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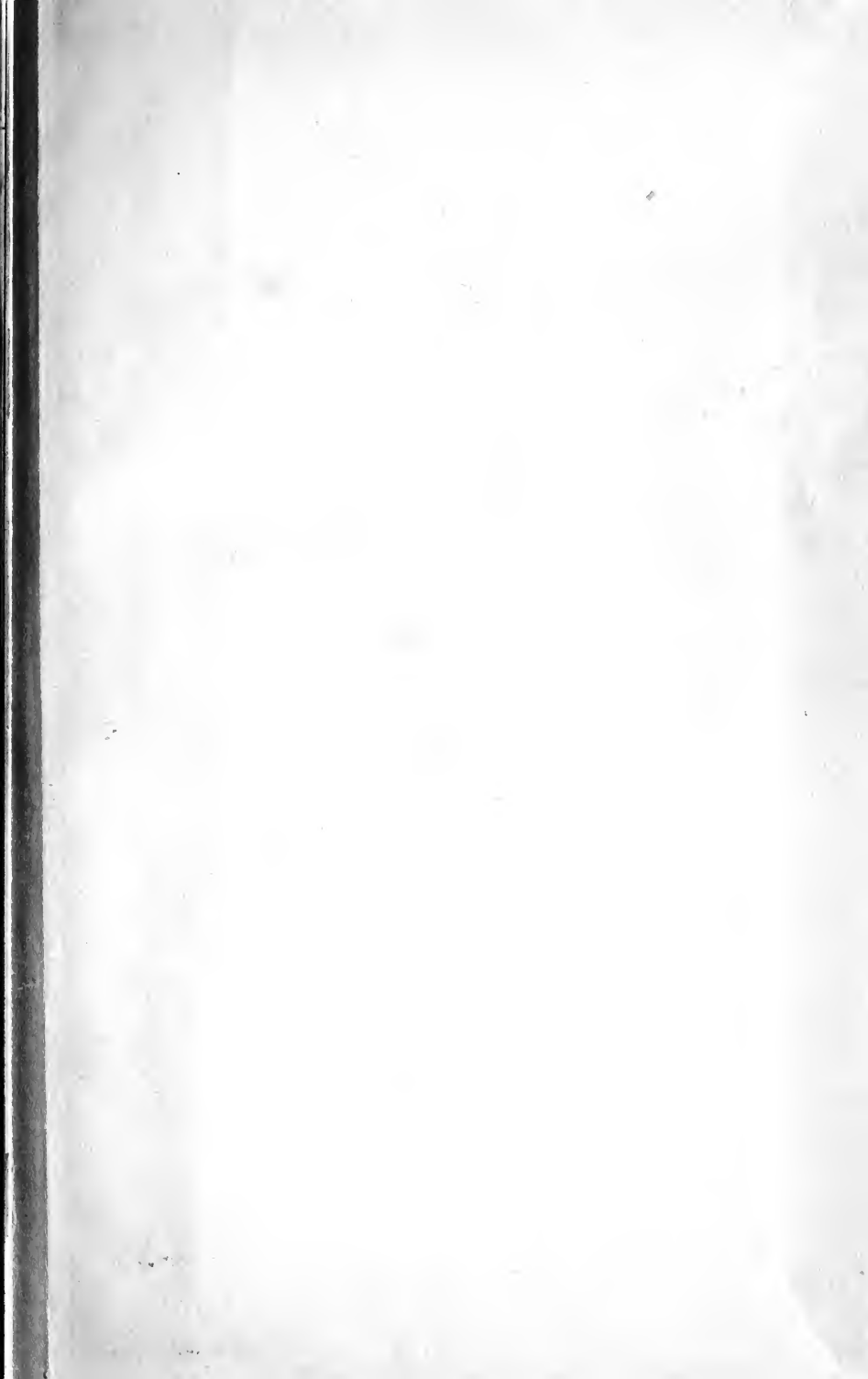


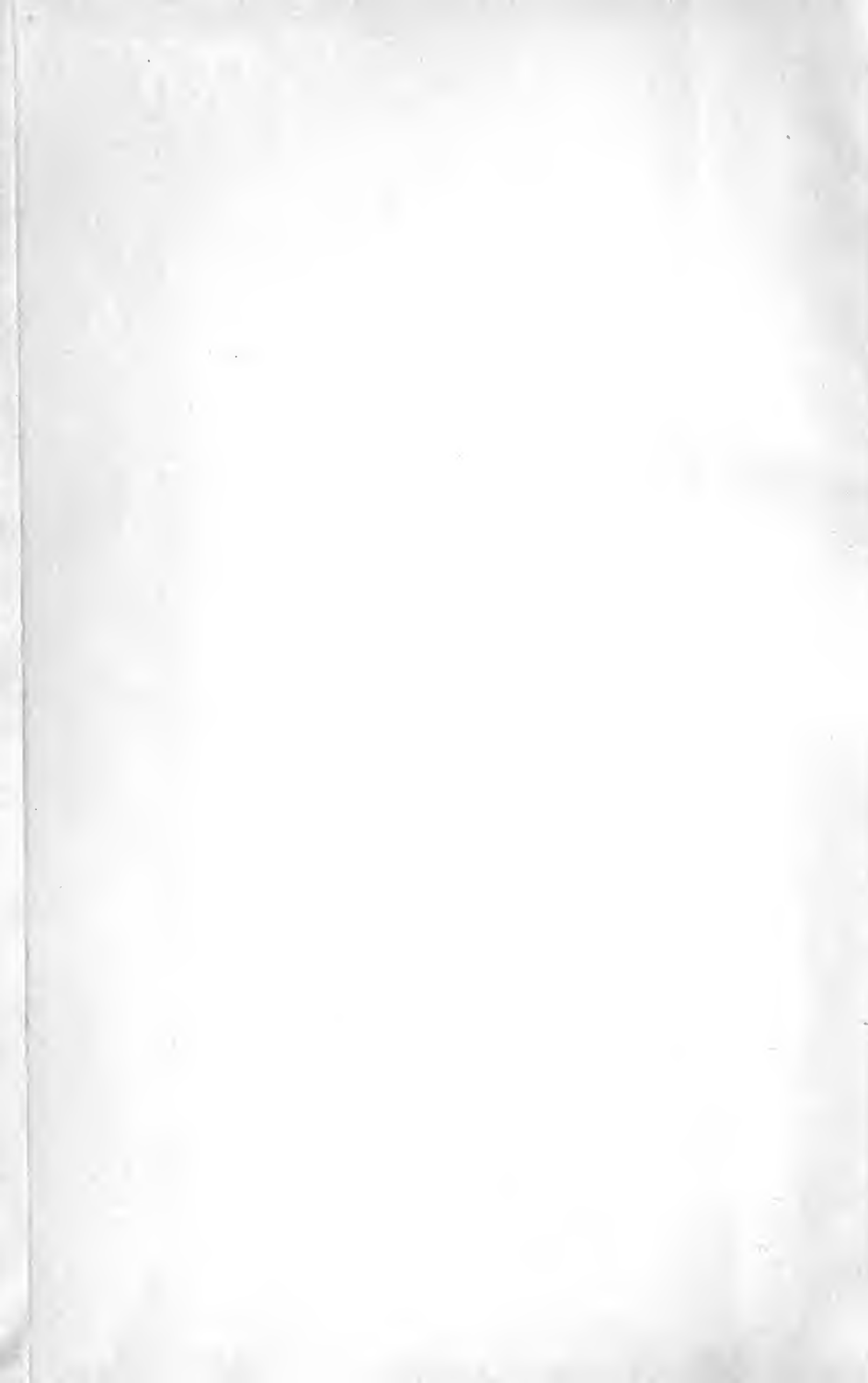
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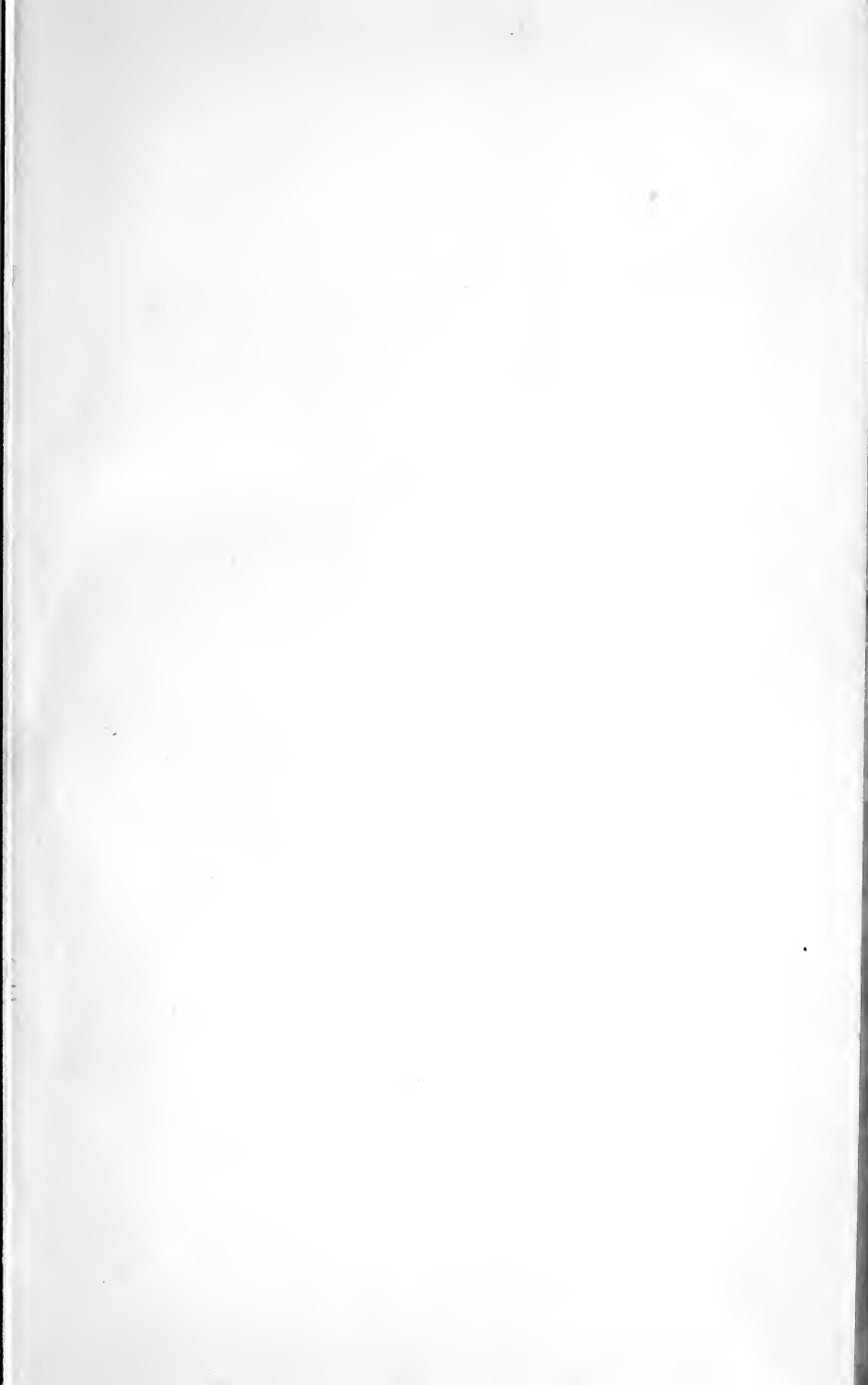
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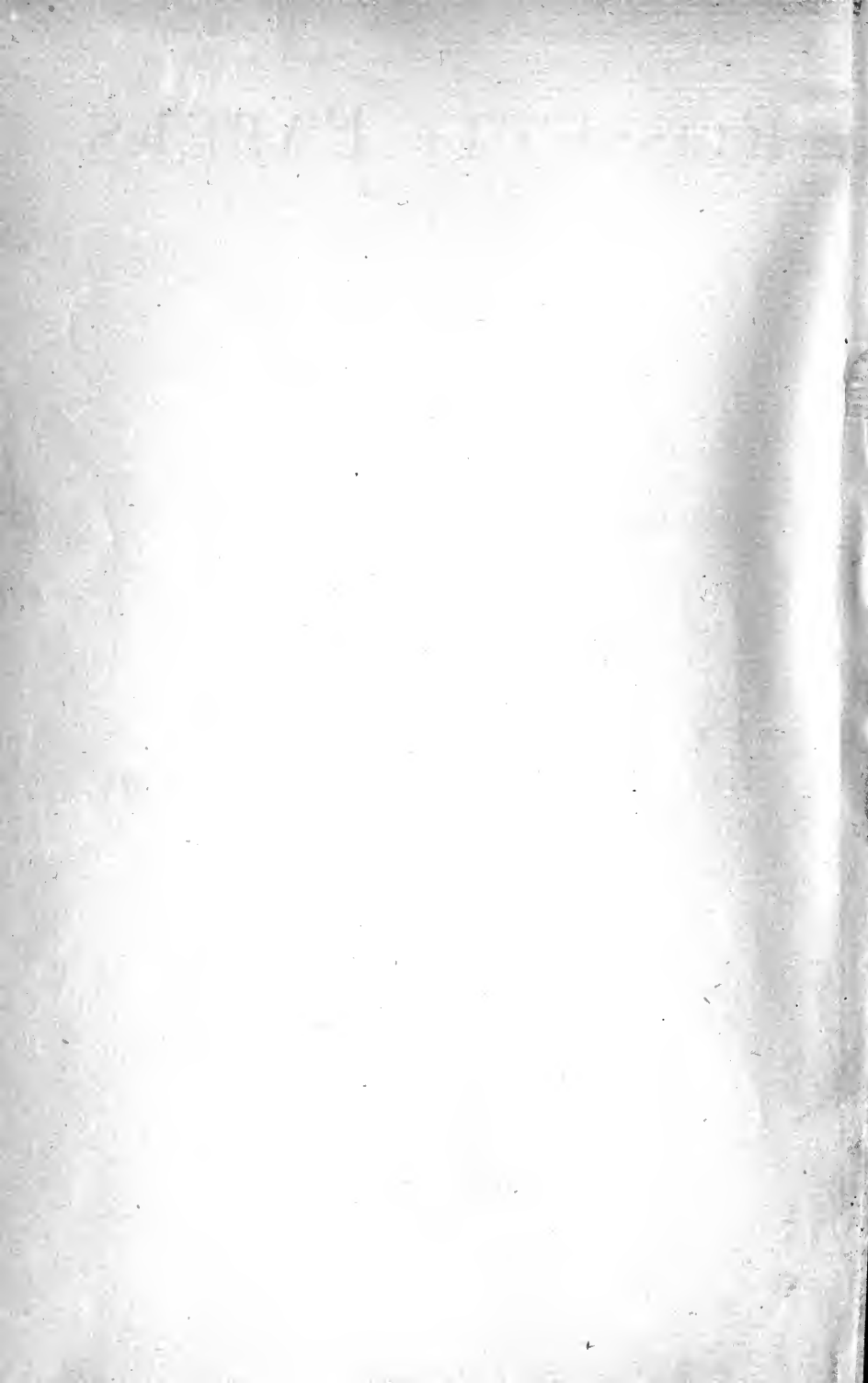


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ROSSETTI PAPERS



ROSSETTI PAPERS

1862 to 1870

A COMPILATION BY
WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI

C'est par là qu'ont passé des hommes disparus
VICTOR HUGO

8-1387
3.6.08

LONDON
SANDS & CO
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1903



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THE DEDICATION OF THIS BOOK
WAS ACCEPTED BY
TWO OF MY BEST FRIENDS,
DESERVEDLY AND HIGHLY PRIZED
BY DANTE AND CHRISTINA ROSSETTI
MARIE STILLMAN AND WILLIAM JAMES STILLMAN

I NOW DEDICATE IT TO
MARIE STILLMAN
AND TO THE CHERISHED MEMORY OF HER
HUSBAND

W. M. ROSSETTI



PREFACE

A VERY few words may suffice for ushering-in this volume.

In 1899 I published two separate books—named respectively, *Ruskin, Rossetti, Præraphaelitism*, and *Præraphaelite Diaries and Letters*. They both consist of letters, journals, and similar papers, of old date. The main though not the exclusive object of these books is to show forth the career of my brother Dante Gabriel Rossetti. They carried the record up to February 1862, when his Wife died: and in the present volume I prolong the record up to April 1870, when his first book of original poetry, entitled *Poems*, was published.

As in the two volumes mentioned above, so also here, I adopt a strictly chronological arrangement of my materials, whatever may be the diversity of subject-matter. Diaries however are allowed to run on uninterruptedly year by year.

Where I make an omission from any document, I mark the fact by dots. In the volume named *Ruskin, Rossetti, Præraphaelitism*, I explained that the passages omitted are very generally such as would be of little or no interest to the reader; although occasionally it happens that something which might be of interest is excluded on other grounds. In prefacing the *Præraphaelite Diaries and Letters*, I might have repeated the same observation: I thought it superfluous to do so, and some critics raised a query as to what could have been the motive for the omissions. Therefore, with respect to the present volume, I recur to my original statement, which once again holds good. I would not deny that,

in a certain sense, letters read better if given without the omission of even unimportant matter; but, apart from my reluctance to include what is really trivial, I must, in such a compilation as the present, economize my space.

In various instances I have had to consult the writers of letters, or the representatives of the writers. Ready permission for publishing has been accorded, and for this I tender my thanks.

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

LONDON, *June* 1900.

It may serve the reader's convenience if I here give a slight account of some leading contents of this volume.

Year 1862.—The death of Mrs Dante Rossetti. The removal of Dante Rossetti from Chatham Place to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and to No. 16 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. William Blake, and Alexander Gilchrist's Life of him. My trip to Italy with William Bell Scott. Froude in his editorial connexion with *Fraser's Magazine*. These matters are treated of in letters from Scott, Rossetti, Mrs Gilchrist, Frederick Tatham, John Linnell Junr., and Froude, and in my Diary, etc. See especially Nos. 1, 2, 7, 15, 16, 10, 14.

Year 1863.—Blake and Gilchrist (as above). My Brother's trip with me in Belgium. These matters are treated of in a letter from William Haines and in my Diary, etc. See especially Nos. 23, 30.

Year 1864.—Dante Rossetti's hobby for collecting blue china. His relations with Mr Dunlop as a proposing purchaser of his pictures. His picture entitled *Found*. Christina Rossetti's suggested new volume of poems, and her poem *The Prince's Progress*. W. J. Stillman's position as United States Consul in Rome. My trip to Venice, Bergamo, etc. The Exhibition of Madox Brown's pictures and designs. These matters are treated of in letters from Dante Rossetti, Christina Rossetti, and Stillman, and in

my Diary, etc. See especially Nos. 40, 46, 55, 41, 57, 43, 44, 58.

Year 1865.—My translation of Dante's *Inferno*, and article on *English Opinion on the American War*. My experiences at some "spiritual" *séances*. Christina Rossetti's chest-malady. Her trip in Switzerland and North Italy with our Mother and myself. The Madox Brown Exhibition. The strained relations between Ruskin and Dante Rossetti. The collapse of commissions given to Dante Rossetti by Mr Dunlop and Mr Heugh. These matters are treated of in letters from Teodorico Pietrocola-Rossetti, Professor Norton, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Dante Rossetti, and in my Diary and Memoranda, etc. See especially Nos. 61, 107, 105, 70, 86, 80, 88, 95, 96, 99.

Year 1866.—Barone Kirkup's spiritual experiences, and particularly with the "spirit of Dante." His adhesion to the theories of Gabriele Rossetti concerning Dante etc. My account of a trip to Naples; Swinburne's pamphlet on his *Poems and Ballads*; Ruskin's return to Dante Rossetti's house. My booklet, *Swinburne's Poems and Ballads, a Criticism*. Some scraps from a notebook of Dante Rossetti. These matters are treated of in letters from Kirkup and Professor Norton, and in my Diary, etc. See especially Nos. 112, 115, 132, 119, 125, 120.

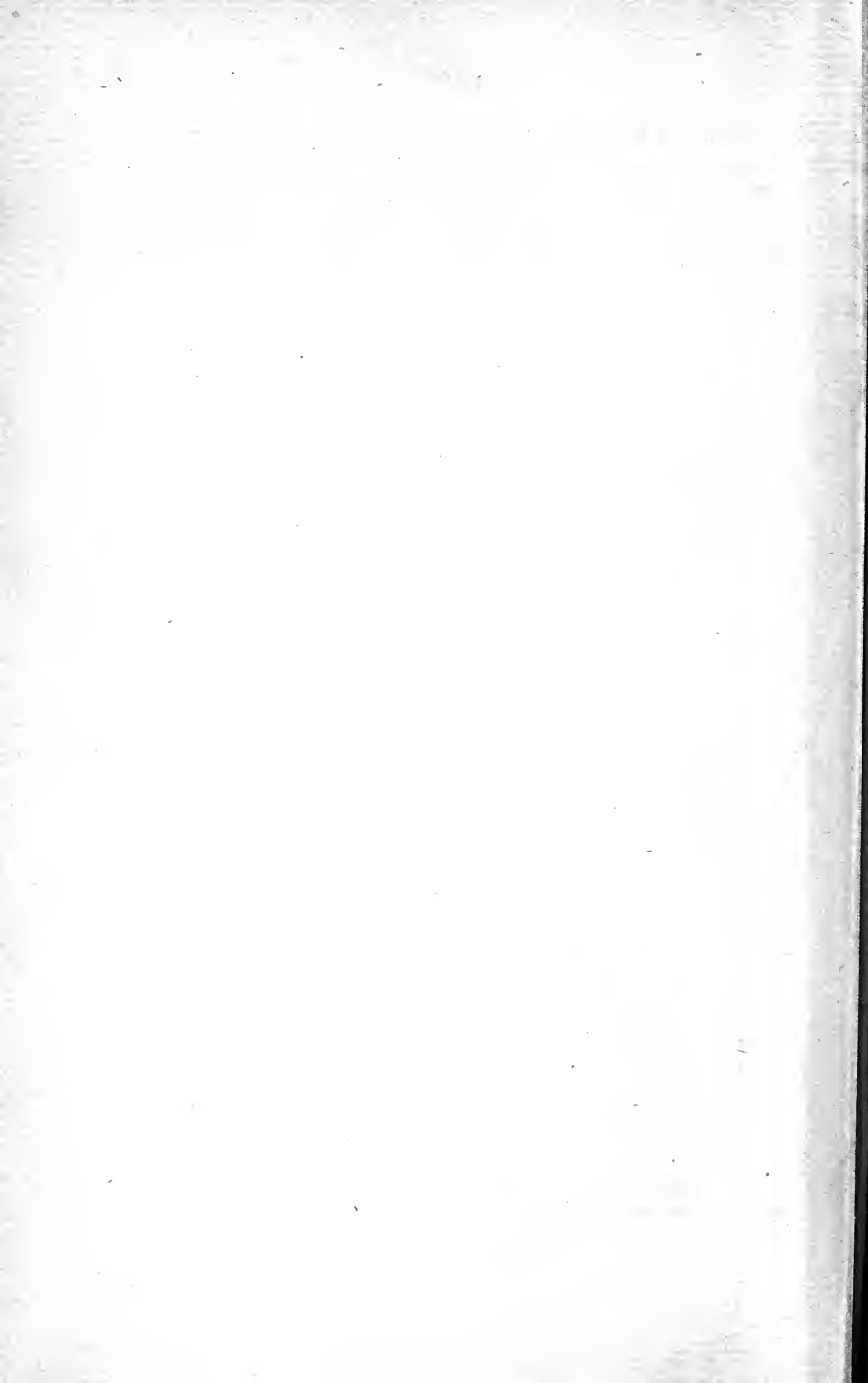
Year 1867.—My account of a visit to Swinburne's paternal home; the removal of myself and others to No. 56 Euston Square (5 Endsleigh Gardens); the collision of James Whistler with the Burlington Fine Arts Club; my selection from Walt Whitman's *Poems*; the condition of Dante Rossetti's eyesight. A list of subjects suitable for pictures. The Cretan Insurrection. The beginnings of Oliver Madox Brown as a painter. Dante Rossetti's picture *Found*, and his design *Aspecta Medusa*. Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. The Firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, & Co. These matters are treated of in my Diary, and in letters from Stauros Dilberoglu, Dante Rossetti, James Leathart, Whitman, and Warrington Taylor, etc. See especially Nos. 137, 146, 140, 144, 148, 153, 166, 161, 162,

Year 1868.—My account of Browning's poem *The Ring and the Book*; my notes on Shelley in *Notes and Queries*, and my edition of Shelley's Poems, with notes and memoir; Dante Rossetti's picture of *Dante's Dream*; the pamphlet, by Swinburne and myself, on pictures in the Royal Academy etc.; my brochure on *Italian Courtesy-Books*; my trip to Venice, with robbery of cash ensuing; my collation of Boccaccio's *Filostrato* with Chaucer's *Troilus*; the condition of my Brother's eyesight during his stay at Penkill Castle. Dante Rossetti's first connexion with William Graham as a picture-buyer. Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* etc. Oliver Brown's first exhibited painting, *The Infant Jason and the Centaur*. These matters are treated of in my Diary, in letters from William Allingham, Graham, Oliver Brown, and Addington Symonds, and in an article written by W. D. O'Connor. See especially Nos. 175, 206, 184, 190, 196, 194.

Year 1869.—My account of my edition of Shelley's Poems, and of a compilation of Shelley's autobiographical writings; of the series *Moxon's Popular Poets*, edited by me; of the illness of John Lucas Tupper as my travelling-companion in Italy; of my acquaintance with Edward John Trelawny; of the rupture between Frederick Sandys and Dante Rossetti; of Mrs Gilchrist as an admirer of Whitman's poems; of the privately printed collection of Dante Rossetti's Poems, and of the recovery of other poems by him from the coffin of his Wife; of the Byron-Stowe scandal; of the arrival of W. J. Stillman in London from Crete; of Dr Hake's acquaintance with my Brother. Dante Rossetti's pictures, *Dante's Dream*, and *Found*. His *Nonsense Verses*. These matters are treated of in my Diary and letters, and in letters from Dr Garnett, Dante Rossetti, Dr Hake, and William Graham, etc. See especially Nos. 210, 212, 242, 232, 252, 267, 273.

Year 1870.—My account concerning Trelawny; Dante Rossetti with Stillman at Scalands, Sussex, and the issue of his volume named *Poems*; Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise*. My edition of Shelley's Poems. Whitman, and

the article of Professor Dowden regarding him. Critiques on Dante Rossetti's *Poems*, and the anticipated hostility of Robert Buchanan to them. Stillman's approaching re-marriage. These matters are treated of in my Diary, and in letters from Allingham, Dowden, Dante Rossetti, etc. See especially Nos. 275, 284, 288, 297, 302.



CONTENTS.

NO.	DATE.	WRITER.	PERSON ADDRESSED, OR HEADING.	PAGE.
1	1862 February 19	Wm. Bell Scott	Wm. Rossetti.	1
2	" " 22	Dante Rossetti	Madox Brown	2
3	" March 27	Lord Vernon	Dante Rossetti	3
4	" May 4	Wm. Bell Scott	Wm. Rossetti	3
5	" " 13	Julia Cameron	"	4
6	" " 14	Dante Rossetti	Madox Brown	5
7	" " 22	Anne Gilchrist	Wm. Rossetti	5
8	" June 1	F. T. Palgrave	"	6
9	" " 16	Dr Furnivall	"	6
10	" July 2 to			
	August 12	Wm. Rossetti	Diary	7
11	" July 12	John Ruskin	Dante Rossetti	12
12	" August 21	Dante Rossetti	Madox Brown	14
13	" August (?)	"	"	14
14	" October 20	J. A. Froude	Wm. Rossetti	15
15	" November 6	Frederick Tatham	"	16
16	" December 2	John Linnell Jun.	"	17
17	" " 11	Anne Gilchrist	"	18
18	" " 16	Frederick Tatham	"	19
19	" " 21	John Linnell Jun.	"	20
20	" " 21	Anne Gilchrist	"	20
21	" " 24	John Linnell Sen.	"	21
22	1863 January 7	Dante Rossetti	Madox Brown	22
23	" February 5	Wm. Haines	Wm. Rossetti	23
24	" May 2	Anne Gilchrist	"	25
25	" June 15	John Ruskin	"	25
26	" " 16	W. J. Stillman	"	26
27	" July 19	Anne Gilchrist	"	27
28	" "	Madox Brown	Lucy Brown (Rossetti)	28
29	" August 24	Professor Norton	Dante Rossetti	29
30	" September			
	3 to 11	Wm. Rossetti	Diary	30

NO.	DATE.	WRITER.	PERSON ADDRESSED, OR HEADING.	PAGE.
31	1863 October 29	J. A. Froude	Wm. Rossetti	39
32	" November 6	Anne Gilchrist	"	40
33	" " 18	"	"	41
34	" " 23	"	"	43
35	" " 25	"	"	43
36	1864 January 15	Philip Hamerton.	"	44
37	" " 24	"	"	45
38	" March 28	Dante Rossetti	Madox Brown	46
39	" April 10	Philip Hamerton.	Wm. Rossetti	48
40	" (?)	Dante Rossetti	Madox Brown	49
41	" May 7	Christina Rossetti	Dante Rossetti	50
42	" (?) June	Dante Rossetti	The Seed of David	50
43	" " 10	W. J. Stillman	Wm. Rossetti	51
44	" " 14 to July 14	Wm. Rossetti	Diary	54
45	" " 19	Dante Rossetti	Madox Brown	59
46	" August 11	"	"	60
47	" " 12	"	"	61
48	" " 23	"	"	62
49	" " 25	"	"	62
50	" September 1	"	"	63
51	" " 5	"	"	63
52	" November 21	J. A. Froude	Wm. Rossetti.	63
53	" (?)	Dante Rossetti	Madox Brown	64
54	" November 24	"	Allan P. Paton	65
55	" December 5	"	Madox Brown	66
56	" " 8	"	"	67
57	" " 23	Christina Rossetti	Dante Rossetti	67
58	" " 31	Dante Rossetti	Madox Brown	70
59	1865 January 9	Frederic Shields.	Dante Rossetti	70
60	" " 10	Christina Rossetti	"	72
61	" " 23	Teodorico Pietro- cola-Rossetti	Wm. Rossetti	73
62	" " 30	Christina Rossetti	Dante Rossetti	74
63	" February 1	"	"	75
64	" " 6	"	"	76
65	" " 10	"	"	77
66	" " 28	Dante Rossetti	Madox Brown	78
67	" March 1	Thomas Keightley	Wm. Rossetti	79
68	" " 3	Christina Rossetti	Dante Rossetti	80
69	" " 6	"	"	83
70	" " 9	Teodorico Pietro- cola-Rossetti	Wm. Rossetti	84
71	" " 10	Charles Cayley	"	86

CONTENTS

XV

NO.	DATE.	WRITER.	PERSON ADDRESSED, OR HEADING.	PAGE.
72	1865 March .	Christina Rossetti	Dante Rossetti .	87
73	" " 19 .	Wm. Allingham .	Wm. Rossetti .	89
74	" " 21 .	Dante Rossetti .	Madox Brown .	90
75	" " 21 .	Professor Norton	Dante Rossetti .	91
76	" " 30 .	Madox Brown .	Wm. Rossetti .	92
77	" " 31 .	Christina Rossetti	Dante Rossetti .	93
78	" April 8 .	Alexa Wilding .	" . . .	95
79	" . . .	Christina Rossetti	" . . .	96
80	" April 15 .	Thomas Carlyle .	Madox Brown .	97
81	" (?) " .	Christina Rossetti	Dante Rossetti .	97
82	" " 18 .	Dante Rossetti .	Madox Brown .	100
83	" (?) " .	" . . .	" . . .	101
84	" May 9 .	Professor Norton	Wm. Rossetti .	102
85	" " 13 .	Julia Cameron .	" . . .	103
86	" " 22 to June 26 .	Wm. Rossetti .	Diary . . .	104
87	" " 10 .	Dante Rossetti .	Madox Brown .	131
88	" . . .	John Ruskin .	Dante Rossetti .	132
89	" . . .	" . . .	" . . .	133
90	" . . .	" . . .	" . . .	135
91	" . . .	" . . .	" . . .	136
92	" . . .	" . . .	" . . .	137
93	" June 26 .	Dante Rossetti .	Madox Brown .	138
94	" " 28 .	" . . .	" . . .	139
95	" July .	John Ruskin .	Dante Rossetti .	141
96	" August 7 .	Dante Rossetti .	Walter Dunlop .	144
97	" " 8 .	" . . .	Madox Brown .	146
98	" " 21 .	" . . .	Walter Dunlop .	146
99	" September 1 .	" . . .	John Heugh . .	147
100	" " 14 .	" . . .	" . . .	147
101	" " 18 .	" . . .	" . . .	149
102	" (?) " .	" . . .	Walter Dunlop .	150
103	" " 21 .	" . . .	Aldam Heaton .	150
104	" November 9 .	" . . .	Walter Dunlop .	153
105	" " 11 .	Wm. Rossetti .	A Spiritual (?) Séance (1) . . .	153
106	" " 25 .	" . . .	" (2) . . .	157
107	" December 1 .	Professor Norton	Wm. Rossetti .	161
108	" " 8 and 9 .	James Smetham .	Dante Rossetti .	162
109	" " 18 .	Ernest Gambart .	" . . .	164
110	1866 January 4 .	Wm. Rossetti .	A Spiritual . . . Séance (3) . . .	165
111	" " 9 .	Professor Norton	Wm. Rossetti .	168
112	" " 19 .	Barone Kirkup .	" . . .	170

NO.	DATE.	WRITER.	PERSON ADDRESSED, OR HEADING.	PAGE.
113	1866 February 9	Dante Rossetti	Madox Brown	173
114	" " 20	Charlotte Polidori	Memorandum	175
115	" " 27	Barone Kirkup	Wm. Rossetti	176
116	" " 29	Robert Browning	"	179
117	" April 24	Horace Scudder	"	180
118	" " 24	Barone Kirkup	"	182
119	" May 24 to December 30	Wm. Rossetti	Diary	184
120	" (?)	Dante Rossetti	Scraps	200
121	" June 4	Christina Rossetti	Wm. Rossetti	201
122	" " 16	Dante Rossetti	Madox Brown	203
123	" July 2	Barone Kirkup	Wm. Rossetti	204
124	" August 14	John Murray	"	205
125	" September 12	Professor Norton	"	206
126	" " 16	Wm. Bell Scott	"	207
127	" " 20	Barone Kirkup	"	207
128	" " 26	Dante Rossetti	Madox Brown	209
129	" October 18	William Rossetti	A Spiritual Séance (4)	210
130	" November 1	John Murray	Wm. Rossetti	214
131	" " 12	J. A. Froude	"	214
132	" " 13	Barone Kirkup	"	215
133	" December 2	John Ruskin	"	216
134	" " 22	Teodorico Pietro- cola-Rossetti	"	217
135	" " 30	Barone Kirkup	"	218
136	" " 31	Warington Taylor	"	219
137	1867 January 1 to December 29	Wm. Rossetti	Diary	220
138	" January 16	Dora Greenwell	Wm. Rossetti	246
139	" " 19	Barone Kirkup	"	247
140	" " 28	Stauros Dilberoglue	"	252
141	" March 1	Sir Frederick Burton	Madox Brown	253
142	" " 6	Barone Kirkup	Wm. Rossetti	254
143	" " 23	"	"	255
144	" May 10	Dante Rossetti	Oliver Brown	256
145	" (?) "	"	"	257
146	" (?) "	Wm. Rossetti	List of Subjects for Pictures	257
147	" May 27	John Ruskin	Wm. Rossetti	263
148	" " 30	James Leathart	Dante Rossetti	265
149	" (?) June 5	Dante Rossetti	James Leathart	265
150	" " 24	"	Madox Brown	266

CONTENTS

xvii

NO.	DATE.	WRITER.	PERSON ADDRESSED, OR HEADING.	PAGE.
151	1867 June 30 . . .	Wm. Allingham .	Wm. Rossetti .	267
152	" July . . .	Dante Rossetti .	Madox Brown .	267
153	" " 25 . . .	" .	" .	268
154	" August 5 . . .	" .	" .	269
155	" " 10 . . .	John Burroughs .	Moncure Conway .	270
156	" " 15 . . .	Dante Rossetti .	Madox Brown .	270
157	" September 27 . . .	Barone Kirkup .	Wm. Rossetti .	271
158	" October 24 . . .	Dante Rossetti .	Madox Brown .	272
159	" " 25 . . .	F. T. Palgrave .	Wm. Rossetti .	273
160	" " 29 . . .	Stauros Dilberoglu .	" .	274
161	" November 1 . . .	Walt Whitman .	Moncure Conway .	274
162	" (?) Autumn . . .	Warrington Taylor .	Dante Rossetti .	276
163	" (?) " . . .	" .	" .	277
164	" (?) " . . .	" .	" .	278
165	" (?) " . . .	" .	" .	280
166	" (?) Nov. 12 . . .	Dante Rossetti .	C. P. Matthews .	280
167	" " 22 . . .	Walt Whitman .	Wm. Rossetti .	283
168	" December 3 . . .	A. B. Houghton .	" .	284
169	" " 3 . . .	Walt Whitman .	" .	285
170	" " 15 . . .	Barone Kirkup .	" .	288
171	1868 January 3 . . .	Dante Rossetti .	C. P. Matthews .	290
172	" " 7 . . .	" .	" .	292
173	" " 9 . . .	" .	" .	294
174	" " . . .	" .	" .	295
175	" " 10 . . .	" .	" .	295
	to December 31 . . .	Wm. Rossetti .	Diary . . .	295
176	" January 16 . . .	Thomas Dixon .	Wm. Rossetti .	340
177	" " 17 . . .	Dr Furnivall .	" .	341
178	" " 20 . . .	W. D. O'Connor .	" .	342
179	" February 14 . . .	Barone Kirkup .	" .	343
180	" " 17 . . .	Frederic Shields .	Dante Rossetti .	345
181	" (?) . . .	Warrington Taylor .	" .	346
182	" March 23 . . .	Barone Kirkup .	Wm. Rossetti .	348
183	" " 27 . . .	Horace Scudder .	" .	349
184	" April 9 . . .	Wm. Graham .	Dante Rossetti .	350
185	" " 21 . . .	Camden Hotten .	Wm. Rossetti .	351
186	" " 26 . . .	Barone Kirkup .	" .	351
187	" " 28 . . .	Bertrand Payne .	" .	352
188	" May 18 . . .	Barone Kirkup .	" .	353
189	" " 20 . . .	W. D. O'Connor .	" .	355
190	" (?) . . .	" .	On Leaves of Grass .	356
191	" May 27 . . .	Stauros Dilberoglu .	Wm. Rossetti .	359

NO.	DATE.	WRITER.	PERSON ADDRESSED, OR HEADING.	PAGE.
192	1868 July 23 . .	C. P. Maenza .	Dante Rossetti .	360
193	" " 26 . .	" .	" .	360
194	" " 26 . .	Oliver Brown .	Emma Brown .	361
195	" August 12 . .	James Smetham .	Dante Rossetti .	362
196	" " 15 . .	Addington Symonds .	Wm. Rossetti .	363
197	" " 19 . .	" .	" .	364
198	" " 25 . .	" .	" .	365
199	" " 31 . .	Barone Kirkup .	" .	366
200	" September 18 . .	" .	" .	367
201	" " 21 . .	Sir Frederick Burton .	Dante Rossetti .	368
202	" October 7 . .	Dante Rossetti .	Madox Brown .	370
203	" November 20 . .	Barone Kirkup .	Wm. Rossetti .	371
204	" " 30 . .	Wm. Bell Scott .	" .	372
205	" December 2 . .	" .	" .	373
206	" " 4 . .	Wm. Allingham .	" .	374
207	" " 18 . .	" .	" .	374
208	" " 20 . .	Wm. Rossetti .	Wm. Allingham .	376
209	" " 22 . .	W. J. Stillman .	Wm. Rossetti .	377
210	1869 January 1 . .			
	to December 29	Wm. Rossetti .	Diary . . .	378
211	" January 22 . .	W. J. Stillman .	Wm. Rossetti .	419
212	" February 5 . .	Dr Garnett .	" .	420
213	" " 9 . .	Madox Brown .	" .	420
214	" " 15 . .	Dr Garnett .	" .	421
215	" " 18 . .	Madox Brown .	" .	421
216	" " 23 . .	F. T. Palgrave .	" .	423
217	" " 25 . .	" .	" .	424
218	" March 1 . .	Dr Garnett .	" .	425
219	" " 2 . .	Barone Kirkup .	" .	426
220	" " 8 . .	James Smetham .	Dante Rossetti .	428
221	" " 12 . .	Wm. Rossetti .	Wm. Allingham .	429
222	" " 20 . .	Robert Browning .	Dante Rossetti .	430
223	" " 21 . .	Philip Hamerton .	Wm. Rossetti .	431
224	" " 22 . .	Dr Garnett .	" .	431
225	" April 19 . .	Dante Rossetti .	Prof. Norton .	433
226	" " 19 . .	Wm. Rossetti .	Frances Rossetti .	434
227	" " 21 . .	" .	" .	435
228	" " 23 . .	Dante Rossetti .	Prof. Norton .	436
229	" May 4 . .	Smith, Elder, & Co. .	Dante Rossetti .	437
230	" " 10 . .	J. W. Inchbold .	Wm. Rossetti .	438
231	" " 12 . .	Dante Rossetti .	Prof. Norton .	439

CONTENTS

xix

NO.	DATE.	WRITER.	PERSON ADDRESSED, OR HEADING.	PAGE.
232	1869 May 20 .	Madox Brown .	Wm. Rossetti .	440
233	" (?) June 1 .	Dante Rossetti .	Frederick Sandys .	441
234	" " 5 .	" .	" .	444
235	" " 18 .	John Tupper .	Wm. Rossetti .	445
236	" " 24 .	Barone Kirkup .	" .	446
237	" July 13 .	Dr Garnett .	" .	446
238	" " 14 .	Barone Kirkup .	" .	448
239	" " 19 .	Lucy Brown (Rossetti) .	Madox Brown .	449
240	" " 20 .	Mathilde Blind .	Wm. Rossetti .	450
241	" August 19 .	Dante Rossetti .	Madox Brown .	452
242	" " 23 .	Wm. Rossetti .	Dante Rossetti .	453
243	" " 24 .	" .	" .	455
244	" " 26 .	Dante Rossetti .	Madox Brown .	457
245	" " 28 .	W. D. O'Connor .	Wm. Rossetti .	459
246	" " 28 .	Wm. Rossetti .	Dante Rossetti .	461
247	" (?) " 31 .	Dante Rossetti .	Madox Brown .	462
248	" September 8 .	Madox Brown .	Lucy Brown (Rossetti) .	463
249	" " 12 .	Wm. Rossetti .	Dante Rossetti .	465
250	" " 16 .	" .	" .	467
251	" October 1 .	Wm. Bell Scott .	Wm. Rossetti .	469
252	" " 8 .	Dr Hake .	Dante Rossetti .	470
253	" " 11 .	Wm. Bell Scott .	Wm. Rossetti .	471
254	" " 14 .	Dante Rossetti .	Madox Brown .	472
255	" " 14 .	Wm. Rossetti .	Dante Rossetti .	473
256	" " 15 .	Dr Garnett .	Wm. Rossetti .	474
257	" " 15 .	John Tupper .	" .	475
258	" (?) .	Dante Rossetti .	Madox Brown .	475
259	" October 17 .	Anne Gilchrist .	Wm. Rossetti .	476
260	" " 26 .	James Thursfield .	Dante Rossetti .	477
261	" " 29 .	Frederic Shields .	" .	478
262	" " 30 .	Barone Kirkup .	Wm. Rossetti .	480
263	" " 30 .	John Tupper .	" .	481
264	" November 14 .	James Thursfield .	Dante Rossetti .	482
265	" " 16 .	Conte Giuseppe Ricciardi .	Wm. Rossetti .	483
266	" " 18 .	Ponsonby Lyons .	Lilith . . .	483
267	" (?) " .	Wm. Graham .	Dante Rossetti .	486
268	" " 29 .	Dante Rossetti .	Wm. Graham .	488
269	" December 1 .	Wm. Graham .	Dante Rossetti .	489
270	" " 2 .	Wm. Davies .	" .	489
271	" " 3 .	Dante Rossetti .	Wm. Davies .	490
272	" " 17 .	W. J. Stillman .	Wm. Rossetti .	492

NO.	DATE.	WRITER.	PERSON ADDRESSED, OR HEADING.	PAGE.
273	1869 (?) . . .	Dante Rossetti .	Nonsense Verses .	492
274	1870 January 1 .	Anne Gilchrist .	Wm. Rossetti .	497
275	" " 1 to .			
	April 22	Wm. Rossetti .	Diary	498
276	" (?)	Dante Rossetti .	Proposed Raffle— Deverell	506
277	" January 2 .	Anne Gilchrist .	Wm. Rossetti .	507
278	" " 3 .	" .	" .	507
279	" " 8 .	Edward Trelawny .	" .	508
280	" " 9 .	Thomas Dixon .	" .	508
281	" " 15 .	Barone Kirkup .	" .	509
282	" " 17 .	Edward Trelawny .	" .	510
283	" " 22 .	Dante Rossetti .	Prof. Norton .	511
284	" " 23 .	Wm. Allingham .	Wm. Rossetti .	513
285	" " 27 .	Mrs Lynn Linton .	" .	515
286	" " 27 .	Keningale Cook .	" .	516
287	" " 30 .	Wm. Rossetti .	Wm. Allingham .	516
288	" February 1 .	Prof. Dowden .	Wm. Rossetti .	517
289	" " 3 .	Dante Rossetti .	" .	518
290	" " 5 .	Prof. Dowden .	" .	519
291	" " 7 .	F. T. Palgrave .	" .	519
292	" " 10 .	Prof. Dowden .	" .	520
293	" " 11 .	John Tupper .	Dante Rossetti .	521
294	" " 11 .	Dante Rossetti .	Wm. Rossetti .	521
295	" " 15 .	John Pickford .	" .	522
296	" " 17 .	Mrs Lewes .	Dante Rossetti .	523
297	" " 23 .	Dante Rossetti .	Wm. Rossetti .	524
298	" March 10 .	John Ruskin .	" .	525
299	" " 19 .	Morris and Com- pany .	A Bill	525
300	" " 25 .	Dante Rossetti .	Wm. Rossetti .	526
301	" April	" .	Madox Brown .	527
302	" " 11	" .	Prof. Norton .	528
303	" " 24	Barone Kirkup .	Wm. Rossetti .	530

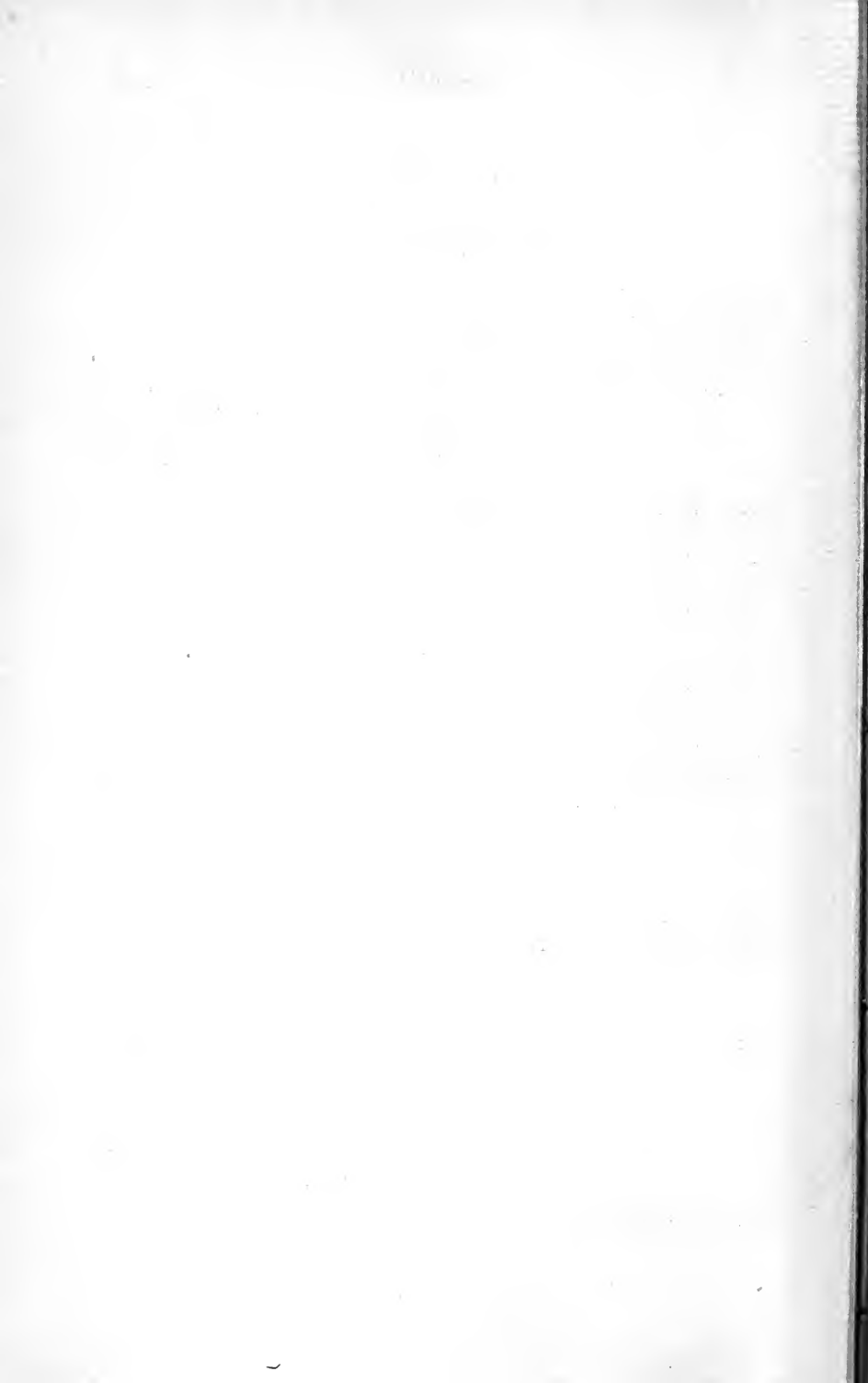
LETTERS ETC. FROM:—

NAME.	NUMBER.
Allingham, Wm.	73, 151, 206, 207, 284
Blind, Mathilde	240
Brown, Lucy (Rossetti)	239
Brown, Madox	28, 76, 213, 215, 232, 248
Brown, Oliver	194
Browning, Robert	116, 222
Burroughs, John	155
Burton, Sir Frederick	141, 201
Cameron, Julia	5, 85
Carlyle, Thomas	80
Cayley, Charles	71
Cook, Keningale	286
Davies, Wm.	270
Dilberoglu, Stauros	140, 160, 191
Dixon, Thomas	176, 280
Dowden, Professor	288, 290, 292
Froude, J. A.	14, 31, 52, 131
Furnivall, Dr	9, 177
Gambart, Ernest	109
Garnett, Dr	212, 214, 218, 224, 237, 256
Gilchrist, Anne	7, 17, 20, 24, 27, 32 to 35, 259, 274, 277, 278
Graham, Wm.	184, 267, 269
Greenwell, Dora	138
Haines, Wm.	23
Hake, Dr	252
Hamerton, Philip	36, 37, 39, 223
Hotten, Camden	185
Houghton, A. B.	168
Inchbold, J. W.	230
Keightley, Thomas	67
Kirkup, Barone	112, 115, 118, 123, 127, 132, 135, 139, 142, 143, 157, 170, 179, 182, 186, 188, 199, 200, 203, 219, 236, 238, 262, 281, 303
Leathart, James	148
Lewes, Mrs	296
Linnell, John (Jun.)	16, 19

NAME.	NUMBER.
Linnell, John (Sen.) . . .	21
Linton, Mrs Lynn . . .	285
Lyons, Ponsonby . . .	266
Maenza, C. P. . . .	192, 193
Morris and Company . . .	299
Murray, John	124, 130
Norton, Professor . . .	29, 75, 84, 107, 111, 125
O'Connor, W. D. . . .	178, 189, 190, 245
Palgrave, F. T. . . .	8, 159, 216, 217, 291
Payne, Bertrand	187
Pickford, John	295
Pietrocola-Rossetti, Teodorico	61, 70, 134
Polidori, Charlotte . . .	114
Ricciardi, Conte Giuseppe .	265
Rossetti, Christina . . .	41, 57, 60, 62 to 65, 68, 69, 72, 77, 79, 81, 121
Rossetti, Dante	2, 6, 12, 13, 22, 38, 40, 42, 45 to 51, 53 to 56, 58, 66, 74, 82, 83, 87, 93, 94, 96 to 104, 113, 120, 122, 128, 144, 145, 149, 150, 152, 153, 154, 156, 158, 166, 171, 172, 173, 174, 202, 225, 228, 231, 233, 234, 241, 244, 247, 254, 258, 268, 271, 273, 276, 283, 289, 294, 297, 300, 301, 302
Rossetti, Wm.	10, 30, 44, 86, 105, 106, 110, 119, 129, 137, 146, 175, 208, 210, 221, 226, 227, 242, 243, 246, 249, 250, 255, 275, 287
Ruskin, John	11, 25, 88 to 92, 95, 133, 147, 298
Scott, Wm. Bell	1, 4, 126, 204, 205, 251, 253
Scudder, Horace	117, 183
Shields, Frederic	59, 180, 261
Smetham, James	108, 195, 220
Smith, Elder, & Co. . . .	229
Stillman, W. J.	26, 43, 209, 211, 272
Symonds, Addington . . .	196, 197, 198
Tatham, Frederick	15, 18
Taylor, Warrington	136, 162 to 165, 181
Thursfield, James	260, 264
Trelawny, Edward	279, 282
Tupper, John	235, 257, 263, 293
Vernon, Lord	3
Whitman, Walt	161, 167, 169
Wilding, Alexa	78

LETTERS TO :—

NAME.	NUMBER.
Allingham, Wm.	208, 221, 287
Brown, Emma	194
Brown, Lucy (Rossetti)	28, 248
Brown, Madox	2, 6, 12, 13, 22, 38, 40, 45 to 51, 53, 55, 56, 58, 66, 74, 80, 82, 83, 87, 93, 94, 97, 113, 122, 128, 141, 150, 152, 153, 154, 156, 158, 202, 239, 241, 244, 247, 254, 258, 301
Brown, Oliver	144, 145
Conway, Moncure	155, 161
Davies, Wm.	271
Dunlop, Walter	96, 98, 102, 104
Graham, Wm.	268
Heaton, Aldam	103
Heugh, John	99, 100, 101
Leathart, James	149
Matthews, C. P.	166, 171 to 174
Norton, Professor	225, 228, 231, 283, 302
Paton, Allan P.	54
Rossetti, Dante	3, 11, 29, 41, 57, 59, 60, 62 to 65, 68, 69, 72, 75, 77, 78, 79, 81, 88 to 92, 95, 108, 109, 148, 162 to 165, 180, 181, 184, 192, 193, 195, 201, 220, 222, 229, 242, 243, 246, 249, 250, 252, 255, 260, 261, 264, 267, 269, 270, 293, 296
Rossetti, Frances	226, 227
Rossetti, Wm.	1, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 14 to 21, 23 to 27, 31 to 37, 39, 43, 52, 61, 67, 70, 71, 73, 76, 84, 85, 107, 111, 112, 115 to 118, 121, 123 to 127, 130, 136, 138, 139, 140, 142, 143, 147, 151, 157, 159, 160, 167 to 170, 176 to 179, 182, 183, 185 to 189, 191, 196 to 200, 203 to 207, 209, 211 to 219, 223, 224, 230, 232, 235 to 238, 240, 245, 251, 253, 256, 257, 259, 262, 263, 265, 272, 274, 277 to 282, 284, 285, 286, 288 to 295, 297, 298, 300, 303
Sandys, Frederick	233, 234



ROSSETTI PAPERS.

