Studies in English, New Series

Volume 10 Article 27

1-1-1992

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Constance Eleanor Mary Byrne D'Arcy: why, the very name is lyrical, calling up a kind of dreaminess and reveries that felicitously characterize this lady whose literary career is surrounded by obscurity, for the most part, though illuminated occasionally by recollections of those who knew her relaxing in the sunshine of Parisian cafés during her last years. She is certainly a figure to invite curiosity because in her own day, when her short stories, especially those in *The Yellow Book*, initially attracted attention, she drew the ire of late Victorian reviewers, who found her brand of bleak realism distasteful, just as they typically found most of the remaining contents in any given volume of that notorious quarterly vile and demoralizing. The latest reprintings by which she has been brought to the attention of present-day readers occur in *The Virago Book of Victorian Ghost Stories* (1988) ["The Villa Lucienne"] and in Harold Orel's anthology, *Victorian Short Stories 2: The Trials of Love* (1990) ["Irremediable"]. She has since been mentioned, but not represented, in *Victorian Ghost Stories*, ed. Michael Cox and R. A. Gilbert (1991, pp. xix, 496). In between times she has been anthologized by Helmut E. Gerber in *The English Short Story in Transition* (1967), Derek Stanford in *Short Stories of the 'Ninèties* (1968), and Ian Fletcher in *Selections from British Fiction, 1880-1900* (1972)--a New American Library volume under the general supervision of Harold Bloom--and her stories have been represented in more general period anthologies of 1890s literary and graphic art, including a translation into German of "Sir Julian Garve," for *Das Spiegelkabinett*, ed. Wolfgang Pehnt (1966). Her volumes of short stories (reprinted from 1890s periodicals), *Monochromes* and *Modern Instances*, have been reprinted in recent years by Ian Fletcher and John Stokes as selections in two prestigious series representing turn-of-the-century writings. An entry on her in the recent *Stanford Companion to Victorian Fiction*, ed. John Sutherland (1989), which alerts us to her continuing, if not flamboyant, appeal.

What has happened, then, we may well inquire, to one who was compared, to her advantage, with Hubert Crackanthorpe, Ethel Coburn Mayne, Joseph Conrad (in *Tales of Unrest* [1898]), and Henry James as a writer of great short fiction? Of one whose "place among the ranks of rising young writers in London has been assured"? Whose story, "Irremediable," in the first volume of *The Yellow Book*, was termed "a stunning piece of work"[1]--and of whom it was written as late as 1968

(Stanford, p. 64): "here was an author whom one could have wished to have written not less, but more"? This woman who was the darling of John Lane, Henry Harland, Arnold Bennett, Netta Syrett, and Richard Aldington? Who was scathingly lampooned by Frederick Rolfe, "Baron Corvo," in his novel, *Nicholas Crabbe*? And who was named among other women writers as a member of the "distinguished list" of John Lane's "Keynotes" authors? My remarks below supply answers for some of these questions, I hope; Ella D'Arcy may nevertheless be cited as one whose career and works simultaneously entice and baffle the curious.

During a college survey of British Literature, I chanced upon a reproduction of Aubrey Beardsley's cover for the first volume of *The Yellow Book*, which appeared on 15 April 1894. The pair of grotesque figures animating Beardsley's design led me to further investigation of that great periodical of decadence--which also happened to be the chief outlet for D'Arcy's short fiction, although I was unaware of that fact at the time. Those figures intrigued me immensely, as they continue to do to this day. The next year, an evaluation of a then-new book, Katherine Lyon Mix's *A Study in Yellow*: The Yellow Book *and Its Contributors* (1960), was flanked by the same Beardsley graphic in the *New York Times Book Review*. Youthful enthusiasm spurred me on, and, after reading Mrs. Mix's book, where I learned that Ella D'Arcy served as a sub-editor for *The Yellow Book,* I decided to commence analytical work on the periodical. My eventual delight proved to be Ella D'Arcy's *Yellow Book* second story, "Poor Cousin Louis," the first of her Channel Islands tales, a horrifying chronicle of abuse to an ailing, senile elderly gentleman by his avaricious, heartless servants and an opportunist doctor eager to establish a lucrative practice in the islands. The contrast between the lovely physical setting, in terms of lovely gardens and a charming old farmhouse, on the one hand, and the relentless closing in of untoward circumstances upon helpless old Louis Renouf, on the other (as he is unwittingly left by an uncomprehending younger cousin to the machinations of the evil quartet of servants and doctor), plus a conclusion that all but tells us outright of his rapidly approaching murder, make for a harrowing tale. From those long past beginnings, I have traveled some fascinating pathways into 1890s studies because of Ella D'Arcy and her circle. Those paths have led me to turn-of-the century magazines and newspapers, through secondary materials pertinent to the nineties in general and to D'Arcy in particular.[2]

