at the time. They seem to do everything from water-colours to chalk drawings from a 'live' model, but when she tries to learn 'Phonetic Shorthand' as well, she finds it too difficult and drops it. Meanwhile, she is still (at nineteen) learning Latin and Mathematics with Papa, and has picked up Italian. French and German were also on the syllabus, and for leisure she reads (with great enthusiasm) Mrs Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* and George Eliot's *Romola*. James's last gift mentioned in this record, before she abandons it at her own quarter-century, is a sewing-machine, which she describes ambiguously as 'a source & also a saving of much work to us.'

I learnt several things from this simple family and personal record. Firstly, that a nineteenth-century home education was not necessarily confined to 'girlish' subjects, and that contrary to popular impression, girls might well learn both Latin and Greek at home. How many teenage girls today can read Virgil and Socrates? Secondly, the birthday book gives us further proof of what we already knew - that James was a loving and involved father, and his home a busy and a happy place. The birthday book is moreover a

valuable resource for anyone interested in finding out more about women artists, as it tells us a lot about what Gertrude and Edith had to do to be admitted to the Royal Academy (and stay there!).

Thanks are due to Harris Manchester College Oxford for permission to quote from the manuscript.

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NEWSLETTER CONTRIBUTIONS

Articles, book reviews, letters, notes and observations, for the next Newsletter should be sent by the end of July to Prof Valerie Sanders, English Department, University of Hull, Hull HU6 7RX

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