I.—WILLIAM BELL SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[There was a project pending between Mr Scott and myself that we should go together to Italy in the course of 1862—which in fact we did. My Brother did not find it convenient to accompany us.]

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

19 *February* 1862.

My dear W.,—You will believe we heard of the death of Mrs Gabriel with sincere sorrow and sympathy for him. The circumstance you mention, and which we hear from other sources, has been the cause of some notoriety, adding to the natural pain of such a parting. Since having your note, which I have delayed answering till now on that account, I have tried to ascertain whether I could go to Italy now. To have Gabriel with us would, in several regards, be a great gain, and I quite think he ought to be lifted out of his present surroundings. My going is however uncertain; but, whether I go or not, you must consider yourself free to accompany him. . . . But, irrespective of me, why delay till middle of April? Gabriel should go now if at all; indeed, if he does not go now, it is more than likely he will not go at all. My knowledge of Gabriel leads me to fancy he will either go away immediately or not at all. If he gets involved in the interest of his picture - engagements, he will not leave them. But then, indeed, our object would be gained; he would be in-

terested and mentally occupied, though not quite so healthily, I dare say. . . . Give Gabriel my most friendly sympathy, and explain to him my position.—Ever yours,

W. B. SCOTT.

2.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[Not long before her death, Rossetti had painted a head of his Wife, which he called *Regina Cordium*. It seems to have belonged to Mr John Miller of Liverpool, who was now selling off most of his pictures. My Brother did not at this date wish to be under an obligation to Mr Gambart the picture-dealer, as the latter was pressing him rather inconveniently in relation to some pictures which he had undertaken to paint for the late Mr Plint, and which he had not yet completed. The reference to "Tudor House" indicates that Rossetti was thinking of removing—as he soon afterwards did—to that residence.]

ALBANY STREET, LONDON.

22 February 1862.

My dear Brown,—Would you write to Mr Miller about the little head of Lizzie, if you have not yet done so. It is called *Regina Cordium*. It seems to require to be done at once, as Gambart, meeting William in the street, explained his readiness to withdraw the picture at once from the sale; but I had rather Mr Miller were to effect it if he likes to do so—as otherwise I should be under obligation to G[ambar]t, and he may become troublesome. House-affairs get still further complicated—Tudor House, Cheyne Walk, seeming to offer probably on such very reduced terms that it would seem a sin to let it slip. I shall know more to-day. Perhaps I may come down this evening to you—indeed most probably.—Yours,

D. G. R.

3.—LORD VERNON to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[The "present" which Rossetti had sent to Lord Vernon must have been his book *The Early Italian Poets*. The poem by Ciullo d'Alcamo, translated in that volume, is regarded as the earliest of all the compositions there included.]

TRESCO ABBEY, ISLES OF SCILLY.

27 March 1862.

Dear Sir,—I see with shame that I have omitted to do that which I thought I had done long ago—I mean, thanked you for your kind and very acceptable present. I can only hope that I may have soon the pleasure of seeing you and thanking you in person. I am the more gratified by this present because I not only respected the character and admired the talent of your dear Father, but loved him for his simplicity, gentleness, and warmth of heart. I hope some day or another you will pay me a visit at Sudbury. I have got some MSS. of Fazio degli Uberti and Brunetto Latini (not autographs but old), and I should like to consult you about them. Are you aware that I was so enamoured of Ciullo d'Alcamo that I took some pains to get the text rectified, as you will see in the last edition of Nannucci's *Manuale della Letteratura*?—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

VERNON.

4.—WILLIAM BELL SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The Brother of Mr Scott here referred to was (but I need hardly specify it) the painter David Scott.]

NEWCASTLE.

4 May 1862.

My dear W.,— . . . Have you seen the Great Exhibition yet? I suppose one must calculate on a number of days

for that alone in London. Tell Gabriel I wrote Redgrave (much against the grain, he may be sure) about my Brother's pictures. Long ago and often I have formed the determination to do or say no more in the way of taking care of my Brother's fame, but still things turn up to induce me to break that resolve. The gods are against him. Somehow or other the world ignores him, and nothing any one can say seems to effect any result or remain audible. The fact is, his art does not belong to the day. Following his natural tendencies, he worked on an Ancient Master's basis of education; and the great characteristic of his manner—that power of hand he showed always, and proudly—is not only lost in English art; it is misunderstood, and disqualifies a man. How could his pictures be well hung when Redgrave (the painter of those pictures at South Kensington, *The Widow*, *Ophelia*, *Gulliver*) and Creswick were the hangers?—Ever yours,

W. B. SCOTT.

5.—JULIA CAMERON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[This extract of a letter from a lady well known in society and as a photographic enthusiast relates to Christina Rossetti's first published volume, *Goblin Market*, etc. The name of Henry Taylor will be recognized as that of the distinguished author of *Philip van Artevelde*.]

BRENT LODGE, HENDON.

13 May 1862.

My dear Mr Rossetti,—If you and your Sister have judged of me by seemings, you must both have thought me unworthy and ungrateful of the book which is really precious to me. It has given me a great *longing* to know your Sister; but you don't and won't understand how much this discourse with her soul makes me feel as if I *did* know her now, and always affectionately as well as admir-

ingly. The first thing I did with my gift was to lend it to my great friend, Henry Taylor—he cared very much for it; the next thing I did was to enjoy the feast myself; and the third thing I do is to say my grace to the giver. . . .
—Yours ever truly,

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON.

6.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[By “Heaton” my Brother meant Mr John Aldam Heaton, then an art-loving manufacturer in Yorkshire, afterwards a decorative artist in London; and by “Webb” he meant Mr Philip Webb the architect, at that time a member of the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, & Co.]

59 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

14 May 1862.

Dear Brown,—Heaton and Webb are coming here to tea to-morrow (Thursday) at eight or nine. Will you come? I hope you will.

I have been to the International, and was absolutely knocked down and trodden on by H. Leys.—Yours,

D. G. R.

7.—ANNE GILCHRIST to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Readers will readily perceive that this extract refers to the *Life of William Blake* by Alexander Gilchrist. When Gilchrist's sudden death took place at the end of 1861, the *Life* was practically completed, but not in every detail. My Brother and myself devoted a great deal of attention to the task, congenial in all respects, of bringing the MS. into a condition suited for publication: but I may repeat here (what I have had occasion to say before, and what appears in Mrs Gilchrist's letter of 2 May 1863, No.

24) that the *Life* itself, and in great part the critical remarks embodied in it, were the authentic and undivided work of Gilchrist, and only required to be supplemented in some of the outlying matter. I may also say that my extracts from numerous interesting letters addressed to me by Mrs Gilchrist would be much more copious, were it not that those letters have already been drawn upon in the book entitled *Anne Gilchrist, her Life and Writings, edited by Herbert H. Gilchrist, 1887.*]

BROOKBANK COTTAGE, SHOTTERMILL, HASLEMERE.
22 May 1862.

My dear Sir,—I find blanks left in the MS. where should follow some brief description of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, The Book of Ahania, The Song of Los, Asia, and Africa*. The kind helpfulness and thoroughness with which you have hitherto met my requests makes me bold to ask that you would furnish me with a brief general description of each of these—if indeed you can command sufficient leisure for the purpose. . . . —Yours very truly,

ANNIE GILCHRIST.

8.—F. T. PALGRAVE to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[WELBECK STREET.]
1 June 1862.

Dear Rossetti,— . . . Tennyson when here looked at Miss Rossetti's poems, and expressed great pleasure to me at what he read. But one never gets him to formularize a neat *Saturday* or *London Review* judgment on these matters.—Ever truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

9.—DR FURNIVALL to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[This refers to the work which I was doing for the great English Dictionary projected by the Philological Society, and

now in course of publication through the Clarendon Press. I received for sub-editing quotations proper to the letter L. (not any other letter), and attended to a large portion of them. I dare say however that my sub-editing work makes—and deserves to make—very little appearance in the final redaction of the Dictionary.]

3 OLD SQUARE.
16 June 1862.

Dear Rossetti,—Many thanks for your note, with its offer from you to act as one of the sub-editors, and its announcement of coming extracts. . . . For a sub-editorship I shall be very pleased to entrust the extracts to you—for two or three letters say; and will endeavour to fill in, or get filled in, the roots etc. that you have space for. . . . —Yours very truly,

F. T. FURNIVALL.

. . . Will you too bestow your carte on our Dictionary collection of contributors' likenesses? One of our best men, Eastwood, sent his carte up, and urged me to ask every reader for his phiz. This I am doing as I write about other matters, and have got a dozen in. The book will be one of some interest.

10.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI—DIARY.

[I give here some extracts from the Diary which I kept during my small continental trip with W. B. Scott. It will be easily understood that during this trip, and similarly during others later on, a great portion of my Diary consisted of rapid remarks upon the works of art which I inspected, and to some extent upon matters of scenery. These for the most part I suppress, as relating to things exceedingly well-known to travelled and cultivated readers, and as not being of such weight or development as to warrant quotation. Here and there some items of that kind are extracted—

along with other items of a more general or more individual character.]

Wednesday, 2 July 1862.—Started with Scott for Italy. . . . On to Paris. . . .

Thursday, 3.—Campana Museum (Musée Napoléon 3), a most rich collection of old Italian paintings and sculpture, several of which seem unaccountable omissions from the selection made for South Kensington. Majolica fair; Etruscan vases, statues (antique), gems, ornaments, terra-cottas, etc. . . . The paintings impress me as a larger and more satisfactory show of the old Italian schools than any other I know. The old Umbrian school before Perugino, with a Botticelli tinge in greater purism, very lovely. . . .

Wednesday, 9.—Padua. Went to a photograph and book shop, where the youth showed me a Giuseppe Giusti of Carducci's edition. I asked whether they had Rossetti in same series. "Yes," and produced it; but it is now prohibited—prohibited at first appearance, afterwards permitted; again prohibited within a fortnight or so. "What would be the penalty for selling?" (which the youth was ready to do). "*Non lieve pena.*"* Shrug of shoulder to enquiry why now forbidden. "*Era mio padre.*"—"Me ne consolo."† Had before this produced Teodorico's *Life*.‡ Sacristan(?) of S. Giustina called the soldiers '*ste bestie*.§ Omnibus-driver yesterday in Milan, same term to a monk (*i.e.* all monks) I asked about, and would *brusarli tutti*.|| Saw two Austrian (I assume) officers come into Pedrocchi's for dinner, and no hostility—the only case in which I have noticed any amalgamation whatever between the Austrians and Italians. . . . In the evening to Venice.

Friday, 11.—Met Inchbold. Took lodging 4205 Riva degli Schiavoni, 5 francs a night for a week. . . . Tea at

* No light penalty.

† He was my father.—Most glad to hear it.

‡ *I.e.*, a brief *Life of Gabriele Rossetti*, written by Teodorico Pietrocola-Rossetti.

§ Those beasts.

|| Burn them all.

Inchbold's. Conversation with his landlady, an intelligent woman of some thirty-four. Venice very stagnant these three years; wants the Austrians turned out, and things would revive; *could* turn them out, as the Italians have had a career of conquest through the whole land. Believes nothing—men and women die like plants. No time to say prayers. Pope and Devil much the same. Goes to church sometimes as it happens to come; people go there to see each other and keep appointments. Many women are of her way of thinking. The lower classes who cannot read take down what they are told by the priests. Never goes to confession. . . .

Monday, 14.—A curious instance of the stagnant un-business-like condition of Venice:—Scott, having burned a small hole in his trousers with a lucifer, wanted to have them repaired; the landlady told us there is no such person as a jobbing tailor for such a thing. It could be given to a woman, and one must take one's chance of how it would be done. . . . Gondola to Murano. . . . Church under restoration for the last four years, but little or nothing done. The idea is to take away all the modernizations, bringing to light some concealed parts of the old work, and completing it in same style. Great mosaic Madonna over altar very fine. Custode remembered, on my referring to him, "Signor Roveschin,"* who stayed there about two months, coming constantly with his *bella moglie*.† "They would be horrified if they saw its present condition," he said. Asked me to remember him to Ruskin, for whom he had conceived a great regard. Again to Scuola di San Rocco. Curious half-grotesque wood sculpture of Tintoret holding a scroll inscribed with a pictorial confession of faith; easy enough to decipher, but did not get it sufficiently up.—The great cry in Venice is *Acqua fresca*—*Fresca l'acqua*—*come ghiasso*,‡ and so on; one enthusiast said, *O che ghiasso!*§ . . .

Wednesday, 16.—Ascended the great Campanile to the chief (1st) gallery: no stairs inside, but an inclined plane,

* *I.e.*, Ruskin.

† Handsome wife.

‡ Fresh water—like ice.

§ Oh what ice!

making the ascent very easy. A splendid view. Canals among streets wholly invisible, roofs almost invariably tiled of the Italian brownish-red, with sufficient variation of tint—very good colour. Only a single puff of smoke from a factory-chimney. The bells, five or six of no noticeable size, began playing at a great rate from noon. About three hours here. . . .

Monday, 21.—Saw nothing of Siena beyond a look into the Piazza del Popolo, with the fountain and the Casino de' Nobili, having to leave by the diligence for Rome at noon. Breakfast at the best café, del Greco; only 50 cents the two, the cheapest we have had. Saw over shops the names Botticelli and F. Lippi. Left Siena by diligence. A fellow-traveller, wife of the head of the dogana at Radicofani (last station in Kingdom of Italy), herself a Pisan, quoting the line, *Ahi Pisa vituperio delle genti*, says the Pisans turn it into *Vita e imperio delle genti*.*

Wednesday, 23.—Magnificent masses of oleanders topping the garden-walls in the streets as you enter Rome by the Piazza del Popolo. . . .

Sunday, 27.—Scott reasonably well set up again. We took a *vettura* to La Riccia, to see Stillman. . . . Our driver said that at about the age of fourteen he had been groom to one Masini (?), aide-de-camp of Garibaldi at the siege of Rome in 1849; and at his death had been turned over to Garibaldi, who would often take him by the head and give him a twirl round. Had a strong feeling for him. Said that two or three years ago Garibaldi came to Rome dressed like a sportsman, and took refreshment at a café; when the waiter offered him his change, he said he would take it when he next came to Rome. Papal gendarmes, being on the scent, surrounded the café next morning, and found Garibaldi had gone, leaving a note to say that, if anybody wanted him, he had better come after him. Probably a fable; and so

* The Dantesque reader will understand what is here referred to. Dante, in connection with the Ugolino tragedy, denounces Pisa as "opprobrium of mankind." The Pisans turn this into "life and sovereignty of mankind."

thinks Stillman, who is of opinion that the papal policy has been the most prudent and successful possible under the circumstances; the Sardinian dynasty unloved by the people throughout Italy, and the Republican party much on the increase, and likely to make some energetic move. The annexation of Rome quite uncertain, unless through some such move. . . .

Sunday, August 2.—Took donkeys to Nemi, etc. . . . The donkey-man says that the ex-king of Naples, now making his *villeggiatura* at La Riccia, is charitable, distributing alms to the poor every Saturday evening. The Pope too is ready to give, throwing money out of his carriage when he goes to Castel Gandolfo. Antonelli gives nothing, and is unpopular. . . .

Thursday, 7.— . . . Passed through Leghorn and Pisa. . . . To Campo Santo, where I do not find my impressions of the Gozzolis enhanced. The *Last Judgment* of Orcagna a great work spite of its salient imperfections, perhaps greater than the *Triumph of Death*. The Giottos and so-called Buffalmaccos very fine of their kind, the latter noticeable for natural conception and treatment. Orcagna's *Ascension* very powerful in unity of impulse. The sculpture over portal of Baptistery fine. "Roma o la Morte" and "Abbasso il Papa Rè"* are the chief inscriptions on the walls; in one place, "Viva Iddio e Garibaldi."† . . .

Friday, 8.—Giottos(?) in the small room out of the Campo Santo—Frescoes: 1. *Virgin and Child*, head and shoulders; a majestic and beneficent head of the Virgin. 2. Young male saint, head and shoulders, with head bowed as in adoration (same character of work as the fresco in the National Gallery). 3. Elderly female saint, in monastic drapery (head), very earnest, set expression. 4. Head and shoulders of Baptist, arm (cut off) raised in preaching or baptizing; left held a rod (probably in act of baptizing Christ). 5. Two heads and shoulders of angels apparently holding the robe of Christ during baptism; foremost head

* Down with the Pope King.

† Long live God and Garibaldi.

very beautiful, with expression of rapt satisfaction. 6. Head and shoulders of a young man playing a harp, no sign of saintship. 7. Half-figure of an aged saint writing, the paper laid across left knee; very serious, absorbed expression—good quality of drawing. A very rude fresco in three compartments, of the story of some episcopal saint, and a tempera *Coronation of Virgin*, seemingly dated 1431 (same room), cannot be Giotto's. The *Annunciation* over the arch of this door is on the whole the most satisfactory of Gozzoli's pictures. . . .

Monday, 11.— . . . Between Bourg and Mâcon. . . . My neighbour in the carriage came out against Napoleon's government. He was once going to use an opposition-ticket at an election, and was walked off by the police; and, if he had not kept out of the way, would have been locked up for a day until the election was over. Mayors and other officials are compelled to take-in the government papers, which otherwise would have very little circulation. Frenchmen learn the news of their own country from extracts, in French papers, from foreign ones, especially the *Indépendance Belge*, and even these expurgated. The French army has no business in Rome. Nobody can understand Napoleon's Roman policy. His son not likely to succeed; but the Orleanists, and still more the Legitimists, are small parties.—Travelling all night.

Tuesday, 12.— . . . London by 8.30 P.M.

II.—JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[Nothing came of Mr Ruskin's suggestion that he might possibly like to become an inmate of the house which Rossetti was now taking but had not yet entered, in Cheyne Walk. The "Banner picture," cherished by Professor Eliot Norton, is the watercolour *Before the Battle*, mentioned in my volume entitled *Ruskin, Rossetti, Præ-raphaelitism*. By "your Sister," Ruskin, I think, meant

Maria rather than Christina. He knew more of the former.]

MILAN.

12 July 1862.

My dear Rossetti,—So often I've tried to write; and could not, having had to fight with various fears and sicknesses such as I never knew before, and not thinking it well to burden you with them. I write now only to thank you for your kind words in your letter to Jones. I do trust that henceforward I may be more with you—as I am able now better to feel your great powers of mind, and am myself more in need of the kindness with which they are joined. There are many plans in my thoughts: assuredly I can no more go on living as I have done. Jones will tell you what an aspen-leaf and flying speck of dust in the wind my purposelessness makes me. They are dear creatures, he and his wife both, and have done much to help me; and I believe there is nothing they would not do if they could.

I am vexed, and much (perhaps more than about any other of the inconveniences caused by my being ill), that I have missed William, who must be by this time at Venice, as far as I can hear. A letter of his, received just as I was leaving town, got thrown into a drawer by mistake instead of my desk, and I could not answer it.

Among the shadowy plans above spoken of, the one that looks most like light is one of spending large part of every year in Italy, measuring and copying old frescoes. Perhaps some time we might have happy days together, if there were any place in Italy where you cared to study—or be idle. I've been thinking of asking if I could rent a room in your Chelsea house; but I'm so tottery in mind that I have no business to tease any one by asking questions.

Jones has done me some divine sketches. How he does love you, and reverence your work! Did Norton—of course he did—write to you about the Banner picture?

I've kept his letter to me about it. How he appreciated it! I never knew a picture so enjoyed.

I don't deserve a letter, but I've had things sometimes before now that I didn't. I'm here at all events, if you have word to say to me. Remember me with deep and sincere respect to your Sister, and believe me ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

12.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

["The Francesca" is no doubt a *Paolo and Francesca*—perhaps the one which went into the collection of Mr James Leathart, a watercolour triptych. The *Joan of Arc* was an oil-picture—its purchaser, Mr James Anderson Rose, a solicitor. "Marshall" I understand to be Mr Peter Paul Marshall, a member of the Morris firm. Mr Whistler first became known to my brother towards this date: he lived in Chelsea, not far from the Cheyne Walk house.]

59 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.
21 August 1862.

My dear Brown,— . . . I have the *Francesca* to dispose of as yet, since Rose has settled on the *Joan of Arc*; but the former would not be less than 100,—or 120 indeed, most likely, unless found impracticable. . . . I am writing to ask Marshall, who wants to meet Whistler.—Your

D. G. R.

13.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[This extract from a letter, which may probably belong to August or September 1862, shows that my Brother was about to enter into an agreement with Mr W. J. Knewstub,

who soon afterwards joined him at Cheyne Walk. His position might be regarded as something between that of pupil and of artistic assistant: as quasi-pupil he paid a sum down, and, though quasi-assistant, he did not receive any salary. "My 5s. table" must have been a compact painting-table which had been made to Rossetti's own design, and which, proving highly convenient, remained in use for many years—perhaps up to his final illness.]

59 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

[1862—? *Autumn*].

Dear Brown,— . . . I want to speak to you about making an agreement with Knewstub. I have got my 5s. table in use: it is sublime!—Your

D. G. R.

14.—J. A. FROUDE to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Mr Froude was at this time Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, to which I contributed a few articles on subjects of Fine Art. His note shows that I had offered to produce a paper upon Blake—forming a review of Gilchrist's book. I did not however write any such paper; coming to the conclusion, as I proceeded with my work supplemental to the volumes in question, that I should not be a wholly appropriate critic for that with which I had so closely connected myself.]

6 CLIFTON PLACE, HYDE PARK.

20 *October* 1862.

My dear Mr Rossetti,—It will be a real pleasure to me if you will write on Blake. He has always seemed to me to be an instance of the prodigal carelessness of Nature, which gives a man so often half the qualities which make up genius, and, by leaving out the others, makes them almost useless. Sound understanding is too usually the

thing that is with-held. I do not know whether it was so in Blake's case.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. A. FROUDE.

15.—FREDERICK TATHAM to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Mr Tatham had, in early youth, been one of the latest band of Blake's admirers and personal acquaintances. I was put into communication with him by Mrs Gilchrist, with a view to clearing up some disputable points in the *Life* by Gilchrist, and more especially to further the compilation, which I had undertaken, of a Catalogue Raisonné of Blake's paintings and designs, to form a portion of the Gilchrist volumes—as in fact it now does. Mr Tatham was, when I knew him, a man well advanced in middle age, of rather bulky but far from tall figure, with an expressive face and tone of conversation. He was by profession a sculptor, but I think with little incoming practice. Afterwards he became a Minister in the Irvingite Church—perhaps an "Angel." His MS., *The Epic Theory in Art*, was well worth reading—the work of a vigorous and independent, though not very nicely balanced, mind and pen. He did not, I believe, succeed in publishing it.]

FOREST GATE, ESSEX.

6 November 1862.

Dear Sir,—I shall have much pleasure in replying; but it will not always be possible for me to remember, as I have sold Mr Blake's works for thirty years. I will take them in your order. Mr Evans bought nearly all I had latterly. . . . The List directed to Mr Ferguson of Tynemouth: This I forget, but I have no doubt they alluded to a batch of very fine ones printed in oil and painted on in water afterwards by Blake himself. They were printed in a loose press from an outline sketched on paste-board; the oil colour was blotted on, which gave the sort of impression you will get by taking the impression of anything *wet*.

There was a look of accident about this mode which he afterwards availed of, and tinted so as to bring out and favour what was there rather blurred. I do not know that I can tell you these seven: but *Nebuchadnezzar* was one; *Pity like a New-born Babe, Newton*; *The Saviour* another, *Eve with the Serpent* another, *Elijah in the Chariot* another; and the seventh I do not remember. . . .

The finished plates have not been in my possession for many years. . . . The printing in oil was a favourite system, as he coloured them up: he did a good many, of other subjects, in this way. . . .

I am, dear Sir, now going to ask you a favour. Some three years ago I sat down and wrote a very elaborate brochure which is not yet printed—it is in legible MS. entitled, *The Epic Theory in Art: an Enquiry into the present depressed State of the Art of Sculpture, with Reasons and a Remedy*. This is a most earnest and very concise and (I think) vigorous production, proposing a school for Sculptors, and going into the subject in a critical manner so as to leave nothing to be desired according to its object. Now I find it difficult to get an ear; but I have got a few people to attempt it, and they have been much interested. Mr Gladstone spoke most highly, also the Reader at Smith & Elder's, Cornhill, Mr Williams. . . . Shall I forward it? I know you will dip into it if you get it—at least all have who have had it.—In haste, very faithfully yours,

FREDERICK TATHAM.

16.—JOHN LINNELL, Jun., to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[In the course of my Blake researches I was privileged to call at the house (Red Hill) of the admirable painter John Linnell, then aged but still vigorous, and to inspect all his Blake treasures, including the water-colour series from Dante. Immediately afterwards his Son the engraver

was so good as to send me an explanatory letter, from which I present an extract.]

REDSTONE WOOD, RED HILL, SURREY.

2 December 1862.

My dear Sir,— . . . As to the numbers of the drawings, I have just counted them through carefully. There are, as you state, sixty-eight drawings, and undoubtedly belonging to the *Hell*, and mostly marked with the numbers of the cantos. . . . In the other folio there was a drawing which belonged to the Dante designs, and which might perhaps be placed between the *Hell* and *Purgatory*. It was scarcely more than a pencil-sketch—and gave the nine circles (Limbo 1—Minos 2—Cerberus 3—etc.), beginning at the bottom: and in the margin is written: “This is upside down when viewed from hell’s hole, which ought to be at the top. But right when viewed from Purgatory after they have passed the centre,” etc. In margin is also written: “It seems as if Dante’s Supreme Good was something superior to the Father of Jesus. For, if he gives his rain to the evil and good, and his sun to the just and unjust, he could never have builded (?) Dante’s Hell; nor the Hell of the Bible neither, in the way our parsons explain it. It must have been originally formed by the Devil himself; and so I understand it to have been. Whatever book is for vengeance for sin, and whatever book is against the forgiveness of sins, is not of the Father, but of Satan the accuser and Father of Hell.”

It is rather difficult to read, but I think the above is rightly copied. . . . Faithfully yours,

JOHN LINNELL, Jun.

17.—ANNE GILCHRIST to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[“The poetical portion of Vol. II.” is the editing and elucidation, done by my Brother, of Blake’s poems.]

BROOKBANK.

11 December 1862.

My dear Mr Rossetti,— . . . I have not (that I can find) a copy of the two recipes you speak of for wood-cutting on copper and on pewter; would feel greatly obliged by a copy of them. It is quite true that Blake had no process by which he could print in *more than one colour*. If you look closely at any of his engraved books, you will see the entire design outlined with whatever may happen to be the colour of the writing. Thus, in the *Daughters of Albion*, all the people have green noses, a phenomenon rather startling to my unartistic eyes. . . .

I have received since I last wrote to you proofs of the whole of the poetical portion of Vol. II.; and, indeed, I hardly know how to speak adequately of the satisfaction and delight with which I read them. Never, I think, was the task of editorship so admirably performed, if the aim of editorship be to quicken the reader's insight and enjoyment. I need not tell you I read your explanation of *The Mental Traveller* with wide-open eyes. Certainly that "Idea" binds the most chaotic, disjointed, obscure-looking poem that ever was written, into a harmonious, connected, nobly pregnant whole. My dear Husband would have been beyond measure pleased with it.—Yours very truly,

ANNE GILCHRIST.

18.—FREDERICK TATHAM to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

FOREST GATE, ESSEX.

16 December 1862.

My dear Sir,—*The Ancient of Days*, with the compasses, was the subject that Blake finished for me on his death-bed. He threw it down, and said, "There, I hope Mr Tatham will like it;" and then said, "Kate, I will draw your portrait; you have been a good wife to me." And he made a frenzied sketch of her; which when done, he sang

himself joyously and most happily—literally with songs—into the arms of the grim enemy, and yielded up his sweet spirit. This is related by Mr Smith in the book alluded to.

Mr Gilchrist's study was full of pigeon-holes and papers without end, and gave one an idea of what authorship was. . . . —Very faithfully yours,

FREDERICK TATHAM.

19.—JOHN LINNELL, Jun., to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

REDSTONE WOOD, RED HILL, SURREY.
21 December 1862.

My dear Sir,—There are twenty original drawings by Blake illustrating the poem by Philips in Thornton's *Virgil* (I forgot to show you these drawings). They are delicately executed in Indian ink, more or less finished; a trifle larger than the wood-engravings, and occasionally slightly varying from them. Sixteen of these subjects, cut by Blake himself, appear in Thornton's work—also three of them cut by another. One of these drawings (subject, the two shepherds standing together, and sheep etc. behind, same size as others) is not engraved. We have no drawing of the larger block engraved by Blake, given in Thornton as frontispiece.

The above-referred-to seventeen wood-blocks were the only ones Blake ever cut. The drawings were executed a little before the book was published.

The dates of the Visionary Heads would be either 1819 or 1820: the three which have dates written on them are all October 1819. . . . —Faithfully yours,

JOHN LINNELL, Jun.

20.—ANNE GILCHRIST to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Mr Linnell (Sen.) regarded Mr Tatham with antipathy. Mr William Haines, who had been intimate with Alex-

ander Gilchrist, took a friendly interest in the *Life of Blake*, compiling the list of Blake's engravings, and rendering other services.]

BROOKBANK.

21 December 1862.

My dear Mr Rossetti,— . . . Tatham always uses the word "millboard," and says he has some of them, or had, still by him. I am afraid we must give up all hope of getting at the rights of the oil-printing process. Linnell would hardly speak so positively of the inaccuracy of Tatham's account (as he does not know *who* wrote it) unless he had good grounds for doing so; but he says it would "take too much time to set it right." I believe the honest truth to be he does not himself thoroughly understand it, but knows, as an artist, Tatham's process to be an impossible one. Mr Haines, who has some practical acquaintance with painting, thinks that to paint in *water-colours* on the top of oils in that way is quite impracticable. So perhaps it will be on the safe side not to attempt any explanation. . . . —Yours very truly,

A. GILCHRIST.

21.—JOHN LINNELL, Sen., to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The starting-point of this extract is a report that Blake had done some heraldic drawing in his youth.]

REDSTONE WOOD.

24 December 1862.

Dear Sir,— . . . The criticism upon Blake's Dragons would apply just as well to Turner for his picture of *Jason* in the National Gallery, where the Dragon is quite as heraldic in its character as any of Blake's, and even more so. I remember another picture in the National Gallery, by Turner, which has a terrific dragon in it, high up on a rock. But the fact is, dragons are rather uncommon. There are none in the Zoological Gardens.

They are traditional, and all have been drawn from one type, or nearly so, and hence unavoidable similarity. Blake however has given a sublimity of character to his dragons and serpents which we look in vain for elsewhere; and those who could not see the grandeur of Blake's conceptions were always spiteful in their criticisms, from a desire to bring that down to their low level which they could not reach. I believe it is in art as in the highest knowledge—the $\Phi\upsilon\lambda\iota\kappa\omicron\varsigma$ or sensuous man receiveth not the things of the Spirit: they are foolishness to him, and he is unable to know them because they are spiritually discerned.—Yours,

J. L., Sen.

22.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[The suggestion that “dirt” might be “quite essential” for a dinner of which Brown was to partake is one of those jocularities to which one loses the clue with lapse of years. It would rather seem that Brown had been proposing to dine cheap at some eating-house not noted for nicety. Marshall and Goss are Peter Paul Marshall, and a picture buyer of those days, Captain Goss.]

16 CHEYNE WALK.

7 January 1863.

My dear Brown,—Do come and dine with *me* here at six to-morrow. The dinner will at any rate thus be the cheapest possible; and, if dirt is quite essential, I will even turn a few dogs into the room for a day and a night, being the dirtiest animals I can well get at. . . . I write the same request to Marshall with this.—Your affectionate

GABRIEL.

If you can come by daylight, so much the better; as I have two pictures by Scott which I want to show Marshall with an eye to Goss.

23.—WILLIAM HAINES to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

WALBERTON, ARUNDEL.

5 February 1863.

Dear Sir,—Having seen at last the Petworth Blakes, you may (if it is not too late) add something to the mere titles of them in your Catalogue, suggested by whatever I am going to say. In the *Procession of Spenser's Characters* I found a picture between 4 and 5 feet long by a foot and a few inches high—same dimensions probably as the *Pilgrimage*—painted on paper laid on canvas; colours much faded, or rather clouded over by an uniform tone of brown yellow—effect of varnish. Am not quite certain I should have discovered the subject at once, had I not known it beforehand. There are puzzling figures of an allegoric sort above (in the sky), one like the Almighty. In the background, Gothic buildings, cathedral etc. The Procession itself presents a rather meagre epitome of so rich a theme; the figures, and especially the horses, very archaic and singular. I could not identify many of the personages, nor did there seem many. A grand mediæval drama performed by a limited company with old costumes and properties of the siege of Troy (there is more than one wooden horse by the way) it might be compared to, though not justly or accurately. To be more serious—the Red-Cross Knight and Una go first; beside them the Lion and a wretched crippled little dragon. Then comes, on foot, a hermit with a baby in his arms. Next, a female on horseback—a figure something between Florimel and the Wife of Bath, but grand—with a free and glorious air. Who this was, or who the rest were, I could not read; though in a nude Hercules-like figure I recognized our old friend Talus because he carried a flail, and I suspect Sir Artegall himself was not far off. You may safely say the picture is not equal to the *Pilgrimage*; is neither so elaborate, correct, or exhaustive.

The *Satan in the Infernal Regions*, when the butler

handed it to me, was simply a black blister, till I took it to the light. It is a "fresco," I presume (the *Procession* is merely a water-colour drawing); highly finished and rich in colour, or was so once before it turned so dark, ruined by time and varnish. Satan stands on a rock—a nude figure unlike Fuseli; no spear and shield, or armour with navel showing through it, etc. Flames and rocks, and a multitude of figures—one on his knees hugging himself and howling, identical with a figure in *Urizen*. I noticed a curious appearance or texture about the flesh, like colouring over a chalk-engraving? There is one figure, a woman with manacles on her wrists. Couldn't make out the subject—that is, it may *not* be "Satan calling up his Legions." An elaborate and fine example, but obscured and spoiled by time and varnish. Is this picture in the *Descriptive Catalogue*?

The *Last Judgment* is small (14 inches by 12 at a guess); so the figures (there being such a multitude of them) are rather minute, scarcely over two inches the biggest. It is highly finished as to drawing, but slight in colour, the white paper predominating everywhere save on the side of the unlucky, where there is most colour, the *greater warmth*. Some of the figures among the blessed are of extreme loveliness. After reading the description in the Letter to Ozias Humphrey (not to mention the *Vision* in your book), the picture itself is likely to disappoint on the score of grandeur and impressiveness. In those respects it is not equal to the engraving in Blair. It is (after the description aforesaid) like the same matter expressed in delicate and beautiful hieroglyphic. Under glass, and in good preservation. Signed "W. Blake inv. & del. 1808." . . .
—Yours very sincerely,

WM. HAINES.

24.—ANNE GILCHRIST to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

BROOKBANK.

2 May 1863.

My dear Mr Rossetti,— . . . There is one point on which I do feel sorry and tenacious—that the notion should get abroad, as I believe it has done, that my dear Husband left the work very incomplete, and that a great deal (instead of a very little save and except this Catalogue) has been done to it. Whenever you have the opportunity to contradict this, I should be very grateful to you for doing so. He left it *completed*—and all the insertions put together would not (apart from quotations) occupy half-a-dozen pages. Perhaps the best plan would be to speak emphatically on this point in a preface? . . . —Yours very truly,

ANNE GILCHRIST.

Mr Rivière of Oxford is the gentleman who writes that Blake had worked as a Herald-painter in his youth.

25.—JOHN RUSKIN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[This note refers to a book of uncoloured Japanese landscapes, of a direct naturalistic treatment, which I had recently bought, and had produced for Ruskin's inspection. He is more complimentary here to Japanese art than he has been in some other utterances.]

[DENMARK HILL.]

15 June 1863.

Dear Rossetti,—The book is delightful, and thank you much for sending it. I should like to go and live in Japan.

I'm going to hunt up Gabriel—but am so good-for-

nothing and full of disgusts that I'm better out of his way : still, I'm going to get into it.—Always yours truly,

J. RUSKIN.

I return *Japan* by book-post. The seas and clouds are delicious, the mountains very good.

26.—W. J. STILLMAN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

OLEVANO, NR. ROME.

16 June 1863.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . The immediate need of my writing is to have you send me a copy of *Fraser* with that absurd (they say) defence of slavery, in which Ruskin has been committing a *felo de se*, I think they call it. What in the world could have possessed him to do such a thing? Does he know anything about slavery, having never seen a slave? or does he by abstract reasoning prove a falsehood? or that he believes it? which is the same thing with him. I'd like to put the *argumentum ad hominem* to him, make him my nigger three months, to show him what an abstraction may be worth. But do send up the article, that I may measure for myself the present deviation of the compass, and find where our friend's north pole has got to. What a pity it is that Ruskin did not see years ago that nobody was affected by his speculations, and that, in general, opinions and theories go for breath, and that substantial positive facts are the only Archimedes' fulcrum! All the influence he ever gained was based on his having observed certain facts, and he is now destroying it by the most fantastical and baseless vagaries. . . . It grieves me much that he will destroy the influence he might have in spheres where he has knowledge, by dabbling with things of which he can know nothing. . . .

The copy of your Sister's poems you sent me by post after your return to London was confiscated in the Post Office, I presume as heretical or revolutionary.

What is your England doing to so utterly alienate the only nation in the world which has either kinship or organic sympathy with her? It is a difficult game she is playing in the world, and one that makes her few friends. I happened to be dining the other day with a Spaniard, a Frenchman, a Belgian, a German, and an American; and they all agreed in cordial detestation of England, and in a willingness to join in a war for her destruction. The Spaniard and German were very intelligent men, quite capable of estimating the spirit of their countrymen; and both declared that they only expressed the prevalent sentiment among the *people* of their countries. . . . —Believe me (war or no war) ever your sincere friend,

W. J. STILLMAN.

27.—ANNE GILCHRIST TO WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

EARL'S COLNE.

19 July 1863.

My dear Mr Rossetti,—*Tiriel* and my MS. copy of the *French Revolution* are, I regret to say, at Brookbank. . . . The moment I return home, which will not however be till Michaelmas, I will look them out for Mr Swinburne. . . . Doubtless, Mr Swinburne being now in the full tide of writing and thinking on the subject, the delay will be a very vexatious one to him—most sincerely therefore do I regret it. . . . Mr Linnell is the only possessor I know of an original *French Revolution*. But he, I fear, is by no means a lending man. I look forward with immense interest and curiosity to reading Mr Swinburne's interpretation of the Prophetic Books; not without a lurking suspicion, though, he may have been insensibly led here and there to *create* a meaning out of his own great abundance. I don't see however that the reader has any right to quarrel with this, since he is a clear gainer by it. . . . —Yours very truly,

ANNE GILCHRIST.

By the by, I saw my cousin Major Carwardine a few days ago, about whom you expressed some curiosity on account of his American adventures. He has been, I find, two years in the army of the Potomac, under Generals Maclellan, Burnside, etc.; has fought in ten battles, one of which lasted seven days; and was never wounded but once, and that only with a sword-cut in the leg. . . . The pay is capital, his as a major being the same as that of a major-general in the English army. He tells me the accounts of the miseries and hardships endured by the army of the Potomac are much exaggerated; and that, in fact, they have not at all exceeded what are inevitable in a military campaign; that the commissariat is well managed, and they never suffered from want of provisions except occasionally during forced marches. He also speaks very favourably of his comrades in arms, though it took him some time to get to like them. . . . To give you a notion of his nerve and strength—he stopped a runaway horse the other day, stepping into its path, and throwing his arms round its neck.

2S.—MADOX BROWN to LUCY BROWN (ROSSETTI).

[I understand the date of this letter to be 1863, when Oliver M. Brown, born in January 1855, was eight years of age.]

4 BATH TERRACE, TYNEMOUTH, NORTHUMBERLAND.
[1863].

Dearest Lucy,—Here we are, safe and comfortable, after a very delightful and smooth passage in the *Wansbeck*, London and Newcastle steamer. . . . Tynemouth is full of character and local colour, if not beauty, and there are fair sands. But North and South Shields are the wonderful places—at least to look at, for we have not been *in* them; and the Tyne all the way up to Newcastle is one of the wonderful sights in Europe, though people don't seem to

know it. The most wonderful pictures might be made of it; only it would be more for such men as Turner or Anthony than myself. For want of habit in painting shipping and suchlike, it would take me longer than would pay. Nolly has been quite humpbacked since we left, with stiff neck and a boil on his back, and does not seem well; otherwise he enjoyed himself, and behaved very well, and became wonderfully intimate with the sailors and passengers, whom he astonished not a little by talking scientifically about Yarmouth Roads and other prominent parts of our route. . . .—Your affectionate Papa,

FORD MADOX B.

29.—PROFESSOR NORTON to DANTE ROSSETTI.

SHADY HILL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

24 August 1863.

My dear Rossetti,—I want to hear of you, and to know of your life and work. Your pictures bring you to my thoughts so often and so delightfully that it seems as if we held frequent communication—but I want now something more direct and personal. In the midst of our great war it is pleasant to turn to your peaceful occupations. I give my time and my work to the cause for which we are contending—the good old cause, the cause of justice and liberty; and I am happy in being able to bear my part (though not in the field) in this contest. But the intense interests of the times are wearing on one's heart. . . .

You wrote to me in one of your letters of your great delight in the work of your friend Jones. I remember well meeting him one evening at the Brownings', where he had brought one of his wonderful drawings, in which I was deeply interested. I wish I could see other drawings of his. I have no money during the war to spend for works of art—but I want to give my wife a Christmas present, and I know that I could give her nothing that would please her more than a drawing by Jones. Will

you please send me word as to his prices. . . . And this reminds me to ask you whether I can obtain one of the drawings that you or Holman-Hunt made years ago for the Tennyson. I remember seeing them at that little private exhibition in 1857 where were so many of the best things ever done in England. Now I in vain tell admirers and non-admirers of your work that it is not to be judged by the engravings; that they represent very partially and very imperfectly, sometimes even falsely, the character of it; and that no one can fully appreciate the real feeling in those designs unless they have seen the original. . . .

There is hope for Art in this country. The true ideas—the ideas the P. R. B. have done so much to make clear—are extending among our younger men, both painters and architects, and we shall before long have some good work to show. But there is as usual danger of extravagance, and of admiration of the weaknesses as well as the excellencies of those masters whose work has impressed the imagination of our younger men. . . .

I have had one or two very sad letters from Ruskin of late—so sad as to make me very anxious about him. If you have seen him lately, I wish you would tell me how he seemed to you, and what prospect there is of his regaining health. He is almost as wrong about our war as poor Carlyle; but it is not this that troubles me about him, but his general condition of despondency and gloom.

May I remind you that you once offered to get for me a cast from Keats' face? If it may still be had, will you get it for me? . . . I am always faithfully your friend,

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

30.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI—DIARY.

[This Diary gives a slight account of the only continental trip in which I ever accompanied my Brother. As

that circumstance lends a sort of joint personality to the Diary, I extract its jottings relative to buildings, pictures, etc., more freely than I do in most other cases. Both he and I had been in Belgium in earlier years, but separately.]

Thursday, 3 September 1863. — Left London with Gabriel—Dover. Fine passage to Calais—bright day with strong diffused white clouds. . . . Walk on the ramparts laid out in tiers of tree-bordered walks, with flower-pots here and there, remarkably pretty. . . . Walk on the pier at dusk. Dessin's Hotel now in the building of Quillac's Hotel, the old site being abandoned, and forming (as I understand) the Musée. Very empty, only four at table d'hôte, ourselves included. No ices procurable in all Calais. Hogarth's Gate a characteristic-enough piece of rococo work on a smallish scale.

Friday, 4.—Visited the Musée, held in the *old* Hôtel Dessin—a spacious building with a white courtyard bordered with pollard limes. A moderate number of pictures, with a reasonably good average for such a collection: one *Madonna and Child* is called a duplicate Correggio, and might be so. Two or three old Flemish pictures: one of them, a church-mass picture, has merit of a superior kind. A fine Poussin (Nicholas) of the exposure of Moses, in the classic style with the Nile God—fine in composition, handling somewhat coarse, though I could not say it is not original. Here they have the inscription taken off the column commemorative of the landing of Louis XVIII. Curiosities, Chinese, Indian, etc., very fair; zoological collection ditto, including a set of the insects of France.—Left Calais at noon; a grey dull day, but just before sunset a beautiful rose-flame-suffused sky, with a rainbow dimly double. Several goats, one by one, tethered—some windmills constructed of thatch, cottage-roofs thatched over tiles. Several cottages painted a bright light azure, both on French and Belgian sides of the frontier. Many tall vines also, especially soon before reaching Brussels, between that and Ghent. Arrived towards 7—Hôtel de Flandre.

Saturday, 5.—Visited the Exhibition of Paintings; which seems to be not so much (as I had understood) an International Exhibition as the triennial Belgian Exhibition, whereto foreigners also are admitted. No Leys. Several works of interest and merit, but not what can be called a decidedly high average. Briguiboul's (Paris) *Robespierre* with his jaw shattered the best thing, and a very remarkable work. Church of Notre Dame des Sablons, Gothic, with nothing very noticeable in detail. The gallery (the best thing in Brussels I believe) of the Duke d'Areberg is all topsyturvy during repairs, and not to be seen. . . . After dinner to the Théâtre du Parc, where was the ordinary company—a light comedy and comediotta both well played, especially a lout in the latter by Jolly. Saw the Grande Place and Hôtel de Ville in going to the theatre, but too dusk to get much beyond the general effect, which is noticeably good.

Sunday, 6.—To the Museum of Paintings—some 700 or 800, I think, with a very sufficient quantity of things to look at. Rubens, several large pictures, but not in extraordinary force. The finest of the large ones is perhaps an *Adoration of the Magi*, resembling some other of his versions of that subject. Of the smaller, a magnificent bust-portrait of a Duchess of the reigning family (or some such personage); and, somewhat less remarkable, her husband; also a small sketch of martyrdom of many ladies. A Tintoret of some legend of a saint, with splendid background of storm and wreck. Veronese, *Holy Family and St Katharine*, very fine, especially Katharine; *Adoration of Kings*, with very delightful Annunciation to Shepherds in middle distance. A very clever allegorical sketchy picture by Jordaens—blue-grey tone, only just not so good as similar work by Rubens. An admirable portrait of a man by Rembrandt. Three smallish rooms of the old Flemish pictures; several valuable but few first-rate. A smallish Van Eyck (John), *Adoration of the Kings*, very finished, and fine tone. Two large pictures by Stuerbout, of martyrdom etc. of some female saint, high-class specimens.

A triptych by Van Orley, main subject *The Pietà*, extremely fine.—Zoological Gardens—a funny brown bear who lies down etc. at command, elephant, bison, lion, camel, etc. Gallinaceous birds, herons, etc., allowed to walk free about the garden. The enclosures spacious; big lake for wild-fowl etc., far bigger than in London. Poultry named Padoues (I think chiefly from this part of Europe) with plummy heads, very pretty.—Went to the Cathedral: a satisfactory Gothic building, but not anything very special—surface outside much rechiselled, and inside all whitewashed. The much-vaunted painted glass does not include any of the very best class or period. Far the best is the great west window of the *Last Judgment*, circa 1500 (?), a very excellent specimen. Others, with portrait of Charles V., *Salutation*, etc., are good of their class, but not in any way surprising, and the class far from the best.—After dinner to the Théâtre Lyrique (a saloon-theatre), and the Vauxhall Concert by the Park; but both bored us, and we left.—In the Museum is a noticeable series of largeish paintings by Philippe de Champaigne from the life of some Saint, comparable with the Lesueurs of *St Bruno*, and the best of them better; one of the refectory, and the Saint commanding a raven to hand up a loaf of bread; and another of some miracle in the kitchen with a blaze of fire—this especially a very able work. A Giorgione (?) head of a beautiful young man, with peculiar and delightful costume, of which Gabriel took a memorandum. Preti Calabrese (the first picture I remember of his), a remarkable piece of energy and movement, a large picture of a woman staggering two men whom she advances against.

Monday, 7.—Left Brussels for Antwerp—a dull showery day, going on to heavy rain in the early afternoon, but clearing up fairly afterwards. To the Museum. Gabriel and I agree in thinking that the enormously vaunted Rubenses here are over-rated. *The Crucifixion* is a fine one, of a complete but not very striking order; *The Last Communion of St Jerome* excellent, but not quite up to my reminiscence of it. *The Adoration of the Kings* is, on the

whole, rather a specimen of Rubens's offensive qualities. Of the others, there is none of the first class. A Titian, of *Alexander VI. presenting a Sforza to Peter*, is about the best "painter's picture" in the gallery. The old Flemish Van Ertborn Collection, not many masterpieces. To Church of St Jâques, where Rubens is buried. In the chapel containing his tomb, the picture where Rubens has represented himself as St George, his grandfather as Time, etc., is a very fine specimen for colour and beauty of the women. The Gardien, who used to be a schoolfellow of Leys, says a Rubens, descended from the painter's brother, is living to represent the family. We asked him about Leys's Hôtel de Ville paintings; and he said that we could call on Leys, who would accompany us if the works are not publicly visible: we are not likely to have the cheek for this. Some old pictures (twelve) of *Acts of St Hubert*, said to be by a follower of Memling, and one of them by Memling himself, much studied by Leys, says the Gardien; also a pair of brass candlesticks in the Rubens chapel. A very leading large triptych by Bernard van Orley, of *Last Judgment*, and the donors, male and female, represented as old people, with family (under the protection of two Saints, being *themselves* as at time of marriage). To the Cathedral. The *Descent from the Cross* is certainly a very magnificent picture, somewhat black; the lower part of the side-panel of *The Salutation*, with a trailing-tailed peacock, etc., most delightful. The two outside subjects, *St Christopher* and some hermit, not to be seen. The other great triptych, *The Elevation of the Cross*, with side-pieces connected therewith, contains perhaps a still greater number of astonishing excellencies. The outside panels, figures of Saints, are most gorgeous bits of work, and one woman of them (Katharine?) singularly beautiful and queenly. The high-altar piece, *The Assumption of the Virgin*, is a very distinguished and beautiful Rubens, not very interesting to me. There is a good deal of fine painted glass in the Cathedral; notably, in one of the apse-chapels, figures of Kings etc. with Saints, light figures

on a very deep indigoish-blue ground.—After dinner strolled out, and found very near our hotel (Grand Laboureur, Place de Meir) the house of Rubens; a very large building, done up in a horrid style some ten years ago. At night, to two dancing-places in the Rue Dyck. The barbarism of dogcarts still prevails in Belgium.