Factual information in regard to Ella D'Arcy and her work is far scantier than we could wish; chronicles of this Anglo-Irish woman,

born in London, educated in her youth on the Continent, and trained at the Slade School to become a painter until poor eyesight detoured her into writing, are studded with disappointments and losses. For example, should one desire exactitude in terms of D'Arcy's biography, one will have no recourse but to wonder because accounts differ, sometimes considerably, in the presumed dates of her lifespan. Katherine Mix tells us that "Miss D'Arcy left no formal record of her life save in her letters and conversation" (p. 234), and the disappearance of quantities of her correspondence combined with the deaths of those who knew her occasion frustrations for investigators of a later day. Mrs. Mix told me that when she knew her, in the 1930s, D'Arcy's memory had grown imperfect. No wonder, therefore, that we find in print birthdates for her of 1851, 1857, 1859, as well as death dates of 1937 and 1939! Based on documentary evidence, Alan Anderson gives D'Arcy's birth date as probably 1856 or 1857 and her date of death as 5 September 1937. This latter date is verified in the London *Times*.

Because other records have apparently disappeared, we may never recover such information as would illuminate in detail Ella D'Arcy's life and literary pursuits. Her inclinations to move often--she lived in the Channel Islands or in France as frequently as she dwelt in England--and her disorderliness in domestic management also led to the disappearance of much correspondence that she had intended to pass on to Mrs. Mix. Very few D'Arcy letters have been published, the first by that indefatigable 90s scholar, Karl Beckson, and, more recently, several by Alan Anderson in a slender volume from the Tragara Press (1990). Although this correspondence, with John Lane, throws greater light upon D'Arcy's activities and ideas than we had before they came out, they only tantalize us for further revelations. One might wish, for example, to know more about the shaping of D'Arcy's attitudes toward women, who are portrayed with little sympathy in her fiction--a striking characteristic in an age when women's causes were being championed and when the New Woman was much in the limelight. Several of the published letters also sound less than affectionate notes for members of her own sex. Given the hints of her affairs with M. P. Shiel and with several men associated with *The Yellow Book,* as well as Charlotte Mew's ardent attraction to D'Arcy, any documentary enlighteners would prove a boon. Ella D'Arcy was sufficiently established to move in circles that included not only John Lane, Netta Syrett, Hubert Crackanthorpe, and others usually numbered among the decadents in the 90s. She also was a friend of Ford Madox Ford and the group who contributed significantly to the early numbers of *The English Review*, fifteen years after *The Yellow Book* had come and

gone as a *fin de siècle* icon. By many of the younger generation, she was viewed as a spearheader of the new and modern in literature. Her work maintained attractions for Richard Aldington and others.