Tuesday, 8.—Visited the Church of St Paul. The carved and coloured *Purgatory* etc. is not without something impressive. Rubens's *Flagellation* fine, with high flesh-tints, yet quiet in general effect. This Church is surprisingly full of elaborate wood-carvings. To the Hôtel de Ville. Leys's frescoes are said to be not begun yet, but only the ground laid; and some other pictures of his were all *entassés*, to be removed somewhither. The old Inquisition-room, which seems to be used now as a police-court, has some remarkably fine decorative wood-carving on the rails; and another room contains some specially excellent topographical oil-pictures from the history of Antwerp—two by Nicholas van Cleef, about 1530, and one about 1650. To St Augustine's, which contains Rubens's *Marriage of St Katharine*, a good fully-carried-out example, not amounting to very much, I think. To St André's, with the portrait and inscription to Mary Queen of Scots, and a series of small sketchy Saint-pictures by Rubens, done in some notably short time; slight and rather poor affairs. To a private collection of pictures, M. de Wuits's, some hundred or so works, large and small. A very delightful interior by de Hooghe, with reflected lights, and a gentleman smoking a pipe. A grand life-sized nude study by Velasquez called *Prometheus*, most masterly, and beautiful brown and grey tone of flesh; also a good portrait by him, which I believe to be genuine but Gabriel doubts. A so-called Raphael, *La Vierge au Lange*, has, I should say, no pretence to genuineness. The miserable absurdity of re-painting is rife in Antwerp, several leading Rubenses and Vandycks in the Musée and the Churches being obviously mauled.—Getting among the old and out-of-the-way shops, we bought a good number

of things: brass pots, gold ornament as worn by peasants, a large pot with blue figures of birds etc., a Dutch Bible with old prints, some valance for a bed.—To the Jardin de Zoologie, which is a splendid collection; the total number of animals (I should say) equal to London, and some departments decidedly better filled. Reptiles few, no vivarium, and not much of rodents that we saw. The path as one enters is bordered by a row of splendid parrots on separate stands; and further on there is a most magnificent blue-and-yellow macaw, nearly double the size of an ordinary one. A vast number of small and moderate-sized birds, in large spaces, and multitudes of the same sort together. In this respect and generally, the laying-out of the space is excellent, the animals having ample room to move about in and be seen. A young elephant four years old, somewhat the size of a bullock, with a most flexible trunk; a young blue-faced baboon, colour as yet dim; two lion-cubs; a remarkably fine rhinoceros; several "dama" antelopes, very handsome, large spaces of bright chestnut-brown across white; a complete skeleton of a whale; several fine owls, especially a variety of the barn-owl (I saw it also in Brussels) much deeper in colour. The Falco Vocifer (colours somewhat as the dama) is a very beautiful bird.—Dined at the Restaurant Bertrand, nearly opposite our hotel, with Ostend oysters (small and choice—sink deeper than English in the shell) and cooked peach with rice; a very good house, the reverse of cheap.

Wednesday, 9.—Left Antwerp for Ghent—a good deal of rain, especially in the later part of the day. Church of St Jâques, a fine massive unelaborate exterior. Church of St Nicholas; an able *Coronation of the Virgin* by Nicholas Roose, who shows to advantage elsewhere in Ghent. The Cathedral of St Bavon. Rubens's *Bavon renouncing Soldier-ship for the Cloister* is a very splendid picture; carried as far as his most finished pictures, with the freedom of his freest. The Van Eyck is an amazing piece of complete work, realizing the acme of its class of art. The four

smaller and two larger copies by Coxcie of the compartments now in Berlin are very able copies, the latter more particularly. No painted glass here, nor elsewhere (that I saw) in Ghent. To the Museum of Paintings; pretty fair in number, but not at all considerable in merit—a few better works marked in catalogue. One room is full of modern works, all or some of which gained the prizes of the Ghent Academy, to whom the building belongs. We bought another large earthenware pot, and two brass candle-holders to be hung against a wall. The old houses in Ghent have great character and interest, and seem generally to have more detail than those in Antwerp.—Bruges, Hôtel du Commerce, where there is a staircase with very remarkable rails—figures, in wood, of swans holding the uprights in the form of bulrushes, all painted.* The hotel is a spacious fine old building altogether.

Thursday, 10.—Hospital of St John. The side compartments of the Châsse appear to Gabriel and me to have undergone some not inconsiderable re-painting; the groups on the gabled angles and roof not so. This is a less admirable production on the whole than some larger works by Memling—the great triptych, for instance, of the *Marriage of St Katharine*, with *volets* of the *Beheading of the Baptist*, and of *John in Patmos*, and (on the back of these) two Nuns and two men with patron Saints; the Nuns especially can yield to nothing of Memling's. There are one or two other Memlings here, and a sprinkling of other old or oldish pictures worth notice; one a *Repose in Egypt*, called a Vandyck, and might be his. The building contains a good deal quaint and interesting. Two good bits of Gothic carving in tympanum over door, with numbers of figures, each of the two groups appearing to be the *Death and Glorification of the Virgin*. Bought two peacock-fans. To the Academy. The great Van Eyck of *Virgin and Child with Saints George and Donatian and*

* I recollect having called my brother's attention to these rails; he was delighted with them, and took a pencil sketch, which I still possess.

the Donor, a very wonderful work; portrait of *Van Eyck's Wife* most admirable; *Head of Christ* an utter failure. A very fine Memling, one of the outside panels being an extremely pretty *Madonna and Child*. Two anonymous Van Eyckish pictures,* of an unjust Judge arrested and flayed alive, excellent. The few other works of the older schools (the more modern not visible at present) are almost all of some decided interest and merit. To the Chapel said to be an imitation of the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. Here is some of the best painted glass I have seen in Belgium; also a very good monument (about 1450) to a Count Adourne and his wife, in black marble, recumbent life-sized effigies. Various minor monuments of interest. To the Church of Notre Dame (next or equal in importance to the Cathedral, which we did not visit); a noble massive building with much constructional detail, little ornament, brick exterior. The *Virgin and Child* deemed to be a Michelangelo very noble. A considerable number of superior pictures, particularly a *Mater Dolorosa* by Jean Mostaert; being a single figure seated in the centre, with smaller (I think three each side) side-pictures of Passion incidents. This is one of the finest works extant of the old Flemish school; the Virgin remarkably dignified and becoming, without want of the characteristic individuality of the school. The copper-gilt and enamelled and black-marble monuments to Charles le Téméraire and his Duchess are perhaps unique for splendour, and in all respects works of singular excellence. The Town Hall (of which we only saw the outside, part of it used as a meat-market) has a tower (especially) of great power; and altogether the Gothic style in Bruges is of great vigour and pre-eminent scale.—Left for Calais, and were detained some three and a half hours at Lillé, where we visited the theatre, a noticeably large and handsome one. Opera so-so—farce very amusing, and well acted also, but we could not wait to the end; slept at Hôtel Dessin, Calais.

* Now identified as the work of Gerard David.

Friday, 11.—Returned to London; a very fine day, and good passage* of less than two hours.

31.—J. A. FROUDE to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[This letter admits us a little into an Editor's back-office. My friend Thomas Woolner had published his poetic volume named *My Beautiful Lady*, and he invited me to write a review of it, in case Mr Froude, as Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, would give the article admission. Mr Froude assented, and so did I—being much attached to Woolner, and unwilling to refuse him this small service. My real critical opinion of the poem, however, was that it contained, along with much of more than common merit, a good deal that must be called defective; and, as a critic owes something to his Editor and his public as well as to the person reviewed, I wrote in private to Mr Froude, to say that, if he were to invite me to write the notice (which he had not as yet actually done), I should limit myself to praising those things which I conscientiously considered praiseworthy—leaving unwritten those strictures which I equally deemed correct, but which would have been not at all pleasing to my friend. I left it to Mr Froude to say whether under these conditions I should be the right man to whom to consign the book. The following is Froude's answer. In the event, Carlyle did certainly not write anything about the poem in *Fraser's Magazine*, nor do I remember that any one did.]

6 CLIFTON PLACE.

29 October 1863.

My dear Rossetti,—I cannot complain of your unwillingness, whatever the embarrassment which it may occasion

* A good sea-passage was of importance to my Brother. He was liable to severe sea-sickness, and I have no doubt that this was one of the reasons why, throughout his life, he showed so little alacrity for foreign travel.

me; for the ground of it is the same which made me hesitate to write the review myself. I saw the poem in MS.; and, although there could not but be much that was good in anything that Woolner did, it seemed to me to be less than the best; and, when I heard that it was to be published, I felt the regret which I always feel when a man who is supremely excellent in any one department persists in thrusting himself before the world in another where he comparatively fails. I don't know what to do. My hope had been to find some one who saw only the merits, and could praise conscientiously and without reserve; and, from what he said to me, I trusted that it might have been done by you. But you are too clear-sighted, and so I fear every one will be whose opinion Woolner would value. It is no discredit to a painter if he is not a first-rate musician; but it *is* a discredit to him if he gives a concert and invites the world to come and listen to him. He may play moderately well—well enough to be a delight to himself—but he ought to be able to take the measure of his own powers. The *Beautiful Lady* is not poetry at all, but only very admirable manufacture. I shall try to persuade Carlyle to write a page or two. He could tell the truth without giving offence, and he might do it for Woolner's sake.—Most truly yours,

J. A. FROUDE.

32.—ANNE GILCHRIST to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[I had attended at Christie's the view-day of a forthcoming sale, the Blamire sale, and there I saw some Blake items of very superior interest. Having written to Mrs Gilchrist on the subject, I received the following reply. In speaking of my "annotations to the Blake," Mrs Gilchrist referred to certain pencillings I had made in my copy of Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*, which was by this time already published.]

BROOKBANK.

6 November 1863.

My dear Mr Rossetti,— . . . So the MS. life of Blake by Tatham, so long fruitlessly searched for by my dear Husband, has come to light at last! Both Mr Palmer and Tatham himself put my Husband on a wrong scent by being positive it was in the hands of Sir Robert Peel—to whom, of course, both he and I applied in vain. . . . No doubt the *Ancient of Days* with Tatham's cipher on it is the identical copy Blake worked upon on his death-bed, and threw from him in triumph, as described in the *Life*—a most peculiarly interesting thing, therefore, quite apart from its artistic merits. I suppose the death-bed sketch of Mrs Blake which Tatham once possessed is not among the items of this sale? No doubt I had best write to Christie after the sale for a list of the purchasers of the Blakes. . . .

A thousand thanks beforehand for a sight of your annotations to the Blake.

I know you will be pleased to hear that Mr Carlyle has written me a very cordial letter about the book—awarding it high commendation indeed; a letter altogether that made golden to me the day on which I received it. . . .
—Yours very truly,

A. GILCHRIST.

I am sure you are right in your conjecture about the portrait being Richmond's—remember Mr Palmer specifying this in describing the book.

33.—ANNE GILCHRIST to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[I do not distinctly recollect about my Brother's having destroyed a "residuum" of Blake MSS. etc. It is certainly a pity that he included in the holocaust a transcript from a leading passage in Blake's *French Revolution*, a book so

rare that some Blake experts of recent years have come to the conclusion that it was never printed at all. The "long thing" by Blake, which Mrs Gilchrist regarded as "pure rubbish," was a prose narrative of a domestic, and also fantastic, sort, clearly intended by its author to count as humouristic or funny, and somewhat in the Shandean vein. I read this performance, and heartily confirmed Mrs Gilchrist in the conviction of its being rubbish; yet I was startled to learn soon afterwards that, on receiving my letter, she had burned the MS. The thing was stupid, but it was Blake's, and a curiosity.]

BROOKBANK.

18 November 1863.

My dear Mr Rossetti,—I have read through the annotations with eager interest, and with proportionate gratitude to yourself. I shall copy them all on to a set of clean proofs I have by me. . . .

I hear the *Jerusalem* sold for £50, and the Phillips Portrait for £16, but have not yet learned the names of the purchasers; will let you know them if I succeed in doing so.

I send by this post *Tiriel*, and *The French Revolution*, minus, I am grieved to say, the best passage in it, which must have been among the residuum your brother destroyed. I thought I *had* (and still believe I have, though I cannot after a long hunt find it) a copy of this piece about the prisoners in the Bastille, in Mr Palmer's handwriting. Perhaps I shall light upon it when I am not looking for it, as sometimes perversely happens. I have also put up the only remaining Blake items which I do not think you have seen: a few scraps in autograph, a copy of the *Laocoon*, and a long thing which I really believe even Mr Swinburne will pronounce pure rubbish; but I knew he would like to judge of this point for himself. . . . —Yours very truly,

A. G.

34.—ANNE GILCHRIST to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

BROOKBANK.
23 November 1863.

My dear Mr Rossetti,—I had a letter this morning from a cousin of mine who is acquainted with Mr Maitland of Stansted Hall, announcing that the latter had just bought a magnificent copy of Blake's *Jerusalem* with a MS. *Life*, etc.—in fact, *the Blamire Jerusalem* with Tatham's memoir. . . . My cousin says the portrait of *Mrs* Blake has Richmond's signature. . . .

I have seen both Mr Palgrave's reviews, and of course like them much ; they are very genial. . . .

I have a friend staying with me, some of whose relatives were intimate with John Varley, and had their nativities cast by him, which continue down to the present year to come astoundingly true!

With kindest remembrances to Miss Rossetti,—Yours very truly,

ANNIE GILCHRIST.

35.—ANNE GILCHRIST to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

BROOKBANK.
25 November 1863.

Dear Mr Rossetti,—Now that I have the work before me in its present beautiful form, I feel with fresh emphasis the magnitude and *rare quality* of your own and your Brother's services to it—pious services truly, for which, I believe, the dead as well as the living bless you both.

I have had a very brief note from Mr Linnell to the effect that, if (as he thinks probable) a second edition is called for, he will have a few suggestions to make concerning it.

I have also had a note full of feeling and kindness from Mr Browning. . . . —Yours very truly,

ANNE GILCHRIST.

36.—PHILIP HAMERTON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[I suppose that Mr Hamerton's article is traceable in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: do not remember having ever read it. The "exhibition" of which he speaks was a collection of his landscapes in a house in Piccadilly: it went on for some little while. A volume of his in prose and verse used to be procurable there—*The Isles of Loch Awe*.]

RUE DU PALAIS 4, SENS, YONNE, FRANCE.

15 January 1864.

My dear Sir,—I had the honour of a short correspondence with your Brother Mr Dante Rossetti, about the artistic opinions of the Præraphaelites, relatively to an article I had in contemplation for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. I had laid the article aside for some time in hopes of an answer from Mr Holman-Hunt; but, as I received a letter to-day reminding me of my promise to write the article, I am going to do so immediately, without waiting for Hunt's reply. . . .

My exhibition is in a shabby way, but it is intended to be permanent if I can make it pay directly or indirectly. I am doomed never to live in London, and I require a room where my things may be accessible.

By the by, I have to thank you for the generous and kind way you spoke of me in *Macmillan* and the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*. I fully feel and admit all that was unfavourable in your criticisms. Considering that I enjoy colour in Nature, I have had immense difficulty with it, but find myself gradually gaining in facility, though not so fast as I wish. I have had long periods of discouragement.

ment when I have done nothing (except look at Nature, and take pencil memoranda), but am getting over these and working more regularly. I am painting some smaller pictures, which will probably be better than those you saw, though my opinion of my own work is really very humble indeed.

In my article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* I should wish to give your Brother the place which is due to him; and to that end should be glad to name a few of his principal works, and say who bought them; and, if the prices of any have been large, it would be well to mention them, because I wish to give continental readers a means of judging of the position the Præraphaelite leaders have taken, and there is no criterion of this so good as the prices their works fetch. . . . These enquiries are dictated chiefly by a feeling of respect for your Brother's genius, founded, it is true, on the study of few of his works, and those not important ones—yet nevertheless very sincere.—I remain, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

P. G. HAMERTON.

37.—PHILIP HAMERTON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

TAIN, DRÔME.

24 January 1864.

My dear Sir,—It is very good of you to have given me so long and detailed a reply. . . . Without attempting to put myself forward in any way as the advocate or counsel of the sect or body of painters called Præraphaelites, I find I *must* speak of them, and desire to avoid saying anything which is not true, and at the same time not to omit anything of real importance concerning them. My article will be called *Théories Artistiques en Angleterre*, and it is highly desirable that the præraphaelite *theory* should be fairly and truly stated. To arrive at this I have tried to get at the opinions of the Præraphaelites concerning other artists, especially

great dead ones. Millais, your Brother, Brett, and Woolner, have given me much valuable information; but I cannot get at H. Hunt's views, and so must omit him, or only allude to him, which is to be regretted. Ruskin, I imagine, is not to be taken as a precise representative of præraphaelite thought. Probably your own published criticisms express [general præraphaelite views more accurately. I think the Præraphaelites were generally rather imprudent in not publishing some authentic statement of their views, as all sorts of wild notions are ascribed to them by their enemies in England, and accepted on the Continent as accurately theirs. . . .

What you said of me (book and all) I felt to be true, even the bit about the heavy pound of feathers. . . . Henceforth I mean to quit the feather-trade.—I remain, dear Sir, very truly yours,

P. G. HAMERTON.

38.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[The exaggerated praise which Rossetti bestows upon the small picture which he had bought, *Barnet Market-Place*, is surprising enough. Both he and Brown had a rather curious fondness for the "old-fashioned," whether in actual buildings or in paintings; and, though of course his expressions in this letter are intentionally overdone, he really had a great liking for the little picture in question. I could not myself quite share his fervour for it, but it was a solid and approvable piece of work by some capable painter. In the sale of his effects in July 1882 it figured as lot 315, *An English Country Town about 1810*, and was bought by Mr Enson for 11 guineas. The water-colours by Brown, purchased by Gambart, may, I think, have been a version of the *Elijah and the Widow's Son*, and the little girl's head named *Old Toothless*. Of the two water-colours by Rossetti himself, the one bought by Mr Tong appears to have been

a replica from the *Lady Lilith*; I do not identify the other.] The proposed agreement with Gambart did not take effect; at any rate, my Brother never worked for that gentleman on the scale of one water-colour per fortnight for two years continuously. The phrase "Tebbs bought the Marshalls" means that Mr H. Virtue Tebbs had bought certain paintings by Mr P. P. Marshall (of the Morris firm), who, though not a professional painter, was an amateur of marked ability.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

28 March 1864.

My dear Brown,— . . . I have just bought for £2 a most god-like picture of *The Old Swan Inn and Market-Place at Barnet*—the *chef-d'œuvre* of the British school—I should think by Morland in his best time. But really it is a work which would ravish your inner soul; only it has got some holes knocked in it, so I must get it lined at once.

I am very glad Gambart has got your drawings, as he will push your prices up like mad. I think I told you that I heard, by a side-way, of one I sold him for £50 being sold again to Mr Tong of Manchester for 100 guineas. The other day I was told that one which I sold for the same price to Vokins was sold by him for 100 to a dealer in Newcastle, and by him sold again for 120.

I have not yet signed that agreement with Gambart; and am really thinking I must not do it at less than 50 guineas a drawing, as one or two of those I have done from Nature lately I find just as troublesome as other work, and I dare say he sells all I do at much the same rates as those I have heard of. I proposed to do him the drawings at 40 guineas each, one a fortnight for two years, which was all my own proposal; but have not yet had to renew the subject, the things I have done since being on a previous engagement at 50 guineas each. I want your advice in the matter. . . .

I was delighted to hear that Tebbs bought the Marshalls.

He and I were so absorbed in blue china, the night he came here, that he was just the only visitor to whom I had forgotten to show them.—Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

39.—PHILIP HAMERTON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

RUE DU PALAIS 4, SENS, YONNE.

10 April 1864.

My dear Sir,— . . . I am just now at work on my paper for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; so your letter is in nice time for my purpose, after all. The information you give me confirms my previous notions about Præraphaelitism. I have made a little article for the *Fine Arts Quarterly* called the *Reaction from Præraphaelitism*, which may interest you. My position with regard to Præraphaelitism is one of sympathy and goodwill, but the goodwill of an outsider. The practical reason is that none but the best præraphaelite work seems to me endurable, whereas second-rate free painting may still be tolerable; and also that I am irresistibly attracted to *effects*, which can only be rendered conventionally, not imitatively. But, setting myself out of the question, I should oppose (as a matter of duty) the authoritative establishment of præraphaelite principles (or any other principles) if there were any chance of their becoming tyrannical, and repressive of forms of genius for which they might be unsuited. Hence, I should warmly support Præraphaelitism while persecuted, and warmly oppose it if it became tyrannical. This is why I rejoice in the success of individual Præraphaelites, and am nevertheless happy to see that the movement has failed to make itself more than beneficially influential; and this is also the reason why you will find me apparently more friendly to Præraphaelitism in the French periodical than in the English one.

I have just finished two big pictures which are somewhat better than what you have seen of mine, and will be at 196 Piccadilly by the 1st of May, I hope. But I am going to change my policy. I have aimed too high, and attempted subjects beyond my present capacity. For the next three years I am going to do nothing but small pictures, rapidly executed from Nature, never retouched or corrected. By means of this straightforward work I hope to acquire facility, of which at present I have none. There is some colour in these new pictures, and much local truth of character; but the handling is so miserably unskilful that I feel tempted to burn them. This bit of egotism is quite sincere. The subjects of the pictures are *Sens from the Vineyards* and *The River Yonne*, both in full autumnal colour with evening light. The subjects are glorious, but very difficult. . . . —Very truly yours,

P. G. HAMERTON.

40.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[This pæan over "pots"—*i.e.*, blue oriental china—marks the tone of mind which characterized my Brother as a collector of articles of virtù for two or three years.]

16 CHEYNE WALK.
[? 1864.]

My dear Brown,— . . . My Pots now baffle description altogether, while the imagination which could remotely conceive them would deserve a tercentenary celebration. COME AND SEE THEM. Let me know what day to expect you, and bring Emma and Lucy to dinner.—Affectionately yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

41.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[Christina's volume *Goblin Market* etc. came out in 1862. It would appear that now, in 1864, Dante Rossetti was urging his Sister to prepare a new volume. This she soon proceeded to do, but the result, the *Prince's Progress* volume, did not actually appear until 1866. By "Mac" is meant the publisher Macmillan.]

ALBANY STREET.

7 May 1864.

My dear Gabriel,—Don't think me a perfect weathercock. But why rush before the public with an immature volume? I really think of not communicating at all with Mac at present; but waiting the requisite number of months (or years as the case may be) until I have a sufficiency of quality as well as quantity. Is not this after all my best plan? If meanwhile my things become *remains*, that need be no bug-bear to scare me into premature publicity. Not that the brotherly trouble you have already taken need be lost, as your work will of course avail when (and if) the day of publication comes. . . . —Your grateful affectionate bore,

C. G. R.

42.—DANTE ROSSETTI—"THE SEED OF DAVID."

[This picture, the Llandaff Triptych, was finished towards June 1864. The following note of its subject and treatment was written by Rossetti, and may, I presume, have been sent to the authorities of Llandaff Cathedral.]

[? June 1864.]

This picture shows Christ sprung from high and low, as united in the person of David who was both Shepherd and

King, and worshipped by high and low (by King and Shepherd) at his birth.

The centrepiece is not a literal reading of the event of the Nativity, but rather a condensed symbol of it. An Angel has just entered the stable where Christ is newly born, and leads by the hand a King and a Shepherd, who are bowing themselves before the manger on which the Virgin Mother kneels, holding the infant Saviour. The Shepherd kisses the hand, and the King the foot, of Christ, to denote the superiority of lowliness to greatness in his sight; while the one lays a crook, the other a crown, at his feet. An Angel kneels behind the Virgin with both arms about her, supporting her; and other Angels look in through the openings round the stable, or play on musical instruments in the loft above. The two side-figures represent David, one as Shepherd, the other as King. In the first he is a youth, and advances fearlessly but cautiously, sling in hand, to take aim at Goliath, while the Israelite troops watch the issue of the combat from behind an entrenchment. In the second, he is a man of mature years, still armed from battle, and composing on his harp a psalm in thanksgiving for victory.

43.—W. J. STILLMAN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Mr Stillman, when he wrote this letter, was United States Consul to the Papal Government in Rome].

U.S. CONSULATE, ROME.
10 June 1864.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . I have no faith in any letter going straight that bears the family-name you hail by on its outer walls; so this I send out of the Roman States to be posted. Our kind and paternal police have taken a special care of the things that pertain to me; for the instinct of the creatures is so keen that I don't need to write an allocution to tell them that I detest their slimy ways and wicked deeds.

In fact intercourse is almost suspended between me and the Government. . . . Things are in a state here which would disgrace Timbuctoo. We are in danger every day of being robbed or murdered by our own doors, unless we happen to carry revolvers. My studio has been robbed, and twice robbers have failed in attempts on my rooms. An acquaintance of mine arrested a fellow who had stabbed his landlady (acquaintance's); and, calling two policemen to take him into custody, they refused, saying that it was *piccola cosa*,* and the ruffian walked undisturbed away. Of all the murders committed this winter, not one has been traced out; but, if a heavy-hearted Roman whispers in his sleep *Roma o morte*, some one is pretty sure to be sharp enough to hear it, and for *him* the gendarmes have noses as sharp as their fears. The oppression, the gloom and despondency, of this place, have become intolerable to me: I have asked to be transferred to some other consulate, and, if not, I shall resign this winter. Almost every one I know who is true is either suspected or has been arrested or under surveillance; and the place is as gloomy as a churchyard—which indeed it is, and the living are buried in it. A lethargy like a catalepsy, all feeling but no power, rests on the place; and I love liberty too well to dance by the sound of even Italian chains, or not to be paralysed in part by its paralysis.

Between this and the wail of my own land, I am getting the iron driven pretty deep into me. . . . It seems at times as if I never could forgive England for the heartless gibes she has thrown to us who loved her so well, and honoured her even in our arrogance. It was like the jests and sneers careless boys might fling at the wailing of a woman in labour. So we, in the throes almost of death—but we believe in those of birth, the bringing to-day the hitherto unknown one, human liberty, unsullied by bar sinister or stain of oppression—have taken in anger (almost overpowering our sorrows) the insults and stabs of the kindred nation for whose defence from Gallic oppression hundreds of thousands of us, only a few years before, were willing to take arms. Never mind, we've got the

* A trifling affair.

force of life in us yet, and we all believe that the nation will live through the worst of the trials that may be prepared for us. They don't kill empires in their youth. There is an everlasting vitality in a nation called to empire which no outside power can eradicate: only the corruption that dissolves from within can disintegrate the mass. If the world believes that the success of the United States of America depends on the success of Grant's movements against Richmond, the world is as much mistaken as it generally is when it judges new things by old standards. Europe misjudges the war altogether. It is not a war to be finished by a Solferino or a Waterloo—it is nothing more or less than a war of extermination, to that point that either one or the other of the combatants has no more an army to put in the field. We so understand and accept it; and, if in losing our brave men by thousands we destroy as many of the insurgents, we accept it as victory, for we have men still to lose and they have not. *They* put the condition of submission as extermination—*we* accept it—and so the war will be fought through. Europe was amazed at the power of that western democracy; the power to be seen will leave the past in insignificance; and Europe will see that a people can be just and generous and honest under greater provocations to the contrary than the world ever yet saw; and, when it has conquered its worst enemy, go on to conquer itself. Of course, I am Utopian, Americans generally are; but we believe in our Utopia, and are willing to sacrifice something for it. But still we are human and a nation of individuals, not a government and its people. Let England remember that. . . .

Goblin Market, etc., I read with true pleasure: right woman's heart is in it, and healthy brain, and of my way of feeling in matter of faith. . . . —Yours sincerely,

W. J. STILLMAN.

44.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI—DIARY, 1864.

Tuesday, 14 June.—Left London by Newhaven and Dieppe. . . . Reached Paris about 11 P.M., and went to Hôtel de Choiseul, Rue St Honoré, where I had been with Boyce for the Delacroix sale. . . .

Thursday, 16.—Went to the Hôtel de Ville to see the Delacroix, and saw everything else instead—the Delacroix being in a room wherein some big thing from the International Exhibition has been placed, blocking it up. . . . To St Sulpice, to see the Delacroix there; frescoes of *Heliodorus*, and *Jacob wrestling with the Angel*, with *Michael and Satan* in the ceiling. The last appears to me very unsatisfactory, and the others hardly what they should be, though the *Heliodorus* especially is a work of great ability. It seems to me damaged by too great a number of different full-tinted colours, as in the draperies. . . . In the evening, to the Théâtre Déjazet (my first visit there). None of the Déjazets acted, and the pieces were, on the whole, rather stupid. Here for the first time I saw Pepper's ghost trick. It strikes me as rather curious that pieces of broad fun in Paris seem just now to depend very little on female interest or acting. Such is the case with the *Cagnotte* at the Palais Royal, which has had a great run, continuing till now ever since I was in Paris in February. So also in the Théâtre Déjazet, though a somewhat *decolleté* house. Three pieces to-night were all dependent on male acting and farce, and even three dancing-interludes all for male dancing. . . .

Friday, 17.—To the Bibliothèque of the Corps Législatif, to see the Delacroix. Their general impression is hardly up to the mark—the whole thing seeming to lack weight, and peculiarity of decorative idea. A great deal however is very fine, and finer the more one looks at it; and the colour very agreeable and well understood, though it seems to have little of the monumental quality. *Education*

of Achilles, Hesiod and the Pythoness, Herodotus and the Magi, three of the best. . . . To the Louvre, to have a deliberate look at the two new saloons of French painting, in which there is a good deal to examine and approve. De Troy able; Chardin a very clever still-life man. David has been absurdly depreciated of late. His portrait here of a lady (Madame Récamier) reclined on a couch is second to few works of the kind; not to speak of the great merits of his classic and historic works. . . .

Saturday, 18.—Went to Dessoye's, the Japanese shop in the Rue de Rivoli, and bought books etc. to the amount of 40 francs. They are cheaper here than in the Rue Lepelletier. There is to be a new consignment in October, especially of books of birds and flowers. . . . Madame Dessoye told me some particulars about Japanese matters. A figure with a robe figured with leaves of a tree is the Tycoon (pronounced with the English "i"). The type of face constantly given to women is a mere convention. The real type is snub-nosed; but the Japanese, as they admire long drooping noses, improvise them for the purpose. The Japanese are much pleased with European work, such as the cuts in the *Illustrated London News*. Boyce's teapot is a marriage-teapot, used on those occasions only—so the Japanese Ambassadors informed Madame Dessoye. . . .

Tuesday, 21.—Reached Milan soon after 8 A.M. . . . To the Teatro della Canobbiana, an operatic theatre, quite a large and handsome one (the Scala is shut). The performances were Pacini's *Saffo*, which seems to me characterless enough music; and a ballet of Shakespear, while drunk, being spirited away by Queen Elizabeth, to witness a fairyism which suggests to him the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. These two illustrious personages are at least excused from cutting capers. The absurdity of the thing amusing, and all well done of its kind. There is an immense ballet-establishment at this theatre—whole relays of new figurantes coming on. . . .

Thursday, 23.—Left Milan at 6.20 for Venice. . . .

Saturday, 25.—In my stroll along the Schiavoni I was

rather surprised to notice that common medallion-brooches of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi are for sale *al fresco* without the least concealment. . . .

Sunday, 26.— . . . To the Scuola di San Rocco. The wooden carved portrait of Tintoret holds a scroll inscribed (as spoken by Tintoret) to the effect that painting is more difficult than sculpture, and superior, as producing its effect by less literal means. The Custode says this is really a statement by Tintoret, but query. In 1848 or 9 several Austrian cannon-shot, bombs, etc., came into the Scuola, and the places where some fell are marked by circles in the flooring. . . .

Monday, 27.— . . . The boatman says the greatest Venetian festa now is the Redentore, 27 (?) July; when a bridge of boats is made from the Giudecca (wherein stands the Redentore church) to the Riva delle Zattere, and another across the Grand Canal, so that the poorest people can cross over without payment. The festa of St Mark is discountenanced by the Austrians, as being likely to keep up dangerous reminiscences. . . .

Wednesday, 29.— . . . Went to the principal curiosity-shops and collections. At Rietti's bought a pewter plate (*Pharaoh's Dream*) 6 francs, and an old iron of a lock representing a dragon, 14. At Bianchi's, an old Venetian tortoise-shell fan with central opera-glass (belonged to a Dogaressa, said the shopman). At Arrichetti's an old moulded-leather box, 20; and a pewter plate, of rich heraldic design but in very bad condition, 18. All these prices and the others asked appear to me high; but the shop-keepers stuck out against taking any less, and these are hardly reduced from the original demand. The three last purchases are said to be rarities; and I have reason to think this is probably the case with at least the fan, as Arrichetti told me so of a similar one he had, knowing that I had already got mine. . . . After dinner again to the Teatro Malibran, where there is a new and apparently somewhat popular piece, *La Famiglia del Condannato*, intended to set forth the grievance of maintaining the marriage-bond in the case of a man condemned to

perpetual imprisonment. . . . Children come into most of the Italian plays I have seen, and act certainly with great ease and intelligence, very different from the stiff-elbowed and squeaky-voiced style of English stage-children.

Sunday, 3 July.—After dinner revisited the Malibran Theatre, where a very stupid piece about the Monks of St Bernard. The house was comparatively (*i.e.*, perhaps half) full. It seems, as the man in charge of the belfry told me, that the Patriotic Committee discountenance theatre-going, as being unsuited to the mournful condition of the country, and because the Austrians go. This accounts for the emptiness, shutting up of the Fenice, etc. Everybody tells me that things get worse and worse in Venice; trade more stagnant, emigration increasing. It seems to me to be a little more down-in-the-mouth than when I was here two years ago, and the belfry-man says it is very decidedly so.

Monday, 4.—Left Venice in the morning, and stopped the better part of the day in Vicenza. . . . To the Madonna di Monte Berico, from which and about it one gets noble views of Vicenza, and the country with the Tyrolese Alps. . . . In the Church is a fine *Pietà* by B. Montagna, and in the refectory the great Veronese, *La Cena di San Gregorio*, containing evidently several portraits (Veronese and his son said to be among them). The incident is that, the Pope entertaining a number of pilgrims, Christ came and dined among them, and (it appears to me) Peter also, though the custode did not admit this. This picture was wantonly hacked to pieces by the Austrian soldiers, but has been most successfully pieced together, and I think rather over-cleaned, but the custode says not retouched at all. . . . It is an admirable specimen. . . . On to Verona. . . .

Wednesday, 6.—My time at Verona has been passed in company with a very nice young fellow, a son of Smith O'Brien (who, I now learn, is very lately dead), much interested in matters of art, and of considerable taste and discrimination. Name, Lucius; address, 40 Trinity College, Dublin, or at Limerick.—Went to San Zenone, which is a most splendid place for antiquity and artistic interest; the

bronze gates, of tenth to eleventh century or so, incomparable in their way, and a number of very interesting early frescoes lately recovered from whitewash, besides Lombardic capitals etc. etc. The custode,* a most intelligent young man, who takes the most genuine interest in his Church, remembers Ruskin well, and seems to have been imbued with some of his love for the old, hatred of restorations, etc. . . .

Thursday, 7.—Left Verona in the middle of the day for Bergamo. . . .

Friday, 8.—Colleoni Chapel, many fine details; tomb of his daughter Medea particularly sweet. . . . A most singularly cleverly executed series of bas-reliefs outside along the lower line of the windows:—1. Hercules and Antæus. 2. Hercules killing lion. Both splendid. 3. Creation of Adam. 4. Creation of Eve. 5. Temptation—the serpent is a draped female figure with serpent's tail and bat's wings—stands upright on stem of tree. 6. Expulsion—God acts as expelling angel wielding sword. 7. Labour of Adam and Eve—very exquisite. 8. Sacrifice of Cain and Abel—Cain brings a whole palm-tree. 9. Murder of Abel—most admirable. 10. Lamech killing Cain. 11. Lamech killing his boy, some eight years old; seems beating him to death with bow as with a whip. 12. Sacrifice of Isaac. 13. Hercules and hydra. 14. Hercules and bull—splendid. One of the most remarkable series of reliefs in Italy, intensely cinquecento, or late quattrocento.

Monday, 11.—Zurich. . . . The Swiss are probably a meritorious, but to me not an attractive people, having a sort of hard boisterous good-fellowship whose contact is peculiarly unalluring to me. Screeching, shouting, singing, horn-playing, back-clapping, beerglass-clinking, are the order of the day. Sometimes one meets with positive rudeness, but more generally with readiness to oblige, but not in an attractive manner. The people are very inquisitive also in a free-and-easy way. The other day, in the Splügen journey, the first thing a Switzer did to myself and two other fellow-

* The same custode was still there when I last visited Verona, 1899.

travellers, one female, was to ask us all round what country we belonged to. To-day a man with a large leather shoulder-bag had no sooner taken his seat in the railway-carriage (2nd class) than his *vis-à-vis* asked him, "*Etes-vous soldat ?*" And other instances have presented themselves to me. There is some satisfaction, however, in the seeming freedom from class-distinctions, and readiness to take people simply on their own basis. Reached Bâle about 5 P.M. . . .

Tuesday, 12.— . . . Left Bâle at 9 A.M., and travelled all day to Paris. . . .

Wednesday, 13.— . . . Found a new Japanese shop in Rue Vivienne, where I bought a few things. A number of books, but none first-rate, save such as I possessed already. The bad effects of European intercourse are unmistakably visible in such books now, more especially in the colouring, which is worse than worthless.—To the Société d'Acclimatation. . . . I am glad to find a wombat among the acclimatizing animals—a young (I think the common) one, not at present blind. A Chinese dog *à jambes courtes* shows that the beasts of that genus which one sees in Chinese art are truer than might be supposed—something of the body of a Skye terrier to the head of a pug. There is another very hideous and mangy-looking subject called *chien chinois nû*. Also a full-grown broad-fronted wombat seems in very good condition. . . .

Thursday, 14.—Travelled back to London by the Dieppe and Newhaven route. A fine day.

45.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
19 July [1864].

My dear Brown,—Vokins has never been near me again; rather to my surprise, as I know he did well with that drawing of mine. But I suppose he considered his

bacon had been saved by a special mercy of Providence, not to be tempted again lest it should end in the cooking of his goose. However, I would write to him, on my own account, to come, and then sound him on yours; only I can't let Gambart have anything just now, who bears my cutting him well enough as yet, but might be exasperated were Vokins to step in. Could I not write to Vokins something to the effect that you have recently been working up some water-colours, original sketches for some of your pictures, etc., and, having a private circle of purchasers less adapted for such works than the general market, would like to see him about them? What say you?

My big jobs have been hanging fire ever since, though both show good signs of life, and one I suppose is sure to turn out something better than another phial in the museum of artistic fœtuses. When this is accomplished—before long, I still suppose—I must press you to let me be of any momentary use I can, and may moreover, if you like, be then easily able to write to this new quarter about the works you have at disposal. . . . —Yours ever,

D. G. R.

46.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[The term "the demon Dunlop" was already, at this early stage of affairs, my brother's name for Mr Walter Dunlop of Bingley; because (as appears from the next ensuing letter, and from the letter to Mr Aldam Heaton, No. 103) Mr Dunlop paid no sort of attention to the business-letters addressed to him with regard to the commission he had offered. "My Venus" was the rather large oil-picture named *Venus Verticordia*.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

[11 August 1864.]

My dear Brown,—I also have heard from Heaton, and really feel almost guilty of the stupidity of all these people, in having advised you to send among them. The demon Dunlop certainly ought not to have been allowed to have the drawings within range of his horns and tail, and I am surprised at Heaton's allowing it. . . . I fear, after what Gambart has just hauled in there (£5000 I was told), every one must be cleaned out and sheepish. I fear I'm a poor sort of muff myself for having led you among such a lot, particularly with my own experience of some of them, but that has been chiefly since. . . .

I have lost infinite time looking for honeysuckles for my *Venus*, but the picture is going to be a stunner now, and goes on fast. . . . —Yours,

D. G. R.

P.S.—Burn.

47.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

[12 August 1864.]

My dear Brown,— . . . As for the big commissions, I begin to think it will prove all moonshine. It seems impossible to get a word from Dunlop now—not to speak of a cheque; and I am sick of the whole affair, and shall trouble my head no more with it. . . .

I have been worried almost out of my life looking for honeysuckles to paint from—have lost a whole week, and pounds on pounds, about it. As soon as I set about doing my best, I get bankrupt at once. The only thing is to stick to the water-colours and earn whereby to live.—Yours ever,

D. G. R.

48.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[Mr Trist was a Wine-merchant at Brighton, who bought one or two works from Rossetti, and more from Brown. His "picture" may, I suppose, have been *King René's Honeymoon*. A nimbus was *not* supplied to the head of *Venus Verticordia*—the oil-picture.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

[23 August 1864.]

My dear Brown,—*Entre nous*, did you ever get an advance from Trist? Roses and honeysuckles have left me penniless. I have got on to T[rist]'s picture, and shall have done it in much less than a month, so would like to draw half its price; but wouldn't well like to propose if he isn't used to be "drawed like a badger."—Ever yours,

D. G. R.

What do you think of putting a nimbus behind my Venus's head? I believe the Greeks used to do it.

49.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

[25 August 1864.]

My dear Brown,— . . . I'll forbear from springing at the unaccustomed throat of Trist, if possible; but really a man shouldn't buy pictures without nerving himself beforehand against commercial garotte.—Yours ever truly,

D. G. R.

50.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

1 September 1864.

My dear Brown,— . . . I finished Trist's pot-boiler to-day, and lo the pot shall boil for a season. For him, may his mirth, when he sees it, not be even as the crackling of thorns under a pot. He will face it on Saturday.—Your

D. GABRIEL R.

51.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

[5 September 1864.]

My dear Brown,—Mr Trist was here to-day and took his picture, and liked it very much, and paid for it. I have been at work on it exactly eight days, so it pays better than most things, though cheap. . . . —Yours ever,

D. G. R.

52.—J. A. FROUDE to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The article by Swinburne which is here referred to must apparently be a specimen of his Essay on Blake. I do not however remember that this was actually offered to Froude for *Fraser's Magazine*. I certainly did not either contribute or tender to that magazine an article on the stupendous masterpiece *Atalanta in Calydon*. The reason *per contra* must I think have been that I was offering to *The Pall Mall Gazette* a critique on that drama: it was considered too exuberant in praise, and was not inserted.]

6 CLIFTON PLACE, HYDE PARK.

21 November [1864].

My dear Rossetti,—Nobody knows better than you the difference between real eloquence and florid fine writing, nor would you speak of anything as “transcendently fine” without weighing your words.

I have seen some things by Swinburne, and heard others read. There was no doubt a power of a kind in them. . . . Your own opinion weighs so much with me that I would very gladly see his article. Could you not get it from him without mentioning my name? . . . At all events I will trust your judgment about *Atalanta*, and leave you free to say what you like about it.—Faithfully yours,

J. A. FROUDE.

53.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[Rossetti, in this note, passes rather summary sentence upon two painters of distinction. Of Albert Moore neither my Brother nor myself saw much at any time. So far as I observed, he did not come out much in conversation, yet it is quite possible that among his genuine intimates he was not “a dull dog.” Inchbold I knew well, and liked him; though it is a fact that there was in him something between uneasy modesty and angular self-opinion, not promoting smoothness of intercourse. My Brother, who had probably seen less of Inchbold than I had, did not affect personages of that turn; it was somewhere about this time that he said, in talking to me and others (I think Mr George Meredith was one), “I *can't* get on with men who are not men of the world.” To term Inchbold “less a bore than a curse” was not reasonable, if reason consists in well-weighed moderation: but Dante Rossetti did not always *want* to be thus reasonable.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
[? 1864].

My dear Brown,—I'll come Saturday of course. As to bores, I've met Moore once, and found him a dull dog: accordingly the other day, meeting him, I was as though I saw him not. Whether he noticed or not I don't know, but dull dogs are best avoided. Inchbold is less a bore than a curse. In the latter capacity he courts elaborate avoidance rather than deliberate invitation. I hope this sudden outburst of fashion means tin.—Your affectionate

D. G. R.

P.S.—I suppose it's togs and resignation, isn't it?

54.—DANTE ROSSETTI to ALLAN P. PATON, Greenock.

[This note was printed, not long after Rossetti's death, in a little magazine called *The North Parish Magazine* (Greenock). Four stained-glass windows were, in consequence of the note, supplied by the Morris firm for the Old West Kirk there. As that Greenock magazine can be known to very few persons, I have thought it permissible to reprint the letter.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
24 November 1864.

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your very kind letter. My advice to you in this matter is to put the window in the hands of Messrs Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, & Co., 8 Red Lion Square, London, W.C. Mr E. B. Jones has made many designs for this firm, and I have made some also—both of us indeed being some sort partners in it, as are Mr Madox Brown and various other artists. I could not undertake to say exactly by what member of the firm the designs for your window would be made. For myself, I

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have been so much occupied with my pictures for some time past that I have found no time for other work. From my own point of view, any work issued from this firm would be very superior to any other work I know. Of course they would furnish the window complete. Were you in London at any time, you would find much to interest you in the decorative work of various kinds at their place, and Mr Morris would be most happy to show you over it. Though the managing member of this decorative firm, Mr Morris may perhaps be better known to you by his beautiful volume *The Defence of Guenevere* etc.—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

P.S.—I think it better to return the sketch, lest you should need it.

55.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[The “long-in-hand” picture for Mr Leathart was presumably the *Found*. As it continued still much longer in hand, Rossetti at last got Mr Leathart to relinquish it. Mr Clabburn was a Norwich manufacturer, known more especially to Mr Sandys the painter.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
5 December 1864.

My dear Brown,— . . . I met Anthony the other night at Boyce’s, and asked him on Leathart’s behalf whether he still possessed the *Harvest-Field at Sunset*, and found he does. Accordingly I should wish to write to L[eathart] on the matter (though knowing he is not much in the buying way just now); but am stayed by conscience, which reminds me I am always proposing other pictures to him without speaking of a long-in-hand one of mine for him. I thought I would ask you if you could con-

veniently open the subject to him, as I think he named to you as well as to me his wish for an Anthony, and asked you to enquire. If you can't write him however, I will.

I wish I had had one of those small things of yours by me yesterday. Clabburn called with his Wife, and I feel sure would have bought. As it is, he bought a Legros—perhaps more than one.—Yours ever,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

P.S.—Legros is married.

56.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

[8 December 1864.]

Dear Brown,— . . . I've just had lent me my old first picture—*Girlhood of Virgin*. I can look at it a long way off now as the work of quite another "crittur," and find it to be a long way better than I thought.—Ever yours,

D. G. R.

57.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[The "nestling of unearthly aspect" was (I am pretty sure) a little Japanese carving—as supremely good as such things very generally are with that (in its own line) incomparable artistic nation. The "nest of crocodiles" must be a drawing of various crocodiles (or I believe more properly alligators) by the French artist Ernest Griset, then deservedly famous for grotesque designs of various kinds. My Brother had given it framed to Christina: she retained it till her death, and it is now mine. Christina urges Dante not to "purchase the Prudent": but he *did*

purchase the Prudent—*i.e.*, a separate large Griset of an alligator—and gave it to her: it was disposed of after her death. This term “the Prudent” means “the Prudent Crocodile,” which figures in Christina’s fantastic poem *My Dream*: I possess a pencil-sketch of hers (contemporary with the poem, 1855) showing the prudent crocodile in three several actions: finally, as he “shed appropriate tears and wrung his hands.”—The reference to “my Alchemist” and “the Prince” applies to her other poem *The Prince’s Progress*. It was Dante Gabriel who got her to turn a brief dirge-song which she had written into that longish narrative, as *pièce de résistance* for a new volume. The “three pot-boilers for *Macmillan’s Magazine*” may perhaps have been *Spring Fancies*, *Last Night*, and *Consider*: these at any rate were the three poems by Christina which were the first, following December 1864, to appear in that serial. “The fate of my own Bogie” is an allusion to the poem named *At Home*, one of the best things that Christina produced.—The Davenport Brothers and their *séances* are possibly nearly forgotten now. In 1864 they electrified London by performing, professedly through spiritual agency, various surprising feats, especially that of getting suddenly free from elaborate rope-bindings. After a while there appeared to be a general consensus that these American thaumaturgists were mere impostors or jugglers—on what evidence I forget.—“My early head” must be the head, painted from Christina, of the Virgin in the picture of the *Girlhood of Mary Virgin*. I do not remember about Deverell’s raising an objection to the chin in this head.]

81 HIGH STREET, HASTINGS.
23 December 1864.

My dear Gabriel,—Thanks for a specially dear letter received last night, and a nestling of unearthly aspect come to hand this morning. His exceeding comicality is of the choicest. How very kind of you and William! But I am so happy in my nest of crocodiles that I beg

you will on no account purchase the Prudent to lord it over them: indeed amongst their own number, by a careful study of expression, one may detect latent greatness, and point out the predominant tail of the future.

True, O Brother, my Alchemist still shivers in the blank of mere possibility; but I have so far overcome my feelings and disregarded my nerves as to unloose the Prince, so that wrapping-paper may no longer bar his "progress." Also I have computed pages of the altogether unexceptionable, and find that they exceed 120. This cheers though not inebriates. Amongst your ousted I recognize several of my own favourites, which perhaps I may adroitly re-insert WHEN publishing-day comes round. Especially am I inclined to show fight for at least one *terza-rima*, in honour of our Italian element. Meanwhile I have sent three (I hope) pot-boilers to Mac's Mag.

Think, if you all are so kind as to wish me among you on Monday, whether I shall not be sharing your wish: if unbeknown I could look in upon you sucking pulp of (metaphorical) plums and peaches, I should not fear the fate of my own Bogie. But common sense rules that here I must remain, and nurse my peccant chest; which, after making great apparent progress, has this morning entered a protest against being considered well. So a potion or two must form part of my Christmas fare. If ever you should look in upon us, you know you will be a boon; but I can't wish you or any other of my consanguines to come shivering down in this weather to the detriment of their bodily well-being or mental peace.

Your notes on the Davenport *séance* are most interesting. To me the whole subject is awful and mysterious; though, in spite of my hopeless inability to conceive a clue to the source of sundry manifestations, I still hope simple imposture may be the missing key:—I hope it, at least, so far as the hope is not uncharitable. At any rate I hope without any qualification that you and William escaped bumping bangs to the maiming of your outer men.

As to news, it has become to me a creature of the past:

look elsewhere for news, but not to me. I lugged down with me a six-volume Plato, and this promises me a prolonged mental feast. Jean Ingelow's 8th edition is also here, to impart to my complexion a becoming green tinge.

If you do have my early head photographed, I shall enjoy seeing it once more, finished off by the chin to which Mr Deverell demurred.

With much more love than news, and every best Christmas wish temporal and spiritual,—Your affectionate Sister,

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

58.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[The query which opens my extract refers to the exhibition of his own works which Brown was now projecting. He took a room or rooms in Piccadilly. In some room in the same house there was, or had been, an exhibition termed "The Talking Fish"—*i.e.*, a seal that was got to utter some noisy but indefinite sounds, which amounted to something far other than talking. Mr Hamerton's pictures also had been on view in the same house.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

Midnight, 1864-5.

Dear Brown,— . . . Are you to succeed Hamerton, or the Talking Fish? and when? I also got H[amerton]'s volume of verse by some means. As you say, it is far from being without merit. . . . —Ever yours,

D. G. R.

59.—FREDERIC SHIELDS to DANTE ROSSETTI.

< [Rossetti's water-colour of *Hesterna Rosa* (repeated from a pen-and-ink design of much earlier date) is the subject

bearing a quotation from the song in Sir Henry Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde*, "Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife" etc. Mr Frederick Craven was the owner of the water-colour.—The latter part of the letter refers to the volume of woodcuts from Mr Shields's own designs to *Pilgrim's Progress*, a remarkable and admirable series. The letter must belong to the early days of his acquaintanceship with Rossetti. "Charles II." is named inadvertently instead of James II.]

50 RUSSELL STREET, HULME, MANCHESTER.
9 January 1865.

My dear Sir,—On Friday last I saw the *Hesterna Rosa*. What a blaze of glory I received as my first impression! . . . And I am not alone in this. Mr Craven said: "I wrote very little more than an acknowledgment of its receipt to Mr Rossetti, for I was afraid that, if I attempted to write what I felt, it would appear fulsome." . . .

I was astonished that you should have dwelt so carefully on my designs in the book as your remarks made evident. I know the *Moses and Faithful* is a sad failure, but I cannot lay the blame on the unfitness of the subject for pictorial treatment. I think I could do it very differently now—for I feel the truth Bunyan would here convey better than I did when I made that design. I think it might be made so much of by one who could do it rightly. I also quite agree with you that it would have been better to have made the "Good Shepherd" in actual shepherd's dress; but one can only bear to think of the oriental shepherd in such connection, and this would have necessitated Syrian sheep, about which I know nothing; so I thought it better to keep to my English sheep, and the old conventional *robe*. You credit me with too much thought and intention when you suppose that I meant the lamb on the banner in the *Vanity Fair* to have any deeper motive than a reference to the ensign of that bloody mercenary of Charles II.—Colonel Kirke—who so cruelly murdered the poor Somersetshire peasantry after

Monmouth's insurrection. It is one of their heads that I suppose to surmount the pike of the flagstaff. Colonel Kirke seemed to me to supply a figure of that military life which seeks only its own emolument or glory at the price of the blood and tears of thousands. I should not like to be thought to make Christian turn his back on the Soldier altogether—not whilst I remember men like Gardener and Havelock. . . . —Ever most truly yours,

FRED. J. SHIELDS.

60.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[The reference to "Prudentius" is explained by my note to No. 57.—"Mrs Heimann" was an old friend of all of us—wife (now widow) of Dr Adolf Heimann, the German Professor in University College, London.—"Sheet M" must be a sheet in a re-edition of the *Goblin Market* volume: this sheet consists principally of the poems *Sleep at Sea* and *From House to Home*.—Maria's Italian Exercise-book was published in 1867. There are two companion volumes: *Exercises in Idiomatic Italian*, and a key to it, *Aneddoti Italiani*. The phrase "out came the Prince" etc. must mean that Christina had now composed some portion of *The Prince's Progress* relating to the Prince himself, but not that portion in which the Alchemist figures.—Henrietta, our cousin Henrietta Polydore, was then already invalided with the beginning of her consumptive malady, and was staying at Hastings along with Christina, whose health also was extremely delicate for a while. She seemed at that time more definitely threatened with consumption, as indicated by a violent and persistent cough, than at any other period of her life.]

81 HIGH STREET, HASTINGS.

16 January 1865.

My dear Gabriel,—A thousand thanks for Prudentius, though indeed I am not easy at so many kind presents.

But please on no account send him and his compeers to keep me company. I shall much more enjoy falling into his ambush on my return home.

Equal thanks for the welcome *Times*; though Mamma had sent me the gist extract, and Mrs Heimann, ever friendly, the article. Of course I am crowing. . . .

I don't think your critique on *sheet M* can profit 'me this edition, as surely M must already be printed off: but thanks all the same. Foreseeing inutility, I have not grappled with the subject by comparing passages (*N.B. Nerves*).

Have you heard of Maria's astute plan for an Italian Exercise-book? I am doing some of the subordinate work for her down here in my hermitage. Truth to tell, I have a great fancy for her name endorsing a book, as we three have all got into that stage, so I work with a certain enthusiasm. This morning out came the Prince, but the Alchemist makes himself scarce, and I must bide his time.

Henrietta's love. Uncle Henry left us last Monday. . . .
—Your affectionate Sister,

C. G. R.

61.—TEODORICO PIETROCOLA-ROSSETTI to WILLIAM
ROSSETTI.—TRANSLATION.

[My Cousin, the writer of this letter, has been mentioned by me elsewhere. I possess the selection of my Father's poems prefaced by G. di Stefano.]

GLIZEBROOK VILLA, 2 PARK ROAD, NEW WANDSWORTH.
23 January 1865.

My dear, much-loved William,— . . . You will please me by accepting with goodwill two-dozen select Cavour cigars, which I have brought from Turin. Smoke them with your friends, and let them remind you of that eminent statesman, who has not only given his name to the re-arising

of the Italian nation, but created and baptized the Cavour cigar—which he was wont to smoke with desperation, filling with its fragrance the saloons of the Ministry, and the ante-room of the Palazzo Carignano. . . .

Have you read that biographical notice prefixed by Stefano to your Father's poems? He has taken it from that which I published in Turin.

I hear that you are about to bring out a translation of the *Inferno* of the great Allighieri. As that is the most difficult division of the poem for the purpose of translation, and all the English versions as yet produced seem to me paraphrases, I eagerly wish to read yours: don't forget. . . .—Your attached Friend and affectionate Cousin,

T. PIETROCOLA-ROSSETTI.

62.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[“The annotated Prince” appears to be a portion of *The Prince's Progress* on which my Brother had written some remarks.—The dread which Christina expresses of “indefinite delay” on her part had probably been intensified by the very subject-matter of this poem.—The “new little things” were the poems named *Grown and Flown*, *Dost Thou not care*, and *Eve*.]

81 HIGH STREET, HASTINGS.
30 [January 1865].

My dear Gabriel,—Here at last is an Alchemist reeking from the crucible. He dovetails properly into his niche. Please read him if you have the energy; then, when you return him to me, I must give a thorough look-over to the annotated *Prince*; lastly, I do hope Vol. 2 will be possible. One motive for haste with me is a fear lest by indefinite delay I should miss the pleasure of thus giving pleasure to our Mother, to whom of course I shall dedicate: suppose—but I won't suppose anything so dread-

ful; only, knowing her intense enjoyment of our performances, I am keenly desirous to give her the pleasure *when possible*. He's not precisely the Alchemist I prefigured, but thus he came and thus he must stay: you know my system of work.

I am much better indeed, yet beyond a certain point I don't get: however, obviously, I cannot remain here quite indefinitely.

Of course I know that to make Vol. 2 we must have recourse to some not skimmed by you as cream, but I have a predilection for some of these; and I have by me one or two new little things which *may* help: at this moment I feel sanguine.—Your affectionate bore,

C. G. R.

63.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[The term "Lizzie's work" indicates the few poems which Lizzie Rossetti had produced in her too brief life. None of them appeared in any of Christina's volumes: as to this point see also her letter No. 65.—I am not aware that the Rev. Orby Shipley produced any illustrated Christmas volume containing a poem by Christina.]

81 HIGH STREET, HASTINGS.

1 [February 1865].

My dear Gabriel,— . . . It delights me that you approve of my *Alchemist*; you know I am always nervous in such suspense: thanks for prospective annotations.

I can't tell you the pleasure with which I welcome your kind loan of Lizzie's work. The packet is not yet in my hands, but very likely it will come by the mid-day delivery. . . . I wonder if possibly you might ever see fit to let some of dear Lizzie's verses come out in a volume of mine; distinguished, I need not say, as hers: such a combination would be very dear to me.

Do you remember Mr Shipley and his three *Lyras*? From the three he plans compiling an illustrated Christmas volume, and putting-in something of mine. . .—Very truly your affectionate Sister,

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

64.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[The numeration of the poems by Miss Siddal, given in this letter, stands thus: No. 2 is *A Year and a Day*, which appears in my *Memoir of Dante Rossetti*. No. 3 is *Dead Love*. No. 5 is *Gone*. I am not sure which poem is indicated as No. 7. That poem, as well as Nos. 3 and 5, must be in the volume named *Ruskin, Rossetti, Præraphaelitism*; also No. 6 mentioned in the letter which follows this.]

81 HIGH STREET, HASTINGS.
6 February 1865.

My dear Gabriel,—I enclose to you with hearty thanks your kind loan.

How full of beauty they are, but how painful—how they bring poor Lizzie herself before one, with her voice, face, and manner! Fine as II. is, I don't admire it more than III. and V.: perhaps III. is my own favourite, piquant as it is with cool bitter sarcasm; V. reminds me of Tom Hood at his highest. Our Mother is with me, come to stay with me a fortnight; she was struck by VII., which with all its beauty seems to me not in the first rank.

She charges me with her love to you.—Your truly affectionate Sister,

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

65.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[“The work on *Goblin Market* block” had to do with the engraved title-page, to suit it for a re-edition.—The phrase “your volume” indicates pretty clearly that by the present date—1865—Dante Rossetti had already some idea of publishing some poems at no very distant interval of time.—No. 6 of Lizzie’s poems is the one named *At Last*. The “correcting small print” for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge related (solely, I think) to an Italian version of the Bible.]

81 HIGH STREET, HASTINGS.
10 [February 1865].

My dear Gabriel,—I am indulging in a holiday from all attempt at *Progress* whilst Mamma is with me: she gone (alas!), I hope to set-to with a will. Thanks for annotations, to be attended to. Do you know, I don’t think it would have done to write the *Alchemist* without the metric jolt, however unfortunate the original selection of such rhythm may have been: but we will file and polish. How shall I express my sentiments about the terrible tournament? Not a phrase to be relied on, not a correct knowledge on the subject, not the faintest impulse of inspiration, incites me to the tilt: and looming before me in horrible bugbeardom stand TWO tournaments in Tennyson’s *Idylls*. Moreover, the *Alchemist*, according to original convention, took the place of the lists: remember this in my favour, please. You see, were you next to propose my writing a classic epic in quantitative hexameters or in the hendecasyllables which might almost trip-up Tennyson, what could I do? Only what I feel inclined to do in the present instance—plead goodwill but inability. Also (but this you may scorn as the blind partiality of a parent) my actual *Prince* seems to me invested with a certain artistic congruity of construction not lightly to be despised:

1st, a prelude and outset; 2nd, an alluring milkmaid; 3rd, a trial of barren boredom; 4th, the social element again; 5th, barren boredom in a more uncompromising form; 6th, a wind-up and conclusion. See how the subtle elements balance each other, and fuse into a noble conglom! Thanks for the two valued prospective cuts (qu. have you a design of a tournament by you?) and for the work on *Goblin Market* block.

Lizzie's poems were posted to you before your last reached my hands: so I trust that days ago you received them safe and sound, and so I shall conclude unless I hear to the contrary. I think with you that, between your volume and mine, their due post of honour is in yours. But do you not think that (at any rate except in your volume), beautiful as they are, they are almost too hopelessly sad for publication *en masse*? Perhaps this is merely my overstrained fancy, but their tone is to me even painfully despondent: talk of my bogieism, is it not by comparison jovial? However, if on careful re-reading the tone etc. subside to my excited imagination, it will give me sincerest pleasure if you will grace my volume by their presence. Meanwhile how odd it seems that just III., my admiration, is rejected by you as ineligible; about VI., I am rather inclined to agree in your verdict, sweet and pathetic as it is. . . .

Do you remember long ago animadverting on my correcting small print for the S.P.C.K.? I have just given up the work, as my eyes seem to suffer. . . .—Your affectionate Sister,

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

66.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[This joke about hanging applies (need I specify it?) to the hanging of the pictures which constituted Brown's Exhibition in Piccadilly.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
28 February 1865.

Dear Brown,—I hear you're hanging yourself daily. Can one assist at the ceremony, if passing that way? I promise not to cut you down.—Your

D. G. R.

How does one get in?

67.—THOMAS KEIGHTLEY to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Mr Keightley was decidedly right in the meaning which he assigns to the epithet *bruno*. He was not entirely right in supposing me to "reject" my Father's theory concerning Dante. I apprehend that some features of the theory are decidedly correct, and some others may be so without my being convinced of them. There are, on the other hand, certain points which I think clearly far-fetched and erroneous.—Mr Keightley's *Expositor* (published not long after this date) relates to Shakespear.]

BELVEDERE, KENT.
1 March 1865.

Dear William,—I thank you for the gift of your book. It is certainly a marvel of *literality*; and I know from experience the labour it must have cost, and can guess pretty well how little that labour will be appreciated, and how ill rewarded. Nothing but what is amusing is now remunerated. Of course I will not flatter you by saying that you equal the vigour and harmony of the original: the difference of language makes that impossible. I am, by the way, one of those who think the Italian language as capable of force as any other, but it is always force united with polish and grace and harmony.

I was annoyed to find in the very second line what appears to me to be an error. You render *oscura* by

"darkling." Now, if I mistake not, this word always means "being in the dark," and is used only of persons. The proper term would be *darksome* or *gloomy*, or why not *obscure*? I may however be wrong, and you may have some authority that I know not of.

I see (p. 46) you agree with Ruskin in rendering *bruno* "brown." Now in a note in my Milton I maintain that it is exactly our "dark," and I speak of Ruskin's "extraordinary misapprehension of it in *this* and other places of Dante." But here again I may be wrong.

It really vexed me to see but one allusion, and that rather a slighting one, to your Father's theory. I infer from this that you reject it, like Gabriel. It is a curious instance of the well-known fact of children differing in opinion etc. from their parents—*e.g.*, the Wilberforces turning papists. I however am unchanged; and there is no fact in literature or in history of which I am more firmly persuaded than of the truth of his hypothesis respecting the *Inferno*. Of the other parts, of course, I cannot speak, but I am certain also that he was right as to the *Vita Nuova*. At the same time you know I was fully aware of his errors and imperfections. I did, for example, all I could to get him to suppress the First Part of the *Amor Platónico*, and told him frankly it was all mere nonsense. That work, you are aware, is twice as long as it should be, and contains a vast deal of what I regard as mere rubbish.

As to my *Expositor*, you will see something about it in the next *N. and Q.* I will make no effort to get it published. . . . —Most truly yours,

THOS. KEIGHTLEY.

68.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[The lyric *To-morrow* forms Part II. of *Twilight Night*: I do not find it in the *Prince's Progress* volume. As to

"The Captive Jew," it is pretty clear that this is a semi-jocular title (invented probably by my Brother), and that the piece referred to is in fact the *terza-rima* which has now been printed under the name of *By the Waters of Babylon*. It was originally headed *In Captivity*, and was not included in the *Prince's Progress* volume.—Christina did not carry out her "puerile fancy" of making the last-named volume of exactly the same length as the *Goblin Market* one: the new volume proved to be a trifle the longer of the two.—"Prospective Jean Ingelow" indicates that this graceful and able poetess and estimable woman was proposing to visit Christina at Hastings.—Mrs Ludlow was a sister of Mrs Bodichon.]

81 HIGH STREET, HASTINGS.

3 [March 1865].

My dear Gabriel,—This morning, as the "post" is no longer running after me (like the coffin after a man in a very nightmarish story I once read), I can go into details.

1. *Prince's Progress*.—I think the plot now is obvious to mean capacities, without further development or addition. "Aftermath" is left for various reasons; the most patent I need scarcely give; but also I think it gives a subtle hint (by symbol) that any more delays may swamp the Prince's last chance. In the same way, the obnoxious "pipe" having been immolated on the altar of sisterly deference, "Now the moon's at full" seems to me happily suggestive of the Prince's character. Of course I don't expect the general public to catch these refined clues; but there they are for such minds as mine.

2. *Material*.—I have a puerile fancy for making Vol. 2 the same number of pages as Vol. 1: also I independently think that some of the squad are not unworthy of a place amongst their fellows. Unless memory plays me false, Mrs Browning's *My Heart and I* does not clash with my *To-morrow*: if it does, I could easily turn my own "heart" into "wish," and save the little piece, for which I have a kindness. Again, I am much inclined to put-in one *terza-*

rima; though whether my *Judgment* or *Captive Jew* I am not resolved. The *Judgment* is already published in one of Mr Shipley's books: and *Martyrs' Song* (in the same volume) was so honourably mentioned in a review we saw that that seems to constitute some claim on reprint. I will try not to spoil my volume, or deal a death-blow to my reputation, however.

3. *Transmission to Mac.*—Might I, instead of sending direct, send them through your brotherly hands? When I have put them in order, I should be so glad if you would put the finishing touch to their arrangement. That is one reason for wishing to send them through you; and another is that then I foresee you will charitably do the business-details; my wish being for same terms as *Goblin Market*. One single piece in Vol. 2 belongs neither to Mac nor to myself; to wit, *L.E.L.*; but I have Miss Emily Faithfull's permission to make use of it. . . .

May I hope that you will again look at my proofs as they go through the press? If so, you had better have them before they come to me: and then I think I shall send them home for lynx-eyed research after errors, before letting them go to press. But perhaps I may be snug at home again before my first proof hatches. Which introduces my health with a graceful flourish: a little hobbly, thank you, but in an uninteresting way not alarming; so day by day home looms less remote.

I shall be very happy if some day I meet Mrs Legros, though an old rule shuts me up from feasts and such-like during Lent. . . .

Prospective Jean Ingelow inspires me with some trepidation: you may think whether down here I am not acquiring the tone along with the habits of a hermit. My Ludlow exertions were not congenial, though Mrs Ludlow is charming. . . .

Please, if any of my beggaries bore you, reject them with scorn. Uncle Henry and Henrietta send love.—Your affectionate Sister,

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

69.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI.

["Feelings there are": this refers to a distich which used to amuse all of us considerably—I don't remember in what "poet" we found it—

"Feelings there are that warm the generous breast:
They may be known, but cannot be expressed."

The "woodcuts" were those designed by Dante Gabriel for *The Prince's Progress*—or (rather than woodcuts) the designs themselves, not yet engraved. In the cuts as now seen the Prince remains beardless, but the Princess's face is veiled. The "severe female" may be a little—but only a little—like Christina.—*Under the Rose* is now named *The Iniquity of the Fathers upon the Children*: as first printed, it bore its original title.—The *Martyrs' Song* and the *terza-rima* composition named *After this the Judgment*, did obtain insertion in the volume. The Mr Cayley here mentioned was the very able translator of Dante, Charles Bagot Cayley].

81 HIGH STREET, HASTINGS.

6 [March? 1865.]

My dear Gabriel,—You confer favours as if you were receiving them, and I am proportionately thankful: but what says the poet?—

"Feelings there are" etc.

so I need not aim at self-expression. I hope the peccant "word or two" may yet be tackled between us: meanwhile, I readily grant that my *Prince* lacks the special felicity (!) of my *Goblins*; yet I am glad to believe you consider with me that it is not unworthy of publication. What a most delightful pair of woodcuts! thank you with all my heart. Do you think that two small points in the frontispiece might advisably be conformed to the text?—to wit, the

Prince's "curly black beard" and the Bride's "veiled" face: all else seems of minor moment. Surely the severe female who arrests the Prince somewhat resembles my phiz. Of course you shall have back the charming sketches; only *via* home instead of direct from me, as I know the pleasure the sight will give our Mother, to whom I take the liberty of lending them, but I will ask her not to delay returning them to you. . . .

In Vol. 2 you will find a longish thing (not only finished but altogether written just now, and indeed finished since last I wrote to you) which no one has yet seen. I don't know whether you will deem it available; if not, please let me have it again, and I will fill deficit from the squad; if on the other hand it passes muster, it will, I believe, stop the gap single-handed. *Under the Rose* it is called, in default of a better name. But please tell me whether you don't think it will after all be well to put in *Martyrs' Song* and the *terza-rima* from *L[yra] Mystica*. They have won a word of praise from Mr Cayley, and a review (I forget which) has been enthusiastic about me in *L[yra] M[ystica]*: so perhaps they might take: and, using these, I will soothe your feelings by suppressing my *Captive Jew* without a murmur. There's a bait!

To be tooked and well shooked is what I eminently need socially, so Jean Ingelow will be quite appropriate treatment, should she transpire: she has not yet done so.—Your gratefully affectionate Sister,

C. G. R.

. . .

70.—TEODORICO PIETROCOLA-ROSSETTI to WILLIAM
ROSSETTI.—TRANSLATION.

[These extracts come from a letter of some length. The writer had received a medical education, and at one time he practised medicine as a homœopathist.]

GLIZEBROOK VILLA, NEW WANDSWORTH.

9 March 1865.

My very dear William,—I have received your English version of the first part of Dante's *Comedy*, and I thank you for it affectionately. I have begun reading it, and I think you have hit the mark. Italians will not say of you "*traduttore traditore*,"* for the sense of the text is marvelously reproduced, and with great fidelity. Of the merits of the work I will not speak, for it is full of them,—but of some little blemishes, which I take it upon me to submit to your attention. . . .

Page 1, "Because the rightful pathway had been lost." I should rather read (with Aldus, the Vulgate, the Florentine Academicians, and *all* the moderns) "*Che*" (not *Chè*)—*Che* being always used by Dante as equivalent to "*in che, in cui*." In this line 12 you at once have an example of this — "*Che la verace via abbandonai*," or "At which point" etc. Dante had not lost himself in Florence *because* the true path had been missed, but because *in* Florence there was then none such, torn as it was by political factions. I should therefore translate, "In which the rightful pathway had been lost." . . .

Some while ago I took a little respite from my small affairs, and ran up to see Gabriel again. He has rounded out like a big baby. Bravo!

But I was afflicted at hearing that kind excellent Christina is somewhat worse in health, and had brought-up blood. This information pierced my heart. . . . Secretions of blood show that the patient is in the second stage; and then, I regret to say, she did wrong in taking change of air. This is *sometimes* beneficial in the first stage, but in the second and third it does no good, but often harm. . . . First of all, bear it well in mind that milk, especially ass's milk, is the best medicine in the second and third stages. . . . As regards medicines, there is, besides milk, nothing else than phosphorus, administered in minute doses. . . . Fever, preceded or

* Translator traducer (or more literally, traitor).

followed by perspirations, may be overcome by a few drops of aconite napellum, dissolved in pure distilled water. . . . But what is most essential is that her room should be heated by wood-fires. Coal-fires exhale such a quantity of carbonic gas that this would make the patient's condition worse. These are counsels of friendship and affection which I offer to your Mother with regard to Christina. She should lay it to heart that medicines cannot act upon the patient — except milk, aconite, and phosphorus.—Your very affectionate Cousin,

T. PIETROCOLA-ROSSETTI.

71.—CHARLES CAYLEY to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[This is an interesting little point of Dantesque textual criticism, which will at once be understood by readers familiar with Canto 5 of the *Inferno* in the original. As I have shown elsewhere, Mr Ruskin was provoked with Mr Cayley for having translated according to the reading "*succedette*."]]

5 MONTPELLIER ROW, BLACKHEATH.
10 March 1865.

Dear Rossetti,— . . . I have thought of a new argument on the line you and Mr Barlow discussed, beginning "*Che succedette*" or "*suger dette*" or the like. Does Dante prefer *diede* or *dette* for *gave*? I suppose in the middles of lines it is hard to judge, for none of the MSS. appear to be credited with any purity in their orthography. But in the *Rimario* I find four lines *ending* in *diede*, none in *dette* (as a verb in the 3rd person). Now the chances are, Dante would have somewhere used *dette* for a rhyme if he had liked it, or if it had belonged to his dialect native or adopted, as much as *diede*. (We must also observe the rhymes on *diedi*, and the use of *diè*.) Now "*suger diede*" or

"*succia diede*" would not have been very likely to suggest "*sucedette*." I don't suppose *dette* is positively confirmed by *stette*, *credette*, etc., as the Latin forms and accents are not quite analogous.

I don't fancy Barlow can have made good use of his many MSS. He seldom arrays them in the order of their merits; or, if he does, judges of it by their ingenuity, not antiquity. . . . —Yours sincerely,

C. B. CAYLEY.

72.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[I have no recollection of the periodical entitled *Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle*.—The *Royal Princess* was retained in the volume, and *Amor Mundi* did go to *The Shilling Magazine*, where it was illustrated by Mr Sandys. Mr Lucas—who seems now to have been the editor of that serial—had previously been editor of *Once a Week*. I forget why Christina had been "the Pariah of *Once a Week*": one of her poems, *Maude Clare*, was published there, but presumably some other poems had been declined.—It is evident that some one—but I know not who—had assimilated Christina as a poetess to Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes, better known now as Madame Belloc: I suppose it is still remembered that such a poetess as Eliza Cook did exist in those days, and existed in edition after edition.—The reference to the epithet "hairy" applies to stanza 6 in *The Prince's Progress*.—The quaint solecism, "Things which are impossible rarely happen," occurred (if I remember right) as a sentence in an Anglo-German Exercise-book by Dr Heimann: at any rate, it often came up to our lips in those years.—"*Atalanta and the Bruno Catalogue*" are Swinburne's glorious drama *Atalanta in Calydon*, and the *Catalogue Raisonné* written by Madox Brown for his Exhibition.—My Brother had lately been elected a member of the Garrick Club.]

81 HIGH STREET, HASTINGS.

[March 1865?]

My dear Gabriel,—“Mine truthfully” is a critic begging the loan of *Goblin Market* for purpose of reviewing it along with Jean Ingelow and Mrs Ed[ward] Thomas. I mean to be propitious and lend it: fortunately I have a copy down here. My merits are to be discussed in the *Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle*: a fearful periodical, I cannot but fear, but do not know; do you know it?

Thanks emphatic and copious on all points. I think—especially if the *Royal Princess* is retained, which I leave to your decision—we can well spare one of the four pieces you name from Vol. 2, as far as bulk goes. My preference would be for *Shilling Mag* to get *Amor Mundi*: but “tin” is too luminously alluring to be rejected, whichever Mr Sandys may select. It is rather triumphant, too, Mr Lucas wanting me, the Pariah of *Once a Week*. Of course I needn't say how much I should prefer you as my illustrator to the world in general, but can well believe that you have not time for Mr Shipley, any more than for the *May Shilling Mag*. . . .

“Bessie Parkes” is comparatively flattering: call me “Eliza Cook” at once and be happy. Please make your emendations, and I can call them over the coals in the proofs: only don't make vast changes, as “I am I.” *Hairy* I cannot feel inclined to forego, as it portrays the bud in question. . . . *Songs in a Cornfield* is one of my own favourites, so I am especially gratified by your and Mr Swinburne's praise.

You would be a dear turning up in these parts: but I *do* hope to be at home again at very latest to-day four weeks.

Meanwhile, is not Vol. 2 at last ripe for transmission to Mac? I feel a pardonable impatience. *Of course* I am setting to work chewing the cud you serve to me; but we won't keep back Vol. 2 for the unapproached result. Do you know, I do seriously question whether I possess the working-power with which you credit me; and whether

all the painstaking at my command would result in work better than—in fact half so good as—what I have actually done on the other system. It is vain comparing my powers (!) with yours (a remark I have never been called upon to make to any one but yourself). However, if the latent epic should “by huge upthrust” come to the surface some day, or if by laborious delving I can unearth it, or if by unflagging prodment you can cultivate the sensitive plant in question, all the better for me: only please remember that “things which are impossible rarely happen”—and don’t be too severe on me if in my case the “impossible” does not come to pass. Sometimes I could almost fear that my tendency is rather towards softening of the brain (say) than towards further development of mind. There’s a croak!

Anticipated thanks for the *Atalanta* and Bruno Catalogue to come. I shall be glad if the Piccadilly exhibition raises our old friend to his just position before the public.—Always your affectionate Sister,

C. G. R.

Henrietta’s love: her improvement continues. Is the Garrick Club nice? and do you mean to attend? Who proposed you?

73.—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

LYMINGTON.
19 *March* 1865.

My dear William,—Best thanks for your gift. I have read the introductory writing and several books; and, as far as I am able to judge, consider that you have perfectly carried-out your intention. I have more reliance on yours than on any version; pray finish the work. I should be glad to have, into the bargain, from a mind so fair as

yours and that has so much studied Dante, some general estimate of his poem. One might consider 1st. Its plan, and relation to the Age (its "accidents"); 2nd. Its æsthetic qualities; 3rd. Its absolute truths.

To descend—my volume *Fifty Modern Poems* is just coming out. Most of the pieces have been in magazines etc. The whole is to myself already a thing of the past, and not very interesting. I am occupied with other ideas. One quality the book has (implied in "Modern")—it is in harmony with the best minds of our day as to religion, being at once reverent and anti-dogmatic. . . .

I have been invited to give a lecture in Dublin, and have agreed for 19 May, subject "Poetry." Never tried lecturing before, and don't very well see my way, but think one *ought* to try. . . . —Always yours,

W. ALLINGHAM.

74.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[CHEYNE WALK.
21 March 1865.]

My dear Brown,—To-day I took Craven of Manchester to the late Fish's premises, and he was delighted beyond measure,—as sure to bite, I should say, as the fish himself. But he wants water-colours. He is in London for a few days only, and wants if possible to look you up. I shall try if I can come with him one evening; so write to ask you what evenings (and daytimes), for some days to come, you are likely to be in, or rather on which you will *not*, as a guide.—Your

D. G. R.

By the by, I suppose you won't kick C[raven] out.

75.—PROFESSOR NORTON to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[Mention is here made of a translation by Dante Rossetti from Dante's *Inferno*. This was a misapprehension on Professor Norton's part—the translation being in fact mine. In saying that Longfellow's translation was in "ten-syllable verse," the Professor was only partially correct; the intermixture of eleven-syllable with ten-syllable verse being very profuse, and (if I may give expression to my personal opinion) a serious detriment to that, in most respects, highly laudable rendering.]

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

21 March 1865.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . I am glad to see by the advertisement in *The Reader* that your translation of the *Inferno* is published. I await it with very great interest; the greater because during the past year I have been reading and revising with Longfellow a translation that he has made in the same manner, I take it, as yours—that is, in unrhymed ten-syllable verse. The *Inferno* is now printed, or rather stereotyped, but it will not be published till the other portions of the poem are ready. The whole is translated, and is going through the press—the last canto that we read over, day before yesterday, being the eleventh of the *Purgatory*. Longfellow has had ten copies of the *Inferno* struck off, in order to send one of them to the Festival in May at Florence—prefixing a special dedication—"In Commemorazione del Secentesimo Anniversario della Nascita di D[ante] A[llighieri]." The volume is of great beauty; no more beautiful book has been printed in America; and the translation seems to me, who am not indeed an impartial judge, exceedingly good, by far better than any hitherto made. It is a pleasant coincidence that you should have been engaged on the same work at this time.

I shall send you in a few days a copy of a little essay *On the Original Portraits of Dante* (illustrated with photographs from the Giotto portrait and from the Mask) which I have got up also for the festival. . . .

War, you see, does not occupy all our thoughts—and yet it underlies them all with a constant current of feeling. These last four years have been full of the profoundest and most engrossing interests to us. They have made a great nation out of a great people. They have wrought immense and most happy change. One might well rejoice, in spite of all the sorrows and trials of the war, to live in such a time. Now the war seems near its end—it has done its work, and peace will be welcome. . . .

Tell me what you know of Ruskin, and, if you see him, give to him my unchanging love.—Ever, dear Rossetti, faithfully yours,

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

76.—MADOX BROWN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

14 GROVE TERRACE, HIGHGATE ROAD.
30 March 1865.

My dear William,—I recognized your pen in the *Pall Mall*. . . . I knew there was no other but you and Gabriel who could know so much about me, the subject generally, and have at the same time the faculty to [be] putting it in so masterly a way. It is a glorious puff, and outdoes Palgrave's in the *Saturday*; and is altogether most grateful and cheering to the senses that are to be tickled by flattery. The wind-up is magnificent. I shall want to see you shortly, to talk these sort of things over. . . . —
Ever yours sincerely,

FORD MADOX BROWN.

77.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[The first jocular reference to “paroxysms of stamping” etc. may have had its origin in a caricature of Christina which Dante had drawn in 1862, as a skit upon a certain phrase used in a complimentary critique of the *Goblin Market* volume.—In writing “U. the R.,” she must have meant the poem *Under the Rose*: “that screech” was seemingly some subsidiary part of the poem, for the poem as a whole was not “suppressed” in the *Prince’s Progress* volume. Christina acted as proposed under her heading No. 3; also under No. 4, four final stanzas being thus omitted from *The Ghost’s Petition*.—In *Songs in a Cornfield*, the second song was originally one that begins “We met hand to hand”: this was cut out, and another song was substituted, beginning “There goes the swallow.” “We met hand to hand” was afterwards published as the opening section of *Twilight Night*.—*The Spring Quiet*, in its MS. form dated 1847, consists of four-line stanzas: later on a fifth line had been added to each stanza. When printed in the *Prince’s Progress* volume, the fifth line was deleted, save for the final stanza.]

81 HIGH STREET, HASTINGS.

31 March [1865].

My dear Gabriel,—After six well-defined and several paroxysms of stamping, foaming, hair-uprooting, it seems time to assume a treacherous calm: and in this (comparatively) lucid interval I regain speech.

1. *U. the R.*—Yes, suppress that “screech.”

2. *Jessie Cameron.*—Stanza 2 I cannot consent to sacrifice; to my conception of the plot and characters it really is essential: concede me that stanza 2 with a good grace.

3. *Bird or Beast.*—The last four lines of the first stanza are (I confess) stupid; but the last four of the second I

like. What would you say to omitting those first four altogether, but retaining the other four by arranging the whole piece in quatrains? If however this proposal distresses you, let the eight go.

4. *Ghost's Petition*.—Please cut it short, as you suggest.

5. I admit the less simple character of the second *Song in a Cornfield*, and admit it as a blemish: a yet graver one however it would seem to me to make one of a party of reapers who are resting under the "burden of full noon-day heat" suddenly burst forth with "Gone were but the winter." This therefore we will, please, set aside. But would you prefer to fill the gap with one of the two songs which I enclose? If so, your kindness will, I am sure, not shirk pasting it over the defaulter: unless you think said defaulter worth cutting out and erecting into an independent existence, when it might figure under the cheerful title *If so*, or any other you like.

6. How is it possible that not only you recognize No. 1 of *Spring Fancies*, but resuscitate defunct lines from memory? The great original stands as *The Spring Quiet* in a little book dated 1847; a little book so primitive that for aught I know you did not drag its depths for *G[oblin] M[arket]* vol.: whence pray do not deduce that it contains other treasures, for I am not aware that it does. I will send you an exact copy of its primeval form: then will you most kindly set it right from the printed copy? but suppressing fifth lines and keeping extra stanzas as you judge best. Or, on second thoughts, I will retain certain alterations which I know are in the printed copy and which were the result of mature reflection, and will make the sea-stanza come last, as you put it; but I must still trust to your kindness to compare and alter it by the printed copy, in case I get a word here or there wrong. Only of course I will not trouble you to do any of this unless you think the piece worth adding to Vol. 2.

7. After all which, I shall hope the MS. WILL go to Mr Macmillan; but, if that enterprizing publisher has been prodding you, it is *di proprio moto*, not instigated

in word by me. Your woodcuts are so essential to my contentment that I will wait a year for them if need is—though (in a whisper) six months would better please me. But perhaps it might be as well to commence *printing* as soon as may be, in case that Fata Morgana of delight, my sight of Italy with William, should by any manner of means come to pass; of course, IF the proofs could be got through before our start in May, it would be charming.

I am delighted to find that *The Shilling Mag.* has got *Amor Mundi*, and to foresee Mr Sandys as my illustrator. . . .

I trust by this time *Atalanta* and my note of admiration have reached you. . . . —Your grateful affectionate Sister,

C. G. R.

I hope I may get home next Thursday, but of course must keep an eye on the weather. Here in the middle of the day it is delightfully sunny and warm. Miss Ingelow *wrote* at last from East Parade; not *called*, because her Brother has been having scarlatina. So precautionarily we don't visit; but talk and shake hands if we meet, which has happened once.

78.—ALEXA WILDING to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[I give this note as marking the date when Rossetti began painting from one of his most valued sitters, whom he had first met casually in a street. Miss Wilding's head appears in *Sibylla Palmifera*, *Veronica Veronese*, *La Ghirlandata*, and several other paintings and drawings.]

23 WARWICK LANE, NEWGATE MARKET.
8 April 1865.

Miss Wilding presents her compliments to Mr Rossetti, and will feel obliged if he will send any letters to the above address, as she has obtained her Mamma's per-

mission to sit for any picture after the specified time of three weeks.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

A. WILDING.

P.S.—If you should require me to sit, let me know, and I will come if possible.

79.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[The reference to “my woful phiz” may probably be taken in immediate connexion with the proffered Madeira, as for instance Dante Rossetti may have observed that Christina looked delicate, and would be all the better for some well-bodied wine; but there might be other explanations of the phrase, not worth suggesting here. The letter shows that Christina had already become a patient of Sir William Jenner, who continued attending her henceforth until he relinquished practice: he brought her through more than one formidable illness.—*Rose and Rosemary* appears to have been a poem published anonymously in *Macmillan's Magazine*. I have no precise recollection of it.]

166 ALBANY STREET.

[April 1865].

My dear Gabriel,— . . . Thank you most warmly for the promised half-dozen Madeira, and for your brotherly (not critical) consideration of my woful phiz: but the half-dozen (please) you must let me with affectionate gratitude decline. I know, though you do not tell me, that Madeira has become an unattainable dainty fit for the discriminating palate of connoisseurs, altogether lost on a Goth who knows not wine from wine, and who lumps all subtle distinctions in the simple definition “nice.” Dr Jenner moreover has always talked of sherry for me, so to sherry I may stick.

Rose and Rosemary is a lovely scrap: if I have to write to Mac, I will fish for its author. My *Prince*, having

dawdled so long on his own account, cannot grumble at awaiting your pleasure; and mine too, for your protecting woodcuts help me to face my small public. . . .—Your truly affectionate Sister,

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

80.—THOMAS CARLYLE to MADOX BROWN.

[A characteristic little note, referring to Brown's Exhibition. Many readers will recollect that Carlyle sat to Brown for a leading figure in the large picture named *Work*.]

CHELSEA.

15 April 1865.

Dear Sir,—Might I ask you to put my *Wife's* name, instead of mine, on the inclosed which you have been so kind as to send me. I have already been twice (and she as well) to No. 191; and feel very likely to return: but the female mind seems to be still more adventurous in this affair, and wishes to be independent of me.—Yours very sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

81.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[The names Meggan and Margaret figure (as readers may remember) in the poem called *Maiden-Song*.—The passage about "a yell" ("a yell for fire") occurs near the end of *A Royal Princess*.—The "enormous improvement" which Dante Gabriel effected in *L.E.L.* consisted in making lines 1 and 3 of each stanza rhyme—which they do not in the original MS. In that MS. the title of the poem is *Spring*. I presume that Christina substituted the title *L.E.L.* (though not specially appropriate perhaps) in order

to make the poem look less like a personal utterance.—*Margery* did not after all appear in the *Prince's Progress* volume; nor (so far as I am aware) anywhere before I printed it in Christina's *New Poems*, 1896. I am unable to say which are the "three stanzas" here referred to.—The published poem *By the Sea*, 3 stanzas, is extracted from a longer and more personal poem, 6 stanzas, named *A Yawn*.—The published poem *A Portrait* consists of two sonnets: the second of these is the *Lady Isabella* here mentioned; the first, when it stood singly, was named *St Elizabeth of Hungary*. Lady Isabella (as I have said elsewhere) was Lady Isabella Howard, a daughter of the then Earl of Wicklow.—Alice Macdonald, who set *The Bourne* to music, is a sister of Lady Burne-Jones: she married Mr Kipling, and became the mother of Rudyard Kipling, and is herself of late known as a poetess.—I have not traced any poem by Christina under the title *Come and See*. I presume that she refers here to the poem headed *I will lift up mine Eyes unto the Hills*: if so, Dante Gabriel's objection seems to have prevailed, for that poem does not appear in the *Prince's Progress* volume. Neither does *Easter Even* appear there.—*The Dead City* and *Amore e Dovere* are two of the poems in Christina's privately-printed *Verses* of 1847.—The phrase, "I do not send you the *groans* herewith," seems to refer to some portion of the poems which Dante regarded as more peculiarly dismal in tone, and on which he had bestowed the epithet "groans."]

45 UPPER ALBANY STREET.

[1865—? April.]

My dear Gabriel,—Thanks many. On almost all points I succumb with serenity: now for remarks.

Meggan and Margaret are, I suppose, the same name: but this does not disturb me. Do you think it need? Meggan was suggested by Scotus once to me, and comes out of a Welsh song-book. May, Meggan, Margaret, sound pretty and pleasant.

Last Night: metre slightly doctored.

Royal Princess.—"Some to work on roads," etc., is by so much one of the best stanzas that I am loth to sacrifice it. Is it so very like Keats? I doubt if I ever read the lines in question, never having read the *Isabella* through. I do not fight for the R.P.'s heroism; though it seems to me that the royal soldiers might yet have succeeded in averting *roasting*. A *yell* is one thing, and a *fait accompli* quite another.

L. E. L.: adopted, your enormous improvement. I am glad you retain my pet name. . . .

Margery: has lost her 3 stanzas, and gained thereby.

By the Sea has superseded *A Yawn*; for which however I retain a sneaking kindness.

Three Nuns: *stet* be it.

Bird's-Eye View: I have made three alterations. Was not aware of the inconvenient resemblances. . . .

Following your advice, I have copied from Grandpapa's volume *Vanity of Vanities, Gone for Ever*, and the *Lady Isabella* sonnet. Don't you think this last would do very well as sequence to the one called *A Portrait*? But please re-arrange as seems well to you. For the moment I will place it as I think.

All these make-up the bulk of *Goblin Market* within a few pages. Now for meek divergence from your programme.

I incline to reinstate *The Bourne*, partly because Mac likes it and it is already in Magazine, partly because I like it, partly because it has been set to music very prettily by Alice Macdonald. . . .

Last of all, could you re-consider your verdict on *Come and See*? It is, to own the truth, a special favourite of mine; and seems to me unlike any other in the volume, or indeed in *G[oblin] M[arket]*. I have moreover altered what you call the *queer rhyme*. In short, I should like particularly to put this piece in, and it has already been printed by Mr Shipley. If however after all you cannot bear it, would you rather see *Easter Even* put back? This is no particular liking of my own; but Mrs Scott told me

that Scotus was struck by it quite remarkably, in Mr Shipley's volume where it is. . . .

I don't think we need this time resort to *The Dead City*. As to *Amore e Dovere*, it would surely require evisceration to the extent of v[erse] 2. I think I could hunt up one, or possibly even two, Italian trifles to go with it: yet these would leave the Italian element in such an infinitesimal minority as scarcely to justify its introduction.

If none of all my expedients will pass muster with you, I have but to launch forth into the rag-and-bone store; thence, by main force, something must emerge.

I hope after this vol. (if this vol. becomes a vol.) people will respect my nerves, and not hint for a long long while at any possibility of vol. 3. I am sure my poor brain must lie fallow and take its ease, if I am to keep up to my own mark.

I do not send you the *groans* herewith, because, if you will kindly answer (what very little needs an answer), I will *page* said groans before consigning them to your brotherly hands.

Mamma sends love.—Your affectionate Sister,

C. G. R.

82.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

18 April 1865.

My dear Brown,—I've stuck you down at the Garrick; and, on considering the few names of men you knew among the members, thought it best to ask Millais to second you, which he has done. Personal knowledge is necessary in a seconder, or perhaps I might have asked others. But on the whole it seemed to me you would wish Millais to do it, as a preliminary conciliating link with him

before meeting him at the Club, as you would be sure to do, and he is very influential. I might have asked Woolner, but am still less in communication with him, and of course he would have less influence. Palgrave is not a member.

I've begun an oil-picture all blue, for Gambart, to be called *The Blue Bower*. Come and see it in a week's time. . . . —Your

D. G. R.

83.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

[1865—? *April*.]

My dear Brown,—Howell and I are coming to see you on Tuesday evening if you'll be in.

I wanted to say as follows. I find that there is a party-question made of your proposed election at the Garrick, and that on the whole, according to my own impression, it will be better to withdraw your name. I am very vexed about this, but do not know that it would have been possible to arrive at a knowledge of the danger by previous enquiry, even had I known enough people in the Club to form a judgment by. Val Prinsep told me how matters stood, he of course knowing every one. It seems there is a strong feeling against independent exhibitions, and that even Frith (who is fool enough, God knows) would never have got in but for the absence by accident of several members of Committee when he was elected. Val says Hunt would certainly not be elected. . . .

Will you write me word whether, on the whole, you don't think it best to withdraw. Some of the best artistic names in the Club are now down to yours, but this has nothing to do with the Committee.—Ever your

D. G. R.

84.—PROFESSOR NORTON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

9 May 1865.

My dear Sir,—Had these been quiet times, I should have sooner thanked you for the copy of your translation of the *Inferno* which you were good enough to send me, and which reached me three or four weeks ago. Even now I cannot thank you for it as I would, for when it first came I was too much engrossed with other cares and interests to give to it the thorough attention it deserves,—and then Longfellow borrowed it from me, and still keeps it.

That you have made choice of the true mode of rendering the poem seems to me not doubtful. All the qualities of a great poem can never be rendered from one language to another. You remember Don Quixote's excellent comparison of a translation to the wrong side of a piece of Flemish tapestry. A translator has to choose between fidelity to the spirit, and to the form. Now, in the case of *The Divine Comedy*, it is certain that the form, and that part of the spirit of the original which inheres in the form, cannot be successfully, spite of Mr Cayley and Canon Ford (?), transferred to another tongue. The attempt ends in a *tour de force*, in which the spirit of the original vanishes. The essentially characteristic qualities of the poem can only be preserved in a literal unrhymed line-for-line version—its literal meaning, its simplicity, its strength, and to some degree its beauty. In such a translation its truthfulness is not lost, nor its depth of feeling obscured.

And yet the best translation makes one who knows the original only feel the more strongly how untranslatable it is.

I shall read your volume carefully this summer, and I am sure that I shall do so with a constant sense of pleasure in your success within the limits of what is possible. . . .

Political interests do not absorb our whole attention. I am glad to know that your sympathies have been and are with us in our great struggle for human rights—for liberty, justice, and order. Peace is coming fast, and we rejoice with our whole hearts in the prospect before us.

Pray give my kindest remembrances to your Brother, and believe me always—Very truly yours,

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

85.—JULIA CAMERON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[This letter refers to Mrs Cameron's highly vigorous and artistic efforts in the photographic process. No doubt she produced various heads of Tennyson at one time or another. The one face spoken of may possibly be a profile which Tennyson himself used to term "the dirty old monk." He liked it none the less, and so did most people—and very deservedly. Or it may be that some larger and more strikingly effective head is in question.]

LITTLE HOLLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

13 May [1865].

Dear Mr Rossetti,— . . . I have some things to show you worth your seeing. Amongst others my last of Alfred Tennyson—a head which is the first representation that entirely satisfies Mrs Tennyson. She says it is "a real Michelangelo—a head made to rule the world." It is in the Photo Exhibition, and therefore will, I hope, be favourably noticed when the real artist-eye falls upon it. Those here who have seen it, one and all, say it is by far the finest thing that exists of him—that it is as fine a poem as one of his best poems. . . . — Yours ever truly,

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON.

86.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI—DIARY.

[This Diary relates to the only journey in which Christina saw either Italy or Switzerland. She gloried beyond measure in the wonders and beauties of Nature in Switzerland, and in these and almost everything else in Italy. Had she henceforth lived in Italy—with the one necessary companionship, that of our Mother—she would, I believe, have been a much happier woman than she was. But circumstances did not favour any such plan, and she never repined for the lack of it. The extracts which I give from this Diary are more numerous and detailed than usual, on the ground that it indicates in large measure the things which Christina, as well as myself, saw and enjoyed. This remark does not apply to theatre-going: Christina, through some moral scrupulosity, gave up the theatre when she was perhaps eighteen years of age, and she never reverted to it.]

Monday, 22 May 1865.—Left London with Mamma and Christina; to Paris by Calais. A very heavy dark morning, with a little lightning and thunder, following a remarkably sultry day; but this cleared up about the time of our starting, and the rest of the day, till towards dusk, very fine, with a most pleasant sea-passage. Some storminess again as we neared Paris. Went to Hôtel de Normandie, where we are to have ordinary board and lodging at 8 fr. each per day. After dinner, to the Théâtre Français, where I saw the play which is the town-talk at present, *Le Supplice d'une Femme*, by De Girardin, brought into acting-order by Dumas Fils. The emotional acting of Favart is splendid; and the piece on the whole is the only example I remember of the lacrymose moral-domestic which makes a not tiresome acting play—the dramatic-intense being combined with it in due proportion.

23 May.—Went to the Exposition, which at first seemed the worst French Exhibition I ever saw, but by degrees

a considerable number of superior works are, as usual, found. Whistler's *Princesse du Palais de Porcelaine* is a triumph of power in *light* colour; Sellier's *Dead Leander* excellent, and not needlessly academic; Manet's *Olympie* a most extreme absurdity; Courbet's *Proudhon and Family*, very curious, and mainly fine; Tissot, *Le Printemps* and *l'Enlèvement*; Lambron, *Virgin and Child* with birds hovering about them; etc. etc. Looked through perhaps two-thirds of the pictures, and a little elsewhere. A great storm of rain with lightning came on while we were at the Exposition, making great drenches in the ground-floor of garden and sculpture, and running in pools and streams here and there, even along the floors of the picture-galleries. A deal of bother and hanging-about consequent on this rain (which continued briskly after the first real storm had ceased), and the consequent penury of cabs. . . .

24 *May*.—Went to Dessoye's Japanese shop, and bought the four pieces of brodered silk for Mrs Dalrymple, along with two Hokusai books and two bits of leather-paper for myself. Nothing here specially noticeable. After this M[amma] and C[hristina] went to see the Heimann children in the Boulevard Hausmann, and I returned to the Exposition. . . .

25 *May*.—Went to the Louvre, where they have hung the portrait by A[ntonello] da Messina, bought at the Pourtales Sale. The only other thing that strikes my eye noticeably as new is a large *Virgin and Child with Child-angels* by Lippo Lippi, not of his very best quality—and possibly even this is not new. Saw among other things the "Etruscan" vase in the Musée Campana caricatured by Cham, a woman holding a pig over a man's head. Afterwards to the Société d'Acclimatation, where I noticed the splendid Japanese peacocks — *Pavo Spicifera* — the breast being not sheeny blue, but scaly gold-and-green like the larger of the feathers on the exterior of the small train-quills. A great number of holiday-makers about, this being Ascension-Day, and consequently a festa: very many shops shut, including two Bankers that I called at to get

my circular notes cashed. They being closed, we go on without the change to Bâle. After dinner, as dusk was deepening, went to look at the outside West front of Notre Dame, which seems pretty well finished with now. Swallows, as in 1861, careering about and about at a great rate: they had all gone towards 8½. . . .

26 May.—Left Paris in the morning, taking tickets on to Lucerne, but booking luggage only to Langres, there to pass the night. A splendid day, showing forth, to more advantage than I remember seeing it before, this comparatively tame yet by no means unpleasant route. Reached Langres about 2½; a tolerably long omnibus-drive leading up to the town, which stands conspicuously on a hill. Hôtel de l'Europe, which seems more than reasonably comfortable. To the Cathedral, which has been originally (or perhaps only in part) a Romanesque building (the remains of this chiefly in the choir and apse); then the construction of the nave partly Gothic; and the whole building completed or renewed in bare but not wholly undignified modern classic—*circa* 1650(?) Seems at first to contain hardly any special interest, but there are still some good details. Romanesque capitals founded on the Corinthian, bases of pillars, friezes round arches, etc. A good Gothic statue of the *Virgin and Child*—and later (*circa* 1520?) another very pleasing, and a *Man of Sorrows*. A series of bas-reliefs, on a considerable scale of size, of *Life of Christ*, done by some good Renaissance artist about 1550. Two large tapestries framed as pictures. Some medallions of the old 16th-century glass, good. Walked out on the ramparts, to about one third or a quarter perhaps of their circuit. An extensive amphitheatrical view in gentle swells and patched out in cultivation, presenting a decidedly fine prospect of good yellow and green etc. flat tints, almost entirely destitute of shade; the trees being few, and hardly showing their shadows. Many quaint and picturesque combinations in the streets, of roofs, chimneys, house-fronts, etc.: the buildings solid, and mostly of stone, with tiled roofs between brown and red. The town seems particu-

larly clean, and like an old place solidly built at first, and getting continually renewed without sinking into mere modernism—quiet, orderly, and fairly prosperous. It is a leading place for cutlery. Fish here is served near the end of dinner. After dinner we walked to the opposite (left) end of the town, where the ramparts lead into a very fine avenue of trees, with alleys laid out with flowers etc. Then I went back towards the centre of the rampart-walk, to watch the sunset, a very lovely one; quiet but rich, giving the full colour-chord of the prism—blue, fading into faint yellow, yellow, orange, crimson, purple, and then the dense blue of the low hills, and the mysterious greens of the landscape nearer.

27 *May*.—Revisited the Cathedral, and went to the Musée, on the site of the old Church of St Didier destroyed at the Revolution. The tomb-chapel of the Saint remains, having some columns with fine Romanesque capitals, and now containing many Gallo-Roman antiquities found in digging for the citadel, Gothic fragments, etc. Above are rooms for paintings, ethnologic specimens, natural history, etc. By no means a bad museum on its small scale; the best thing perhaps being some panels of wood-carvings of the Passion, from Switzerland, *circa* 1500, quite remarkable for talent without overdoing; also a very beautiful leather lute-case (?) with inset figures of birds etc. Left about 2½, and went on to Bâle; the weather still unimprovably fine, with endurable heat. Hôtel du Sauvage at Bâle.

Sunday, 28 May.—Went with M[amma] and C[hristina] to look at the Cathedral (outside, service going on inside) and the Rhine Bridge. . . . Had at dinner (the first time within my recollection) kid—gigot de chevreuil; agreeable taste, something like Welsh mutton with the dry texture of hare. . . .

29 *May*.—Got £30 circular notes changed into 750 francs. We then went again to the Cathedral, looking into the details of the interior, and C[hristina] and I going up to the lower parapet for the view. There are two rooms

full of antiquities, casts, etc., old iron, tapestries, sculpture, etc. etc., and many of them very excellent indeed. Of the sepulchral monuments in the Church, one, a knight coming third from the entrance, is singularly fine, and all of them decidedly so, more or less—also, in the choir, the sepulchral monument of the Wife of Rudolf of Hapsburg and her youngest child. Then to the Museum, in which the Holbeins are most supreme, and several of the other old German or Flemish masters very fine; also a very fine portrait of a young man by Titian. . . . Left Bâle in the afternoon, and went on to Lucerne—a grey, sunless, and at times slightly showery, afternoon succeeding considerable heat. The distant Alps mapped out in snow which one sees for half an hour or so before arriving at Lucerne, are very fine. I think I had on both my previous visits passed this part of the journey at night, and had consequently not seen it. Schweizerhof, where M[amma] and C[hristina] have a fine room looking out on the lake. Strolled a little about the lake-side and streets after tea.