Circumstances linked with D'Arcy's literary activities proper have proved to be no less exasperating. She published several stories under the pseudonym of "Gilbert H. Page" in the London *Argosy* during the earlier 1890s. So far, no copy of the Summer supplement issue (July 1892) of that magazine, which contains the story "Unqualified Assistance," has turned up. Several more stories that circulated under her proper signature in other periodicals during the 90s, *Blackwood's* and *Temple Bar* in addition to *The Yellow Book*, were reprinted in hardcover volumes. The first, *Monochromes* (1895), consisting of six stories, was published in London by John Lane, who also owned *The Yellow Book*, and in Boston by Roberts Brothers. A title in Lane's Keynote Series, an enterprise in daring fiction, to which many of the 90s avant garde contributed material, this book elicited repeated comment--much, though by no means all, of it praiseworthy. A second collection, made up entirely of (seven) stories from *The Yellow Book* , appeared under the Lane imprint in 1898 as *Modern Instances.* D'Arcy's sole published novel, a brief one entitled *The Bishop's Dilemma,* was also published by Lane in that same year. Two more stories, respectively in *Century Magazine* (1899) and *Temple Bar* (1904), followed by an additional four, in *The English Review*, in 1909 and 1910, complete Ella's corpus of easily retrieved short fiction. In 1924, her last work was brought out, a translation of André Maurois's biography of Shelley, as *Ariel: The Life of Shelley.* Although some reviewers gave this book hostile notice, it remained for many years a pony used for passage of graduate-school French exams. General inaccessibility of her work--because the books, probably printed in small runs, have disappeared from library shelves, or because the periodicals are no longer handy--has also robbed her of renown.

At this point, enter several bibliographical chestnuts. First, and rather interestingly in light of reviewers' comments about this feature of the book once it came into their hands, the title for *Monochromes* must have been a last-minute choice. Among Roberts Brothers soon-to-be-published works cited in the *Dial* for 16 March 1895 (p. 193) we find a listing merely for a "volume of stories" by D'Arcy. Because the book actually appeared around 25 May, we can only wonder at the tentativeness in title operable at so late a date. Next, in several of the advertisements that appeared in books published by Lane, we find that a novel by D'Arcy, *Poor Human Nature,* was listed as "in preparation" as late as 1897. Furthermore, under "John Lane's Autumn

Announcements," in the *Dial* for 1 October 1897 (p. 170), we find not the title alone but a price of 75 cents! Why this book was never published must remain a mystery, although Ella's irregular working habits may have accounted for a no-show. Incidentally, another novel entitled *Poor Human Nature*, by Elizabeth Godfrey, appeared under the imprint of Grant Richards in London and Henry Holt in America in 1898. Always desultory, indeed called downright lazy by many of her friends, Ella more than once was locked in a room by Henry Harland, managing editor of *The Yellow Book,* or by her friend, Netta Syrett (depending upon different recountings of these incidents), in order that she complete a story by deadline. Moreover, her type of fiction, shocking as it was to many, brought wary responses from publishers. Arnold Bennett remembered discussing a manuscript for an unpublished novel with her, his hopes of receiving it, and, ultimately, her failure to deliver. Furthermore, D'Arcy was in her outlook always rather advanced for her times, and consequently as late as 1930 her efforts to find a British publisher for her biography of Rimbaud, about whom she knew much and whose work she ardently admired, came to naught. Embittered by such rejections, she kept back several projects which, had they been published, might contribute to her renown.

D'Arcy's fiction proper offers enticements for a varied readership. The *Argosy* stories, if not emphatic in setting forth circumstances of unpleasant psychological realism, are in the main not so cloyingly sentimental as is much other late Victorian fiction. As precursors to her subsequent endeavors in writing fiction, they often incorporate visionary or dream sequences for effect. Thus they fall into ranks with much other 1890s literature. These early stories also feature a humor that is far more gentle and warm than that found elsewhere in her work. Those enwound in the toils of various predicaments (usually connected with love affairs or other expectations that come to grief) are discomfited, but the mirth emanating from those circumstances maintains readers' interest in "An April Folly" and "The Smile," or in "Kathleen, Maid of All Work." The bluff Irish humor evident in several of the *Argosy* stories would resurface, albeit in a somewhat muted vein, in "At Twickenham," a story in which a man breaks an engagement rather than marry a woman who would surely bore him immensely before much time had passed. Such a saving realization is rare, though, in the D'Arcy canon.

As for being a writer of novels, Ella D'Arcy in the later 1890s attempted to circulate a manuscript rendering in fictional guise of the Percy Shelley-Harriet Westbrook relationship. A group of letters addressed to Arthur Stedman, as a possible liaison with *Lippincott's*

Magazine, outlines D'Arcy's plans for that book. Her interest in the Shelley circle lasted for many years, and we can only wonder how much of the work that went into the projected novel influenced D'Arcy's translation of Maurois's *Ariel* in the 1920s. Her familiarity with the French language combined with the novelistic features of Maurois's original may account for many reviewers comparing this book to a novel. What other novels she contemplated writing will probably remain mysteries to us.

In her more typical, or better known, writings, D'Arcy tended to follow in the footsteps of the Maupassant school of fiction, and thus she generally highlights the frailties of love relationships and the intensities of sexuality.[3] Her stories tend to center in blighted love affairs, and, quite uncharacteristic of thematics popular during the closing years of the nineteenth century, when New Woman fiction was much in the mind of the reading public, D'Arcy creates situations in which men, not women, are the sufferers in male-female relationships. One can not unearth biographical reasons underlying D'Arcy's predilections for portraying unsympathetic women characters. What little we know about her life suggests that she enjoyed male companionship, although her friendship with the Syrett sisters precludes any notion that she was unmitigatedly anti-woman in her personal life. With a few deft strokes she can evoke the character of a protagonist, eliciting ready sympathy for him in all respects. One such is Willoughby in "Irremediable," with his winning sensitivity to what he supposes is the plight of Esther, whom he meets when both are on holiday from oppressive London in a bucolic rural area, and whom he rapidly marries in hopes of preventing her from further unhappiness. True to the broadening of social attitudes that furnish the thematics in much fiction of the era, Willoughby gives small forethought to consequences of a marriage that crosses class lines. The great happiness that is his during holiday--and which is delineated in terms of his boyish *joi de vivre* as "Irremediable" opens--is quickly transformed into circumstances of cares and repentance that accompany his awakening to the inflexible barriers that separate him from Esther in all but sexual desire. Elsewhere I have observed that "Irremediable" may in part be a satiric jibe at George Meredith's Sir Willoughby Patterne (*ELT*, 35: 187).

An equally dismal story, "A Marriage," also entails the crossing of class lines when a sensitive, if weak-willed, wealthy young man first seduces a girl from the lower classes, and then marries her as she is about to bear his child, who proves to be an insolent, selfish girl, much pampered by her mother, who ironically takes every possible

advantage of her prerogatives as a financially comfortable wife after her marriage. A second child, a boy (who will under English law inherit the majority of his father's estate some day) is not nearly so beloved by his mother, who vents her spleen on him and his father. The father's fragile physical health is lessened by the crass thoughtlessness of his spouse. The story, which began on a note of happiness as the groom-to-be anxiously introduces an older, more sophisticated male friend to his mistress, concludes in a foreboding atmosphere of oncoming death for the tubercular husband and probabilities of an unpleasant life for the son he adores but who will be left to a future of certain maternal untendernesses. All of the husband's notions of his beloved's solicitousness toward him, as expressed in the opening paragraphs, have vanished, along with his physical and emotional well-being, by the closing. There we see his wife and a friend contemplating purchases of new gowns; the former prudently selects black as against an upcoming funeral.

A like transition from an aura of pleasantness and beauty in the surroundings which appears to match such serenity occurs in "Poor Cousin Louis," one of D'Arcy's strongest stories, and one which I have already mentioned. Set in the Channel Islands, it was the first of several tales in which this author employed for artistic purposes a locale familiar to her when it was relatively unfamiliar to many others. As Mrs. Poidevin enters the farm of her elderly cousin, Louis Renouf, she, and we readers, are charmed by the delights of a pleasant day, the appealing colors in lovely gardens through one approaches the comfortable farmhouse, and the apparent diligence and thoughtfulness of the Tourtels, who are housekeeper and gardener-handyman for her relative. D'Arcy's early training as a painter is frequently detectable in her fiction, although it achieves a high point in this story as she creates word-pictures that unmistakably match those of her Pre-Raphaelite precursors. As the story runs its course, we move from a synaesthetic experience well nigh Keatsian as we register the colors and scents of the flowers in Tourtel's gardens, as well as those of tastes in connection with the tea served to old Renouf and Mrs. Poidevin and again when the evening meal is described, on to the stifling and terrifying night scene in old Renouf's bedroom. Sight and sound combine to create this final aura of fearfulness as weird shadows appear against the drawn blinds and a dog's howl signals an imminent death. Here is poetic prose indeed.