30 *May*.—To the Cathedral, having two thin, tall, tiled spires—not a beautiful or remarkable building, and not older, I suppose, in any part than 1600 or so. Inside, two elaborate carvings of the *Pietà* and *Death of the Virgin*, which seem to be very fair works of their kind of about that date, but re-gilt and painted very lately in such killing colours that one can scarcely say whether there is or not anything good in them. The churchyard, forming a sort of cloister round the Cathedral, pretty. Towards the centre of the city is a splendid old fountain with armed knights in niches all round—say *c.* 1480 to 1500. Crossed the delightful old wooden bridge with indifferently painted *Dance of Death*, *c.* 1601-20. Had a two hours' row on the lake to and from the hotel-side. . . . Many quaint details and combinations in the streets, and a good amount of Swiss costume. The Cathedral here is Catholic—at Bâle Protestant—the chief language in both places, German. Crickets (I suppose they are) make a great noise at night,

like a legion of birds chirping. I hear as I write one or two cicalas in the trees about, there being a double row of red chestnuts along the lake-side in front of the hotel. . . . After dinner, went to see Thorwaldsen's Lion, which is impressive, though the expression not quite up to the mark, nor equal to that of the finished model by himself, shown in a little house hard by. He himself did not work on the monument, but a sculptor or sculptors from Constance. The last survivor of Louis the Sixteenth's Guard, a drummer, is affirmed to have died in Lucerne about two months ago. Also to see a collection of stuffed Alpine animals—bears, lynxes, marmots, wild cats, wolves, chamois, owls, lammergeyer, eagles, etc.: a most splendid living eared owl here, the local name for which is grand-duc. On again to the nearer bridge; the green of the lake seen through its chinks peculiarly beautiful in the early twilight. Bought half-a-dozen stereoscopic prints. A marmot, says the woman of the collection, can be tamed if taken young, not otherwise—also a lynx, but not a wild cat; lammergeyers rare. A gentleman at the Bâle Hotel told me that a chamois-hunter will not kill more than a dozen or so now in a season.

31 *May*.—Left Lucerne by the boat at 10 A.M. to Flüen, whence I had engaged a carriage for us three alone, from Christen of Andermatt, 120 francs, which, it seems, is a little less than the diligence-fare for three. Ascent of the glorious lake, and more glorious mountain up to Andermatt, which lies towards the beginning of the snow-line at this time of year—snow being here in tolerable and afterwards in very large quantities. The day fine, but with comparatively little sun, especially towards the later hours. Devil's Bridge very grand. The river which runs all the distance this side of Mount St Gothard is the Reuss. At Andermatt, which we reached towards seven, the landlady represented to my satisfaction that the agreed price, 120 francs, was really too little to pay her as contractor, 150 to 155 being the fair sum. I volunteered to make it up to 130. Strolled out in the early evening or late twilight back on the road we had come—very

solemn and enjoyable, with a youngish moon and fair number of stars.

1 *June*.—Went on from Andermatt to Bellinzona: from Airolo or so the route is one which, on both previous occasions, I performed by night. It is scarcely or not at all inferior to the road up the mountain on the Reuss side, but runs more in definite and tolerably open valleys between two walls of hills, somewhat more bluff and obtuse perhaps than the other line, and with a less marked quality of views down defiles crowded with pines, etc. Here the river is the Ticino, and very fine also. At Faido, where we dined, a beautiful cascade, utilized for several water-mills. The *personnel* of the inhabitants changes markedly for the better as soon as one passes from the German to the Italian side of the mountains; a very pretty, indeed beautiful, girl at the Airolo Hotel. Arrived about 6½ at Bellinzona, which is a fortified town of tolerable size with a largeish Renaissance Church. Some fine battlemented views on entering. Albergo dell' Angelo. After tea strolled out of and through the town. Came upon a large open ground-floor very dimly lighted, and solid-built like a chapel, where were a score or so of women and girls engaged in some such occupation as stripping vine-branches, singing in loud chorus, at first solemn-sounding chants, probably religious—then a livelier strain of which I caught the words "*Viva la Fedeltà*." Very picturesque and telling this, in the darkest twilight. No lights in the streets, not even oil-lamps (save for the still-open shops): a few bats flitting about. Red pigs about the neighbourhood of the summit of St Gothard, like choiropotami—one remarkably big and high-backed, but, as usual, thin by the English standard. Goats, small sheep, black and white. A great dearth of birds in all the higher or moderately high parts of the mountain. The Alpine roses yesterday were very beautiful. They are not roses at all, but seem rather in the way of rhododendrons: the driver says they flower during one month only. They never grow absolutely by the wayside, but just a little up the slope, and only appear in particular

tracts, a good way up on the ascent (as far as my experience here goes).

2 June.—Left Bellinzona early in the morning, and went on to Como. Not far from B[ellinzona] one catches just a glimpse of the Lago Maggiore, and about the same time begins the ascent (not to any very great height) of Monte Cenere. Further on, the Lake of Lugano. At Lugano we lunched, and went to see the Cathedral, a Renaissance building of no particular interest within or without, though just worth looking at when one has the time. Reached Como towards four, and put up at the Albergo d'Italia, just at the head of the lake. The Cathedral here is a very peculiar one in its external sculptural decorations—two statues of the Plinys, four columnar rows of saints under niches, etc.; also a large quantity of delicate Renaissance arabesques, of the Certosa class. The principal pictures are by Luini and G[audenzio] Ferrari—two or three in distemper by the former, and an oil-picture with predella, of the Virgin and Saint with the Acts of St Jerome; all fine. There is also, set up in a sort of banner-like form in the nave, a canvas painted front and back with *The Crucifixion* and another subject by an unidentified painter, thought by some to be B[ernardino] Luini: to me it suggests Melozzo da Forlì rather than anybody else, but this is a mere surmise. It is a fine work, originally somewhere up in or about the vaulting of the Church, and placed recently in its present position. Two or three very rich altars of painted and chiefly gilded wood figure-subjects, in just about the right condition of fading splendour, obscured but still rich. All the painted glass here is modern, by Bertini of Milan, and in its way a good piece of professionalism. After dinner C[hristina] and I went out in a boat on the lake for an hour: the boatman a good-looking characteristic Italian, who spoke with great enthusiasm about Garibaldi's achievements hereabouts in 1859. Almost opposite our starting-place is a not lofty hill where 11,000 Austrians were posted; upon whom Garibaldi fell suddenly with 3000, and routed them very rapidly, and made them all clear out of Como:—this succeeding other the like achieve-

ments at San Fermo and Varese. The Comaschi looked on in boats applauding (!). The boatman speaks very highly of Maximilian, and even enthusiastically of Radetsky, under whom he himself served in, or perhaps before, 1848. It seems Radetsky was very partial to his Italian and Hungarian soldiers, preferring them much for hill-service to Germans, and very indulgent in granting furloughs etc. Heard a nightingale on the wooded hills overlooking the lake, and saw the house which Queen Caroline used to occupy—also the historic tower of Baradello, "*del tempo*," as the boatman said, "*dei Romani e di Federigo Barbarossa*." * I asked the boatman whether the people of Como would like to be under the Austrians again: he replied no, but with less decisiveness of phrase than similar questions generally elicit.

3 June.—With M[amma] and C[hristina] revisited the Cathedral; then the Broletto (which is merely an open arcade), and the Churches of San Fedele and of Sant' Abondio, the latter out of Como, being the ancient Cathedral. The exterior of the apse, with Lombardic sculptured hind-entrance, of San Fedele, is most ancient-looking and interesting: in the much-altered interior the most memorable thing is an old fresco triptych, noted by me in Murray. † There also a note on Sant' Abondio, the external window-carvings of which, of Lombardic birds, knot-patterns, etc., are comparable with anything I know of the class. Left Como about two by the omnibus to Camerlata, and thence rail to Milan; where (the Hôtel di Milano omnibus having somehow driven off prematurely) we put up at the Hôtel Cavour, close to a new or altered tract named the Giardini Pubblici; wherein are some animals, including (according to the omnibus-conductor) lions and tigers, but all I see in walking about the place are antelopes and the like, suited for an Acclimatization Society. After dinner went down to the Cathedral; looking at only one side of which, I see some two or three score of (as it seems to me) entirely

* Of the period of the Romans and Frederick Barbarossa.

† *The Virgin and Child, with Saints Roch and Sebastian*—at the first altar to the left on entering.

new statues, and new gable and pinnacle work. The statues, though not properly architectural enough, are works of very considerable ability in the mass, and tell well according to their scheme of work. Very great alterations, especially in the way of opening-out streets, are going on in this part of the city. I fear Milan will very soon have lost its fine character of very narrow streets of tall houses, delightfully shadowed and black in the intense sun. . . .

Sunday, 4 June.—This (or I believe in strictness yesterday, postponed till to-day as an ordinary festa-day) is the Festa dello Statuto, one feature of which is the unveiling of a statue of Cavour right opposite our hotel. There has also been a review etc. in the Piazza d'Armi, and the filing of National Guards, Cavalry, Artillery, etc., down the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele etc. (close to the South door of the Cathedral), which last I witnessed. But just about this hour deluges of rain, with lightning and some thunder, came down; the rain lasting, still soaking enough, down to now (1½), much to the dripping and dragglement of plumes, regimentals, and banners, with which the streets are crowded, especially near this Corso. Hundreds of young boys in military training, some quite children, carrying their muskets.—Went into San Satiro, an elegant dark Renaissance Church. The only work of art I saw, of individual interest, is a life-sized or more group of the *Pietà* in gilt and coloured carved wood, now in a fine state of dimness; some dozen figures or more remarkably life-like and impressive. Visited the Museo Civico, which consists entirely of stuffed animals, preparations for anatomical study, etc. To the Churches of San Bartolommeo (nothing particular)—San Marco, the remains of a fine Gothic exterior; some interesting old sculptures, and the (as I think) Tintoret noted in Murray.* The Roman heads and in-

* This work, I fancy, is not generally observed by tourists. My note upon it in Murray's *Handbook* runs as follows:—"Close to door of vestibule a very curious picture which must, I think, be a Jacopo Tintoret. Very fine in light and tone, and to a great extent in figures. Seems to be a miracle of Saint Mark, with a man who fell down inside a church; but subject difficult to me."

scriptions let into the arch in Corso di Porta Nuova; and, on its northern side, the remains of a fine Gothic *Madonna and Saints*. A Church near this gate, without its façade finished, has a painted wood *Mater Dolorosa*, really striking of its class (c. 1650?); and, on the opposite altar, a similar *Crucified Christ*, also worth looking at. The *Madonna del Carmelo*; a fair Luini fresco of the *Madonna and Child, with Saints Sebastian and Roch*. Strolled out to the Piazza d'Armi, whence snowy Alps are distinctly visible; and went into a booth where feats of acrobatism and knife-throwing etc. were going on. The Cavour ceremony, illuminations, etc., are postponed till to-morrow on account of the bad weather, though there has been no heavy recurrence of rain since 2 P.M. or so. I see there is here a *Via dei Fiori Chiari*, as well as, and in the same neighbourhood with, the *V[ia dei] F[iori] Oscuri*.

5 June.—To the Cathedral, where C[hristina] and I ascended the roof, and I to the highest point attainable. It is a surprising sight, the forest of pinnacles, statues, etc.: Monte Rosa, M[ont] Blanc, Saint Gothard, etc. etc., visible with snows amid clouds. To Sant' Ambrogio, the nave of which was filled up with a framework apparently for draperies, and a long service with sermon going on, so that we saw next to nothing beyond the atrium. Back to the hotel, and saw the unveiling of the Cavour statue by Prince Humbert; who is less ugly than his photographs, dark, and dark or black haired, and looks as if he had a will of his own. To the Brera, for a hurried visit before it shut at three; the splendid Tintoret of *The Invention of the Cross* is back in its place, and, I have little doubt, re-painted to some extent as well as cleaned, though the custode says only the latter. The Tintoret *Pietà* is most noble. There is one also by J[ohn] Bellini, three half-figures, looking to me quite re-painted all over. Revisited San Marco, the vaulting of which beyond the high altar (which I could not pass) of a *Paradise*, with concentric rows of nuns and other Saints, has a striking effect, fresco—I suppose Procaccini. In the evening went about by

myself (M[amma] and C[hristina] in a carriage) to see the illuminations; which were pretty, but, in consequence of the continuance of heavy showers up to twilight, much less than had been prepared for. One street lit up with Chinese lanterns, pretty: these elsewhere very rare.

6 June.—Took a cab to see various places. The pictures in the Arcivescovado, the Ospedale Maggiore, which we went over, Sant' Ambrogio, San Vittore, San Lorenzo, the Ambrosian Library, Santa Maria delle Grazie, San Maurizio (a few notes in Murray). After dinner walked round the fine boulevards with double row of trees, chiefly chestnuts; all the E[astern] outer line of the city from the Giardini to Porta Romana, and thence back by the inner canal-line; the Duomo continually in view from the boulevards. The illuminations are renewed under better auspices of weather this evening, and are very pleasing in the Giardino (where alone have I been in the way of seeing them); chiefly or wholly oil burning in good-sized glasses, white, blue, and red, disposed in plant-like clusters. One very large on a sheet of water produces perhaps as good effect as illumination of an obvious but tasteful sort is capable of.

7 June.—C[hristina] suffering in the feet, M[amma] and I took from the Duomo a cab to various churches etc. . . . There has not as yet been a single day of more than reasonable heat. . . .

8 June.—Went with M[amma] to the Palazzo Reale, which contains from a dozen to a score of framed Luini frescoes brought from some other building: *Destruction of Egyptians in Red Sea*, *Christ in the Desert*, *Vulcan's Forge*, *Padre Eterno* (excellent), etc. etc. One of them, of *Women Bathing*, is certainly not inferior to anything I know by Luini, and most lovely for grace and purity. . . . *Bust of Napoleon* by Canova, about thirty. The Royal Chapel is plain. Napoleon III. slept here in the King's bed after Solferino. The King comes here for the Carnival; Prince Humbert lives in a Palace in the Giardini Pubblici, but passes the winters in Naples. . . . Left Milan, and went to the Certosa of Pavia (a separate station for the C[ertosa].)

which is certainly an astounding place for multiplicity and finish of parts and details, and many of these exceedingly beautiful—as the *St Sirus Enthroned* and other pictures by Borgognone, the monuments to Lodovico il Moro and his wife, the Gothic tablet altar-piece in hippopotamus-ivory, etc. etc. The convent-garden, with quantities of lilies, and a profusion of flowers dispersedly over the whole space (what I have always said would be the best thing), most lovely; and after this a larger garden-square, grown chiefly with corn. Each of these enclosures is surrounded with an arcade covered with beautiful terra-cotta sculptures: the only pity is that one can't think of looking them properly through. The larger enclosure shows, rising above the walls of the arcade, the houses of the monks (some thirty), each a separate house containing four rooms and a garden-space or yard: one, now unoccupied, which I looked at, was very charming in its deserted and overgrown garden-ground.—On to Pavia, to the hotel mentioned first by Murray, the Croce Bianca, which is a very dingy and rather slovenly place, with doors that won't shut, grimy floors and walls, etc.; in essentials however one gets on reasonably. The whole city, as far as seen this evening, has an air of decadence and neglect. A wonderful swarm of swallows round the angle of the Duomo; which is a ruin of unfinish outside, but inside, by this almost darkness, singularly impressive in its scale, height, and simplicity of space. The outside contains several remarkable details of a much older Lombardic building, the present one being Renaissance. There is a tame black lamb at the hotel with white skull-cap and white tail-tip, who comes about and eats sugar etc. from one's hand like a dog. The head waiter came out strong in an impromptu political exposition. Napoleon has arranged it all with Victor Emmanuel that the Italians are to take Rome when the French army leaves. Victor Emmanuel is merely a finger on Napoleon's hand. When they get Rome, which is the *chiave d'Italia*,* Venetia will come also by occupation or composition. The Italian army is some 500,000, the Austrian 700,000; but the Italians

* Key of Italy.

could at a pinch place 800,000 men in the field—the Austrians, with all their other difficulties, only 300,000. A word from Garibaldi, though *già vecchio*,* would raise 200,000.

9 June.—To the Duomo, striking also and satisfactory by day, though not so impressive as at twilight. The tomb of St Augustine is one of the finest specimens of the elaborate Italian Gothic work that I know. San Michele, extraordinarily rich in Lombardic ornamental friezes and details within and without. A goodish number of them have been re-carved, and, to judge from the almost obliteration of some among those which remain untouched, hardly too soon. San Francesco and the Carmine—both very fine Gothic brick churches. San Marino. San Teodoro, 8th or 9th century, but its antiquity as a building almost destroyed; two interesting series of 14th or early 15th century frescoes, *Acts of St Theodore and St Agnes*. Crossed the old covered bridge over the Ticino, getting a very agreeable though not striking view. Here a guitar-playing dwarf, more like those one sees in Veronese, Bonifazio, etc., than I remember ever encountering before; a most extraordinary little man, and in height not three feet, I should think. The Church of Borgo Ticino, showing Lombardic remains, and marked to show the point the river rose to in '57, some 5 feet or little less against the walls of the church itself. Pavia is certainly the most depressed-looking place I remember in Italy. Padua alone could be named along with it, and that much less depressed than this—which is the more noticeable as it seems to take an ardent share in the national movement, the Churches containing (no doubt specially for the Festa dello Statuto) more patriotic inscriptions etc. to the King, Louis Napoleon, Cavour, the fallen in battle, etc., than I remember elsewhere. The city is in itself interesting, like other old places, but not with any peculiar amount or quality of picturesque detail apart from the Lombardic churches.—On to Brescia, which is a wonderful contrast to Pavia; full of open spaces, plenty of air, clean, bright, and active-looking, a great centre of the silk-trade which pervades the district

* Now old.

all round. The journey hither, from soon before Bergamo, very beautiful rich foregrounds with mountain-backgrounds. Put up at the Albergo d'Italia, just opposite the chief Theatre. Walked out in the twilight, passing through the Duomo, a spacious fine Renaissance building, especially within, as far as I could judge by this light.

10 June.—The Cicerone here turns out to have known my father about 1851, being then employed by Ferretti* in London: he had deserted from the Austrian service in 1848 or '9—name Fighisino or something of the sort. Many demonstrations of satisfaction at discovering, from what I said, who we were: he also knows Theodoric. He says Garibaldi uses this hotel when he comes to Brescia. He was here shortly before Aspromonte, and occupied room No. 6, which I thereupon looked at: he harangued the people from the balcony of my room, 37.—To the Duomo Nuovo, which by day is a handsome but not specially interesting Renaissance building. The Duomo Vecchio, entered herefrom, a rotunda looking outside merely like a Baptistery. Sant' Afra: Titian's *Woman taken in Adultery*, not a very interesting specimen—a re-painted Veronese of the Saint's martyrdom—a cleverly conceived Tintoret of *The Transfiguration* behind the high altar. Sant' Alesandro; a fine Angelico, *Annunciation*, with predella from life of the Virgin: some other fair pictures of the second or third order. Santa Maria dei Miracoli, a small church with a gracefully sculptured Renaissance (early) exterior, and a fine Bonvicino (a few notes on these in Murray). The Palazzo Municipale, a very fine early Renaissance building, with busts of Roman Emperors etc. The frescoes well preserved (but half invisible through dust etc.), forming a considerable series on houses in the Contrada del Gambero; the story of Lucretia among others (painted by Romanino and Gambara); about the most important set I remember preserved on mere street-architecture. The Broletto, fine old brick with a lofty tower. The Museo Patrio of an-

* This Ferretti was a Protestantizing Italian, Editor of the *Eco di Savonarola*.

tiquities, including the famous Greek bronze *Victory* writing on a tablet. This building is on the foundation, and including the remains, of a Roman building termed the Temple of Vespasian (or of Hercules dedicated by Vespasian); and the entrance, with old columns, stairs, etc., amid wildly growing flowers and vegetation, is very charming. The Museo Civico, of paintings; various more than fair (Raphael, Bonvicino, G[irolamo] dai Libri, etc.—a few notes in Murray).* Entered the silk-market, whither large and small proprietors from all round bring their cocoons. The trade, though still large, has, it seems, greatly declined through disease in the silkworms lasting these ten or twelve years, and probably caused by disease in the mulberry-trees or "*gelsi*." Successive importations of new Japanese worms are resorted to: sulphur might cure the trees themselves, but cannot be used, as the worms would refuse to eat. Two cocoons were given us containing the chrysalis, which would, in the ordinary course, yield the moth; which forthwith dies, leaving its "*semenza*" (I suppose egg) behind, to produce a new animal: this would be next Spring. I saw one of the moths in the street—a pretty one, white, both body and wings. After dinner went up a street rising in steps towards the Castello, and obtained a very fine panorama of Brescia and the neighbouring hills on either hand—the tower of Solferino visible (and I believe seen by me) in the distance. The hills hereabouts, it seems, are called the Ronchi, and are not recognized as pertaining to the Alps. The Church of San Pietro in Oliveto, hard by the Castello and now used for barracks, has outside six medallion half-figures of about half (or less) life-size—all fine, and the two of *The Virgin and Announcing Angel* singularly beautiful. In the Duomo Vecchio is a peculiarly fine piece of tapestry, placed panel-wise on the wall whereat the parish-priest sits when the bishop officiates: its design consists of birds amid

* One of these notes may perhaps be cited. "Much the most valuable oil-picture (save the Raphael, for its name) I call a large Bonvicino (Moretto) of *The Supper of Emmaus*, with Christ as a pilgrim: his best work within my knowledge."

floral and other decoration—date, I suppose, *c.* 1450-80. I never saw anything to equal it of its kind, and hardly perhaps to class with it. The Cicerone says there are most magnificent tapestries in some noble houses (I forget which) which Rothschild wanted to buy, but found they would not answer for any of his rooms.

Sunday, 11 June.— . . . After dinner we went to the Giardino Pubblico (rather pleasure-walk with trees than gardens), and heard the band of the Guardia Nazionale, which again, later on, played on the Piazza, a little beyond our hotel-windows. . . . We have not yet seen even one of the characteristic yellow and orange-copper Italian sunsets, nor heard more than mere dribblings of cicadas. The people here and all below Milan strike me as less good-looking than there, or higher all up through Italian Switzerland: humps and other deformities, as in Bergamo, numerous.

12 June.—Visited the Campo Santo, somewhat on the model of the Bologna one, and it appears the earliest of all. Some monuments by Lombardi, especially an angel by a tomb awaiting the signal to sound his trumpet, show an understanding of this class of art. To the small but pretty garden left by Count Brussoni (one of the picture;-donors) to the city: rife with lizards. Re-visited San Nazaro and San Francesco. One of the left-hand chapels in the latter has a remarkable series of *intarsiature* from the life of Christ, some 25 to 30, *c.* 1500-20, with many artistic figures, groups, and effects, and rich general colour: *Marriage of Cana, Descent into Hell, and Resurrection*, among the best. To San Clemente, containing the monument (*c.* 1845) to Il Moretto, and three or four of his best pictures: *St Ursula and the Virgins*, and the high-altar piece of *The Virgin and Child* in a festooned baldacchino, and Sts. Clement, Dominick, etc., below, especially good; the latter reputed his masterpiece.—On to Verona, enjoying the Lago di Garda views. At Peschiera I was called in to the passport-official, and asked whether I was an *emigrato Veneto*: no further difficulty however was made as to visaing my passport, upon my saying that I was a *nativo Inglese, figlio*

d'un Napoletano.* Went to the Hotel delle Due Torri; and we afterwards walked out in the twilight to the Ponte Nuovo, Piazza dell' Erbe, and Scala monuments, and into the adjoining Church of Santa Maria Antica. Plenty of air, and the weather hitherto has never been more than reasonably warm.

13 June.—Went to a few churches—Sant' Anastasia, San Bernardino, where we attended the service for the festa of St Anthony of Padua; very festive, with some fine voices singing. San Zenon, in which no more frescoes have been uncovered since last year: the same fine-faced and enthusiastic custode as last year, who has himself been concerned in the washing and uncovering of several of the frescoes. Santa Maria della Scala, the belfry painted with a valuable series of frescoes in compartments of the life of some saint (I could not learn who). The portraits of two of the Scalas, spoken of in Murray, are at the base of a venerated draped picture of *The Virgin and Child*, but are so covered up as to require a deal of trouble to uncover them, not to be managed on any ordinary occasion. San Fermo, in which also extensive tawdry preparations for the Sant' Antonio festa were defacing the building. The Scala Monuments. After dinner bought two or three curiosities and photographs, and went to the Roman Arena, where feats of horse-riding, learned dogs, etc., were going on, with a "*Clowns Inglese*." The audience consisted four-fifths of Austrian soldiers, and merely sprinkled the vast space: only a small enclosed oblong within the true arena was occupied by the performers. The Piazza dell' Erbe seems to me about the finest thing I know in the way of street-architecture for business, not for monumental show—fine in itself, and much more so when populated, and perhaps most of all towards twilight. Changed our last circular notes for £20, and found this afternoon that we still possess about £51 to carry us home, which should, I conceive, be amply enough.

14 June.—Left Verona in the morning, bending our steps homewards now, and reached Bergamo about 2½.

* Native of England, son of a Neapolitan.

The head waiter at Verona says business is miserably bad there at present, the past winter having been as unfortunate as could be. After dining *al fresco* at Bergamo (Hôtel d'Italia) we went up to the Boulevards, getting noble views on a splendid afternoon, and I proceeded to the Duomo, to inquire as to the ceremonies of Corpus Domini to be performed to-morrow. Since I was here last year, the exterior of a Baptistery, to be connected with the Cathedral, has been finished or nearly so. It is affirmed to be a copy of an ancient one somehow destroyed, with copies of the old external statues etc. which represent fine work. The interior is still in progress, to be finished in 1867; various interesting 13th or 14th century bas-reliefs here, the originals, but much re-carved: also statues similarly treated, or some of them perhaps mere copies. The Morone, first picture to the left on entering the Duomo, is a very fine one.

15 *June*.—Christina not being very well, M[amma] and I went in a carriage from the hotel to see the ceremonies of the Corpus Domini. . . . Went on to Lecco, Croce di Malta Hotel. M[amma] and I took a short turn by the Lake of Como after dinner, in a heavy air portending thunder, of which a few claps came without lightning; and a little later lightning and thunder somewhat considerable, with rain. Some loud reverberating claps, but not equal to what one often hears in England. Before the storm some fine effects of washy broken light amid the hills. The waiter here says that the waiters, fruit-sellers, and some other such classes, in Milan, are all Swiss,—the Milanese not being steady or housekeeping enough for waiters. In '52 he and all the Ticinese were turned out of Lombardy by the Austrian Government in retaliation for some grudge, but were allowed to come back after a week or two. Engaged a fly from this hotel to Chiavenna for 55 francs.

16 *June*.—Garibaldi was at this hotel twice in or about '59 during his anti-Austrian campaigns: he was wont to dine in the courtyard on horseback. His name in the visitors' book got so continually begged of the landlord that he at

last tore it out to keep it safe. It ran: "A richiesta d'una sì graziosa signora non posso ricusare di scrivere il mio nome—G. Garibaldi":* and indeed six years ago the landlady must have been decidedly pleasing. Went on to Chiavenna by the fly—a fine day with one moderate shower; fine views over the lake from the embanked road along which one passes. Olives are very numerous for some distance beyond Lecco. The dust extremely troublesome during the latter two-thirds of the stage up to Colico, where we dined. On to Chiavenna, and left there again at 11 P.M. by the Diligence, the prices demanded for *vetture* being much more than in proportion to what we had to pay on the St Gothard route.

17 June.—The lumour of dawn began to be apparent very early this morning—say about 1½: everything however continued merely in the state of grey mist until the sun was just above the mountain-peaks, about 4½—dim and spectral close by, and a blank beyond. The risen sun cleared away the mists very rapidly, and the early sunlight hours were beautifully clear and fine. Towards the summit of the Splügen I walked, and thus about sunrise crossed the highest point, marked 2117 metres above sea-level. The Rhine begins pretty soon; but continues shallow, though sufficiently widespread, up to our stopping-place, Coire. . . . We passed Reichenau, the village where Louis Philippe acted as schoolmaster. Numberless grand views in coming down the mountain (which part of the journey I had done by night last year); but on the whole my impression continues that the St Gothard route is the richer and nobler. Coire, Hôtel Lukmanier. . . .

Sunday, 18 June.—Visited the Catholic Cathedral, and the pretty little churchyard annexed to it, whence the view (same as in yesterday's walk, only from the lower level) is delightful. I then took a walk . . . to the hills above the city in the opposite direction from yesterday; a steep walk, very pleasant, but the views more interrupted by

* At the request of such a nice-looking lady, I cannot refuse to write my name.

near pines, and less varied and fine, than in the previous route. Saw here a brown bird flying and soaring which I am almost sure must have been an eagle. A similar one yesterday not far from the Splügen top. After dinner went with M[amma] and C[hristina] to the Rosenhügel and the hill-path beyond it, one of the noted points of view for the mountains all round, and extremely pleasant. This has been a cool and almost chilly day, cloudy for the most part and with a few slight showers, yet not other than fine on the whole. The most prominent mountain opposite the *salle à manger* at this hotel is named Calanda.

19 June.—A most brilliant but still fresh day. Left Coire for Dachsen, whence (I am told) the Schaffhausen Falls are best seen. Passed the Lake of Wallenstädt, and one or two others up to Wallisellen, where we change carriages—the scenery at first being full of grand mountain-views, but for some little while before Wallisellen about the most level and ordinary (though still pleasing) which I remember in Switzerland. Another stoppage of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour at Winterthur, which we walked a little about: it is intensely neat, but has a somniferous influence, containing apparently nothing salient. On to Dachsen, the scenery continuing comparatively tame, though fine views of the Rhine just before Dachsen. Here got out of the rail, and took a carriage to see the Falls of Schaffhausen, and to go on to S[chaffhausen]. The Falls are wonderful for beauty and surprisingness: like the mountain-regions, the effect is not to be calculated or estimated beforehand, but must be experienced on the spot. At the same time, the mere arrangement of the rocks and broken bed for the river to fall over is very like what one sees represented, and comes so close up to one's "ideal" of such a scene as almost to look as if artificially laid out for the purpose. The fall is only some 80 feet altogether, and this broken up into two or three distinct plunges; but the rush and volume of water are most mighty, and grow upon one's perception the lower and closer one comes to see them. A slight spray-rainbow; and between the two main lines of torrent

after the last tumble of the river is a nearly smooth space which I saw a boat navigating, whence tourists land on one of the rock-masses, though, to see the rush of water on either side, one would scarcely think this possible. One sees (ordinarily) the Falls from various points in the adjoining hotel, and from its grounds laid out along one of the lateral rocks. At the two lowest points the spray sprinkles one freely. Red, blue, etc., glass-panes at one point to see the view through. Between the Falls and Schaffhausen one sees a glorious semicircle of snowy mountains all along one horizon—the Jungfrau among them on a clear morning, but not in the afternoons, though this is a very clear and bright one. The greater part of this snowy range I had taken for clouds until I used my spectacles. Schaffhausen, Hôtel de la Couronne, a fine old roomy rambling building, mostly wood. The city is about the finest I have seen for Swiss-German quaintness—old roofs, chimneys, carvings, iron-work, etc. Two or three noticeable frescoed houses, especially those Zum Ritter (Quintus Curtius) and Zum Goldenen Ochsen, 1579 and 1630 (?); both *renovirt*, but without by any means destroying their original character. Got here Vin du Glacier, a fine white wine not quite unlike Madeira (3 francs), and yesterday at Coire a red wine named Inferno, also very palatable. The porter says that Napoleon III. bought more than 20,000 francs' worth of old furniture out of the Ritter-house.

20 June.—To-day again is warm, though (like all the weather we have had anywhere) considerably below the oppressive range of Southern heat. Strolled with M[amma] about the principal Schaffhausen streets before leaving there at 10.20. Went on by the Bâle-Freiburg-Strasbourg route, all of which is new to me. The country between Schaffhausen and Freiburg ceases to be mountainous, though at intervals one sees even snowy mountains at remote distances: it is undulating in gentle knolls and swells for the most part, but at times entirely flat unless for the remote mountains on the horizon. One sees the Rhine the greater part of the way, mostly green broken with other tints,

seldom apparently of any great depth, but sometimes spreading out wide with islanded interspaces, which I suppose must be all overflowed in the wet season. We repassed the Schaffhausen Fall at Neuhausen: a little farther on, one of the most picturesque points of the route is Lauffenburg, where also, it seems, there is a Rhine-fall, but not visible to us. All, or next to all, this route is in the Grand Duchy of Baden, merely touching Switzerland at Schaffhausen and Bâle. Having settled to go to Freiburg rather than Mulhouse *en route* to Strasburg, we were under the impression that this would be the Swiss Freiburg, containing the richest-toned organ in the world; but it turns out to be the Freiburg in the Breisgau, Baden, in the Black Forest district. A leading hotel at each place has the same name Zähringer Hof, and it was only after housing ourselves there that we found out our mistake. However, the route is correct, and the city well worth a visit. Went to the Cathedral, with a striking open-work spire; the building, of light-tinted red sandstone with a goodish deal of yellow staining. A few parts Romanesque, earlier than Gothic, but chiefly an elaborate German-Gothic building, with great quantities of sculpture in the porch, saints in niches, grotesque gargoyles, etc.—also nearly filled with painted glass. The great majority of it is evidently in fact modern, as traceable in the method of leading, and in some wrong tints of purple, red, etc.; but it must be a facsimile of the old designs, and is in many respects interesting, and vivid in general effect. Many gilt and other sculptures here—two in recesses, of at least life-size, *The Last Supper* and *Christ in the Sepulchre*, striking,—the latter really impressive. One peculiarity of the interior is that entire birch-trees are placed in pots along the nave-pillars. The service (vespers, I suppose) was all performed in German, as far as I could distinguish; certainly the responses were so, in which a full congregation joined heartily. Opposite the south side of the Cathedral is a 16th-century Gothic building which I infer to be the Town Hall, low and small but characteristic, with coloured statues

of Charles V. and three other Emperors: opposite the West entrance an Inn, Zum Geist—must mean Heiliger Geist. Ascended the Ludwigshöhe, a little behind the Cathedral, and had a very beautiful view—vines at my feet and my back. Several interesting details in the streets; the pavement in several streets is particularly good—a mosaic of small greyish-blue stones with circles of a flame-wheel-like pattern, in this grey and white. A fine quiet sunset, more like (though fainter) the characteristic Italian sunset than we saw in Italy, where not even any approach to it occurred this tour. A most lovely piece of tapestry in the Cathedral, of two female saints with the Virgin and Child on a blue flowered ground, *c.* 1450-80; this on one side, and I presume the other sides are equally fine, but they were covered by some other drapery.

21 *June*.—Went to the Ludwigskirche, which seems to have been at one time a fine ancient building, but is now miserably protestantized outside, and especially inside. Revisited the Cathedral, and find there is a tolerable quantity still of the original glass, at any rate in the right-hand aisle. The pulpit has a curious detail—near the foot of the stairs a sculptured half-figure of a man, *c.* 1500, looking out of an open lattice as it were, as if a distinguished member of the congregation. The choir shut on both our visits, but does not look as if it were more elaborate than the nave and aisles. A skin of a splendid blue-and-green lizard was found on the pavement outside the Cathedral, handsomer than any I ever saw alive, but we could learn nothing further about it. To the Franciscan Church, where is a skeleton (or perhaps model of one) seated, and richly draped in tissue, gilt, etc., as if representing King Death, or else the fate of earthly splendour.—On to Strasburg, through a somewhat tame though agreeable country. Hôtel de la Maison Rouge at Strasburg, which is a fine old steep-roofed city, the roofs mostly of dark, nearly neutral-coloured tiles, and fine details here and there of carved-wood house-fronts etc. Statues to Kleber and Gutenberg. The Cathedral is a marvel of elaboration out-

side, and many of the sculptures very clever and wonderfully preserved, only a few of them appearing to have been re-carved: inside more stately than overcharged, without side-chapels or any paintings worth notice, but great splendour of painted windows, many of which are old, others new from the old designs, some (not very many) merely new. Style mostly Gothic, but some portions earlier. The wonderful old (renewed) clock is quite an edifice, and full of quaint interest. A boy-angel strikes each quarter: at the quarter a figure of Childhood repeats the stroke, and walks on, giving place to Youth; then at the half-hour Youth strikes, Manhood at the three-quarters, Old Age at the full-quarters of the hour, and Death strikes the hour itself. Scores of other astronomical etc. peculiarities. The outside effect is scarcely equal to the extraordinary real height of the Cathedral spire, which reaches higher than the Great Pyramid, and a good deal higher than St Paul's. After dinner went up it to as high as one is allowed in lack of a special permission: view of the city fine, the landscape nothing very special. Storks nested here in the chimney-tops, the first time I remember ever seeing them, white with black wing-tips etc.; one sees them flying occasionally, but not walking the streets as far as I observe. Some thirty nests, says a man in the Cathedral; but I should have surmised from one to two hundred, calculating from the number we have ourselves noticed. Towards the end of August they migrate—it is believed to Egypt. Some in the country round, which are specially housed and fed, remain all the year round—those in the city cater for themselves on toads, frogs, and serpents. German is still the prevalent people's-language here, or French Germanized to an extreme in pronunciation.

22 *June*.—Went out before breakfast, and passed the church which contains the monument to Marshal Saxe; but it was closed, and looks rather as if it were mostly so. It is an old and massive building with some painted windows, and seems as if it ought to contain a goodish deal to look at. Went round the outside of the Cathedral

(the apse not accessible): elaborate sculpture of *St Lawrence on the Gridiron* etc. on the north transept door; the south transept is older, and less florid in architecture and sculpture, the principal subject being a remarkable treatment of *The Judgment of Solomon*. Went on to Châlons sur Marne; the journey troubled with dust, but in other respects sufficiently agreeable. The country is thickly wooded beyond Sarrebourg, and a little further on there are sufficient risings and fallings to require several tunnels, one uncommonly long, but it is generally level. Vineyards tolerably, not as yet very, numerous. Attended vespers in the Cathedral, with some fine singing, but a loud stertorous organ. A very noble old Gothic building, the older parts Romanesque; very simple though beautiful inside, and must have been recently renovated throughout, though I don't perceive any spoiling of the interior. A good deal of excellent stained glass, *circa* 1520, and some modern, but generally of a superior order: the outside sculpture miserably defaced, I suppose in the Revolution; inside there is but little beyond fine capitals of very various design. Two modern iron steeples spoil the building considerably, but look as if they might be true to the original design. There is another fine old church, which we were too late to get into, and at least one other conspicuous church, apparently later, which we only saw in the distance. Hôtel de la Cloche d'Or et du Palais Royal Réunis, fairly old-fashioned, close to the Cathedral.

23 June.—Went again to the Cathedral, which contains also several very fine sepulchral slabs; most of them however being only portions of the original full-length figures. Similar, but less in number, in the other old Church, which is named St Alpin, and contains a good quantity of 16th-century glass, some of it almost colourless, being large figure-compositions drawn in light brown, and with a little yellow tinting. Various pictures, of which two or three are reasonable 16th-century works: the best is dated 1551, "Authore Pérot Colet-Michel" (if I read it right)—a somewhat Michelangelesque *Christ as Man of Sorrows* bearing

the reed, with the Donor and Donoress small, kneeling at the two sides, with the motto—

O vrai Rédempteur des humains
 Qui pour nous souffris passion,
 Je te requiers à jointes mains
 De mes péchés rémission.

The expression and treatment are very quiet and pathetic, and in the kneeling figures portrait-like. The third church which we saw last night appears to form part of the buildings of the College, and seems not to have any details of importance. Went on to Paris, through a country less flat and monotonous than I had supposed Champagne to be. The vineyards are generally or always on ranges of lowish rounded hills, which one sees on both hands for the greater part of the way, some growing lower than I remember them anywhere else, and none of them high. Passed Varennes, where Louis XVI. was stopped in his escape, and Meaux. Returned to the Hôtel de Normandie in Paris. . . .

24 *June*.—Went to the Japanese shop, 7 Boulevard des Capucines, and bought a fair number of the small engravings on crape of which Whistler had a selection, but some of his best were not now to be had. The shopkeeper, who seems passably well-informed on the subject, says that a European, even were he to go to Japan, could not learn the process of colour-printing etc. etc.: all these matters are done in the City of the Mikado, and jealously guarded as secrets with which the Tycoon himself must not meddle. Hokusai's series consists of 30 parts, and no one in Europe yet possesses a perfect copy; Tissot (I think) comes nearest, having 25. Hokusai died some hundred years ago (Madame Dessoye said forty *). . . . Entered St Eustache, and saw the earlier portion of a wedding. To the Jardin des Plantes, which we began exploring somewhat systematically in the animal section; but, after looking at a fair number of animals, some rain came on, and a severe storm seemed to threaten (though it came to nothing after all), and we

* The correct date, I understand, was 1849.

left. To the Hôtel de Cluny, of which I looked deliberately through about two-thirds. The series of tapestries, *circa* 1520, of *David and Bathsheba*, are most magnificent and admirable, not far from unrivalled; and, in an upper room, still more beautiful though not quite so superb, a set of figures (I suppose mainly emblematic) on blue flowered etc. grounds with many birds, some twenty or thirty years earlier. Of the pictures, about the best is a small Giottesque one, two in one brace, dated 1408, of *The Agony in the Garden*, and *The Maries at the Empty Sepulchre*. Entered for the first time the two Gothic churches in the Rue St Martin—St Merri, and St Nicolas aux Champs—both handsome well-built churches, without having anything very memorable, but some fair pictures of both the older and the neo-Catholic French schools.

25 June.—To Notre Dame, where service was going on. The brand-newness of this once glorious building is something fearful to see and think of. Every chapel is gutted, rasped, and set going anew in a mechanical style; all pictures, old altar-furniture, etc., removed; all the glass new, and not even so good as the best modern. I see nothing worth speaking of that looks tolerably unchanged, save the sculpture-series on the two sides of the choir, and a Gothic fresco of *The Virgin and Child*, with Denis and another Saint, and even these are not untouched. Outside, the right-hand portal similar; all the rest renewed, and I suppose this too will follow. . . .

26 June.—Returned home by the Dieppe and Newhaven route: day dullish, but a decidedly smooth passage, the whole travelling not occupying more than about twelve hours.

87.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN, Grove Terrace, Highgate Road.

[The picture in which "doggie is jealous" is the one termed *The Infant's Repast*.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

10 June 1865.

My dear Brown,—The enquiring mind in question was not Craven (much less "Clayton") but Mitchell of Bradford, for whom I am doing the *Venus*. He was at mine yesterday, and expressed an intention of calling on you to-day. There had been some talk between him and me of his calling on you, once before when he was in town. He dwelt yesterday with peculiar satisfaction on that ancient production of yours in which "doggie is jealous"; so I suppose a commission of that kind is the pleasurable result most likely to attend his visit. If I had known you had on hand the one you speak of, I would have smiled sardonically on his mentioning the other, and said that mad indeed must be the man who could not pick out at a glance the gem of the exhibition etc. I did try-on the *Chaucer*, but he seemed to prefer doggie.

I thought of writing you yesterday of his probable visit, but shrank before the recollection of one or two false alarms of the kind. The fact is, my dear fellow, the mad distance at which you choose to live is probably £1000 out of your pocket every year.

I suppose you will be this way sometimes in winding up your Piccadilly affairs. Look in, do.—Your

D. G. R.

. . .

88.—JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[I have to guess at the date and some other particulars of this letter. "Lizzie" must mean a portrait of Lizzie—perhaps the one named *Regina Cordium*. Butterworth was the distinguished architect. "My Dante's Boat" appears to be the subject (from a celebrated sonnet by Dante) of the poet, with Beatrice and friends male and female, taking a pleasure-trip in a boat. Rossetti, it seems, was

to paint this for Ruskin, as an equivalent for certain money advanced. One must suppose that, in this relation, the painting would be a water-colour of ordinary dimensions. I am satisfied that the subject was never painted in that form. My Brother made an oil-monochrome of it on a large scale, and intended to carry it out in full colour, but never did so: his name for the subject was *The Boat of Love*. The monochrome is now in the Public Gallery of Birmingham.]

DENMARK HILL.

[1865.]

My dear Rossetti,—What a goose you are to go about listening to people's gossip about me! I have never parted with any of your drawings but the *Francesca*. I leave the *Golden Water* and *Passover* at a Girls' School because I go there often, and enjoy them more than if they were hanging up here—because *here* I dwell on their faults of perspective and such-like. Am I so mean in money-matters that I should sell Lizzie? You ought to have painted her better, and known me better. I'll give you her back any day that you're a good boy, but it will be a long while before that comes to pass.

You scratched the eyes out of my *Launcelot*, and I gave that to Butterworth—that was not my fault. If you could do my Dante's Boat for me instead of money, I should like it—but I don't believe you can. So do as you like when you like.—Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

89.—JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[This letter (or the preceding one) marks the commencement of the unfortunate estrangement between Ruskin and Rossetti. I say estrangement, because, though a large residuum of mutual affection and regard remained,

they from this time forward almost ceased to seek opportunities for seeing one another. Ruskin had now seen, and (as he says) "disliked," the picture which Rossetti was painting; properly termed *Venus Verticordia*, though Ruskin calls it "Flora." One might surmise that Rossetti did not quite like this misnomer, as indicating that his censor did not care to understand what the picture was really about. Millais's picture, which he mentions in the same connexion, *The Romans leaving Britain*, was exhibited in 1865. I am not certain what is the proper name for "the golden girl with black guitar."]

DENMARK HILL.

[1865.]

Dear Rossetti,—It is all right—do not come till you are quite happy in coming—but do not think *I* am changed. I like your old work as much as ever. I framed (only the other day) the golden girl with black guitar—and I admire all the old water-colours just as much as when they were first done. I admire Titian and Tintoret—and Angelico—just as I used to do, and for the same reasons. The change in you may be right—or towards right—but it *is* in you—not in me. It may not be change, but only the coming-out of a new element. But Millais might as well say I was changed because I detest the mode of painting the background and ground in his Roman soldier, while I praised and still praise *Mariana* and the *Huguenot*, as you say that *I* was changed because I praised the cart-and-bridge picture and dislike the *Flora*.

It is true that I am now wholly intolerant of what I once forgivingly disliked—bad perspective and such-like—for I look upon them as moral insolences and iniquities in any painter of average power; but I am only more intensely now what I always was (since *you* knew me), and am more intensely, in spite of perspective indignation,—Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

90.—JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

DENMARK HILL.

[1865.]

My dear Rossetti,—It is very good and pretty of you to answer so. I have little time this morning, but will answer at once so far as regards what you say you wish me to tell you.

There are two methods of laying oil-colour which can be proved right, each for its purposes—Van Eyck's (or Holbein's) and Titian's (or Correggio's): one of them involving no display of power of hand, the other involving it *essentially* and as an element of its beauty. Which of these styles you adopt I do not care. I supposed, in old times, you were going to try to paint like that Van Eyck in the National Gallery with the man and woman and mirror. If you say, "No—I mean rather to paint like Correggio"—by all means, so much the better—but you are not on the way to Correggio. And you are, it seems, under the (for the present) *fatal* mistake of thinking that you will ever learn to paint well by painting badly, *i.e.*, coarsely.

At present you lay your colour ill, and you will only learn, by doing so, to lay it worse. No great painter ever allowed himself, in the smallest touch, to paint ill, *i.e.*, to daub or smear his paint. What he could not paint easily he would not paint at all—and gained gradual power by never in the smallest thing doing wrong.

1. You may say you like coarse painting better than Correggio's, and that it is righter. To this I should make no answer—knowing answer to be vain.

2. If you say you do not see the difference, again I only answer—I am sorry. Nothing more is to be said.

3. If you say, "I see the difference and mean to do better, and am on the way to do better," I answer I know you are not on the way to do better, and I cannot bear

the pain of seeing you at work as you are working now. But come back to me when you have found out your mistake—or (if you are right in your method) when you *can* do better.

All this refers only to laying of paint.

I have two distinct other counts against you: your method of study of chiaroscuro; and your permission of modification of minor truths for sensational purposes.

I will see what you say to this first count before I pass to the others.

I am very glad, at all events, to understand *you* better than I did, in the grace and sweetness of your letters.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

91.—JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[It would appear that, between the dates of Ruskin's last letter and of this one, Rossetti must have reminded him by letter that he had, at some previous date, said by word of mouth that the flowers (roses and honeysuckles) in the *Venus Verticordia* were "wonderfully" painted. After replying on this point Ruskin proceeds to make some rather strong observations. The person whom he calls "a mere blackguard" was the highly-reputed photographer Mr Downey, who took about this time some photographs of Rossetti. In one of these Ruskin posed along with Rossetti: but the photograph which he terms "a visible libel" was (I take it) a different one, representing Ruskin (alone) seated, and leaning on a walking-stick. It went all over the country at the time; and (if I may trust my own opinion) was a good though not an advantageous likeness.]

DENMARK HILL.

[1865.]

Dear Rossetti,—You know exactly as much about Correggio as I knew in the year 1845, and feel exactly

as I did then. I can't give you the results of twenty years' work upon him in a letter, so I say no more.

I purposely joined him with Titian to poke you up. I purposely used the word "wonderfully" painted about those flowers. They were wonderful to me, in their realism; awful—I can use no other word—in their coarseness: showing enormous power; showing certain conditions of non-sentiment which underlie all you are doing—now. . . .

You take upon you, for your *own* interest, to judge to whom I should and should not give or lend your drawings. In *your* interest only—and judging from no other person's sayings, but from my own sight—I tell you the people you associate with are ruining you. But remember I have personally some right to say this—for the entirely blameable introduction you gave to a mere blackguard, to me, has been the cause of such a visible libel upon me going about England as I hold worse than all the scandals and lies ever uttered about me. But, if there is anything in my saying this which you feel either cruel or insolent, again I ask your pardon.

Come and see me *now*, if you like. I have said all I wish to say, and can be open—which is all I need for my comfort. I have many things here you might like to see and talk over.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

92.—JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

DENMARK HILL.

[1865.]

Dear Rossetti,—I am also very thankful these letters have been written—we shall both care more for each other. Please come now the first fine evening—tea at seven. I will stay in till you do come, so you will be sure of me.

Before I see you, let me at once put an end to your

calling me, whatever you may think (much more, any supposing that I think myself), a "great man." It is just because I honestly *know* I am not that I speak so positively on other known things. I entirely scorn all my own capacities, except the sense of visible beauty, which is a useful gift—not a "greatness." But I have worked at certain things which I know that I know, as I do spelling.

I never said you were not in a position and at an age to know more of Correggio than I did in '45. I said simply you *did* know no more of him. But your practice of painting in a different manner has been dead against you—it is much to allow for you that you know as much of him as I did then. You hardly do, for I then knew something of his glorious system of fresco-colour—which you very visibly do not; and had gathered a series of data and notes at the risk of my life on the rotten tiles of the Parma dome, with a view of "writing Correggio down." It was one of the few pieces of Providence I am thankful for in my past life that I did not then write a separate book against Correggio. I know exactly how you feel to him, and would no more dispute about it than I would with Gainsborough for knowing nothing about Albert Durer, or saying he, A.D., drew nothing but women with big bellies.

But we won't have rows; and, when you come, we'll look at things that we both like. You shall bar Parma, and I, Japan; and we'll look at Titian, John Bellini, Albert Durer, and Edward Jones; and I'll say no more about the red-eyed man and the phot[ograph]s.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

93.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[The picture by Brown bought in at £550 was the large painting named *Work*. By Rossetti there were five

specimens in the Plint sale. Only one, *Burd-alane*, was an oil-picture, and to this he appears to refer.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
[26 June 1865.]

My dear Brown,—I have been very anxious about your affairs since seeing you. . . .

Gambart was here just now, and it seems things were desperate indeed at the Plint Sale. Brett's £420 *Chepstow Castle* fetched £20; Wallis's *Marston Moor* came down from £250 to £60; and Hughes's *Belle Dame* from the same to £30. So your being bought in at £550, and my £84 picture fetching £71, were the triumphs of the sale. It seems Gambart has bought all the above except yours and mine. He went to 70, he says, for mine, but some one else bid 71. He sent an agent to buy the lot, and evidently rather chuckles, the Plint people having become "*bêtes noires*" with him. Indeed, I dare say the unlucky issue has been partly of his managing.

Let me hear from you.—Ever your

D. G. R.

94.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[Rossetti's water-colours Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are (I suppose) *Hesterna Rosa*, *Aurora*, and *Washing Hands*. I have no clear idea as to the two water-colours by Brown here in question; possibly *Elijah and the Widow's Son* (now in South Kensington) may have been one of them. "The Opera-box design" was presumably a pretty little water-colour of Mrs Madox Brown in an opera-box. It was named *At the Opera*, or *Les Huguenots*; and remained in Brown's possession (intentionally retained, it may be, as a family-portrait) up to his death.—Rossetti's P.S. was—it will be perceived—disregarded by Brown: neither of the men was punctilious in that respect.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

28 June 1865.

My dear Brown,—I was much relieved by some of the contents of your letter, which I have destroyed.