D'Arcy's Channel Islands stories consistently draw upon superstitions and folklore of the region. Old Renouf is terrified by the uncouth maid, Margot, whose red hair dovetails subtly with her attempts to make him believe that a diabolic being torments him--and

thus hasten the effects of an already weak constitution. The red hair indicates a lineage of Satan and Judas lore and a blatant sensuality. She frightens her employer with tales of the "old Judy" coming from the Island of Jethou to beat him to death. That Margot is more an earthy "devil" than one from the netherworld is borne out in a sequel, "An Engagement," in which her doctor lover abandons her for a woman of greater wealth and presence who will make him a suitable wife. "White Magic," one of the few D'Arcy stories wherein a love match ends happily, also depends for its comic outcome on a worldly-wise pharmacist's manipulation of local customs concerning future spouses with his own harmless medicine. "The Web of Maya," although no supernatural tale, is enriched by the author's deft use of local color. The fogs and haze that surround the irrational rages and revenge desires of Philip Le Mesurier as he dwells at his retreat, far removed from any nurturing family life and human mutuality, as well as his remembrances of local folklore, create a backdrop of weird lights and shadows that exquisitely symbolize his upset, confused emotional state.

Such excursions into local color and folklore place D'Arcy firmly within another niche in the 1890s cultural milieu. Not only were the Channel Islands given repeated press for their potential in both scenery and local beliefs--which hallmarks continued to undergird fiction by Elizabeth Goudge, Sheila Kaye-Smith, and G. B. Edwards--but the attention given by many writers of the time to the less familiar areas of the British Isles made for some other popular successes in regionalism. Stanley V. Makower's *The Mirror of Music*, Fiona Mcleod's *The Mountain Lovers*, H. D. Lowry's *Women's Tragedies*, and Caldwell Lipsett's *Where the Atlantic Meets the Land*, to cite several others from Lane's Keynotes Series, offer what were new glimpses of neglected geographical spots and their indigenous lore. Hardy's achievements in these contexts are relevant as well. Activating interest in the less traveled areas of the homeland corresponded to the interest in far-away lands, such as those manifested by Kipling, W. Carleton Dawe, or Conrad.

In experimenting with still other usable materials for her time, D'Arcy also employed fairytale elements in "An Enchanted Princess," her last story to be published (1910), and others from the first decade of the twentieth century. She had, of course, alluded much earlier to traditions of Sleeping Beauty and the Pied Piper in "The 'Elegie'." Arthurian lore and Poe's lyric about love's dream, "Annabel Lee," were familiar to her, too. Supernaturalism also rears its head in other guises than what we have confronted in "Poor Cousin Louis." In "The Villa Lucienne" we are treated to touches of the Pan legend teamed with the

wraith of an aged lady, presumably the guardians of the outdoors and indoors at the eerie old mansion where a party of would-be renters are frightened away. Whether the antagonistic gardener is actually an otherworldly visitant and whether the visionary lady is a genuine supernatural presence or nothing more than the result of overwrought emotions, intensified to an hallucinatory pitch akin to what some readers discern in Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher," the beholders within the tale and we readers are left to decide for ourselves. Such a story makes good company for the ghostly fiction of Henry James, Edith Nesbit, Mary Wilkins Freeman, and Edith Wharton. Similar ambiguities reinforce the texture in a later story, "From the Chronicles of Hildesheim" (1909), where legends furnish underpinnings for a mingling of omens and ghastly emotional and physical tortures that befall a hapless priest. Not supernatural, but as devastating in their effects, are the harassments besetting a priest who falls in love in *The Bishop's Dilemma.*