To give you some *data* about Craven, I will tell you my transactions with him.

(1) An extremely careful drawing with five figures (about 10 by 15 inches I should think) for which, by previous agreement, I charged him 125 guineas, but let him understand thoroughly that the price would have been higher but for the engagement.

(2) A drawing, $17 \times 14\frac{1}{4}$, of a woman (half-figure), less finished, for which he paid me 100 guineas.

(3) A drawing just begun as companion to the above, same size, but which I shall do throughout from nature and which has two figures. For this I shall charge 150 guineas.

(4) A commission for a large drawing not yet begun nor price fixed.

For No. 1 I received the price only after it was finished!

For No. 2 the whole price, by request, a day or two before sending it home.

For No. 3 I have received on commencement £50 on account.

For No. 4 nothing as yet!!!

Craven is a very good paymaster and not a haggler at all—a grave, and (let us say in a whisper) rather stupid, enthusiast, of the inarticulate business-type, with a mystic reverence for the English Water-colour school, D. Cox, Hunt, etc. Besides this, I think a thoroughly good fellow. Not a *very* rich man, I should fancy.

I think on the whole your best plan will be to ask for this drawing the same as for the other, viz.: 120 guineas, or say perhaps 125. Though with fewer figures than the one proposed, it is larger (is it not?) and moreover a new thing instead of a duplicate. My 150-guinea one has two

figures. Couldn't you work up the Opera-box design? . . .
—Ever yours,

D. G. R.

. . . P.S.—Please burn this after use.

95.—JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[This remarkable letter brought to a close the interchange of views which had just now been going on between Ruskin and Rossetti: from this time forward they met hardly at all, and corresponded but very little. The letter bore at first a date of the day of the month—seemingly 18: but this was cancelled by the writer and a ? substituted. Towards the middle of the letter Mr Ruskin speaks of “this affair of the drawings.” I understand him to mean the question which Rossetti had raised as to the mode (see No. 88) in which Ruskin disposed of some of Rossetti's old water-colours; or perhaps the point is the preceding suggestion that Rossetti might paint *The Boat of Love*, followed, as it probably was, by some demur on the artist's part, or else the point at the top of p. 143.—I am not wholly sure which was the “last picture” of a different painter of which Ruskin entertained so bad an opinion. I give the initial G, but this is not correct].

DENMARK HILL.

? July 1865.

My dear Rossetti,—I am very grateful to you for this letter, and for the feelings it expresses towards me. I was not angry, and there was nothing in your note that needed your asking my pardon. You meant them—the first and second—just as rightly as this pretty third: and yet they conclusively showed me that we could not at present, nor for some time yet, be companions any more, though true friends, I hope, as ever.

I am grateful for your love—but yet I do not want

love. I have had boundless love from many people during my life. And in more than one case that love has been my greatest calamity—I have boundlessly *suffered* from it. But the thing, in any helpful degree, I have never been able to get, except from two women of whom I never see the only one I care for, and from Edward Jones, is “understanding.”

I am nearly sick of being loved—as of being hated—for my lovers understand me as little as my haters. I had rather in fact be disliked by a man who somewhat understood me than much loved by a man who understood nothing of me.

Now I am at present out of health and irritable, and entirely resolved to make myself as comfortable as I can, and therefore to associate only with people who *in some degree* think of me as I think of myself. I *may* be wrong in saying I am this or that—but at present I can only live or speak with people who agree with me that I *am* this or that. And there are some things which I know I know or can do, just as well as a man knows he can ride or swim, or knows the facts of such and such a science.

Now there are many things in which I always have acknowledged and shall acknowledge your superiority to me. I know it—as well as I know that St Paul’s is higher than I am. There are other things in which I just as simply know that *I* am superior to you.

Now in old times I did not care two straws whether you knew or acknowledged in what I was superior to you, or not. I don’t mean in writing. You write, as you paint, better than I. I could never have written a stanza like you. But now (being, as I say, irritable and ill) I do care, and I will associate with no man who does not more or less accept my own estimate of myself. For instance, Brett told me, a year ago, that a statement of mine respecting a scientific matter (which I knew *à fond* before he was born) was “bosh.” I told him in return he was a fool; he left the house, and I will not see him again “until he is wiser.”

Now you in the same manner tell me "the faults in your drawings are not greater than those I put up with in what is about me," and that one of my assistants is a "mistakenly transplanted carpenter." And I answer—not that you are a fool, because no man is that who can design as you can—but simply that you know *nothing* of me, nor of my knowledge—nor of my thoughts—nor of the sort of grasp of things I have in directions in which you are utterly powerless; and that I do not choose any more to talk to you until you can recognize my superiorities as *I* can yours.

And this recognition, observe, is not a matter of will or courtesy. You simply do not see certain characters in me, and cannot see them: still less could you (or should I ask you to) pretend to see them. A day may come when you will be able. Then—without apology—without restraint—merely as *being* different from what you are now—come back to me, and we will be as we used to be. It is not this affair of the drawings—not this sentence—but the ways and thoughts I have seen in you ever since I knew you, coupled with this change of health in myself, which render this necessary—complicated also by a change in your own methods of work with which I have no sympathy, and which renders it impossible for me to give you the kind of praise which would give you pleasure.

There are some things in which I know your present work to be wrong: others in which I strongly *feel* it so. I cannot conquer the feeling, though I do not allege that as a proof of the wrongness. The points of knowledge I could not establish to you, any more than I could teach you mineralogy or botany, without some hard work on your part, in directions in which it is little likely you will ever give it. It is of course useless for me, under such circumstances, to talk to you.

The one essential thing is that you should feel (and you will do me a bitter injustice if you do *not* feel this) that, though you cannot now refer to me as in any way helpful to you by expression of judgment to the public,

my inability is no result of any offence taken with you. I would give much to see you doing as you have done—and to be able to say what I once said.

With respect to G., the relation between us is far more hopeless. His last picture is to me such an accursed and entirely damnable piece of work that I believe I have been from the beginning wrong in attributing any essential painter's power to him whatever, and that the high imitative results he used to obtain were merely accidental consequences of a slavish industry and intensely ambitious conscientiousness. I think so ill of it that I cannot write a word to him—though otherwise I should have felt it my duty to warn *him*, before I spoke to others. I cannot, of course, allow such work to pass as representing what I used to praise, but I speak of it, as I do at present of yours, as little as I can. For you, there is all probability of recovery: of him I am hopeless.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

96.—DANTE ROSSETTI to WALTER DUNLOP, Bingley.

[Mr John Aldam Heaton was an acquaintance of Mr Dunlop, and had been in some way mixed up in the starting of the commission offered by the latter to Rossetti in 1864 for *The Magdalene at the Door of Simon the Pharisee*. As Rossetti did not relish a letter which he had recently received from Mr Dunlop, he appears to have submitted it to Mr Heaton. I possess the letter in question from Mr Dunlop, and other letters from him, and also from Mr John Heugh, who was concerned in correspondence of a similar kind. Naturally I have no authority from these gentlemen or their representatives to print the letters, and so I leave them *sub silentio*. Rossetti resented them; and I will take it upon me to say that other people in his position would have resented them as well. Mr Heaton,

in replying to my Brother, enclosed a letter, of his composition, which he advised Rossetti to adopt and forward to Mr Dunlop. Rossetti did so, making (so far as I can judge) no change of any importance: this forms the letter signed by my Brother, next ensuing.]

[CHEYNE WALK.
1865—? 7 August.]

Sir,—I am at a loss to comprehend the full meaning of your letter. If a long time has elapsed since the subject of your commission to me was last discussed, I would suggest that the delay lies entirely at *your* door. You gave me, after considerable correspondence and more than one lengthy interview, a definite commission for a picture at £2100, and how so important a matter could escape your memory even for a single week is quite a puzzle to me.

You yourself mentioned more than once (both by word and by letter dated 20th May 1864) that you would wish to make me certain prepayments on account, in order that I might feel fully at liberty to give my whole attention to so serious a work; and it is only this one item, out of all the details of the commission, which remains undecided: and the indecision is entirely your own. . . . I beg to suggest that this business between you and me is as important and demands attention as much as any other. . . .

If you wish the commission to be cancelled, the onus of such a proposition lies with you: and, as I am credibly informed that you have been a buyer quite recently of a large and costly picture, I cannot leave the consideration of *my* picture to the chance of a call which, judging from the experience of the past season, might be indefinitely procrastinated. Begging your immediate attention,—I am yours,

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

97.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

["The infernal drawing" may, I think, have been *Washing Hands*: see No. 94.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
8 August [1865].

My dear Brown,—I'm afraid I'm surprising you by the non-return of that £10. The fact is, the infernal drawing has stuck to me till now, and I shall not get it away till the end of this week. I shall have to ask a much higher price. I make no doubt (I trust) of sending you the tin by next week, and hope I am not inconveniencing you.

I must come one day and see what you are doing. Under the auspices of Heaton, who dictates letters for the purpose, I am stirring up the demon Dunlop, who shows a new horn, hoof, tusk, or tail, at every new step of the correspondence. H[eaton] advises me to go to law with him, but I don't think I shall.—Ever yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

98.—DANTE ROSSETTI to WALTER DUNLOP.

[16 CHEYNE WALK.]
21 August 1865.

Sir,—I exceedingly regret that, so far, no reply has come to my letter of a fortnight ago, which would seem to have demanded a very prompt reply.

You must surely feel that, if you now ignore, without motive or apology, a commission originated entirely by yourself, and for which I was induced to detail to you important projects of work, such conduct would be ungenerous as well as unjust; and would moreover place me (quite apart from the question of interest) in a ridiculous position which I could not possibly accept.

If a letter such as my last, written in a quiet and dispassionate tone, upon a matter of business, cannot command attention, one seems cut off from any friendly discussion of the subject in hand; and, though I am as averse as it is possible to be from any other mode of procedure, of course the time *must* come, in the *continued* absence of your reply, when another course becomes unavoidable.

Trusting that no such time may arrive,—I am yours
etc.

D. G. R. ✓

99.—DANTE ROSSETTI to JOHN HEUGH,
Tunbridge Wells.

[While the unsatisfactory correspondence with Mr Dunlop was going on, another correspondence, with a friend of his, Mr Heugh, began. This proved as irritating and as useless as the other.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

1 September 1865.

Dear Sir,—I am now taking up again the water-colour drawing of *Socrates taught to dance by Aspasia*, being one of the two which you commissioned from me last year. As it will shortly be finished, will you kindly let me know whether, on its completion, it should be sent to the same address as this letter, or to any other.—Yours faithfully,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

100.—DANTE ROSSETTI to JOHN HEUGH.

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

14 September 1865.

Sir,—The elaborate incivility of your letter is as astonishing as it is unprovoked, and more cannot be said. As it

seems, however, intended to indicate vaguely some attempt of mine to over-reach you in some way, I may as well be explicit in my answer, though I cannot manage to harangue you so glibly in the third person.

In a very civil letter of yours, dated 14th July 1864, you say: "The two water-colour drawings I shall be happy to have on the terms you mention in your note." These were the *Socrates*, and a sacred subject not specified. Of my note, alluded to by you above, I kept no copy, never having been led till lately to think such caution necessary; but, if anything was said, by you or me, as to time of delivery for either drawing, by word or by writing, I am more mistaken than my good memory is wont to be. No doubt I said that the *Socrates* could be soon finished, meaning (and probably expressing) that, *when* I took it in hand again, it would not take long to complete. That *when* to be, of course, when other work permitted me to do so with satisfaction to myself and without hurry. The work would be sure to gain by this, and consequently the purchaser also. I have done since, at different pauses from larger works, several water-colours requiring less study than the *Socrates*; and certainly this might have been taken up and rapidly executed at any one of the moments alluded to, sometimes more profitably in a money-sense than what I did do. I have always thought of it at such times; but have always refrained from then resuming it, from a wish to do my best for you at a more favourable moment. I am thus explicit in justice to *myself*, in case the only probable explanation of the delay should really have failed to occur to you.

Your note of admiration (!), on the enormity of my neither writing to you since nor resuming the drawing till now, is certainly provocative of a smile. I assure you my time is fully and importantly occupied, and there could be nothing to write about till I could announce the approaching completion of one of the two drawings.

When you commissioned these drawings, I naturally supposed you did so because you liked and wished to possess my work, in which case the delay of a year could not well

alter such feeling. You could scarcely have supposed that all other work would be at once postponed to this for you; nor can you surely imagine that, should I now choose to relinquish these distinct commissions from a repugnance to working for a capricious and uncivil person, my work will therefore go a-begging; though the foolish judicial tone of your letter would seem to indicate a notion that you can do much as you like with me.

I fear I now find that you sought, of your own accord, an introduction to one not your inferior in any way except so far as your money can make him so (which it cannot, either socially or mentally), and for whose powers you professed esteem—with no intention to consider his interests or feelings further than as your money (so you thought) gave your caprice the power to do so or not to do so.

If this be thus, I am sorry, not for myself, to whom no conduct founded on such views can matter, and to whom its results in this instance are fortunately unimportant; but only for your years which have brought you neither right judgment nor good taste.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

101.—DANTE ROSSETTI to JOHN HEUGH.

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
18 *September* 1865.

Sir,—There is nothing of a kind to surprise me in your present letter; for not a word of it is true.

Enough for me that, in spite of your solemn tone, you know as well as I do that you are untruthful.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

102.—DANTE ROSSETTI to WALTER DUNLOP.

[This letter, undated, is extant in Rossetti's handwriting. I am not quite clear whether it was sent off or not. It may however have been sent off, so as to dispose of a note from Mr Dunlop dated 4th August, prior to the further action taken by my Brother, as shown in his letters of 21st September to Mr Heaton, and of 9th November to Mr Dunlop.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

[? *September* 1865.]

Dear Sir,—Knowing that the commission I received from you was a definite one, I was surprised some time ago when you so soon ceased to answer necessary letters. However, I thought you might mean to call when in town, as a readier course; but you have now explained yourself to me.

I have never thought it necessary to be on my guard towards those who have wished to possess my works, as their spontaneous wish did not seem likely to be followed by any but gentlemanly conduct; and I have always met with such till now. In your opposite case, be sure I have no thought of continuing the relation, or of allowing you to do so. So do not come here again,—if indeed your expressing the intention can show that you entertain it.—Yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

103.—DANTE ROSSETTI to ALDAM HEATON.

[This must have been drawn up to figure as an ostensible business-letter; for it enters into some particulars of which Mr Heaton was already perfectly well aware: see No. 96.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

21 September 1865.

My dear Heaton,—It is now more than a year since the correspondence in which you were kindly involved between me and Mr Dunlop respecting his commission to me for the picture of the *Ship of Love* came to a standstill, owing to his steadily ignoring my letters on the subject of the stipulated preliminaries; although he had agreed to these with alacrity, and asserted his own preference for such arrangement, at the outset.

Since then, as you may have gathered, I had let the matter rest for a considerable while, not having leisure to give any more attention at the time to so dogged a recusant, and still thinking that he might be intending to call for apology and renewal of the subject, when in town during the Exhibition-months. Finding however that he never did so, I wrote him a short note at the beginning of August last, asking him again what he proposed to do in the matter. To this he gave a reply of the most evasive kind, saying that the matter had almost escaped his memory through press of more important things; that in fact he had ceased to think of it; but that he would call when an opportunity occurred to see what I was "doing or projecting." To this surprising note I answered temperately, putting his duty in the case before him; and since then, receiving no reply, have written him two or three further letters, all hitherto unanswered. The last must have been about a fortnight ago; and in it I told him that, in the event of his continued silence, my only possible recourse (though of an inexpressibly distasteful kind) would be to law (I had already proposed arbitration by friends;) but that, before taking such a step, I should be compelled to lay the details of the matter before you, as in the event of such proceedings I should have unavoidably to call you as a witness. Thus I am now obliged to write to you.

I need not comment on the nature of Mr D[unlop]'s conduct in this matter, as I feel sure you will see it as

strongly as I do. Nevertheless it is most unwillingly that I renew the subject to you with a direct request for friendly offices and a possible prospect of its giving you still further trouble; but to do so seemed the only remaining chance of avoiding such necessity, as a communication from you might possibly still bring him to a sense of his true position in the matter. I am determined not to give his unworthy tactics the advantage of tiring me out.

However, this is not all. You will remember that Mr Heugh, at the same time with Mr Dunlop, commissioned me also for work; viz., for two water-colour drawings, one of a subject of *Socrates taught to dance by Aspasia*, which he saw begun, and the other to be a scriptural subject not specified. At the beginning of the present month I wrote to him saying that I was now resuming the *Socrates*, which would soon be finished, and asking him to what address it should then be sent. I send you his incredibly aggressive reply after a fortnight; to which I rejoined, not violently, I assure you, though of course with befitting severity on such conduct. My rejoinder produced a second letter, which I also send you, and have answered as was right. You will see that in this last letter he makes use of your name in a sense for which I am sure you will not thank him.

I send you Heugh's letters because they are at hand. Dunlop's of last and this year I have also.

These people's conduct in getting introduced to me, apparently now only for the purpose of insulting and injuring me, is not merely unjustifiable but quite inexplicable. I can make nothing of it, so must lay the subject before you, with due apology for troubling you about it, and with a request for your suggestions.—Ever sincerely yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

104.—DANTE ROSSETTI to WALTER DUNLOP.

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
9 November 1865.

Sir,—My letters to you a short time ago were written purely as a duty to myself, and that certainly not an agreeable one.

However, the scale of several commissions I have just now received, as well as the prices which some of my late pictures have brought in the market, are so much beyond the rate at which I had agreed to paint the *Ship of Love* for you that, had you not proved a recusant to your bargain, I should now have found myself very seriously a loser by fulfilling it.

It is therefore needless to say that it cannot now be worth my while, in order to keep you to your word by law, to bestow time which is more valuable even in a money-sense than the success of such suit could make it; not to speak of the higher ground on which my time should be devoted to my work only.

I know that there are those who applaud themselves when misconduct bears them no worse fruit than the expression of deserved contempt. To such species of success I make you welcome.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

105.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI—A SPIRITUAL (?) SÉANCE
(No. 1).

[I never paid much attention to what is called Spiritualism; and have a general impression that—whatever may be the amount of truth in it, or the amount of imposture—any great addiction to its phenomena tends to weaken rather than fortify the mind. Still I saw *something* of spiritualism. The first instance of any importance seems to have been the one which is here recorded; and after this

date I continued recording any other instances to which I was a party. I sometimes speak of a "spirit"; but this word is used by me only as a convenient laconism, as I never committed myself to any definite belief in the professed spiritual origin of what transpired. My account goes on to 14th August 1868, and includes twenty *séances*—mostly in private, and without any professional or recognized medium. After August 1868 I seem to have seen little or nothing of these manifestations: at any rate, I kept no further record. I shall give in the sequel three other notices, besides the one immediately ensuing.—Captain Ruxton has been mentioned by me elsewhere: he was a gentleman of refinement and intelligence, rather disposed perhaps to a belief in the marvellous, but (I should say) far from being a perfectly easy man to dupe.—The late John Cross, the artist who painted the fine picture in the Houses of Parliament, *The Deathbed of Richard Cœur de Lion*, has also been mentioned elsewhere.]

Saturday, 11 November 1865. (Recorded 15 *November*).—Ruxton, with whom I lunched, enquired whether I would like him and me to go together to Mrs Marshall, the washer-woman medium, late of Holborn, now at 7 Bristol Gardens, Maida Hill. I agreed, and, within some 1½ hour thereafter, we went, arriving towards 4½. No previous arrangement, as far as I know or believe: my name not asked, nor any other questions. I had never before seen Mrs M[arshall] or the others of her party. When we entered (first-floor room) there were present Mrs Marshall, Mrs Marshall junior, a third woman, Marshall, and (either now or afterwards, but only for a very short while altogether) a girl some ten years of age. Mrs M[arshall] junior and the third woman were laughing boisterously over (as they told us) the way in which Mrs M[arshall] junior's hand followed this third woman about, as under magnetic attraction. R[uxton] and I at once sat down, ready to begin. The third woman left. The table was a round one, of considerable size and heavyish make. Room lighted artificially just as fully as any ordinary

sitting-room. R[uxton] took a stamped alphabet, and a pencil to touch the letters. Mrs M[arshall] and Mrs M[arshall] junior, and for the first two or three questions only the little girl, at the table, with hands on (Mrs M[arshall] one hand only): M[arshall] was mostly about the room, but away from the table.

R[uxton].—Is there any spirit present?—Yes.—One who would communicate with me?—No.—With this other gentleman?—Yes.—The answers were very generally given by immediate decisive raps, which mostly sounded to me as on underside of the table. Now and then there were tilts and movements of the table, which at least twice rose entirely off the ground, and returned thereto at once: on one of these occasions I was looking under the table, but saw no physical or mechanical motive power. I now took the alphabet and pencil, and R[uxton] wrote down the answers.

Myself.—Who are you?—John Cross. (This name was not in the least in my mind, and had even spelt itself out up to “Cros” before I guessed who it could be.) I asked various questions, several of them mentally only (no words spoken whatever in these), to which answers came either inapplicable or wrong. The chief of these were as follows:—How much did I subscribe to the fund for your family? A[nswer]. At first inapplicable: afterwards, by touching ciphers written by me at the moment, 3; next, rapped out by that number of raps, 28. (10 would have been correct).—What was the peculiarity affecting one of your children which I am now thinking of (mental query). A[nswer]. Lame (should have been, Idiotic).—What profession were you of? Surgeon, dentist, etc., etc., painter, physician? (this was spoken by me). A[nswer] came at “Physician.”

So far as specimens of the wrong answers. The following were correct:—

Query (mental). What was the name of your best picture?—Richard. (I was not *expecting* the word Richard, but rather Cœur de Lion; therefore did not dwell on the initial R., but—if anything, which however I don't think—it would have been C.) Will you give me a spontaneous

message?—Yes.—What?—My life was one of trial.—What was the name of a certain sculptor intimate with you and me?—Thomas Woolner: I was so satisfied at *Wo* that I left off with the alphabet.*

During some of the unsuccessful experiments we had all four moved to a smaller table, whereat we thereafter remained. I asked for raps to come in particular spots—as at the back of my chair and on my foot. None such came, though the answer that he would rap my foot was obtained. . . .

After the answer “Woolner,” I proposed that R[uxton] should ask for communications. He therefore took the alphabet, and I wrote-down the letters rapped out.

R[uxton].—Is any person present, ready to communicate with me?—Yes.—Who?—M. Minto. (This was the name of his deceased Mother-in-law, a name known to me afore-time, but which I had been lately trying to remember and had wholly failed).—Will you give a message?—Yes.—What?—Mary (name of Mrs Ruxton) should see my son.—Where is he?—Brighton.—What street?—Charles.—What is his name?—Jarvis. (All these details were unknown to me, but R[uxton] informed me afterwards they are correct: Jarvis had till a day or two preceding been at Southampton).—Will you send a certain other spirit I want to communicate with?—Yes.—Here followed receding raps, which, Mrs M[arshall] said, showed that the M. Minto spirit was going away to bring the other one. My time was now up, and I went. On following day R[uxton] informed me that the spirit he had been expecting (name, I think, Monckton) had purported to come next.

One message given to me by Cross was “You are a *meadium*.” I remember no other mis-spelling.

Neither Mrs M[arshall] nor (more especially) Mrs M[arshall] junior inspires confidence by appearance. However, they asked no fishing questions whatever, nor did I detect either in any deception: and it was one of them who suggested that my questions should be mental only, rather than spoken. I observed on the walls some coloured draw-

* And silly it was to do so.

ings, evidently so-called spirit-drawings—one of a devil: but I paid very little attention to them.

106.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI—A SPIRITUAL SÉANCE (No. 2.)

[Mr Spencer Boyd (of Penkill Castle, Ayrshire), a Brother of Miss Alice Boyd, had died very suddenly in the house of Mr Bell Scott, which was in Elgin (not Elden) Road, London. Thomas Sibson was a friend of Scott's at a much earlier period of life; an artist who produced several able and remarkable etchings. There was a series of these, very familiar to my Brother and myself towards 1842, illustrating Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*: at a much later date my copy of this series was so much admired by Burne-Jones that I presented it to him.—The case of Charlotte Winsor was some criminal case which excited much interest in 1865: she was, I think, a "Baby-farmer," convicted of murder, and finally hanged.]

Saturday, 25 November [1865].—Mrs Marshall's as before—Scott and myself; Mrs M[arshall] and Mrs M[arshall] junior, and scarcely ever Marshall. Also four gentlemen whom on entering we found at a *séance* (two of these seemed acquaintances); and late in our *séance* three other gentlemen, some at any rate obvious believers, came in. (Recorded 28 to 30 November.)

We were asked to join the four at the table, with Mrs M[arshall] junior: Mrs M[arshall] sitting away from the table: we did so. Time towards 3, therefore daylight for an hour or so: afterwards full gaslight. Scott asked whether he might examine the table (the heavy round one). Allowed; and he and I looked at it, I feeling that there was not a hollow at the pillar of the table up which a stick could be passed to rap. Answers generally by loud immediate raps: some sharp movements and starts of the table also. At first nothing very noticeable came, and I asked for Mrs M[arshall] to sit at the table, which she did, when the power seemed at

once considerably increased. Various mistakes and mulls however from time to time: one was that a spirit communicating with me professed to be "Mother."

Scott (till now a rejector of all spiritualistic evidence) had told me as we went up in the cab (no pre-arrangement whatever with Mrs Marshall for our visit) that he would fix upon Boyd and Sibson to communicate with if possible. At a tolerably early stage of the *séance* he said, "I have a certain friend of mine in my mind: is he present?"—(Raps) Yes.—What was your Christian name?—Spirit.—Try again.—Sa.—Try for the surname.—Boyd.—Christian name?—Spencer.—You died in my house: what is the name of the street?—Elden Road.—How long ago?—One year (just about ten months is, I believe, correct).—Do you know where your sister is?—Yes.—Where?—Sudvow. S[cott] says Penkill is correct, and he can make nothing of Sudvow).—What county? (No correct answer).—What is her Christian name?—Ca.—At this S[cott] left off, considering it a blunder, as he was thinking of the Miss *Alice* Boyd: since then he writes me there *is* a half-sister named Catherine. The correctness, so far as it went, of the answers staggered S[cott] hugely. I asked the Boyd spirit, "Did you know me?" Two raps in reply, which reckons as meaning not exactly yes nor no.—Did you ever see me?—No. Both answers must be considered correct, as he must undoubtedly have often heard something about me, but never met me.

Another experiment made by S[cott] was this. He wrote on a paper, kept invisible, Thomas Sibson, and asked whether the communicating spirit (I think it was still Boyd) could spell it out. "Sis" was obtained by raps, but nothing nearer than that. Then Mrs M[arshall] junior suggested that Scott should write out several Christian and surnames, including the right ones. He did so, and the answers came at Thomas and Sibson. A just similar experiment with the names David and Scott.*

* *I.e.*, David Scott, the painter, deceased Brother of William Bell Scott.

To me the following happened. I said: "Is there any spirit present who knew me?"—Yes.—Name?—Hewi. I then said: "That is no name at all; and, even had you gone on to 'Hewit' or any such name, I never knew a person so named." One of the gentlemen present said: "There was a New Zealand Chief of the name of Hewi: one of those who used to go about England exhibiting." I asked the Spirit: Were you that Chief?—Yes.—Did you ever see me?—Yes.—Was it at Newcastle-on-Tyne?—Yes.—How long ago? three years?—No.—One?—No.—Two?—Yes.—Were you black-complexioned?—No.—All this is right, on the assumption that the spirit really was one of the exhibiting New-Zealanders.

One of the gentlemen wrote unseen a name on a paper, and got it spelled out by raps, Richard Willims (should have been Williams). At another time he said: "Is there a spirit who will communicate with me?"—Yes.—Who?—Uncle John.—He said: "I had no uncle of that name." I then said: "Is it *my* Uncle John?"—Yes. I asked for the surname, by the alphabet, but could not get it. Then: Is it an English surname?—No.—Foreign?—Yes.—Spanish, German, etc., etc., Italian?—Yes.—I then called over five or six Italian names, coming to Polidori.—Yes.—Will you tell me truly how you died?—Yes.—How?—Killed.—Who killed you?—I.—There was a celebrated poet with whom you were connected: what was his name?—Bro. This was twice repeated, or something close to it the second time. At a third attempt, "Byron."—There was a certain book you wrote, attributed to Byron: can you give me its title?—Yes.—I tried to get this title [*viz.*: *The Vampyre*] several times, but wholly failed.—Are you happy?—Two raps, meaning not exactly.

One of the gentlemen present afterwards consulted the table, in order to obtain advice and information on some matters wherein he was interested. The answers came apposite, and he seemed to suppose them probably valid.

These were the chief incidents of our *séance* (six persons besides the Marshalls): the last message to us being, "We

shall say no more." The three persons who had come in later then took possession of the table, with Mrs M[arshall] junior, we other six being about the room, also Mrs M[arshall] senior, but not interfering in the table-performances. One of the enquirers, evidently an American, tried to get into communication with a certain friend of his killed in the American War, Theodore (something), but failed. Another asked for a certain deceased cousin of his: Name?—Roland Williams.—Where are you buried? what county?—Anglesea.—Name of the place?—Cerrigceinwen.—These and some other answers in the same connexion he affirmed to be true.

During part of these performances S[cott] asked whether he might look under the table. He did so, kneeling on the ground with his head under the table-surface, and listening as well as looking for the source of the knocks. He thought they sounded more as if on the floor (*i.e.*, made on the ceiling of the room below) than on the table. Whilst he was thus looking, and the people obtaining messages through the table, came this message, "Mind your wig." They all laughed, not seeing any applicability in the message: S[cott] alone guessed it might be meant for him,* and so explained it to the others. Meanwhile Mrs M[arshall] senior was talking to some of us, myself included, about her experiences—very vulgarly, and (as I should say so far as this alone is concerned) stupidly and impostor-like. She is a Southcottian (not so Mrs M[arshall] junior); has had visions and other spiritual experiences all her life: sees ghosts: they are generally like the shadows of living people, only white. Saw the ghost, shortly after his death, of Smith, editor of *The Family Herald*. He entered her room in his usual costume, and sat close beside her on a chair. She looked hard at him, to be sure he should not evade without her knowing it; but, after he had sat (some minutes, I think), he was all at once gone. She can prophesy; sees visions in the streets at times. I asked her whether she could prophesy events which become of public notoriety, such as the American War

* He wore a wig.

or the death of Lord Palmerston:—Yes, when the “sperrit” is on her.—Well, can she now prophesy whether the Judges will decide for or against Charlotte Winsor?—She could under the fitting conditions.—Can she prophesy whether England and the United States will go to war?—Yes, they will go to war “in course of time” (or some similar vague expression). There shall soon be “a great outpouring of the sperrit.” I asked: “In what way? Will, for instance, miraculous cures be effected, such as in the New Testament?”—Yes.—Towards this part of the conversation she assumed a sort of vaticinatory *furor*, talked with an air of excitement, fixing me with her eyes, but merely some of the commonplace semi-biblical phrases about the outpouring of the spirit. I took it cool, and the fit soon passed.

I have omitted to state that one of the first things done after we entered was that I asked: “Will the spirit who communicated with me here some days ago do so again?”—Yes.—Name? Something was obtained approaching to Charles, not to John Cross, and nothing came of this attempt.

Soon before we departed, Mrs M[arshall] junior asked me whether I would like to obtain some raps in the door of the room, which opens on to the landing and staircase. She, another man, and I, went to the door, inside, placing our hands upon it: Scott went outside, and did the like. Many loud raps or thumps ensued, coming apparently as if from without to me within, and as if from within to S[cott] without. They appeared more or less distinctly, sometimes very distinctly, to be actually in or on the door. S[cott] next came in, and so put up his hand, and another man went outside: result to correspond. Mrs M[arshall] junior says two raps mean “doubtful,” and five a demand for the alphabet.

107.—PROFESSOR NORTON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[As I took a very intense interest in the American War of Secession—siding wholly with the Northern States, as

the upholders of national unity, and of the restriction, and finally the abolition, of slavery, and deploring the pro-slavery frenzy which had seized hold of the great majority of Englishmen of the so-called educated classes—I reproduce with some sense of satisfaction this reference by Professor Norton to an article which I had written, named *English Opinion on the American War*. It appeared, as here indicated, in *The Atlantic Monthly*.]

CAMBRIDGE [MASSACHUSETTS].

1 December 1865.

My dear Mr Rossetti,—. . . Your paper on *English Opinion* concerning American affairs during the Rebellion is exceedingly interesting. It is, I think, the most candid statement and the ablest presentation of the subject which has been made, and I regret that its form prevents its publication in the *North American Review*. All the papers in the *Review* are impersonal in their form, after the manner of those in the chief English Reviews. The editorial “we” is preserved throughout, and the *Review* is regarded as a distinct, however fictitious, entity. This being the case, I have thought best to offer your paper for publication to the Editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. He has gladly accepted it, and it will appear, I believe, in the next number. I have undertaken to revise the proof of it, so that I trust it will appear without any serious typographical blunders. The *Atlantic* has so large a circulation that your article will be read much more widely than if it were published in the *North American*. . . —
Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

108.—JAMES SMETHAM to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[Mr Smetham, a painter by profession, was a peculiarly devout Christian—a Methodist. Rossetti had known something of him in early years, and more especially since 1863.

Smetham's mind give way at last under the stress of religious ideas, and he died several years ago. A volume of his letters was published in 1892, and secured, as it deserved, a considerable amount of attention. These letters were edited by Mr William Davies (author of *The Pilgrimage of the Tiber* etc.), who is mentioned in the ensuing extract as "W.D." The extract comes, not from a letter in the ordinary sense, but from some scrappy leaves of small memorandum-paper stitched together.]

[STOKE-NEWINGTON].
8 and 9 December 1865.

I generally have had for some years past a *set* of these "Ventilators" (as W. D. called them) going, and so managed to find an outlet for every form of feeling and thought. A good part of them were written on tops of omnibuses, in railway-trains, at country-inns, or wherever there was a spare twenty minutes. Sometimes, when I wanted to think out any life-project, I have spent days in seeing to the end of it—choosing this rather than journalizing because thought stowed up in Diaries gets fœtid and affected and dangerous. . . . No agreement of mutuality. My friends reply *sometimes*—either in conversation, by letter or occasional Ventilator—but scarce any of them is fond enough of the labour of writing to do the same thing, and I don't expect it. Sometimes a cannonade of Ventilators has followed day after day till a thing has been demolished. Then a silence of weeks—months—a year or two. . . .

As you have kindly desired something less formal after—as you say—ten years' acquaintance, and as I find everybody calling you Gabriel, I must take the liberty of falling into the same rut. . . .

There have been only two men concerned directly in Art whom I cared much to know *à priori*—and I have known them both for ten and eleven years. . . . But these two I was drawn to love for their own sake—Ruskin by his works, and D. G. R. by his sum-total. And that not because the two R.'s were very clever and influential (though of course,

to a despicable fallen son of the first Adam, there is a detestable magnetism in these things). . . . As to one of the R's, I only pretend to a partial personal acquaintance. He is too well-off—too well-known—too encumbered with friends—too phosphoric—to look very long in one direction; and I am entirely content with things as they stand—I won't bore him. But the other has many things in the same line as myself, which makes me thankful for some awakening intercourse on Art—of which (for reasons) I have for twenty years voluntarily debarred myself. . . . My dear Gabriel, if you have got any kick *in you*, pray kick out soon, and don't let us get into a mess. I'm quite sure *you* are all right in respect to generosity and nobleness, but I'm not so sure that I am—and that you wouldn't repent a closer intercourse.

I wouldn't speak of what I may call Methodist peculiarities, but that I already see that in your circle there will be a never-ceasing collision—though tacit—on daily habits. . . .

109.—ERNEST GAMBART to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[The picture here mentioned must be *The Blue Bower*. Mr Gambart speaks of, and denies, a selling-price of 1600 guineas; my Brother had been told 1500. Mr Gambart had, at any rate, made a handsome profit on this picture: he bought it of Rossetti for £210, and he admitted having sold it for £500.—The single head for which Rossetti now asked £525 is uncertain to me: possibly *Monna Vanna*, called also *Belcolore*.]

18 December 1865.

My dear Rossetti,—In a letter dated last Saturday, Mr Ruskin, in answer to one of mine mentioning that I was a loser by my last transaction with him, tells me that he "considers me fair game." To-day in conversation with him I got the key to that sentiment. He told me of the enormous profits I am making, giving for example the picture I had

bought from you for 200 guineas and sold for 1600 guineas. Now this mischievous story has injured me with Mr Ruskin and with you, since you asked me yesterday 500 guineas for a single head, a price out of all proportion with your present engagements to other people: and no doubt it goes the rounds of studios, and will damage me not only there, but keep collectors from coming to me for their purchases. May I ask you who started the mendacious story as to the 1600 guineas. But as to the other end of the story, the figure of 200 guineas being right, and never having been mentioned by me or my people, it must have been obtained elsewhere, or been guessed at in a remarkable way. Perhaps you may have given it yourself. If so, let me draw to your attention that there is an end to the possibility of business if the producer of any article sold by a middle-man publishes the price he obtains; and should I, notwithstanding the injurious reports above mentioned, and their effect on you, have again the good fortune to obtain some of your works, I beg you will not mention the prices charged to me for them. Should you have occasion for it, I would feel obliged by your telling those who were told the story of the 1600 guineas that it is nothing but an idle tale. The true version I have given you and Mr Ruskin, but I do not want it to be further circulated.—I remain yours very truly,

E. GAMBART.

110.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI—A SPIRITUAL SÉANCE (No. 3).

[The locality of this *séance* was the private residence of our old family-friend Mr Keightley the historian. The persons mentioned as present were all (except myself) immediate connexions of his: Mr Lyster being his nephew, a very intimate friend of mine, and my colleague at the Inland Revenue Office, Somerset House.]

Thursday, 4 January 1866.—Mr Keightley's, Belvedere:

dining-room. At the table, Lyster, Louisa Parke, and I: in the room the two Misses Keightley, the two Misses Lyster, and Mrs Lyster: the last came to the table quite towards the close of the *séance*, replacing Lyster. (Recorded 5 January).

We took a small round wooden table, not a shaky one. All the answers were given by tilts, generally ready and decided, which began very soon indeed after we sat down. On this occasion one tilt was notified to mean yes, and two no.

Lyster.—Is any spirit present?—Yes.—Will he communicate with me?—No.—Louisa?—No.—William Rossetti?—Yes.—I then began asking questions, first by calling-over the alphabet; but, after three or four questions, by means of an alphabet which I wrote and touched at.—Did you know me?—Yes.—What was your surname?—Woow.—We could get nothing beyond this.

Next we asked whether some other spirit was present. Yes, and replied that he had known all the persons at the table, and (somewhat faintly) all in the room. Lyster proceeded to ask questions. — Surname? — Keightley. — Initial of first Christian name? — W. — Of second? — S. (correct for William Samuel Keightley). — Where did you die? France, England, etc., etc. Australia?—Yes.—What year?—1856.—Do you know your wife Jane in the spirit-world?—Yes.—What month did she die?—October.—What was the name of the place where you died? (In putting this question L[yster] had to enquire whether his aunts remembered the correct name, and Miss K[eightley] gave the name "Corran," or something like that). The spirit next spelled-out the beginning of the name, nearly the same: L[yster] did not go on to get the name finished. The family say those answers of which I did not already know the correctness are correct.

After this, another spirit professed to come.—*Lyster*: Will you communicate with me?—No.—With Rossetti?—Yes.—I: Spell your surname.—Eross.—I tried to get this more satisfactory, but failed. I then asked: "Is E. the

initial of your Christian name?"—Yes.—Is R. the initial of your surname?—Yes.—Are you Lizzie, my brother's wife?—Yes.—Did you know Lyster?—No.—Louisa Parke?—Yes. (This is true, Louisa having accompanied her, G[abriel], and me, to the theatre).—Have you seen Gabriel this evening?—Yes.—Is he at Chelsea?—Yes.—What is he doing? painting?—No.—Asleep?—Yes. (I noted the moment of this reply—8 minutes past 11 P.M.)—Do you know where he dined on Christmas Day?—Yes.—Was it at Burne-Jones's?—No.—Madox Brown's?—No.—With his mother and me?—Yes. (Correct). Here Lyster asked: "Do you remember ever coming down to this neighbourhood?"—Yes.—What is the initial of the name of the place?—B. (I did not at the moment remember the applicability of these answers: but L[yster] reminded me of Bexley—strictly Upton—where Morris resided, and Lizzie had visited). I then resumed: Do you remember Morris?—Yes.—Can you give me the initial of the street in London to which he has now removed?—Yes.—What?—Q.—*Lyster*: Is it a street?—No.—Square?—Yes. (All this is correct—Queen Square, Bloomsbury: Lyster, as well as I, knew the correct answers; not so Louisa, who appeared to be the medium). Lyster then proposed that one of the persons present should write unseen on a paper any letter of the alphabet, and ask the spirit to read it when kept concealed. I asked: "Will you do this?"—Yes.—Miss Lyster wrote an S. Three wrong answers came, no right one. . . . Do you know my Father in the spirit-world?—No.—Your own Father?—Yes.—From about this point the tilts became comparatively confused and muddled, and almost always in two (for no), though still far from feeble in point of mere motion. For some while it could not be determined whether Lizzie was still there. At last a clear No was obtained.—Are you a good spirit?—No.—Bad?—No.—Midway?—No.—A devil?—No.—Are you trifling with us?—Yes.

I should have put in its proper place, somewhat early in the colloquy with Lizzie, a question put by Lyster. Is

Christianity true?—Yes.—That which is ordinarily meant by “the Christian religion?”—Yes.—Also I asked: Did you see me yesterday in Highgate Cemetery?—No. (I had gone to the Cemetery for Mrs Hannay’s funeral).—Do you know the Davenports?—No. — Do you know that Gabriel attended their *séance* a few days ago?—No.—Do you know what will be the issue of Christina’s illness?—No.

III.—PROFESSOR NORTON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[I did not write the proposed article on William Blake. It might appear, by another letter from Professor Norton, that I proposed to defer such an article until Mr Swinburne’s book on the subject should be published—and eventually the matter dropped.]

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
9 January 1866.

Dear Mr Rossetti,— . . . Your paper on *English Opinion on America* is printed, and will appear in a few days. It seemed to me on a second reading quite as excellent as when I first read it in manuscript, and I regretted still more that its form had prevented its appearance in the *North American Review*. . . .

If you will do what you propose, take up from time to time, quarterly or at longer intervals as you choose, some subject with which you are sufficiently acquainted to write upon it with satisfaction to yourself, I shall regard it as a great favour. The subject you mention, “Swinburne’s poetry and its relation to our contemporary poetry in general,” is an excellent one; and I should gladly accept your proposal to write on it, were it not that before your letter came Mr Lowell had expressed his intention to treat it in the next number of the *Review*. Since receiving

your letter I have seen Lowell, and find that he really wishes to say something on Mr Swinburne. . . .

There is one subject, indeed, on which I wish you would at some time write—William Blake's mystical poems. The treatment of them in Mr Gilchrist's biography of Blake is not satisfactory. I cannot but think that more is to be found out concerning them; that they are not insane rhapsodies, but, however unintelligible to the mere common-sense, they have, in part at least, a meaning which the sympathetic imagination may discover and disclose. At any rate, I am curious to see more of them than Mr Gilchrist has printed. Blake's genius was so marvellous and so thoroughly individual, so un-English and so spiritual, that it is perhaps, in its mystical manifestations, only to be spiritually discerned.

I had the great pleasure of receiving from Mr Scudder last Saturday the photographs which your Brother was good enough to send me. They are deeply interesting to me, and very delightful. I know no pictures so full of poetic feeling or so poetic in conception as his. They hold a place quite by themselves in art, and to any one who can sympathize at all with the spirit in which they are conceived and executed they must be of the highest worth. I value them more than I can well say; and, while thanking your Brother for me most sincerely for these photographs, I wish you would beg him to add to his gift, and to let me have a copy of any other photographs that may have been taken of his designs. Mrs Norton shares fully with me in appreciation and admiration of these works, and they give her as much pleasure as they give to me.

With kindest regards to your Brother and yourself,—I am very truly yours,

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

112.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Barone Kirkup, who had been my Father's valued and enthusiastic correspondent, began at this time writing to me; several extracts from his letters will be presented in the sequel—occupied to a great extent with the subject of Spiritualism, in which he had become a profound believer. I had called on the Barone in Florence in 1860, but had only a brief interview with him. He was then very deaf, and in the course of years became much more so—one might say, stone-deaf. Mr Keightley also suffered from the same infirmity; and I think it was he who had asked me to send Barone Kirkup a letter to which the following is the reply. In one sentence of his letter the Barone rather seems to imply that his own deafness had diminished under "spiritual" treatment: if there had in fact been any diminution, this was but temporary.—He states that my Brother had, towards the close of Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*, "derided spiritualism": the reference must be to Vol. I, p. 382, where the writer (and it was in fact my Brother) speaks of Dr Wilkinson's poems entitled *Improvisations of the Spirit*. His tone on that occasion was light, but his real disposition was towards believing in spiritualism too much rather than too little.—The verse-quotation which Kirkup makes from Dante means—"A man ought always to shut his lips to the uttermost against a truth which has the aspect of a lie, since this, without wrongfulness, entails shame."—The water-colour by Blake, which the Barone calls the *Three Heroes of Camlan*, was by Blake himself entitled *The Ancient Britons*: "in the last battle of King Arthur only three Britons escaped; these were the Strongest Man, the Beautifullest Man, and the Ugliest Man." This water-colour (or a minor record of it) exists in the British Museum, though Kirkup supposed it to be wholly lost.]

2 PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

19 *January* 1866.

My dear Rossetti,—As I can't make out Keightley's address in your letter, I am forced to ask you to forward it to him. . . .

When I had the short pleasure of seeing you, I had long been living an exceptional life of incredible phenomena, and since then they have increased beyond any expectation of mine. Do not think that any early acquaintance I had with W. Blake can have led to it. I thought him mad; and, after I left England in 1816, I heard no more of him, till I heard that Lord Houghton was collecting his works at a great expense! I had picked up Blair's *Grave*, and five little engravings by Blake himself. I have very lately had a sight of his *Life* by Gilchrist. I don't think him a madman now. I wonder what your Brother thinks he was, for he derides spiritualism towards the end of that book, and he is wrong. Blake was an honest man, and I always thought so—but his sanity seemed doubtful because he could only give his word for the truth of his visions. There were no other proofs, and what was so incredible required the most perfect proofs; such as, with the most jealous, scrupulous, suspicious investigation, have been for eleven years by me directed to the subject. I have been secret from necessity on account of the priests, and never cared for making proselytes, and I remembered the advice—

Sempre a quel ver ch'ha faccia di menzogna
De' Puom chiuder le labbra quant'ei puote,
Però che senza colpa fa vergogna, etc.

There are only *two* points that require to be well watched in the prodigies of modern spiritualists—*Fraud* and *Hallucination*. Those two possibilities I have never lost sight of, and I have rejected all theories and opinions, and stuck to *facts* only; from which my most searching attention has never been diverted in an experience of eleven years, of which I have kept a journal, now in its

7th volume. I have met with but few attempts at deception, and much of my experience has been in the presence of plenty of responsible and competent witnesses; so that the pretext of imagination goes for nothing, as we could not *all* be dreaming of the same thing. I was led to it by magnetism. I neither expected it nor believed in it. It was for my deafness alone, as I have told K[eightley]. The incredible cures I have witnessed are too long to be written,—my deafness was a trifle. Four cases of cholera of which two were *foudroyants*, in twenty minutes cured. An enormous dropsy, legs as big as my body and arms like sacks of water, cured in a night, to be thinner than I am. I have procured visions for other persons, who have drawn them, and I have the drawings in my possession, though I have never succeeded in having visions myself worth copying. But all this is of less value to me than my knowledge of a future state, and a better than this. It makes my approaching change more desirable than regrettable—perhaps the most fortunate moment of our lives is the last. As for Death, we *never die*—we could not if we would: a sleep of about twenty minutes seems all that intervenes between physical and spiritual life. “The rude forefathers of the hamlet” do *not* sleep. The last of the many bodies they have possessed is dispersed underground, as the preceding ones were in the air—converted to gases, liquids, acids, earths, and chemicals of all sorts; and we, disencumbered like some of Blake’s visions, are free, and as happy as our tempers will allow. . . .—Ever yours,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

Always glad to hear from you.—When you see A. Swinburne, remember me to him. I have just made a sketch of Blake’s *Three Heroes of Camlan* from memory, after above half a century. It was his masterpiece. . . . I never knew that you cared for Blake—I am living so out of the world.

Tom Taylor was here. I never knew of his having

written the Life of my great friend Haydon. He promised to send it me, but he forgot. I have many of Haydon's letters, and I have many of your Father's, if ever you write his Life.

113.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[A part of this letter has been published in Mr Ford Hueffer's book, *Ford Madox Brown*: but, thinking the letter worth reading as a whole, I give it insertion here. I am not sure what my Brother had done which he confesses to be wrong: perhaps he had spoken of Mrs Brown as being an unsafe person to whom to confide a secret. It is a fact that, if one told anything to Brown, he generally proceeded to re-tell it to his wife—and in one way or other it was then the apter to ooze out. Mrs Brown however was very far from being a tittle-tattle; and in especial was not a *malicious* tittle-tattle—quite the contrary.—Mr Hine, here mentioned, was the excellent water-colour painter—taking his subjects very frequently from the Sussex Downs.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

9 February 1866.

My dear Brown,—I feel myself to have been without doubt in the wrong, and can only most sincerely ask your pardon. Nothing on reflection could pain me more (though certainly I did so in a way to which I ought not to have been blind) than to inflict the slightest pain on you, whom I regard as so much the most intimate and dearest of my friends that I might call you by comparison the only one I have. The second instance of my offending has troubled me ever since, though it escaped my mind in conversation while we remained together, else I should certainly have said something to you in apology. Since then I have been divided between the idea of writing to you and the unwillingness to revive an unpleasant topic in case it did not

possibly dwell so much in your mind as in my own. I was led to the great mistake I committed by the sudden necessity of citing some one in argument, and the fact of the name having already been once mentioned. This was the cause, but no excuse. As to the first instance, in which I now feel I was wrong also, I may explain that I regard all women, with comparatively few exceptions, as being so entirely loose-tongued and unreliable that to suggest such qualities in one does not seem to me to interfere with any respect to which a member of the sex is likely to have any just pretension. This had not therefore recurred to me in the way the other did; though now, on reflection, I not only think I was wrong to express the opinion, but also that the opinion was mistaken.

To refer to another point (having said all that seems possible in confession of how much I was to blame), I may say that the suggestion of any possible obligation from you to me seriously distresses me. Not because I think you attribute my thoughtlessness in any degree to such a view on my own part, for of that you acquit me by word as well as, I should in any case have known, by thought; but because, if *you* can disregard (as I know you do) the great obligations under which you laid me in early life, and which were real ones as involving real trouble to yourself undertaken for the sake of one who was quite a stranger to you at the outset,—what can *I* think of a matter which gives me no trouble whatever, and in which were I inactive I should sin against affection, gratitude, and, highest of all, conviction as an artist?

In conclusion, I have no right to say, being myself the offender, that such offence cannot disturb our friendship; but, after the sincerest expression of regret, I may thank you for having said what will, I trust, secure me absolutely against so offending again.

I shall be very glad to see you and Hine on Tuesday evening, when William will be here. I had asked Boyce to come since seeing you, but he regrets being unable to do so, saying at the same time that he has been "interested

in Hine's work for many years: it is always so full of point and originality, excellent choice of subject, and often much poetry."—Ever yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

114.—CHARLOTTE POLIDORI—MEMORANDUM.

["The organ-man with the immense bush of hair" was Gaetano Meo; who had from the first a certain proclivity for landscape-painting, and eventually took up that branch of the art with some success.]

1866, February 20.—I saw again *The Girlhood of the Blessed Virgin*; in which Gabriel has changed the wings of the angel from white to a deep pink, the sleeves of the Blessed Virgin from yellow to brown. . . . The Arundel Club, where would be exhibited the next day, for one day only, *The Beloved*. I heard Gabriel observe to a friend, on showing him his first picture *The Girlhood* etc., that it was painted *timidly*. I heard him also say that models were disappointing; that, what from fatigue or such-like, they looked worst just when wanted to look best. That they suffer from sitting, particularly if consumptive. That the organ-man with the immense bush of hair would play his organ and tire himself on his way to him; and that, though he offered to pay him more for leaving his organ behind, he *would* bring it and hide it, and then go off with it on his back. The negro in *The Beloved* he, G[abriel], first saw at the door of an hotel. When he asked him if he would sit to him, he was referred to his master. Whilst sitting the tears would run down his cheeks: the skin, as if it absorbed them as blotting-paper, would look darker. When not sitting he was accustomed to be most active, running and jumping etc. G[abriel] suggested that he might be thinking about his *Mammy*. . . .

115.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Winwood Reade is probably—and certainly ought to be—remembered as author of a remarkable book, *The Martyrdom of Man*. The book about the “young peasant-girl” who acted as a clairvoyante came into my hands. Her name was Assunta Orsini, and the statements concerning her were surprising enough.—The allegation that my Father’s works were excluded by Panizzi from the British Museum Library is, I take it, entirely erroneous.—As to Kirkup’s rupture with Mr Charles Lyell, I need not enter into details, beyond saying that it arose (as indeed he partly implies) out of the Dantesque studies of my Father. Lyell and Kirkup were only known to one another by correspondence.—The portrait of my Father done by Liverati is in my possession, and must have been moderately like him at the age represented.—The comment of my Father upon Dante’s *Purgatorio* (barring some few cantos) was found in our possession, and was given by me to the Municipality of his native Vasto in 1883, when a centenary celebration of his birth was held there. A Comment on the *Paradiso*, I have reason to believe, was never written by him. Also I hardly suppose that my Father wrote a “Comment” (in the ordinary sense of the term) on Francesco Colonna’s *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*. He regarded the book as a *libro mistico*, and probably wrote something about it, to be introduced into one of his volumes.]

2 PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

27 February 1866.

My dear Friend,— . . . Somnambules have great *amour propre*, and are apt to guess when at a loss. My first lesson in training them is, “Tell the truth, and say *non vedo*.” * They soon get over it. They see a great deal

* I don’t see.

more than we do, but not everything; and the spirits themselves own that they are not omniscient. Many mediums in America are seers without magnetism—as my friend Home, the greatest medium yet known. The Davenports I do not know; but my opinion is that they are honest, and have been very ill used in England and France. Winwood Reade, whom our friend Swinburne sent to me, went twenty times to the Davenports, and is convinced there is no deception; and R[eade] is a clever man, and has seen much of the world. The jugglers in France pretend to *perform the tricks*, but they never have. . . .

When I was at the height of my spiritual phenomena (which are much diminished now) there were three parties who published their different theories. 1. The book of the first party, *Recherches psychologiques, ou Correspondance sur le Magnétisme Vital avec M. Deleuze, par le Docteur Billot*, was in favour of the existence of good spirits; printed in Paris 1839, in 2 vols. 8vo. It is that to which my own experience agrees. . . .

Before the Revolution I kept it a secret even from my medium Regina (who knew nothing when awake), for fear of the priests who were omnipotent, worse than at Rome; now all religions are alike respected, and Protestantism is increasing, which is one step; but there are plenty of bigots, as in France. I believe spiritualists are very scarce in Florence. The only authentic case I ever heard of was that of a young peasant-girl about three miles off; and it was patronized by some priests who treated her as a saint, and one of them wrote an account of it, giving it the colouring of his trade. But the facts themselves are very positive; and I not only saw her myself but I knew many of the parties mentioned in the book, which seems written conscientiously; and I will send it you, as it is well-written and well-meaning. They killed the poor girl among them. . . .

I believe I have pretty well exhausted my recollections of poor Blake in what I wrote to Swinburne. It is so long ago, and I was ignorant enough to think him mad at the

time, and neglected sadly the opportunities the Buttses threw in my way. I only heard of him as engraving-master to my old schoolfellow Tommy. They (Butts) did not seem to value him as we do now. I was of the opposite party of colourists, and still a great admirer of Flaxman, Fuseli, and Stothard, who had infinitely more power in drawing than Blake. The two former were really my friends. Still, the impression which Blake's *Ancient Britons* made on me (above all others) was so strong that I can answer for the truth of my sketch, as will be proved if the picture is ever found. . . . Blake had but little effect in the works that I remember. I should have liked the heads more British and less Grecian. . . .

As to the British Museum, I was told that *no one* of your Father's glorious works was admitted by that beast Panizzi—works that contain more poetic criticism, as well as philosophic discoveries, than all that had been done for Dante in five centuries! I quarrelled with Lyell for not being staunch or consistent. . . . Remember, if you and your good brother ever publish anything about your Father, whose life was adventurous from 1821, when I was in Naples (I did not know him then), I have many of his letters which are always at your service. I have a portrait-sketch of him by C. E. Liverati, made in his younger days.

Your admirable translation of the *Inferno*, which you so kindly gave me, I have often consulted, to see what your interpretation is of the original. Blank verse is the best. . . . Lord Vernon attempted a prose-translation (not readable), and it was fortunately never finished. It was to have been a large 8vo volume; but it grew (the *Inferno* alone), by the continual addition of tedious nonsense, to the size of 4 volumes large folio; and there it is after twenty-five years thrown aside, apparently for good.

I should be sorry to deprive you of Haydon's Life, and I know of no opportunity of sending it. Eastlake wrote to me that it was *intensely interesting*; by which I

guessed that T. Taylor had written under the direction of H[aydon]'s greatest enemy, as his letters to me prove, in which he always calls E[astlake] "the Jesuit." H[aydon] was the greatest designer in Europe, far before David. He was founded on Phidias. There was a controversy in *The Examiner* between him and the Hunts under the title of *Negro Faculties*, in which the theory of ideal form is discussed, that ought to be printed for the benefit of art and science. It was about 1815. . . .—Affectionately yours,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

. . . Would you like to know Home? I fear he has become a paid medium. He has been ten years independent, but I hear he is very poor. We were great friends a long time ago.

The works that seem lost according to my letters are the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, two parts of the *Beatrice*, and the comment on *Poliphilo* of Colonna. . . .

116.—ROBERT BROWNING to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Thomas Dixon, the Cork-cutter, a highly laudable but sometimes inconvenient man, has been mentioned by me elsewhere. He had sent to Browning the *Life of Thomas Bewick* and another book, asking that they might be eventually transferred to me.]

19 WARWICK CRESCENT, UPPER WESTBOURNE TERRACE.
29 March 1866.

My dear Rossetti,—I get from time to time letters from "Thomas Dixon, 57 Nile Street, Sunderland," who chooses to write them and embarrass me: he sends books as "presents"—thinking there is a lack of that commodity in London, apparently. And I don't like to hurt his feelings because, from sundry peculiar bits of spelling and other epistolary infelicities in a mild way, I suppose him

to need indulgence. He now sends two books—but I will let him say his own say. You see, I am in no condition to guess whether he knows you, or does not know; [whether you] will be pleased with his “loan,” or bothered, as I own myself to be. But, on the whole, let each bear his own burden; and so, as bidden, I pass on the thing to you, really having no alternative. What *you* will do in turn I shall not concern myself with: only, I entreat, don't return them to me—who moreover will go out of London for the next fortnight.—Very truly yours ever,

ROBERT BROWNING.

117.—HORACE SCUDDER to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The name of Mr Scudder, as an author and editor, is well known on both sides of the Atlantic. Dr Chivers was an American verse-writer who produced in 1845 a curious volume entitled *The Lost Pleiad, and other Poems*. My Brother read it soon afterwards (so did I), and was much amused at a certain combination of helter-skelter fervour and profusion, and of oddity, which marked its pages. I still possess the volume.—The brochure by a friend of Whitman was that by Mr W. D. O'Connor named *The Good Grey Poet*.—Whether Mr Scudder did or did not bring out his proposed book about Blake I hardly recollect now.]

9 BROOKLINE STREET, BOSTON.

24 April 1866.

My dear Sir,—Since my return to America in November last I have kept in mind a request of your Brother's that I should find out something about the astonishing Chivers—a poet in spite of his name; but, though I have asked Professor Lowell and Mr Fields, both of whom had had correspondence with him, they could tell me nothing beyond the fact that he was a Georgian by birth (American, not Asian Georgia), but recently was living at Washington. Further productions

may no doubt be expected, for Fields declared that one of his letters mentioned a poem on which he was engaged "of the size of *Paradise Lost*." So you see what is before you. Fields irreverently described him moreover as a bore whose foolscap-letters—the poet always using that style of paper—he had unfortunately destroyed; for he began to think that they possessed a value aside from that intended by the author. Mr Lowell told me that Chivers had sent him his poetry, and he had presented half of the volumes to the Harvard Library. He thought him rather a droll illustration of the shell of Shelley. I have tried in vain to get hold of his books. Somebody else must be on his trail—if it is not the doctor himself—for one of our most knowing second-hand booksellers told me that he had been enquired after at his store.

Have you seen Walt Whitman's *Drum Taps*? It is just possible that you have not; and I will take the opportunity afforded by a friend's going to London to send you a copy, and also a brochure of a very enthusiastic friend of his—known for the author of a spasmodic anti-slavery novel, *Harrington*, published about the same time as *Leaves of Grass* by same publishers. The pamphlet will perhaps give you some information respecting Whitman: certainly I can add nothing, except to say that you will see in Thoreau's Letters an account of his visit to the poet, and the estimation in which he held him. I do not think that Mr Lincoln's death brought out any nobler expression of the personal grief of the best natures in the country than "O Captain, my Captain!" The *lonely* grief of the poet in the strong contrast which he presents was really that felt by all. I have but lately got the volume; and, although I do not believe that any new American poetry is to be established on a reckless disregard of natural laws of rhythm, simply because such laws have produced conventional rules, I think that no one else has caught so rarely the most elusive elements of American civilization.

But my real object in troubling you with this letter is to speak of my intentions with regard to a Life of Blake.

As an announcement has been made in one of our literary journals that I am engaged on a *Life*, and is likely therefore to attract notice in some English paper (from the subject being properly an English one), I wish to speak frankly to you of my intention. I do not propose to attempt anything that shall aim to supplant Gilchrist's *Life*, but simply to present a portion of the material there gathered in a new form, to American readers. I am led to do this from my strong interest in Blake, and from my desire that he should be made more familiar to my countrymen than is possible under existing circumstances. . . . My work will, I presume, be more properly called "A Biographic Study or Sketch" than *Life*, and will be distinctly set forth as based on Gilchrist's work. . . . —Sincerely yours,

HORACE E. SCUDDER.

118.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The opening passage in this letter relates to my Father's book, *Il Mistero dell' Amor Platonico*, put into print; but withheld from publication at the urgency of his excellent friend the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere, who considered the work dangerous to the cause of religion, and very likely moreover to injure the author's professional position in England. The remark of "the French beast" in Florence (Vieusseux) means "By Rossetti? His old style!"—Kirkup here names some of his old friends, most of whom he had outlived (but not Trelawny, though this name occurs in the list). By "Brown" he means the Charles Armitage Brown who was an intimate of Keats; by Roberts, Captain Roberts, who had been concerned in the building of the boat in which Shelley went down.—The Italian passage quoted from Professor Maggi, interspersed as it is with French, will probably offer little difficulty to the reader: the pamphlet by Aroux about Francesca da Rimini must be a curiosity, unknown to me save by this statement.]

2 PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

24 April 1866.

My dear Sir, let me say Friend,—Rossetti is a name which has long sounded so to me. What you tell me of H. Frere is a proof of his anxious friendship for your dear Father, but likewise of the timidity of his character, proved by his failure in diplomacy. He was however a good man and very learned. . . . But, when your Father had left the K[ing's] College, what other pressure was there to prevent his obtaining the reward of so great and interesting a labour of utility and taste, of learning and years of study? He sent a copy of it through me to the Reading-room in Florence; and, when I gave it to the French beast its master, all he said was "*Di Rossetti? Le sue solite!*" I cut the ill-bred ignorant fellow, and never spoke to him afterwards. The Jesuits were at work then: I happened to see his catalogue some years after, and it was *not in it*. . . . I persuaded Lord Vernon to print the rest of the *Beatrice* for him; but they differed about some trifles about the type, which I regretted, and so it is lost, I suppose for good. . . .

The artists in Florence have mostly disappeared. There is not one native patron. All the young nobles are ignorant and vicious. . . .

A few English friends . . . retained me here when I came to change the air after the Roman fever. I have out-lived them almost all—Hunt, Brown, Trelawny, Medwin, Roberts, Severn, Landor: I was too late to see Byron and Shelley. . . .

My own celebrated medium Regina began . . . with her guardian angel, whose name was Isacco, and who appeared as a child; and continues so to my daughter, whose life I believe he saved in the whooping-cough, and his orders were contrary to the doctor's! We continue our extra-mundane communications. She saw Dante lately, and so did another medium who was here, and he gave us some interesting notices. I hope to get more. . . .

A letter from Professor P. G. Maggi (an old friend who lives at Milan), which I have just found amongst some papers,

is dated January 1863, and contains the following: . . . "L'Aroux poi, che secondo taluno possederebbe cose inedite di esso Rossetti, è l'autore di un opuscolo, *Dante Hérétique, Révolutionnaire, et Socialiste*; d'un altro, *L'Hérésie de Dante démontrée par Francesca de Rimini, devenue un moyen de propagande Vaudoise, etc.*; d'una traduzione in versi della *Comedia* ch'egli intende o fà intendere d'avere '*commentée selon l'esprit*'; e d'altre cose. Il secondo opuscolo, che tengo sul tavolino, fù pubblicato nel 1857 in Parigi dalla libreria di Madame Veuve Jules Renouard." . . . —Sincerely yours,

S. KIRKUP.

119.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI—DIARY.

1866. *Saturday, 19 May*.—This has been almost the first fully summer-like day, and is delightfully warm and sunny. Embarked at Newhaven at nightfall.

Sunday, 20 May— . . . Came on to Paris . . . Went in the evening to see the *Biche au Bois*, which has had so surprising a run at the Porte St Martin (I suppose 1½ year or so). It is very lavishly indeed got up. . . . After some symptoms of harpyism on the part of the female boxkeepers, I was agreeably surprised at one of them coming back to return me a half Napoleon which I had given by mistake instead of a half franc. . . .

Monday, 21 May.— . . . Went to the Salon of Paintings etc., which (so far as I have gone through it, about half) seems below the mark. Three interesting works are Briguiboul's *Castor and Pollux*, Faruffini's *Machiavel and Cæsar Borgia*, and Pille's *Duke of Saxony after Condemnation to Death continuing his Game at Chess*. Both the latter two artists are new, as far as my recollection goes, and must do remarkable works, from a considerable fund of artistic verve and *spécialité*. . . .

Tuesday, 22 May— . . . Finished with the general annual exhibition, finding two very fine works by Courbet. One of

these is expected to obtain the *grande médaille*; though the two works in competition with it (according to the newspapers) show that a very bad range of taste prevails in powerful quarters; one of them being a horrid *Christ among the Doctors* by Ribot, and the other, by Bonnat, *St Vincent de Paul taking the Galley-Convict's Place*, being a commonplace though somewhat masterly sort of thing. . . .

Wednesday, 23 May.—Looked into Notre Dame, and found the decorations of the chapels pretty well finished. Now that this is done, though perhaps scarcely a line or a colour of these decorations is artistically right, the Church certainly looks more itself, and one sees a kind of reason in the system of renovation; which has got rid of a good deal of rococo and other rubbishy accretion, and has brought the building into harmony with itself,—if indeed mechanical pretence at mediævalism were harmony with the great work of mediævalism itself. . . .

Saturday, 26 May.—Arrived in Marseilles soon after 7 A.M. . . . Went to the Jardin Zoologique, where lizards are as plentiful as blackberries: I also saw a big locust flying about, and hardly knew at first whether he was bird or insect. There is a very grand elephant, who made an unprovoked assault upon me as I stood close up to his bar before offering him the bread I held. He thrust his trunk into my face; wound it round my neck, knocking my hat off; and I scarcely know why he didn't strangle me outright while he was about it. He afterwards accepted my bread without further demonstrations. There are two blue-faced baboons here: also two lions,—one of which not long ago got out of his cage through some careless fumbling of a visitor, and walked about with visitors in the garden, but without offering harm to anybody, and was without difficulty got back into the cage by his keeper. This was told me by a female keeper; who, on my afterwards remarking that we had in London a collection with many more animals, explained that by England's being so much nearer to Africa! A man brought a young hyæna, eighteen days old, "*doux comme un chien*" (which he really appeared to be on my handling

him), and recommended him warmly to me as a desirable investment. . . .

Sunday, 27 May.—Embarked in the morning on board the *General Abbattu* for Naples. . . . The effect, in the late afternoon and onwards, of a low line of clouds along the sea-horizon, in *front* of the cliffs of the coast, was very interesting, and I don't know that I had seen it before.

In blue and sheeny surface rolls the sea
Mediterranean, and the coast of France,
A wall of crumpled swaying cliffs askance,
Dim in sun-dimness lies prolongingly.
Overhead azure, rimmed with clouds which flee
No whit, but hardly altered meet the glance
From the hour's end to end, a cognizance
Which crests the cliffs as they the waves. And we
Smoothly and firmly from the morn till now,
When sidelong sunbeams heat the afternoon,
With freshness and with leisure cleave our way :
And on and onward through the sun and moon,
With first a sea-gull fitting, next a prow,
Our steam shall change Marseilles to Genoa.

Monday, 28 May.—Landed about 5 A.M. in Genoa, and was discomfited by a *seccatore*,* Belgian-Yankee, who could not be staved off from going on shore and about with me ; along with a Breton-Frenchman, whose company, though I would willingly have dispensed with it, I did not otherwise dislike. Soon after landing we were joined by two other fellow-passengers, a Lombard of cosmopolitan habits, and an elderly Frenchman, both of whom were good company enough. . . . One of the first things we had seen in the morning was a boatful of Garibaldini ; † who, as we learned talking to a knot of them, were (this batch) all from Palermo, and *en route* to Como—many of them the merest lads, and some, I should think, not yet fifteen. (I am told too by an Italian boatman that various women were among them.) Volunteers are being forwarded thus every day (I saw a printed

* Bore.

† It will be remembered that the year 1866 was that in which Prussia and Italy, as allies, fought against Austria. The Italians, taken singly, were not successful, but the liberation of Venetia was effected.

proclamation *limiting* their daily enrolments), and some 50 or 60 thousand are spoken of as already gone North. Garibaldi's own whereabouts was not clear to my Palermitans: some supposed him at Caprera, others at Florence, and the rumour ran that he was to be at Genoa to-morrow (Tuesday). Saw also the military initiation of a number of very raw recruits at one end of the town. . . . Took a cab and went to . . . San Matteo, one of the oldest churches of Genoa, with a deal of sculpture by Montorsoli; of which a good deal is more or less good, while one group, *the Madonna with dead Christ*, is extraordinarily fine—indeed, I think, one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of modern sculpture. . . . Palazzi Brignole-Sale, Durazzo, and Doria. The two former have many fine pictures; in the second is a large life-sized Vandyck, called merely *Una Dama e due Putti*,* which is quite extraordinary,—I think on the whole the greatest of all his works I know. . . . Later in the evening saw at another book-seller's two copies of Carducci's Selection from my Father's poems, and asked whether the book sold much; which the shop-keeper told me it did, being sought after for its agreeable and choice Italian, among other qualities. . . .

Tuesday, 29 May.—Landed at Leghorn towards 6 A.M., having the day before me till 4 P.M. . . . Many volunteers are leaving from here also, of whom a good number were going through the streets to the railway-station in the morning. Plenty of sympathy and company for them; but no cheers or strong demonstrations, though they belong to Leghorn itself. . . .

Thursday, 31 May.—After sleeping on board till about six, landed in Naples. A rainy day as soon as I got housed in the Hôtel de Russie, in the Santa Lucia quarter. . . .

Friday, 1 June.— . . . Returned to the Museum. . . . Getting to talk with one of the attendants in the sculpture-department, I informed him who my Father was;† and he spoke to another of the attendants named Albertis (or De

* A lady and two children.

† *I.e.*, that he was Gabriele Rossetti, who had in his early manhood been custodian of that same department.

Albertis), who entered into conversation, saying that his Father had known mine well, and asking with interest whether he ever became blind. He says there was some employé who had a portrait of my Father done during his stay in Naples; * but, on making enquiry at my request, he found it had been taken away by the owner's son or representative. He says there is a book of the *Poesie Inédite* with a portrait to be got in shops on the Molo. I found in another shop a collection, new to me, by Di Stefano (without portrait), and a Paris edition of the *Roma*, both which I bought. In the evening walked out through the grounds of the Villa Reale, and on to the entrance of the Grotto of Posilipo, returning by the Riviera di Chiaia, and going on to the port and lighthouse, and thence home. An out-of-doors Punch was going on—the voice of the personage precisely the same as in London; and the sort of action seems much the same (*i.e.*, Punch knocking other people about), but the costume is that of the Neapolitan Punch. . . .

☐ *Saturday, 2 June.*— . . . Started off towards the East and South lines of streets; but, getting embarrassed in them, returned home in a cab. There is a tremendous amount of life in Naples:—crowds flooding the principal streets on and off the footways (where such exist), children lying about on the pavements or roadways, and everybody taking it easy or doing it lively. As I sit writing this at my hotel-window, which overlooks a rude pier, I see numbers of youths, say from twelve to eighteen years old, running about thereon as naked as they were born, before or after bathing, within 10 or 20 feet of the onlookers on the foot-path. . . .

☐ *Sunday, 3 June.*— . . . Took a cab, intending to see some churches. Entered San Domenico, and find fully confirmed what Murray says of the fine mediæval sculptured monuments of Naples. Some of the recumbent effigies and slab-tombs here are about the finest things I know in that very noble style. Was turned out by the necessity of closing the church before I had seen one-third of it. This is a

* Possibly this may have been a miniature rather theatrically treated, which at a later date was purchased by Christina and myself.

pest which travellers—or at any rate I—don't sufficiently reflect about, and which frequently persecutes me. . . .

Tuesday, 5 June.— . . . Saw the Church of Monte Oliveto, and that of Santa Chiara; both full of splendid mediæval tombs, about the finest things in that line in Europe, and other sculpture. The pavements of figured tiles, and occasionally mosaic as in St Mark's of Venice, also full of excellence. In Monte Oliveto saw a curious thing, a priest confessing a deaf and dumb woman, of course all by action; but for *convenience*, one would have liked to watch the actions, no doubt most expressive in this gesticulating country. Could not get to see the great Gothic monument in Santa Chiara to King Robert, which one has to mount a ladder behind the high altar to look at. I notice in several monuments a peculiarity (query whether so originally) which gives one all the completer view of the effigies, but injures the sense of repose and fitness—the figures are represented sometimes sideways, so that they *would slide off*, or, in slab-figures, set flush with the wall. There is one most splendid work thus, set up to a man and his wife, the latter being the slab-figure; nothing more perfectly felt exists. Also in Monte Oliveto a most heavenly monument to Mary, the natural daughter of one of the Aragonese kings. Indeed, these sort of works are so fine and frequent that Naples is most grossly belied by people who fancy it rather barren than otherwise in point of art, as Scott had been prompted. . . . Here is a good epitaph, rather Pagan-sounding, from Monte Oliveto: "Fui non sum—estis non eritis—nemo immortalis." . . .

Sunday, 10 June.— . . . I am assured that Naples is very sensibly improved in point of cleanliness since the advent of Victor Emmanuel, before which it must have been Bohemian indeed; also that the material well-being of the people, price of ordinary and skilled labour, etc., are greatly bettered; and my informants are Sim* and others

* Dr Robert Sim. He had known Mr Holman-Hunt in Jerusalem towards 1854: I was afterwards introduced to him in London, and in Naples I re-encountered him.

of the English section, who seem by no means ebullient nationalists. . . . Was engaged to call upon Sim at 8¼ P.M., and accompany him to a Methodist or some such chapel where they habitually sing hymns from the *Arpa Evangelica*:* but unfortunately, having lain down on bed upon my return to the hotel towards 6, never woke up till about 9, too late to fulfil the engagement.

Monday, 11 June.—Set off to see some more churches. Sant' Angelo a Nilo, with a great tomb to a Cardinal by Donatello and Michelozzo; a great work, especially the Angels contemplating the dead man, and the bas-relief by Donatello of the *Assumption of the Virgin*, represented old and with a wonderful sentiment in the face. . . . I should have noted that the other day, dining with the Bonhams,† I asked about my cousin Pietrocola,‡ and find he is considerably liked personally, as well as esteemed as a miniature-painter; he is staying at present at Sant' Agata, out of Naples, his studio being in Via dell' Ascensione. He is a man of some fifty or more.

Tuesday, 12 June.— . . . Sim taking hospitable possession of me for the remainder of the day, I did no more in the way of sight-seeing, but was about with him; calling on the Pelham Maitlands,§ seeing Miss Neeve and her party off for Genoa, paying my passage-money, etc. . . . Saw on the Genoa boat a man whom Sim declares to be Dumas, and he certainly is a good deal like the portraits, only wanting in what I had supposed certain, dark complexion; he must be something over six feet high, grizzled, and looks the picture of acute bonhomie: orange-brown velvet jacket and white trousers. . . .

Thursday, 14 June.— . . . To the exhibition of the Società Promotrice delle Belle Arti in the ex-convent of San Domenico: a small exhibition, and certainly not a good one, but still better than I had expected. There is, I

* My Father's book of sacred poems.

† Mr Bonham was the British Consul in Naples.

‡ A relative of Teodorico Pietrocola-Rossetti.

§ The Rev. Mr Pelham Maitland was the British Chaplain.

think, talent more and better than in our secondary London exhibitions, spite of very poor style in the drawing etc. Sacred subjects are almost or entirely absent, those of history or historic *genre* frequent enough: the size of the works small, with perhaps not three exceeding six feet in length. Bought in the Strada di Toledo the Naples (1848) edition of the *Veggente in Solitudine*.* . . Finished-up the evening at Mr and Mrs Hirsch's † in a very Hebraic company. Some table-turning again, of which nothing came worth recording here; but many very strong movements in the table, such as I saw no reason for thinking ungenueine. Hirsch, it seems, who was the loudest of laughers at the table-turning of Saturday, has in the interval, with his wife, had some messages which have considerably surprised him, and this evening he seemed the most serious experimenter in the company.

Friday, 15 June.— . . . It turned out that I had got changed into paper just about the right sum to give me the fair advantage of it upon my hotel and steamer bills; and somewhat to my surprise no objection (which would however have been illegal) was raised to my paying 140 francs in paper upon the bill of 124 francs 50 cents, and getting the full change in silver. On the whole, though all the English residents seem equally abusive of Neapolitans (which means here only the inhabitants of the actual city of Naples), I have had no reason at all to regard them as more extortionate or cheating than other people; and I even doubt whether there is any more need here than in most other places for higgling and beating down in shops etc. . . . Going aboard the *Stromboli*. . . .

Saturday, 16 June.—Back by a circuitous drive to the ship, which really did start punctually at the last-announced hour, 4 P.M. The ship is heavily laden with cannon for Genoa, the sea is brisker than on my out-voyage, and there is a good deal of rolling. . . .

* By Gabriele Rossetti.

† I suppose this Mr Hirsch was the financier known as Baron Hirsch—may be mistaken.

Monday, 18 June.— . . . Our landing at Genoa had been notified for about 6 A.M., but did not take place till about that hour P.M. . . .

Tuesday, 19 June.—Everybody having told me to go to the Villa Pallavicini, and I not knowing exactly what would be the nature of the entertainment there provided, I spent (not to say, lost) the whole day in getting and staying there. . . . The fun of the Villa Pallavicini, which so delights the modern Italian and tourist minds, consists in its being factitious from top to bottom. An arid rock, earth-clad and foliage-clad, and very charmingly laid-out too by art. Sham Gothic towers; sham classic temples; sham (*i.e.* pieced together) stalactite cavern; a sham monument to a supposititious warrior who got killed in defending one of the fortresses against the other (!) etc. etc. The architect, a withered old-fashioned old man whom I happened to see in the grounds, is Canzio, father of the husband of Garibaldi's daughter. The concoction was begun in 1838, and finished in 1846, occupying some two-hundred men per day. It is a curious, and in its way pleasing and successful, example of the silly in motive and point of view. This Marquis Pallavicini is not the one who shot down Garibaldi at Aspromonte (and who, I am told by the by, has now sought Garibaldi's permission to enter himself as a volunteer under him, and been welcomed), but, says the custode, of a separate and distinct family. . . .

Thursday, 21 June.—The environs of Nice are exceedingly fine. . . . Spite of its Gallicization, I notice in the shops of Nice a good deal of glorification of Garibaldi; but a serial print of his achievements misses out all about the defence of Rome. His birth-house is known here, but no photograph of it obtainable. . . .

Sunday, 24 June.— . . . All the way up the Thames to London. . . .

Friday, 5 October.— . . . Hotten* sent me Sw[inburne]'s pamphlet, the proof, in vindication of *Poems and Ballads*,

* John Camden Hotten the Publisher, who was succeeded by the firm of Chatto and Windus.

asking me to look at it, and consider certain passages. . . . The pamphlet is very vigorously written, and I think calculated to lighten the odium against the poems; though it goes (as I told S[winburne] some weeks ago) beyond what I think effective or candid in repudiating the imputations of "immoral and blasphemous" matter. Left the proof at Hotten's in the afternoon. Went to Chelsea. . . . A raven and several small birds bought by G[abriel] arrived: saw also for the first time the Pomeranian puppy Punch, who is a mild and confiding beast. Some section of the evening occupied by the evasion of one of the juvenile white mice, which jumped off a table, and ran behind a cupboard. After a long while, the cage and mother being placed close to the cupboard, it followed its mother back into the cage. . . .

Saturday, 6 October.—At Hotten's request, called on him to talk over Swinburne's pamphlet, and offered to write S[winburne] my opinion upon certain passages. H[otten] says that the *Athenæum* article on S[winburne] was written by Lush, son of a Q.C., the *Saturday Review* by John Morley, and the *Examiner* (which however he had not yet heard of) by Henry Morley; that Mill, M.P., is indignant at the clamour against S[winburne]; that the *Poems and Ballads* will again be on sale on Monday; that he, H[otten], would be glad to publish my Swinburne article, if it miscarries with *The North American Review*,—he says, to publish it anonymously as a pamphlet, but I would put my name to it. This may be worth attending to, and is indeed what I had thought of, but I made no definite reply. To-day's *Examiner* contains a highly laudatory notice of Christina, the same series as the article on Swinburne. . . .

Thursday, 11 October.—Ralston* called. . . . He was just now at Cartledge's Temperance Hotel, Matlock, where he found a drawing by Gabriel of the head of an old lady, Mrs Wetherall; this is the place where G[abriel] and

* Mr W. R. S. Ralston, who made a reputation as a Russian scholar and translator. He was now (or had recently been) in the British Museum.

Lizzie stayed more than once. Cartledge declined to sell it. Ralston told me this singular sympathy-story, related to him by one of the parties concerned (the son in England), and he says he has satisfied himself of its truth: (he does not go in for such phenomena particularly). A gentleman who had one son in Australia (say), and the other staying with him in England, was seated at home with the latter one day, when he suddenly saw present his son in Australia, and started up to greet him: the appearance then vanished. It afterwards turned out that, just about the same time, the son in Australia had had a bad accident, falling from some height, and had been thinking vividly of his father. He did not die.

Friday, 12 October.—Scott dined with me at Chelsea. Gabriel and Sandys, I find, left on Monday, and are now at Winchelsea. . . . Swinburne returned me his proof, with most of the substantial alterations which had been proposed. . . .

Saturday, 13 October.—Saw Hotten again with regard to Swinburne's pamphlet. S[winburne] has shown his usual good feeling and amenability to reason when suggestions are made to him in a spirit and from a quarter which he knows to be friendly. The issue of the book is delayed till the pamphlet can be brought out to accompany it. Spoke to H[otten] regarding his recent proposal, which I am inclined to close with, to publish my review of Swinburne, instead of its being sent to America. He seems hardly prepared to pay anything for it. . . .

Monday, 15 October.—Wrote to Hotten offering him my review of Swinburne, if he will pay me £15 down, undertake all expenses, and, after reimbursing himself both these outlays, halve any profits.

Tuesday, 16 October.—Gabriel writes that he is going to Stratford-on-Avon.

Wednesday, 17 October.—Hotten replies that he will take my review on the terms named on 15.* I wrote a

* It was published under the title—*Swinburne's Poems and Ballads, a Criticism*, by William Michael Rossetti.

brief Prefatory Note to it, and made it ready for delivery. . . .

Friday, 19 October.—Gabriel writes that, the weather having broken, he shall not go to Stratford, but be back to-morrow or Monday. Called on Inchbold by appointment, with regard to a proposed subscription for the widow of Thomas Morten, and went on with him to A. Houghton,* M[orten]'s executor. He seems a man of superior quality. Has had one eye taken out in consequence of an accident, and the other has of late plagued him much with a sort of neuralgia, frequently preventing him from working during one week or so out of three. He says M[orten] was subject to epileptic fits. . . . H[oughton] is willing to undertake the general management of the subscription, but would wish to have a Committee or so to fall back upon. . . . I saw the paintings and sketches left by M[orten]. He was engaged upon a picture of *The Council before the Massacre of St Bartholomew*, with the incident of the nobleman breaking his sword—a very clever piece of work, though somewhat deficient in backbone and solid study. . . .

Tuesday, 23 October.—Hotten paid me the £15 for my pamphlet. Gabriel back, seeming a good deal brisker and fresher. A barn-owl named Jessie, exceedingly tame. . . .

Thursday, 25 October.—Howell, Chapman,† and Marks the china-dealer, at dinner at Chelsea. A good deal of talk about Ruskin. Howell says that R[uskin]'s income is £22,000 a year, out of which he only keeps £1500 for his own expenses. He sold the wine-business for the equivalent of about £200,000, but this is paid to him as an annuity. The expense of his books was huge—£12,000 for *The Stones of Venice*, and £25,000 for the whole lot (I think). The sales have covered the total, and yielded

* Alfred Boyd Houghton, deservedly prized as a woodcut illustrator etc.

† Mr George W. Chapman, a painter (principally of portraits) of some grace and faculty. He died some few years afterwards, still young.

him a profit of £40. He lately gave £7000 to a hard-up clergyman: a Greek woman, of whom he knew nothing, applied to him for £10, and he sent £100. . . . R[uskin] (H[owell] says) speaks in high terms of my translation of Dante, on the grounds of its extreme faithfulness. R[uskin], when in Venice, could have got what he terms the finest of the Venetian Palazzi for £500 down: H[owell] understands he would have done so but for not anticipating any departure of the Austrians, or consequent change in the price of property. He has taken charge of Miss Hilliard, the niece of Lady Trevelyan, who was abroad with them at the time of the latter's death. He also maintains, by an annual allowance, the Father and Mother of his late Wife. . . .

Sunday, 28 October.—Houghton called. It seems he was in India in his childhood, being the son of an Indian officer, and has some knowledge of oriental matters, which influenced his *Arabian Nights* designs. He says the Persian cat ought to be prevented from eating any fish, or her fur will spoil: the Persians are particular in this, though fish are commonly used as manure, and are thus eaten even by the cattle. . . .

Friday, 2 November.—Whistler back at last from South America, whither he went about the beginning of last February. He has painted next to nothing, and seems to have found but little to interest him in his travels—Valparaiso, Lima (which he likes much the better) etc. . . .

Saturday, 3 November.— . . . Dined with Scott, Linton (who is off to America for some three months), etc.—L[inton] says he knows as a fact that the whole of Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition was directed by Mazzini. . . .

Monday, 5 November.—Dined at Jones's. . . . Howell tells me in confidence that the melancholy which now besets Ruskin, and which just at present makes him almost definitely out of health, is partly based on the fact that R[uskin] is in love (he did not say with whom), and under his peculiar circumstances embarrassed in declaring himself or

deciding upon a course of action. It seems that some while ago an American lady, the reverse of young, came over in full knowledge of the published facts about Ruskin, and distinctly proposed to him: they still correspond, though her suit was not crowned with any success. Saw the (on the whole) very handsome article on Swinburne in *Fraser*: also Jones's series of *Tannhäuser* designs, and his lovely picture of *Cupid watching Psyche reposing*—in some respects about the best thing he has done. He adores Raphael now beyond all painters. . . .

Monday, 12 November.—My *Criticism on Swinburne* out, and sent me by Hotten. . . .

Monday, 19 November.—*The Star* this morning has an abusive little paragraph against my Swinburne brochure: *The Saturday Review* is markedly civil to me (far contrary to my expectation), and makes some approaches to amends towards the genius of Sw[inburne]. A party at Brown's, where his picture of *Cordelia's Departure with King of France*, water-colour sold to Craven, was to be seen. Sw[inburne] there, being back for a fortnight or so: speaks with great satisfaction of my pamphlet. . . .

Tuesday, 20 November.—Hotten says that his first lot of Sw[inburne]'s poems, which I understand to be all he got from Moxon, has sold, and he is going to have-in another lot: the like with Sw[inburne]'s *Notes*. My pamphlet consists of 250 copies. . . . H[otten] showed me a confidential letter addressed to him by one of the Police-magistrates, saying that he is satisfied Sw[inburne]'s book is not seizable nor indictable: the only question being whether H[otten] could prosecute any other publisher who might re-publish the book unauthorized.

Wednesday, 21 November.—Sandys says he knows the *Saturday Review* notice of Sw[inburne]'s poems was by John Morley: he doubts whether the present notice of my pamphlet is so. Traventi called at Albany Street, wishing Christina to make some verbal alterations in the *Birthday*, to make it more intelligible when set to music; she consented. T[raventi]'s first musical composition was to "*Sei*

pur bella,"* and used to be much sung about in chorus towards 1848. . . .

Tuesday, 4 December.—Dined at Ruskin's—the first time I have so much as seen him these three or four years. He looks to me on the whole well, and somewhat less fragile than of yore. His Mother tells me she will be eighty-six next birthday: she has lost one eye altogether, and says (though I had before been told the contrary) that her sight now is altogether less good than when I used to see her. She belongs to an English, not Scotch, family: her Husband was born in Edinburgh, of a Galloway family. R[uskin] proposes to bring out a book of extracts from his works, giving prominence to certain points he has at heart: the extant Selections he had nothing to do with, but Harrison † chiefly or wholly. He considers Titian, Velasquez, and a third (I think Tintoret), *the* great masters of painting as an art. I was introduced to Miss Agnew, ‡ also Constance Hilliard. R[uskin] wishes to resume seeing Gabriel; and I recommended him to call, and abstain from overhauling his work too brusquely: he considers G[abriel], when he was last in the way of seeing him, had got into a bad way of work, though such as may be natural in a progressive course. Went hence to Howell's, where I saw his Tintoret, which is a splendid decorative work. I could not affirm it to be by Tintoret, but think it quite reasonably likely. R[uskin] pays him £300 a year: has given Cruikshank altogether about £600 since the subscription-plan was started.

Wednesday, 5 December.—Called by invitation to see, for the first time, Stephens and his Wife in their new home, 10 Hammersmith Terrace; it seems, as far as one can judge by night, an agreeable oldish house, the back looking out direct on the river. The Browns there also. . . . Stephens

* Gabriele Rossetti's patriotic lyric, written in 1820. Traventi was a Neapolitan musical-composer, who stayed from time to time in London.

† Mr Harrison had edited something by Ruskin when the latter was extremely young.

‡ Now Mrs Arthur Severn.

gives me distressing news of Hunt's Wife,* who, according to Mrs Woolner, has had a relapse, and is in an alarming state.

Thursday, 6 December.—Dined at Street's,† who seems to be (as I should have surmised) a strong Tory: detests Victor Emmanuel, contemns Garibaldi, etc. Morris says he has done something like half of his long poem.‡

Friday, 7 December.—At Chelsea. I find that Ruskin called on Gabriel on Wednesday, and all went off most cordially—R[uskin] expressing great admiration of the *Beatrice in a Death-trance*.§ . . .

Thursday, 13 December.—Resumed, after an interval of two or three months, my translation of Dante—now in *Purgatorio*, canto 17.|| . . .

Saturday, 15 December.—Dined with Brown, who has just about finished a water-colour of *The Last of England*, for which Kate did some preliminary work, showing apparently very considerable aptitude: Nolly also shows some promise as a designer, and Lucy, says B[rown], as a colourist. . . . I am pleased to find my Swinburne pamphlet very much lauded by B[rown].

Sunday, 16 December.—Wrote Macmillan asking whether he would publish the selection I have noted down from my articles in *The Spectator* etc. Began notes on the new version of *The Stations of Rome* for the Early English Text Society.

Monday, 17 December.—G[abriel] says that . . . Lady Waterford and Mrs Boyle are doing a set of illustrations to Christina's poems. . . .

Saturday, 22 December.—Stephens sends me the sad news of Mrs Hunt's death on 20 December. Hotten tells me of the purchase at Moxon's of two copies of Swinburne's *Poems*

* His *first* wife, be it understood.

† George Edmund Street, the Architect of the new Law-courts in London, etc.

‡ *The Life and Death of Jason*.

§ *The Beata Beatrix*, now in the National British Gallery. >

|| The translation went but very little beyond this point. >

and Ballads—Moxon's Edition—on 15 and 21 December, by Mr Graham, an American, for £1. 1s. each.* I wrote Swinburne about this very suspicious-looking transaction.

Sunday, 23 December.—Wrote Hunt offering to come to Florence, if it would be any satisfaction or convenience to him.

Monday, 24 December.—Martineau tells me that Mrs Hunt died of fever supervening on the exhaustion of her confinement—chiefly of a miliary fever to which Florence is especially subject. . . .

Thursday, 27 December.—Swinburne leaves to Hotten any action on the sale by Payne of *Poems and Ballads*. . . .

Sunday, 30 December.—Revisited (at Mrs Masson's invitation) the Ormes,† after an interval of some six years. Herbert Spencer there, who seems to believe in many of the reported phenomena of mesmerism, but not in their being caused by effluence from one person to another. . . .

120.—DANTE ROSSETTI—SCRAPS.

[In a writing-book of my Brother, in which he jotted down all sorts of casual trifles, I find the following 6 items, which may be not totally undeserving of a niche here.—1. is a skit upon the title, *Essays written in the Intervals of Business*, of a book then much in vogue, done by Sir Arthur Helps. 4. must be proper to the year 1866, when (as men-

* The Moxon firm having withdrawn Mr Swinburne's book on the plea of its being immoral etc., and having sold the remainder to Mr Hotten, they had of course no right to retain and sell some of the copies; for which a fancy-price was charged, obviously on account of the scandal attached to the volume.

† Mrs Masson (wife of the Historiographer for Scotland) was a daughter of Mrs Orme—a lady who, along with her family, had treated me with constant kindness in my early youth, towards 1850. Mrs Orme was a sister of the first Mrs Coventry Patmore, "the Angel in the House."

tioned in my Diary) my Brother, with Mr Sandys, made a little trip to Winchelsea and its neighbourhood. I insert this slight jotting as being of use for fixing a date; and I take the same date as if it pertained to all the items, but it would not have done so strictly. 5, a regimen for diet, may have applied more to a generally plethoric habit of body in those days than to anything like definite illness.]

1. Essays written in the Intervals of Lock-jaw, Elephantiasis, and Penal Servitude.

2. Title for comic journal—Gas, or the London Luminary. Cover, a large gas-lamp with the title on it, and dark view of London street behind.

3. The “Cratur” of the Irish Volcano; a whiskey-bottle, with little Irishmen swarming up it, and taking fire at the mouth.

4. Winchelsea, Northiam House. Tenterden, Kent, about ten miles thence. Good Inn kept by Tabrett, within a drive of Rye. Cranbrook, Dutch weaving-town.

5. From John Marshall. Eat meat, poultry, game, fish, oysters, kidneys, green vegetables, stewed fruit, ripe fruit. Small quantity of toast or rusk; very few potatoes. Drink thin wines or cyder; summer, claret or chablis, with equal parts cold water. Winter, ditto, with half as much hot water and nutmeg. Very little tea or coffee. Avoid or reduce much bread, potatoes, sugar, beer, spirits, cocoa, chocolate, olive-oil, eggs, bacon.

6. For plain scarlet: try laying ground with Venetian or Indian red, and white, to the full depth of tone, and glazing with orange-vermilion.

121.—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to WILLIAM ROSSETTI, Naples.

[Mrs Cameron was a Sister of Mrs Prinsep, who lived at Little Holland House, with her Son Valentine (the painter);

also of Mrs (Lady) Dalrymple. Mr G. F. Watts, the celebrated Painter, tenanted a studio in the same house. Freshwater Bay was the ordinary residence of Mrs Cameron : my Sister never visited her there, nor do I remember that she ever set eyes on Tennyson.]

MISS BOYD, PENKILL CASTLE, GIRVAN, AYRSHIRE.

4 June 1866.

My dear William,—I hope you are amongst still finer surroundings, but you are not badly off if you are only in a country as fine as this. As to room, I suspect I exceed you, inhabiting as I do an apartment like the best bedroom at Tudor House on a large scale. Miss Boyd makes me very welcome and comfortable, and the Scotts don't need comment from me. . . . Ailsa Crag is a wonderfully poetical object continually in sight. Of small fry, jackdaws perch near the windows, and rabbits parade in full view of the house. The glen is lovely. And, to crown all, we are having pleasant mild summer.

This morning *Pr[ince's]* *Pr[ogress]* actually came to breakfast—blemished, to my sorrow, by perhaps the worst misprint of all left uncorrected. . . .

Mrs Cameron called one day (of course in London) with a portfolio of her magnificent photographs, of which she kindly presented five to Mamma, Maria, and self. Maria and I returned her visit at Little Holland House, where we saw the gigantic Val, Mr Watts, Mrs Dalrymple, and got a glimpse of Browning, besides of course seeing Mrs Cameron. I am asked down to Freshwater Bay, and promised to see Tennyson if I go ; but the whole plan is altogether uncertain, and I am too shy to contemplate it with anything like unmixed pleasure. . . .—Always your loving sister,

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

122.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[The point of this letter lies in its illustrative design, not here reproduced.—The *Portrait of Janey* (Mrs William Morris) is, I suppose, the oil-portrait, three-quarters figure in a blue dress, which now hangs in the National British Gallery: I question whether it was *finished* much before 1869.—In the afore-named design Rossetti has depicted himself as he would have looked if his dress-coat had been doffed, with a great rent in the back of his waistcoat and trowsers: he is tearing his hair. William Morris is present—a dumpy figure amusingly caricatured; also Brown, his Wife and Daughter Lucy, Holman-Hunt, and two other personages who are probably Peter Paul Marshall and Warington Taylor. The design is under-written with the words “Physical condition” etc.—The Tupper named at the close of the letter is of course the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*—not our friend John Lucas Tupper.]

16 CHEYNE WALK.

16 June 1866.

My dear Brown,—If you can conveniently, will you let me have that big Scrap-book again to-morrow (Friday). My reason is that I believe I shall begin a portrait of Janey on Saturday; and, if I do it in the same action as the drawing in the book, I might square it off life-size before she comes.

I was very sorry to bolt in that way so early from such a really jolly party as yours. But, Brown, if you had known! Doubtless you, in common with your guests, admired my elegant languor and easy grace. But O Brown, had Truth herself been there to rend away my sheltering coat! Behold me!

Physical condition and mental attitude.

The burden of conscious fat and hypocrisy, the stings of remorse, the haunting dread of exposure as every motion wafted the outer garment to this side or to that, the senses

quicken to catch the fatal sound of further rents,—all this and more—but let us draw once more over the scene that veil which Fate respected. Might not Tupper say truly, “Let not Man, fattening, leave his dress-trowsers too long unworn, lest a worse thing come unto him”?—Your affectionate

D. G. R.

123.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[As to the statement “the Italians have now been defeated,” see a note on p. 186. The remarks which follow this apply to the war of 1859—Sardinia and France against Austria.]

2 PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

2 July 1866.

My dear Rossetti,—I don't wonder at your spending all the time you could afford in Naples. . . . I was there in the year '21 (of the Carbonari), and saw the Germans, and the King with his dispensation for perjury. The Italians have now been defeated, but they are not discouraged. I am most so at the defeat of the Liberals in England, and the return of the Derby party just at this moment. That man caused us the loss of Venice. He sent a fleet to the Adriatic, menacing the French, and a ship of the line to Leghorn to insult the Italians, because the G[rand] Duke had run away from Florence; and he encouraged the Prussians to march to the Rhine, which was the cause of the French deserting us at Villafranca. *The Times* alone had a Special Correspondent at that time; and the paper was so full of lies and calumnies that I wrote to Lord Lansdowne, who knew me formerly, and offered to send him the truth, which he gladly accepted. And I sent him no opinions of my own, but matters of fact: all the proclamations, edicts, new laws, etc., printed by the Provisional

Government: to his great surprise and satisfaction. And I continued till Lord Palmerston came in, when *The Times* became veracious. A friend of mine here asked the Correspondent how he could send such false reports; and he said he had always sent the truth, but that, when his articles appeared in the paper, he did not know them again, they were so changed to suit the politics of the editor!—a Derbyite, of course. . . .

I enclose you two photos of your dear Father from the drawing of the Chevalier Liverati. It is a rough sketch; but he excelled in *likeness*, and had much practice. It is washed and penned in sepia. It is $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches from the top of the head to the chin. One is for you, and one for your Brother. . . .—Yours sincerely,

S. KIRKUP.

124.—JOHN MURRAY to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[I do not remember the details of this matter—beyond the fact that Christina undertook and executed the translation, and so much as appears in No. 130.]

50A ALBEMARLE STREET.

14 August 1866.

My dear Sir,—Do you happen to know any one capable and willing to translate from Italian into English the descriptive text of a work on Brick Architecture in Italy, of which I enclose the title? It would require a little technical knowledge of art to do it properly. It is not a very extensive work, 50 or 60 pages of text perhaps. I suppose you have not leisure, nor probably inclination, to do it yourself.—I remain, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

JOHN MURRAY.

125.—PROFESSOR NORTON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The publication of Mr Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* produced an amount of rage and noise such as the literary arena seldom rings with. I wrote an article on the book, by no means laudatory to the exclusion of some counter-considerations, and I offered it to Professor Norton for his *North American Review*. Before posting it to him, however, I found that it would not be in harmony with opinions concerning Mr Swinburne already expressed in that serial: so I withheld it, and it was soon afterwards (as my Diary shows) published in London as a small volume. Mr Swinburne's book was withdrawn from circulation by its publishers, Moxon and Co., acting through their managing partner, Mr J. Bertrand Payne: it was then re-issued by Mr Hotten. To this matter also some reference has already been made in these pages.]

ASHFIELD, MASS.

12 September 1866.

Dear Mr Rossetti,—I need not tell you with what interest and pleasure I should read anything you might send me concerning Swinburne's poems; but I fear that your regard for the author and admiration of his powers may lead you, in the warmth of championship, to go farther in his defence or in assertion of his merits than the severe critical judgment of a Transatlantic Editor (the impersonation of posterity!) will allow him to accompany you.

Lowell did write a notice of Swinburne, in the *North American* for April, which you will find worth reading, whether you agree or disagree with it.

I have not seen Swinburne's new volume—but only a few poems taken from it. . . .—Always sincerely yours,

CHARLES E. NORTON.

126.—WILLIAM BELL SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[By "Sir Walter" Mr Scott meant Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, of Wallington, Northumberland.]

PENKILL.

16 September 1866.

My dear W. M. R.— . . . The par[agraph] about Swinburne was sent me by Sir Walter along with *The Pall Mall Gazette* and other things. . . . The par[agraph] I judged from the print to have been cut out of the London letter of the *Northern Daily Express*; but it is no use taking notice of such. However, I heard that Woolner was the man to bias the publisher and carry the point, in the consideration of the withdrawal of Algernon's book; and I at once wrote Woolner, and asked him the question direct. I enclose his letter and Payne's, which you can return to me when read. You will prevent Gabriel or any one else repeating the assertion—(observe, Woolner says directly that Payne had seen or heard nothing of him for many months)—and do justice to an old friend. The story I heard had nothing to do with Gabriel. . . .—Yours ever,

W. B. SCOTT.

127.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The "fratelli Bandieri" (or Bandiera) were two Italian patriots in the Austrian military service, who, breaking loose from Austria, raised an abortive insurrection in 1844: they were both shot. The letter-opening by Sir James Graham had to do with this affair.]

2 PONTE VECCHIO, [FLORENCE].

20 September 1866.

My dear Rossetti,—The Napoleonic plébiscite is only a temptation to the Venetians not to join the Kingdom

of Italy, which is already too great for the policy of Bonaparte; who deserted at Villafranca, and sent two ambassadors to Florence to persuade and threaten the Provisional Government to receive back the G[rand] Duke under the presidency of the Pope, but he failed from the firmness of Ricasoli and the Florentines. I knew one of his agents, Joseph Poniatowski. The other Dukedoms the same. . . . He wants Sardinia, and now sends a French legion to defend the Pope against the Romans.

As for our good King, I hear that he is priest-ridden. He had a mistress—no great harm, as he is a widower: she died, and the Jesuits are now at work to provide him with another (*une affiliée*); we shall see what comes of it. . . . The King refused to accept Venice and make peace without the consent of his ally of Prussia, according to an agreement; but the Prussians have made peace without the consent of Italy, and Trent and Trieste will be lost; and they are both Italian, and will be left for some other opportunity, and so they will remain for future contention. . . .

I agree with you, Mazzini is a great man,—the greatest statesman in Europe, as Garibaldi is the greatest soldier; but he, M[azzini], is blackballed and calumniated by the English press, and the associates of the *letter-opener* Graham are now in power. Remember, Lord Derby was his companion when they deserted their party and went over to the Tories. I wrote to Bright the other day to remind him of it. In one of our rejoicings I saw a banner at a window not long ago with an inscription, *Alla memoria dei fratelli Bandieri*, with a crape scarf attached to the flag-staff. The Italians don't forget that affair.