Tales of artist figures, another standard variety of fiction from the 90s, appealed to D'Arcy, and "The 'Elegie' " mercilessly depicts the egotism of a man dedicated intensely to his musical career. A similar theme informs "The Death Mask," although the dead artist in this tale is cast far more sympathetically than Schoenemann in the former story. The narrator who beholds the corpse thinks: "You saw the head of gold; you could forget the feet of clay, or, remembering them, you found in their presence some explanation of the anomalies of his career" (*Modern Instances*, p. 177). Such personalities as D'Arcy dramatizes in these stories bring us into contact with another type from the period, the dualistic being, wrenched violently by positive and negative emotions. These D'Arcy characters are cameos of the Dorian Gray figure, and her miniaturizing of the fictions into smaller compass reveals yet another tendency prevalent in the art of the day.

Finally, I could not ignore "The Pleasure-Pilgrim," a story about the American girl abroad, which vies with one more aspect of Henry James, who had popularized this theme in "Daisy Miller," reworked it in novels like *A Portrait of a Lady*, and paved the way for other writers uses of it. Lulie Thayer, D'Arcy's heroine, has departed her native Michigan environs and, accompanied by Nannie, her "little sister," as she calls her (in what is perhaps an ironic unpleasantry as the other is obviously older than she), or Miss Dodge, as she is customarily known. The scene of "The Pleasure-Pilgrim" is the Schloss Altenau, whither the protagonist, Campbell, from Great Britain, journeys for a holiday. Lulie pursues him, he resists (either from being a "true Briton [and thus] intolerably shy"--*Monochromes*, p. 168--or because his friend

Mayne's hints as to Lulie's character deter him), and she later shoots herself. Here indeed is "Daisy Miller" refashioned. Ambiguities and ambivalences abound. For example, we are never certain if the pleasure pilgrim is Lulie, as an initial reading might suggest, or if Campbell evades her because he is more interested in pleasuring than pilgriming--and therefore is scared away by what could be Lulie's intense, but genuine passion for him, to which he does not wish to become committed or which he finds frightening. Lulie's red hair, to be sure, may imply a passionate, and untrustworthy or unpredictable, sexuality underlying her nature. Or does he consider her a "child," as he calls her (p. 216), and consequently hold back from what might be in his mind a mismatch? Mayne mulls whether Lulie may be simply an intentional heartbreaker, or "can it be that she is simply the newest development of the New Woman--she who in England preaches and bores you, and in American practises and pleases? Yes, I believe she's the American edition, and so new that she hasn't yet found her way into fiction." Such an observation could well imply that Ella D'Arcy herself uses this passage to reveal her own attitudes toward other well-known, and much debated, types and issues in the 1890s. Mayne adds--in what may allude to another viewpoint concerning matters American: "She's the pioneer of the army coming our of the West, that's going to destroy the existing scheme of things and rebuild it nearer to the heart's desire" (*Monochromes*, p. 185). In light of D'Arcy's evident bent toward satire, we need not wonder that this story roused the wrath of a critic in the *Chicago Tribune*, who accused her of knowing nothing about American girls (8 June 1895, p. 10; 22 June, p. 10). We come away from the story pondering whether Lulie's death was planned or was an unintentional mishap as she toys with the revolver. Is Mayne's cynical opinion--that Lulie is an uninhibited American girl after sexual adventure--correct? Or does his form of "pleasure," that is, his cynical commenting on whatever circumstances come before him, infect Campbell so emphatically that he can no longer distinguish what could be Lulie's genuine affection from his own stimulated visions of her gross sensuality? Is Miss Dodge's explanation about Lulie's feelings trustworthy, or does this storyteller's name betray a transparency which glosses an evasion of the truth? We are never informed, and so "The Pleasure-Pilgrim" takes a merited place in modernist literature.

To conclude. Ella D'Arcy's fiction deserves rescue from neglect and from the deteriorations of periodicals. She ventured into the varied types of stories familiar during her era and imparted to them a new life. She may in part remind us of Crackanthorpe, George Egerton, or of others in her day, but her work also evinces clear-cut departures from

their manners. True to the spirit of turn-of-the century artistic inclinations, she assisted in the collapsing of genres. The dramatic and pictorial elements in her own fiction were noted repeatedly by reviewers in her day, and we might well turn again to expanding their terse comments. When the *English Review* was being established, Ella D'Arcy would have been an unavoidable representative of those who infused new life into the revival of the short story as a serious literary form. Her poetic prose and experiments with interior monologue would thus have been avidly sought.[4] She is a writer who struck out on her own path during a time of taking one's own path, and who therefore merits renewed study. She was in her personal life a kind of New Woman sans trumpet fanfare. The unavailability and the limited quantity of her writings have, no doubt, conspired against her, but those conspirators need not be taken seriously. Above I have sketched several high points regarding Ella D'Arcy and her writings, but there are many more for consideration.

NOTES

[1] Mabel Kitcat, "Henry Harland in London," *The Bookman* [NY], 29(1909), 609-613. I am grateful to Michael P. Dean, my colleague at The University of Mississippi, for providing me a hearing for my work on Ella D'Arcy. Since that time (November 1990), I have since published "Ella D'Arcy: A Commentary with an Annotated Primary and Secondary Bibliography," *ELT*, 32(1992), 179-211. I am also indebted to information published by Alan Anderson in *Ella D'Arcy: Some Letters to John Lane* (Edinburgh, 1990). Along with Henry James, Charlotte Mew, Hubert Crackanthorpe, and others, D'Arcy was considered "modern," and well-known to Americans. See the *Chicago Tribune*, 6 May 1894, p. 44; the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, 18 August 1894, p. 10; the *Buffalo Commerical*, 15 October 1894, p. 9; 8 June 1895, p. 7; and 12 June 1895, p. 7; and the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, 19 June 1895, p. 18.

[2] Those early researches led to friendships with Katherine Mix and her great mentor from University of Kansas days, in the 1920s and 30s, who has become one of my own, Professor Clyde K. Hyder, one of the few currently surviving pioneer Victorianists; elsewhere, with J. Mark Longaker, and Helmut E. Gerber, two doughty 90s enthusiasts, and, time and again, back to Ella D'Arcy and her work.

Katherine Lyon Mix, *A Study in Yellow: The Yellow Book and Its Contributors.* (Lawrence, 1960), p. 234. Much of the information in this section came from D'Arcy herself, and therefore can not be verified. I have located no story by D'Arcy in *All the Year Round*, where she was supposed to have published, although the late Walter E. Houghton checked materials available for the *Wellesley Index*. No other information on any D'Arcy connection with the periodical that Dickens began has come to light, so far as I am aware. Perhaps no records exist or perhaps D'Arcy's memory played her false. In addition to those named above, I thank Richard Fusco, Karl Beckson, Stanley Weintraub, Calvin D.

Yost, Julie A. Fisher, Sara E. Selby, and the late Maurice W. Armstrong, W. J. Phillips, and Katherine Lyon Mix for assisting my preparation of the work above.

[3] Although he does not name her, concentrating instead on Crackanthorpe, George J. Worth offers critical perspectives that might well apply to D'Arcy's fiction as similar to that of Maupassant--"The English 'Maupassant School' of the 1890's: Some Reservations," *MLN*, 72(1957), 337-340.

[4] Ford, "Foreward" to *The English Review Book of Short Stories*, comp. Horace E. Shipp. London: Sampson Low & Marston [1932], viii; Jerrold's "Foreward" to the *Second English Review Book of Short Stories* [London:Sampson Low & Marston, 1933, xi] notes renewed in the short story form as the second decade of the twentieth century commenced. Cf. Malcolm Bradbury, "The English Review," *London Magazine*, 5(August 1958), 58-59. These commentaries allude to the kind of poetic prose that enriches many of D'Arcy's stories and that was much admired in the works of many early twentieth-century short-story writers.