I sent to Paris for Aroux's book. It is written in earnest against Dante, and dedicated in a grovelling tone to the Pope. Three-quarters of it is stolen from your Father without acknowledgment; and the original part of it is, . . . I suppose, . . . in the MS. of *Beatrice*. . . . I have only peeped into Aroux as yet. I see he had taken much from the *Mistero dell A[mor] P[latonico]*. Whenever that comes out, it will

show up Mr A[roux] as a plagiarist. The copy sent to me has this inscription: "À M. Ste Beuve, hommage affectueux de l'auteur E.A.," but Mr Ste B[euve] had never read it, for the leaves were unopened. . . .

Bruno Bianchi's edition speaks highly of him [Gabriele Rossetti] in the preface; which surprised me, as he is a priest. It is his first edition of the *Divina Commedia*, 1844. His last, in 1863, is titled *La Commedia di Dante*. The Pope has forbidden *La Divina*, and he is obliged to obey orders. I have an edition *expurgated* by a Spanish Inquisitor in Naples, with plenty of ink, so that not a word is legible of four long passages. I was surprised there were not more. . . .

My eyes are always threatening. I write most *by feel*, to save them; so excuse scrawl.—Yours sincerely,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

128.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[I am not at all sure as to the year in which this letter was written. Possibly, rather than 1866, the date ought to be 1865: but other correspondence of Rossetti, proper to the autumn of 1865, makes me doubtful as to this.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
26 September [1866?].

My dear Brown,— . . . I've just been to Llandaff re-touching my picture, and have much improved the centre-piece by lightening the Virgin and Child. I haven't been well lately, and must try and get a change. I have been to Marshall.

I shall look you up soon—I suppose you're mostly in of evenings.—Yours affectionately,

GABRIEL.

129.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI—A SPIRITUAL SÉANCE (No. 4).

[Lady Trevelyan, the wife of Sir Walter Trevelyan of Wallington and of Seaton, had died not long before this date. Dr Samuel Brown had been an intimate friend of Mr Scott's youth.—Mr Oliphant, the husband of Mrs Oliphant the novelist, had been known to Scott in more recent years as a designer for stained glass in Newcastle.—Pritchard was a doctor in Glasgow, who had come to the gallows for poisoning. I no longer remember details about Jeffery.]

Thursday, 18 October 1866.—Mrs Marshall's, the upstairs front room. Daylight. Scott, Mrs M[arshall], Mrs M[arshall] junior, and myself: Marshall occasionally in the room, but mostly out. A slightish, rather clumsy round table. (Recorded 20 and 22 October.)

Scott had fixed that he would try for communications from Lady Trevelyan, and next to her Dr Samuel Brown, and the Surgeon Liston, and would ask advice as to the discolouring of his nails. I fixed to try for Deverell and Morten.

Mrs M[arshall] junior only at the table at first, and up to a late period of the *séance*; Mrs M[arshall] senior being not far off in a chair, seemingly dozing, as shown by frequent tendency to snoring. Taps began, of increasing loudness, almost as soon as we sat down.

Mrs M[arshall] junior.—Is any spirit present?—Yes.—Will you communicate with me?—No.—With this gentleman (myself)?—Yes.—I then asked: Give your surname.—Baker.—Christian name?—John.—Profession?—Lawyer.—Did you know me?—Yes.—When? 1865?—No.—1864?—Yes.—All this being quite out of any cognizance of mine, I asked for a message, which came very readily, "I tried to obtain your money, but was flustered:" and then "I was your great enemy."—As I could make nothing of all this, I proposed that Scott should try to communicate with some other spirit.

Scott.—Is there any spirit present who will communicate with me?—Yes.—Surname?—First came P. Then Trery. Then Trerol, and nothing beyond this obtainable (Lady T[revelyan]'s Christian name was Pauline).—Give Christian name?—Edward.—Give a message?—I would have lived, had I been cared for.—Another?—Look more to your health. Take plenty of steel in sherry, and once a week take a little charcoal.—Scott (I also assisting throughout this affair) now tried again to obtain the name. The answer came, "What's in a name? The rose by any other name would smell as sweet." A further attempt produced the name Trehone. Scott: Where did you know me; the place where you lately built a cottage?—Newcam. (Should have been Seaton).—How long ago did you die?—Seven months since. (Scott tells me Lady T[revelyan] really died 5½ months since).—Where are you buried?—At the old place (not correct, if meant for any place in England).—I asked whether the spirit would give me the name of the place where I used to know her: Answer, Yes.—Will you give it by taps in reply to the alphabet?—No.—Will you write it?—Yes.—On the table?—No.—Below the table?—Yes.—Mrs M[arshall] junior then placed below the leg or pillar of the table, where I could see them, a pencil and paper. On picking these up at the end of the *séance*, I found a few slight scratches on them (I am not *sure* these were not there before, and they made no approach at all to writing).

Scott now wrote covertly on a piece of paper the name Samuel Brown, M.D., and asked whether that spirit would communicate.—Yes.—Spell out the name?—Thomas Scott (the surname given with a goodish amount of bungling). Scott says he never knew any one so named.

I now asked if the spirit I was thinking of (this was Morten) was present.—Yes.—Give your name?—Olephafant.—To me this suggested nothing; but Scott remarked it might be Oliphant, whom he had known. Scott asked: Are you my friend Oliphant?—Yes.—Give your Christian name?—Frank (correct).—Give me a message?—I am not dead. . . . Will you tell me the place where you first knew

me?—Newcastle.—Where did you die?—Albine Hills. (Understanding this to mean Alban Hills, both these two answers are correct, as Scott tells me. A previous attempt, enquiring the name of the great city near which he died, had failed).—What was your profession?—Awi.—This came more than once. Other attempts to get it correct, including the running over the names of various professions, failed. At last came “a tinker.”

We now again tried to get into communication with the previous spirit, which from some indications had appeared to be possibly (as wished for) Lady Trevelyan. In answer to the enquiry whether that same spirit was present (we did not give the name, nor till after this the sex) came “Yes.”—Give your Christian name?—Page.—Surname?—Trewel.—Is that the whole?—Yes.—Give your maiden surname?—Jerley. (Jermyn is the correct name).—Try again?—Jerman.—Try for your Christian name again?—Ajnes (with much bungling). Further attempts on this tack came to nothing.

I now wrote on a paper, covertly, the name Deverell, and asked “Is the spirit whose name I have written present?”—Yes.—Give the name?—Elizabeth.—This, though entirely wrong for Deverell, suggested to me the possible presence of Lizzie. I asked for the surname, which came S., and I could get no more.

After this failure, I asked “Is there any other spirit present?”—Yes.—Who?—Your guardian angel.—Have you wings?—No.—Are you like a man?—No.—Give a message?—You will be called abroad, but you must not go.—When?—Next year.—What will happen if I do go?—You will be very ill. [*N.B.* 2 April 1868. This came something a little like true. At the end of 1866 I offered Hunt to join him in Florence after his wife’s death. He declined it for the present, but said he might ask me at a future time. This he never did. I did actually go abroad to Paris only: was not quite well there, but also not ill.]—Can you tell me where I purpose going to next year?—Yes.—Where?—To Austria.—Any other place?—To India.—Any other place?

—To Spain. (The fact of this matter is that I purpose going to Paris and Venice: Austria is not therefore *absolutely* wrong. I *had* till recently purposed going to Spain, but consider that intention pretty conclusively abandoned. India is of course utterly wrong.)—Can you tell me where I went to this year?—Yes.—Where?—Jersey (totally wrong—Naples was the place).—Is there such a place as hell?—No.—I mean a place where people are roasted and so on?—No.—Is there any place of punishment for souls?—Yes.—Do any souls remain there eternally?—No.—Then will every soul that ever did or ever will go to hell get out of it again?—Yes.—Such a ruffian as Pritchard, for instance?—Yes.—Did he go to hell?—Yes.—Is he there now?—No (I think was the answer, but am not quite sure).—Is Jeffery, hanged the other day, now in hell?—Yes.—Is there any devil?—No.—No such being as is ordinarily understood by the name Satan?—No. . . .

On leaving the table, Scott and I looked at the “sperrit-drawings” of which several new specimens are framed and hung up in the room: things which it is a humiliation so much as to look at—The Dream of Richard III., Witch of Endor, Death of Richard II., a Fruitpiece, etc. M[arshall], who is the author of these works, says that the spirits say they influence him to produce them, “to show their power.” He seems totally unaware of the feelings with which any one . . . must regard these performances.

Scott and I considered the *séance* on the whole a somewhat unsatisfactory one: yet, on reading-over the details here set down (and which are all of any importance that I remember to have happened), it cannot be denied that some of the messages were curiously right, and others very near being right.—*N.B.* To the best of my knowledge, none of the Marshalls yet know my name or belongings, nor yet Scott’s: I have always been cautious to avoid calling him by name, and, as far as I remember, have in practice avoided doing so. All the answers given were by raps, very prompt, but pretty often bungled, and on enquiry revoked.

130.—JOHN MURRAY to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

50A ALBEMARLE STREET.

1 November [1866].

My dear Sir,—In consequence of your letter dated some six or eight weeks ago, stating that Miss Rossetti would not be indisposed to undertake for me the translation from the Italian of certain descriptions belonging to a work on *The Terra Cotta Edifices of N[orth] Italy*, I have now the pleasure to enclose an instalment of the MSS. . . . It consists of:—

1. General Introduction on Terra Cotta.
2. San Gottardo, Milan.
3. Certosa, Pavia.
4. San Pietro in Ciel d'Oro, Pavia. . . .—Yours very faithfully,

JOHN MURRAY.

131.—J. A. FROUDE to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[I have little doubt that my "American friend" was Mr Stillman: but I do not remember the details of this contribution (about the American Civil War) offered to *Fraser's Magazine*.]

5 ONSLOW GARDENS.

12 November 1866.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . Give me a day or two to think about your American friend's letter. He ought to know that many of us have all our lives been ardently desiring to see England draw near to America. I myself always detested the tone of the English press and English society about it: yet, when the war broke out, my sympathies were with the South, because I believed that the North was trying to do what it could not do, and that it was bringing discredit upon Republicanism by what I supposed to be useless violence.

I see that I was wrong—but we had no means of knowing what the truth was, when their own people told such different stories.

The letter will do good, I think, and I should like to insert it: but, for my own sake, I must attach a few words in a note, declining for myself to accept the blame which he thinks we all deserve. Do you think I may do this without giving fresh offence?—Faithfully yours,

J. A. FROUDE.

132.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Kirkup's intercourse with "the spirit of Dante" figures more than once in his correspondence. He eventually sent me a photograph of the drawing completed by "the spirit," and the signature to it: I could not perceive any symptom of genuineness in either—the signature being in that sort of semi-Gothicized or semi-legal text-hand which one often sees over shop-fronts in Italy and France.—Beppo Giusti is the satirical poet Giuseppe Giusti.]

FLORENCE, PONTE VECCHIO, 2.

13 *November* 1866.

My dear Rossetti,—Your letter confirms my idea that our opinions agree on all subjects. My friend Trelawny is the only man I know who thinks as we do of Mazzini. As to religion, he, T[relawny], has none, any more than I had before my spirit-revelation. He says: "I neither believe nor disbelieve: I have no evidence." He does not care about it, and has had no experience, as I have. . . .

Did I tell you that Dante has lately drawn part of his own portrait, and written his name under it, to oblige me? He spells his name with two ll's, Dante Allighieri, which is not the common way in Italy. The writing agrees wonderfully with Leonardo Aretino's description. There is

no specimen extant in Italy. It is in a sort of Gothic character, but not so ancient as I should have expected. I have MSS. even of the thirteenth century written by Florentines. He is now at Venice. He was with Garibaldi. All my spirits left me when the war began (except two females), and only came three times, to tell me news before it was known in Florence. . . .

I always said I would believe in a future life if anybody would come back to tell me of it. Well, they have come—perhaps fifty in the twelve last years; and the American Minister at Turin told me that in his country respectable and competent witnesses of such facts were counted not by thousands but by millions. . . .

Your poor Father had the whole *Commedia* by heart! Beppo Giusti, whom I knew intimately, had the same power. . . .—Ever yours sincerely,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

In Verona Pietro Dante suppressed one “l,” and made it “Aliger,” to be in fashion and favour at the Court of the Scaligers. Hence the arms were changed to a wing, canting arms. I have a tracing from the real arms of Dante, drawn in 1302, the year of his banishment. It agrees with Pelli.

133.—JOHN RUSKIN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Refers to my brochure on Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*.]

DENMARK HILL.

2 December 1866.

My dear Rossetti,—I don't often read criticisms (disliking my own as much as or more than other people's), but I have read this; and like it much—and entirely concur with it as far as you have carried it. But you have left the fearful and melancholy mystery untouched, it seems to

me, . . . the corruption which is peculiar to the genius of modern days.

I hope George Richmond will dine with me on Tuesday next, the 4th, at six: if this reaches you in time, I wish you could come too. It is so long since I have seen you.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Love to Gabriel always.

134.—TEODORICO PIETROCOLA-ROSSETTI to WILLIAM ROSSETTI—(*Translation*).

[Our Cousin Teodorico made, and eventually published, a skilful translation of Christina Rossetti's *Goblin Market*: it is this of which he speaks as *Il Mercato dei Folletti*.—The name of Pasquale de' Virgillii is known to me, not solely through Teodorico's letter; but I must confess myself still ignorant of his works.—Filippo Polidori was a first Cousin of my Mother. Under the Grand-ducal government of Tuscany he held a legal or official post of some repute; but, when Tuscany was absorbed in the Kingdom of Italy, he was regarded as a "Codino," or effete adherent of the old régime, and he lost his post, and spent his closing years in some straits. He left a family; one son is still living, also (in Alessandria and Florence) the son's wife, and some children and grandchildren. Teodorico refers to the cause of Polidori's death; it was, I think, a fall downstairs.]

CASA GUICCIARDINI, FLORENCE.

22 December 1866.

My very dear William,— . . . Not having yet taken a settled home, I have not been able to get from Turin the trunks containing books and MSS.; so I have not yet succeeded in obtaining and publishing *Il Mercato dei Folletti*. But I trust to be able to do so shortly. I am curious to see what effect may be produced on the Italians by Christina's

style of poetry, so daring and fresh and fine. As regards poems, here among us all is still regulated, and conformable to the rules of the *Ars Poetica*; if one excepts one Abruzzese, a friend of mine, Pasquale de' Virgili, who has broken the Horatian dykes, and goes ahead untrammelled, producing excellent things, but little appreciated. Lately he wrote a historic drama, *Nicolò de' Rienzi*, worth its weight in gold. . . .

You will have learned by now that a most sad home-occurrence has quenched the life of good, excellent Signor Filippo Polidori. The poor widow, and his son, are inconsolable. . . .—Your very affectionate Cousin,

T. PIETROCOLA-ROSSETTI.

135.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Kirkup, in speaking of "my unexpected honours," refers to the fact that he had recently been created a Barone in the Kingdom of Italy.—"Mrs Watts, *née* Howitt," was Mrs Anna Mary Howitt-Watts, daughter of William and Mary Howitt, and at one time a promising oil-painter, apart from being "an extraordinary spirit-drawing medium": I had first met her as far back as 1850 or 1851.—"Dugald Massey" is mistakenly written by Kirkup for "Gerald Massey."]

FLORENCE, 2 PONTE VECCHIO.
30 December 1866.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . I am no flincher from the truth, which is all that I care for; and, though I cherish my new religion, I should resign it if any proof could be brought against it. I acquired it easily enough, for I had no false religion to unlearn. I was like my friend Trelawny. . . .

I have a . . . Comedy performed before the Court of the Medici, and has been printed in three editions—*La Vedova, Comedia facetissima di M. Nicolo Buonaparte, Cittadino Fiorentino*, 1518; and dedicated to a "nobilissima e

gentilissima Signora." You may see it at the British Museum, for my copy is a duplicate that they sold in 1769. King Louis Bonaparte sent his nephew and his librarian to offer me 10 louis for it, and I told them I never parted with my friends in paper or parchment. . . .

I think I told you that Dante had returned, and claims to be the cause of my unexpected honours. He has written his name, and drawn part of his own portrait. . . .

Do you know Mrs Watts, *née* Howitt, an extraordinary spirit-drawing medium? . . .—Yours sincerely,

S. KIRKUP.

I enclose my mask of Dante, the best that is known; likewise one for your Brother, and one for Swinburne, with my regards.

Have you seen a work on Shakespear's Sonnets, written by his spirit, edited by Dugald Massey? What is it? An American told me of it.

136.—WARINGTON TAYLOR to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[I appear to have been solicited by some person—but I don't now in the least recollect by whom—to introduce the words of some song to the notice of a musical critic. Not being myself familiar with that branch of criticism, I must have sought advice from Mr Warington Taylor, the Manager of the Morris Firm, who had previously been connected with one of the opera-houses. He replied as follows, in terms which would not have been highly gratifying to musical critics.]

[LONDON.]

31 December 1866.

My dear William,—Received your letter yesterday. Cannot do anything with critics without I could see them,

which is beyond me now. But critics do not signify two-pence for single ballads. The great thing is to get it sung half a dozen times at large concerts by a really popular singer. Of course I am speaking of the whole matter purely in a commercial light. The song in question is sung by Miss Pyne—excellent—better person could not be to make a song. But in England the thing is to conciliate that person; if she don't like the words, strike 'em out—put in others—put in what she likes. Singers, and particularly singers of acknowledged position, look upon newspaper-writers with contempt. To take to Miss Pyne the opinion of a critic is treating her with contempt. She would throw the song in the fire. You do not know in what contempt newspaper-critics are held in London by the profession. If Miss P[yne] will sing that song a few times, if *she* will *declare* it worth anything, if she says it is popular, Chappell will buy it at once and publish it. . . . It is a great thing for a new man to get to a great publisher like Chappell: . . . but Chappell, for a first song, would not give above £5. But remember what he can do—look how he keeps your name before the public; every week these enormous advertisements; no private individual could afford it. The thing is to keep your name continually in print. Look how Dan Godfrey was made by that house. He got £5 for *The Guards' Waltz*—Chappell made thousands, and behaved very first-rate to Dan.

Summa: work Miss Pyne properly, and then Chappell.
—Yours,

W. TAYLOR.

137.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI—DIARY.

1867. *Saturday, 12 January.*— . . . Went down at Swinburne's invitation to visit his Father at Holmwood. The old gentleman is kindly and conversible, and has seen and observed a number of things. Lady J[ane] Swinburne has an attaching air and manner, and seems very agreeable in home-life—simple, dignified, and clever. There are three

daughters at home, all sensible and agreeable; the second with a handsome sprightly face, and the youngest evidently talented. The younger son was unwell, and has not shown. Swinburne shows well at home, being affectionate in his manner with all the family, and ready in conversing. . . .

Sunday, 13 January.—Stayed in at Holmwood all day, the snow being tolerably thick (day fine and cold); save for a stroll about the grounds, which are pleasant, as also the house. Swinburne read me at night his poem, approaching completion, on Italy; yesterday, one which he has written for the Candiote refugees, to give them the profits. He also showed me the dedication to me of his book on Blake. There is at Holmwood a portrait of Lady Jane done by Kirkup some thirty-five or so years ago.

Monday, 14 January.—Came home: intensely cold. . . . The Swinburne family generally have Algernon's passion for cats. Admiral Swinburne was at one time stationed off St Helena: he saw Napoleon, but only in a casual way, far off. He has not a bad opinion of Sir H[udson] Lowe personally; and says there is reason to think that the attempts made by Napoleon and his suite to carry on clandestine communications etc. etc. were incessant and most perplexing. . . .

Wednesday, 16 January.—Accompanied Swinburne in looking out, at the British Museum Print-Room, such Blake designs as might be adapted for re-production in his book. Obtained a formal ticket of admission to Print-Room. . . . Jones, who came round to us at Chelsea in the evening, says his triptych of *The Adoration of the Kings* sold lately for £7 at a sale of effects, since which Bodley has re-purchased it for £50. . . .

Tuesday, 22 January.—G[abriel] dined by appointment with Procter,* to enquire particulars about Wainwright,† and received a good deal of information. I went to the

* The so-called Barry Cornwall.

† Wainwright was suspected of poisoning his wife and some one else (towards 1835 perhaps): this charge was not brought home to him,

Burlington.* . . . Leighton there, very much dissatisfied with the various designs sent in for a new National Gallery. . . .

Monday, 28 January.— . . . Macmillan replies that he will publish, on half profits, the selection of my old articles, as compiled by me in the second instance, without curtailment.

Tuesday, 29 January.—Howell selecting some autographs from among the letters and papers which G[abriel] brought away with him from Chatham Place in '62: the bulk of the residue burned. . . .

Tuesday, 5 February.—Accompanied G[abriel] to Marks's, to look at the Chinese furniture he has bought there. . . . Met here Birket Foster, who commissioned G[abriel] for two pictures.† Went on to dine with Whistler, for his housewarming at his new house in Lindsey Row. There are some fine old fixtures, as doors, fireplace, etc. ; and W[histler] has got-up the rooms with many delightful Japanesisms etc. Saw for the first time his pagoda cabinet. He has two or three sea-pieces new to me: one on which he particularly lays stress, larger than the others, a very grey unbroken sea: also a clever vivacious portrait of himself begun. Light not sufficient for judging any of these adequately. . . .

Wednesday, 6 February.—My Aunt Margaret is now given over, and not expected to live beyond to-morrow evening at furthest. Copied out and sent to Dilberoglu such passages from Stillman's letters concerning Crete as could be publicly used without identifying or compromising him.

Thursday, 7 February.—Saw my Aunt in the morning—as it proves, for the last time. . . . G[abriel] came in later in the evening. The poor little tame barn-owl Jessie has

but he was convicted of a forgery or fraud, and transported. He was a painter, also an art-critic under the pseudonym of Janus Weathercock. My Brother thought his criticisms marked by much discernment, and had, towards this time, rather a "fad" for knowing something about him.

* The Burlington Fine Arts Club.

† I think these pictures were executed, but have forgotten what they were.

had a horrid end, being found with her head bitten off—it is surmised by the raven, which lives in the same cage, but had hitherto, by the experience of many weeks, appeared on perfectly good terms with her. The fate of our beasts at Chelsea has been a most calamitous one. Two grass-green parrakeets starved to death; a green Jersey lizard killed by a servant because he was regarded as a poisonous eft; a dormouse found with a hole in his throat, conjectured to be done by the other dormice; Loader's dog* split up the back by the deerhound; a tortoise found dead and shrivelled, perhaps through inability to get at food:—not to speak of natural but sudden deaths of two robins, a cardinal grosbeak, a salamander, etc. etc. There was also a rabbit eaten up (by cats?) all but his tail, a pigeon devoured by a hedgehog—which was afterwards found dead, and supposed by G[abriel] killed by the servants intentionally—another pigeon which got paralysed or something, and lost all control over its movements.

Friday, 8 February.—My Aunt died about 5½ this morning, in a state of great exhaustion, but not apparently much pain. Her age was seventy-three. . . .

Thursday, 14 February.— . . . Gabriel came in the evening. He suggests to Christina to name to Roberts Brothers (her American publishers), who wanted her to propose some artist to illustrate somewhat cheaply some one of her poems, Hughes, Houghton, and subordinately Wigand and Knewstub.† These publishers sent Christina the other day £38. 10s., being the 10 per cent. upon her sale: 3000 copies have been printed, and all disposed of save 400 (or else 600). G[abriel] says his income in 1865 was about £2050; in 1866 £1800 odd.

Friday, 15 February.—Delivered the materials of my

* Loader was my Brother's servant.

† Arthur Hughes the painter; Houghton already mentioned; Wigand was a young man known more particularly to some of my Aunts; W. J. Knewstub was my Brother's pupil. In a previous book of mine he was termed my Brother's "professional assistant"; but this seems to imply a salaried post, which is not correct.

Selection to Macmillan. Jones called at Chelsea. He says that Watts debated and consulted friends as to whether or not he should accept the R.A. Associateship, and finally determined to do so. . . . J[ones] says he himself feels much like a fish out of water in the Water-Colour Society, and often doubts whether he did well in joining it.

Saturday, 16 February.—G[abriel]’s little oil-picture sold to Leyland, *The Christmas Carol*, a girl singing and playing on a lute, is now finished. In consequence of my Aunt Margaret’s death, the question arises whether we shall incur expense upon our present house (166 Albany Street) by way of utilizing the rooms she used to occupy, or whether we shall look out for another house. In the latter case my Aunts Charlotte and Eliza would like to join, which would enable us to take a house at the rent of £110 or thereabouts. . . .

Friday, 22 February.—Called on Hotten relative to the proofs of Swinburne’s *Blake*, which are in some muddle. H[otten] showed me a paragraph in an American paper edited by Bryant, setting forth the affair of the sale by Moxon of the suppressed copies of *Poems and Ballads*; slips of this paragraph have been printed off; also a long criticism on Swinburne, very favourable on the whole, in a German newspaper. . . .

Saturday, 23 February.—Visited the Dudley Gallery, containing Brown’s *Betrothal of Cordelia*, two subjects from poems by Christina,* etc. . . . Went to the Zoological Gardens, first time for some months. The great rufous owl is called Pel’s owl: the black wombat very fat; four tigers fed in the same cage. Each (with much less ado and savagery than the lion) stood up to take his hunch of meat, disposed of it in a trice, and exchanged greetings with his neighbour, rubbing noses, etc. . . .

Tuesday, 26 February.—Saw Sandys’s *Medea*, which is getting on, and coming, I think, his best work. Saffi dined

* They were by Eliza Martin and Mr Jopling: the latter was slightly known to me, but not to Christina. The lady used the quotation “Life is not good” etc.: Mr Jopling’s subject was *Lady Maggie* (poem *Maggie a Lady*). I do not remember either work.

with us at Chelsea, along with Scott and Howell. Saffi does not seem to contemplate settling in Italy at present: he considers that the country has produced no statesman since Cavour, and in especial no financier, and that the financial condition is ominous. He says that Ugo Bassi, the priest who along with Gavazzi was prominent in the Hospitals of Rome under the Triumvirs, being caught by the Papal legate Bedini, was actually, before being executed, flayed, fingers and crown of the head, according to some old ceremonial for the degrading of priests: this he asserts to be an ascertained and incontrovertible fact. He considers the Neapolitan and Southern provinces to be especially fertile of a clever population, and that they will probably take the intellectual lead shortly. Armellini, his co-Triumvir, is dead: he does not believe much in Gavazzi, but seems to have a friendly feeling towards him. . . . Howell says that Carlyle got Ruskin to join the Eyre Defence Fund* by urging him to second C[arlyle] in that body; and that Ruskin now considers himself somewhat left in the lurch by C[arlyle]'s absence in Italy, while R[uskin], who would willingly have kept out of the whole affair, remains here to bear the brunt. Sandys told me the other day that Rose, or the Defence Committee, has received a letter from Gordon's father, who actually applauds the hanging of his son. . . .

Sunday, 3 March.— . . . Mamma yesterday saw Woolner, who has been to Florence, Rome, Naples, Mentone, etc.: enormously delighted, and especially with Naples; Florence, where he had incessant rain, much less. He says Hunt is much overcome, and greatly wrapped up now in his infant, which seems ominously delicate. He proposes to send it to Mrs Waugh,† and to go on himself in course of time to Jerusalem. . . .

Tuesday, 5 March.—Howell says that . . . at Ruskin's

* The fund for defending Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, against certain proceedings consequent upon his acts in suppressing or punishing an insurrection.

† Mother of Holman-Hunt's late wife.

marriage £40,000 was settled on Mrs R[uskin]; and that, as far as he can trace out in the accounts, this sum has remained with her, spite of the nullity-of-marriage suit. He regards this as intentional generosity on R[uskin]'s part, but does not seem to have ascertained whether R[uskin] had really any power of revoking the settlement. . . .

Saturday, 9 March.—Kirkup sent me a photograph of the face of Dante which he drew, and to which Dante's ghost (according to himself) added the outline of the head, a wreath, and the signature. I see no look of genuineness in these additions. Brown called, and borrowed some Italian photographs, to use in the background of the Balcony-scene from *Romeo and Juliet* which he is painting. . . .

Tuesday, 12 March.—Swinburne, who had accompanied Scott to the Burlington, says that he received yesterday, to his unspeakable satisfaction, a letter from Mazzini consequent upon S[winburne]'s poem on the Cretan Insurrection in the *Fortnightly*. M[azzini] urges him to devote his poetic powers to the great public cause, laying aside love etc. poems. S[winburne] thinks very well of the comedy and self-vindication written by Lorenzino de' Medici,* which I lent him. Gabriel has resumed work on his *Lady Lilith*.

Wednesday, 13 March.—Forwarded to the *Telegraph* two more Cretan letters from Stillman, and (observing that the last two do not seem to have been published) enquired whether they contemplate continuing the correspondence.

Thursday, 14 March.—A[lecco] Ionides having invited me to be introduced to the new Greek Minister, Sir Peter Braila, I called on the latter (1 Clarges Street). He is evidently a man of great intelligence, and well up even in such questions as the merits of V[ictor] Hugo, Tennyson, etc. From the turn the conversation took, I infer that his real object in wishing to know me was to see whether I could be got to write for the Cretan cause in some newspaper—for which however I have no opening. He seems tolerably confident of the early release of Crete from

* See p. 247.

Turkey, and junction to Greece; but is anxious that the influence of England towards that result should not lag behind that of France and Russia.

Friday, 15 March.—Gabriel re-painting the head of his *Venus*. Robertson the dramatist called by appointment to read the drama *Caste* which he has forthcoming: it is a work of decided ability, and I should say an assured success. G[abriel] tells me he understands R[obertson] used to be a travelling showman. I should not have guessed it from his conversation and manner, though no doubt these might be toned down a little. . . . Robertson was the last man who saw Artemus Ward alive, but already insensible, at Southampton. He says his disease was not consumption; but thinks that Ward had been living very fast some little while before coming over to England, and that his constitution was thus shattered. He had a great regard for W[ard]. . . .

Monday, 18 March.— . . . Woodward writes me that Day and Son have just given up *The Fine Arts Quarterly*. . . .

Wednesday, 20 March.— . . . Christina has been solicited by Elliot and Fry to sit for her photograph—they have already done Miss Ingelow and Mrs Riddell: but she declines.*

Thursday, 21 March.— . . . Visited Christie's, to see Rose's pictures there collected for sale: Gabriel's *Joan of Arc, Doubles*, † etc.; Jones's *Buondelmonte, Laus Veneris*, etc.; Legros, Chapman, etc. It looks to me as if they would not sell high. Met here Howell. . . . He means at Rose's sale to buy-in all Jones's pictures on Ruskin's account—to be replaced at Jones's disposal for re-sale, and any profit to remain for J[ones]. . . .

Saturday, 23 March.—Looked in at the sale of Rose's pictures. Gabriel's fetched the highest prices obtained, yet not high—£94. 10s. for the *Joan of Arc*. Also went to see the Japanese conjurors at the Floral Hall: curious and

* I no longer recollect Christina's precise reason for declining. It must, in a general way, have been modesty, based on religious considerations.

† The subject entitled *How they met Themselves*.

good. What amused me most was the gestures of the conjuror in the mask of a tiger-cat. The two girls, stated to be aged fourteen and sixteen, are less grown and developed than English girls of corresponding age. . . .

✓ Tuesday, 26 March.—. . . Gabriel has received the Botticelli (female half-figure) which he bought at Christie's (Colnaghi's sale) the other day for £20. . . . Here is a generous act of Swinburne's—Chapman my authority. S[winburne] and others dined the other day with Knight, of *The Sunday Times*, concerning whose wife's trust-money there was some difficulty then just turned up. This difficulty came to Swinburne's ears a day or two afterwards, and he wrote to Knight (who showed C[hapman] the letter) saying that he happened then to have £200 in bank, which he placed at K[night]'s disposal. K[night] declined with thanks. . . .

✓ Friday, 29 March.—Gabriel painting a water-colour, founded on an old design, of a woman having her hair combed out upwards. He has painted on the back of the head of his Botticelli, and improved it very sensibly—the previous condition of this part of the picture being obviously wrong, and I understand injured by previous cleaning. Whistler looked in. He says that he never from first to last received any invitation to contribute to the British Section of the Paris Exhibition. This might seem invidious: but the result is that he gets in the American Section much more space than could have been allotted him in the British. He will have pictures in this Exhibition, in the ordinary French Salon, and in the R.A., this year. The Salon people, or some of them, have shown a high estimate of him. . . .

Sunday, 31 March.—Called to see Whistler's pictures for the R.A. etc. To the R.A. he means to send *Symphony in White No. 3* (heretofore named *The Two Little White Girls*) and a Thames picture; possibly also one of his four sea-pictures; and I rather recommended him to select the largest of these, which he regards with predilection, of a grey sea and very grey sky. His picture of four Japanese

women looking out on a water-background (Thames) is as good as done, and in many respects very excellent. I think the unmitigated tint of the flooring should be gradated, but he does not seem to see it. . . .

Saturday, 6 April.—At the request of Reid, Keeper of the British Museum Print-room, called to see a MS. in the MS. department which has been offered through Colnaghi as the production of Blake. I am quite satisfied Blake had nothing to do with the composition or transcription of the verses, or the composition or execution of the designs; and said so, promising to bring round our MS. book for comparison. Dined with the Ionides (first time I have been there). It was the anniversary-day of the Greeks in connexion with their Revolution. The members of the family seem all very intelligent, and the women especially well-informed and interested in intellectual subjects—as is also the case with the Spartalis. Miss I[onides] tells me that Homer is read entirely by accent, and the value of longs and shorts not now understood: she has herself done a hexametral, and I understand quantitative, translation of the first four books of *The Iliad*.

Tuesday, 9 April.—Maclennan called. He . . . says that his professional income has not of late been improving, but the contrary; which he attributes partly to some prejudice consequent upon his book on *Primitive Marriage*, and partly to the fact that some of his legal employers have had immediate connexions of their own called to the bar lately, and have transferred their business to these. . . .

Wednesday, 10 April.—Showed our Blake MS. to Bond of the British Museum, who appears to be now satisfied that the volume offered to the Museum is not Blake's.

Thursday, 11 April.—Murray sent Christina a cheque for £21 for her translating-work on the architectural book.

Friday, 12 April.—Gabriel is now doing a *Paolo and Francesca* water-colour: substantially a duplicate of the composition in the triptych-subject, but much altered in background and effect. . . .

Tuesday, 16 April.— . . . G[abriel] and I met Scott at the Burlington in the evening. S[cott] says that Swinburne, being at Karl Blind's the other evening, met Mazzini personally for the first time. M[azzini] walked straight up to S[winburne], who fell on his knee before him and kissed his hand. . . .

Friday, 19 April.—Gabriel doing a study . . . for a picture which he proposes to call *The Loving-Cup*. He has also done a study for a *Margaret with the Jewels*. . . .

Tuesday, 23 April.—Gabriel has begun the small oil-picture of *The Loving-Cup*. . . . I having said in the course of conversation that I had found Jones's opinion of Leighton entirely changed of late, and now very favourable to him as a man, Howell tells me that L[eighton], observing the prejudice Jones had conceived against him, called on J[ones] some while ago, and in the handsomest manner expressed his high admiration of J[ones] as a painter, and his wish to serve him in any possible way, and to stand well in his estimation. J[ones]'s aversion could naturally not stand out against this. . . . I am surprised to hear (from Howell) that Lord Houghton was (equally to Swinburne with Mazzini) most demonstrative towards Garibaldi when the latter was in London two or three years ago,—H[oughton] having actually, on being introduced to him, knelt down and kissed his knees, not much to G[aribaldi]'s satisfaction. . . .

Friday, 26 April.—Gabriel spoke to me about his health, which in one respect has for some time past not been right: he had consulted Marshall about it before he left town in the autumn, and ought probably to be seeing about it again now. He says that Swinburne called on him the other day, and said he has been seeing a great deal of Mazzini, partly at the latter's own house; that M[azzini] can be amusing in conversation, in describing people he has met, etc. . . .

Tuesday, 30 April.—Called on Conway to fetch the edition of Whitman which he had offered me. He lent me also the pamphlet (in proofs) which Burroughs has written on W[hitman]. . . .

Thursday, 2 May.—Began re-studying Walt Whitman for the article I am to write on him in *The Chronicle*.* . . .

Sunday, 5 May.—Mamma now expresses her readiness to move to the house we saw in Euston Square, provided we can get it for £120.

Monday, 6 May.—Went for a short time to the R.A.; it strikes me as a very vulgar and tawdry exhibition. Millais, I fear, going off seriously (*Jephtha*, etc.). . . .

Tuesday, 7 May.— . . . Swinburne called—full of his interviews with Mazzini; who has a great objection to the present Italian Government, even apart from the question of monarchy, and would prefer to leave the Roman States quiet for five years or so, rather than see them annexed to the present Italian Kingdom by an immediate revolutionary movement, as contemplated (it seems) by Garibaldi. S[winburne] speaks of M[azzini]’s immense magnetic power, which he feels operating upon him, S[winburne], apart from the enthusiasm which he entertains for his character. M[azzini] goes frequently to Rome still—something like once a year: he spoke with great regard of my Father, on S[winburne]’s mentioning him. He lives in Fulham Road in a very modest way—having, S[winburne] says, absolutely no definite income of any kind. . . . Mazzini urges him much to write poems with a directly democratic or humanitarian aim: which S[winburne] finds it difficult to shirk, at the same time that he feels conscious that is not exactly his line, and would not promote his true poetic development. He says M[azzini] takes great interest in poetry: some, he believes, in music: little or none, as far as he sees, in painting etc.

Wednesday, 8 May.—Met Webb† and others at Boyce’s.‡ . . . Howell says that, according to Mrs Jones, Jones is (very needlessly) so down-hearted, in consequence of the

* This was a short-lived weekly review, on a plan resembling *The Saturday Review*. It was chiefly an organ of Roman Catholics of liberal opinions.

† Philip Webb, architect, a member of the Morris Firm.

‡ George P. Boyce the water-colour painter.

attacks and criticisms upon his pictures this year, that he says it is just a toss-up whether or not he shall throw aside the brushes for ever. . . .

Saturday, 11 May.—Met Cave Thomas, who appears to consider himself somewhat aggrieved in the matter of the testimonial which is being got up to Colonel Richards as originator of the Volunteer movement. Thomas appears to admit the claim of R[ichards] as having called a meeting to start the question; but says that himself (Thomas) was the *organizer* of the movement, which he considers much more important. . . .

Monday, 13 May.—Dined at Howell's with Jones, Boyce, and several others. . . . A Civil-List pension has been granted to Cruikshank, £95—in addition to an annual £50 from R.A. Legros dilated on the derivation from England of the whole romantic school of France, whether in literature or art—as Delacroix, Decamps, etc. His interest in art of this sort seems to grow less and less: he considers Poussin, Watteau, David, and Ingres, the four lights of the French School. He has received a medal at the Paris Salon.

Tuesday, 14 May.—Miller, Windus,* and others, dined at Chelsea. Miller says he is seventy-one years old: he seems to me to have altered very little since I first knew him in '57. Windus lives in a village near Preston. He says that he promised his late wife that he would never part from their daughter, which prevents his entering into any arrangement which would allow of his pursuing his profession advantageously—as in London. He has lost all power of setting to work, or resolving to do so: yet, whenever he does attempt anything, he finds he paints better than of old: Miller confirms this. . . .

Thursday, 16 May.—Dined at Scott's with Alf[red] Hunt and his wife. . . . Hunt expresses a bitter feeling against the R.A. in general, and in especial Creswick, who, it seems, is regarded among landscape-painters as going about saying that none of the rising men in that line is

* John Miller the Liverpool picture-collector; W. L. Windus, the painter of *Burd Helen* and other works of "Præraphaelite" affinity.

good enough for admission into the Academy. Hunt is much put out at finding himself practically confined to water-colours: his oil-pictures have more than once been rejected at the Academy. He made a remark which is new to me, but may have some considerable element of truth in it: that a figure-painter may expect to be in his prime by the end of some ten years' practice, but a landscape-painter, according to the modern scheme of that art, cannot possibly do his best till between forty and fifty—the number of entirely different objects and phenomena to be studied and experimentally mastered being so enormously great. Cox, next to Turner, is the English landscape-painter he admires. He himself paints wholly from memory, with notes taken on the spot—not from full sketches on the spot, nor yet (now) from the scene itself. He intimates that he can refigure to himself, with extreme precision and completeness, the scene he requires to paint, with all its mental and accidental associations. . . .

Tuesday, 21 May.—Gabriel has been taking-up his old design of *Hector and Cassandra*, and would fain set to work at painting it. His enthusiasm for blue pots has gone to the extent of buying from Marks two most sumptuous hawthorn-pots with covers (the only covered ones in the market, he says)—price £120. For this he is to paint a picture, and will cover a previous account by making it worth £200. . . .

Wednesday, 22 May.—Dunn, whom I met the other day at Howell's, is now being employed by Gabriel on a copy of his *Beatrice in a Death-trance*. . . .

Thursday, 23 May.—Met Swinburne and others at Brown's. S[winburne] considers Matthew Arnold more satisfactory as a poetic writer than either Browning or Tennyson. Morris's poem of *Jason* is just out, and S[winburne] purposes reviewing it in the *Fortnightly*. . . . Jones is occupied on finishing the pictures he has had in hand this goodish while for Birket Foster. . . .

Wednesday, 29 May.—Gabriel has begun a portrait of Mrs Leyland. Miller, Whistler, and other friends, at Chelsea. Much discussion about Turner—W[histler] being

against him as not meeting either the simply natural or the decorative requirements of landscape-art, which he regards as the only alternative. . . .

Monday, 3 June.—Hotten tells me that he has undertaken to bring out a photographic copy of Blake's *Jerusalem*, and I think some of the other books—the edition to be limited to 100 copies. He is looking after a cast of Blake from life (or death) in the possession of Richmond, with a view to engraving it in Swinburne's book.

Tuesday, 4 June.—Nolly Brown and his Father brought round to Chelsea the water-colour by the former of *Queen Margaret and the Robber*, which is certainly a singular achievement for a boy of thirteen or twelve.* . . .

Wednesday, 5 June.—Ordered of Marks framing for various Japanese coloured prints which I purpose hanging in a continuous band round the new sitting-room—also some further prints of same class. . . .

Tuesday, 11 June.—My *Fine Art*† reached me completed. . . . Roberts Brothers propose to publish the few prose tales etc. written by Christina.‡ . . .

Thursday, 13 June.—Met Palgrave. . . . He suggests, as a subject for me to take up, a collection of the memorable observations on art made by English artists: and I am not indisposed to see to this in course of time.§ Gabriel occupied on a water-colour of a girl leaning on her arms out of window.|| Whistler, with whom we dined, has been written to by the Burlington Club that, if he does not resign on account of the Haden row,¶ they would have

* He was in fact, at this date, only a little turned of twelve—having been born in January 1855.

† *I.e.*, the book (old articles re-printed) called *Fine Art, chiefly Contemporary*.

‡ This was not done.

§ I did make a compilation of this kind. It has not yet been published, but possibly may be.

|| Must be the water-colour entitled *The Rose*.

¶ I need not enter into the details of this matter, a difference between Mr Whistler and his Brother-in-law Sir Seymour Haden. A few particulars, affecting myself chiefly, appear in the sequel.

to consider of his expulsion: if he resigns, his money would be returned. Gabriel and I agree in considering this very improper, as it amounts to condemning one member, unheard, on the *ipse dixit* of another. . . . Gabriel prepared a letter to Wornum* expressing this view: and I have made up my mind to resign if W[histler] is expelled. . . . Mrs W[histler]† is shortly about to return for a while to America, partly out of sympathy to many of her friends, now reduced from affluence to penury.‡ W[illiam] W[histler],§ who saw much of the Southern prisons, denies that the Northern prisoners were ill-treated there, though straitened (as were the Southerners themselves) in some cases: he has no knowledge however of Andersonville. . . .

Saturday, 15 June.—Meeting Wornum, I talked-over the Whistler affair with him. It seems that Haden said it would be impossible for him to remain in the Club if W[histler] did so. . . . The Committee . . . thought they might themselves not be safe with W[histler], and they therefore suggested to him to resign. I pointed out to Wornum that it was not fair to ask him to resign without first asking him to explain; also assured him that there was no practical ground for alarm on the part of the Committee, or even of Haden while within the Club. Wornum informed me that, after their first letter and Whistler's reply thereto, the Committee have now invited an explanation from him; and, after a good deal of talk, I got him to admit that the right time for doing this would have been *before* asking him to resign. I told Wornum that, if Whistler is expelled, I shall resign; but shall not do anything in the way of agitation or caballing meanwhile. . . .

Sunday, 16 June.—Sent to *The Atlantic Monthly* the first two papers of Stillman's *Cretan Days*. Told Thornton Hunt that S[tillman] ceases to write for the *Telegraph*. . . .

* Mr Ralph N. Wornum, Secretary to the National Gallery, was then Secretary of the Burlington Club.

† The Painter's Mother.

‡ *I.e.*, impoverished through the American Civil War.

§ A Surgeon, Brother of the Painter,

Friday to Tuesday, 21 to 25 June.—Moving into 56 Euston Square. . . .

Friday, 5 July.— . . . Gabriel has very nearly finished his half-figure of *Mrs Leyland*, and has written three lines of Italian verse for it,* on the Poliziano model of style. Morris has sold some 250 copies of his *Jason*—the last 100 of them somewhat rapidly.

Thursday, 11 July.—Got my pictures in the drawing-room hung, and the bulk of the Japanese prints for the dining-room. Howell (who dined here with his cousin †) and Gabriel much pleased with the effect. Showed H[owell] the photograph sent me by Kirkup from the drawing whereon (as he believes) Dante drew the shape of his cranium, and wrote his name. H[owell] agrees with me in thinking the name very suspicious; he says that the flourished lines scored underneath it are rarely if ever found in mediæval or other than quite modern autographs.

Friday, 12 July.—Dodgson (the Oxford man and photographer) writes to Christina to say that a friend of his, Rivington, would much like to illustrate either of Christina's volumes, and would do it at little cost. D[odgson] sends a design by R[ivington] from *Passing Away*; ‡ which, though not advanced in execution, is finely felt, and a good deal like what C[hristina] herself might do if she knew enough to draw. . . .

Sunday, 14 July.—Left London in the morning, and got out at Rugby for a day with Tupper; who seems fairly well and comfortable, but perhaps not receiving a very cordial recognition from the School and other authorities. . . . Tupper's class has hitherto been two hours in the week; but, with many natural sciences now studied, it has

* The lines are certainly these: when I was compiling the *Collected Works* of Dante Rossetti (1886), I had not identified the subject of them:—

“Con manto d'oro, collana, ed anelli,
Le piace aver con quelli
Non altro che una rosa ai suoi capelli.”

† Miss Kate Howell, afterwards his wife.

‡ The design remains in my possession,

dwindled to one hour, and T[upper] thinks it will continue on the wane.

Monday, 15 July.— . . . Left at noon.

Tuesday, 16 July.—Came on to Penkill. . . . Penkill is a delightful habitation, though dark on a day like this, and the grounds immediately about are exquisite as far as I can yet judge them. Scott's pictures on the staircase* have a very good effect, decidedly superior even to what the cartoons indicate; they are both lightsome in effect, almost gay, and in invention solid and thoughtful. The part chiefly (or perhaps alone) attacked by damp is in the picture of the King's first sight of the lady. . . .

Thursday, 18 July.— . . . In coming home went about the grounds of the house named The Warden. The family have moved into a modern house here, and left the old house to become a ruin, and a very good one it is. I suppose parts must be as old as 1500 or older. Picked-up a mole in coming along—the only one I ever saw walking about above ground; he was going along at a good trundling pace. Began writing on *Longfellow's Dante* for *The Chronicle*: also made acquaintance with the scriptural dramas of Zachary Boyd, c. 1620, one of the Boyd family, going through the drama of *Jonah*. They are most racy specimens of the period, and have an ample share of solid merit. . . .

Saturday, 20 July.— . . . Went down with Miss B[oyd] to where she is painting in the glen, and afterwards with S[cott] to the further end of the glen—in the direction of Dailly: it is full of beautiful glimpses. Miss B[oyd] proposed that I should sit to S[cott] for a head in his *Palace of Venus*, which head he had originally begun with some idea of resembling it to me, but afterwards finished it up with little or no such resemblance. I sat accordingly, and he repainted the head; which is now, I think, quite recognizably like me. . . .

Monday, 22 July.—The rains of yesterday and to-day, sometimes drenching, have swollen the waters of the glen to a great extent: Scott says they make more show and

* Illustrating the poem by James I. of Scotland, *The King's Quair*.

noise than he ever remembers, and their impetuous rush is really a noble sight. . . .

Monday, 29 July.—We accomplish this day the drive and walk to old Kilkerran Castle, which is a noticeable ruin hard by a picturesque stream. Amused ourselves some while by throwing branches of trees etc. into the stream, and seeing whether they would be carried into and out of the cup-like depth of flowing water called the Devil's Punch-bowl. Continues fine weather.

Tuesday, 30 July.—My last day at Penkill. . . .

Friday, 2 August.—Started to Paris. . . .

Monday, 5 August.— . . . In the evening to the Français to see *Hernani*—a great crowd at the *queue*, and the house cram-full. Much applause, especially at some *flétrissure* of the *aigle impérial*. Favart is very fine in the last scene, and Delaunay as *Hernani* seems to me on the whole successful—Bressant as Charles V., reasonably so—Mauban as Ruy Gomez, somewhat heavy. The great effectiveness of the play does certainly not relieve one of the sense of its artificiality and want of real nature, but it is excellently effective. . . .

Wednesday, 7 August.—Found Courbet's exhibition at the top of the Pont de l'Alma: the great *Hallali au Cerf* is dated this year. There is a book at the entrance for signatures and opinions of visitors: I left (perhaps better not have done so) the following with my name: "Gustave Courbet c'est un véritable maître qui se joue parfois trop de ses admirateurs en peignant en écolier." Settled to buy photographs (6 francs apiece) of the *Femme au Perroquet* (I think the drapery has been darkened since last year, and deteriorated) and the *Fawns by a Stream*. Visitors seem very few. . . .

Saturday, 10 August.—Bought some Japanese books and a ditto bear from Madame Dessoye. Returned to London. . . .

Thursday, 15 August.— . . . Howell . . . says that there appears a considerable prospect of Ruskin's marrying again shortly: he could not mention the lady's surname, but her christian name is Rose. . . .

Tuesday, 27 August.— . . . Brown came in, and much discussion ensued as to modern social art (as Stevens and Tissot), and the prospects of English encouragement to art under a reformed Parliament: of this Brown has considerable hopes, but not Gabriel. I incline to say there will be a definite, though not perhaps very great, improvement. . . .

Friday, 30 August.—Visited the Portrait-Exhibition at South Kensington, now about closing. Struck generally by the poorness of personality in the sitters from Hogarth onwards, contrasting with those of William III. and Anne, and not specially impressed with the vitality even of the art. There are several admirably pure and vital Gainsboroughs, however—most specially *Lady Ligonier*, the mistress of Alfieri, a full-length: but in most of his bust-portraits there is next to no form—only a face and a charming suavity of hand. Reynolds's *Mrs Abington* in some hoydenish stage-part is wonderful, with some others. Generally, however, my estimate of him is not reinforced by this exhibition. Some of his more elaborately costumed royal or noble personages are very well treated in this respect. . . .

Saturday, 31 August.—Gabriel tells me that . . . Brown has received from Leyland an order for his smaller *Chaucer* picture for £525. . . .

Thursday, 5 September.—Dined at Scott's, meeting Dr Littledale* for the first time: he seems as far removed as possible from an ascetic, being far the most jocular man at table: says that Whitley Stokes, in India, now makes an income of some £2300. L[ittledale] is one of the extremest Irishmen in point of brogue that I ever met. . . .

Friday, 6 September.— . . . Hotten proposes to me that I should edit a selection of Whitman's poems, to be published by him, first naming the price I should require: this I will very gladly attend to. My principle of selection would be to miss out entirely any poem, though otherwise fine and

* A Clergyman of the advanced High-Church Party.

unobjectionable, which contains any of his extreme crudities of expression in the way of indecency: I would not expurgate any such poems, but simply exclude them. H[otten] says that Swinburne's *Song of Italy* has been the reverse of a commercial success. . . .

Monday, 9 September.— . . . Wrote to Hotten proposing to do the Whitman Selection for £25, and twelve copies of the book. Conway sends me a letter from Burroughs relative to my Whitman article in *The Chronicle*. . . .

Friday, 13 September.—Hotten (after first saying the utmost he could afford is £20) agrees to my terms about Whitman. . . .

Monday, 16 September.—Called at Cayley's invitation to see him and the Leifchilds in Hunter Street. F. Leifchild, . . . the last time he was in Italy, spent some time at Lerici, close to the villa, or balconied castle, wherein Shelley had resided: he found an old man there who recollected Shelley and his ways. S[helley] used to go about wherever there was sickness in a house, nursing and advising. The place is gloriously beautiful. . . .

Saturday, 21 September.—Gabriel back last night from his visit to Allingham, and called in Euston Square: he thinks of going down again by the end of next week. . . .

Sunday, 22 September.—Began writing my introduction to Whitman. Conway called, and showed me the large photograph of W[hitman] lately sent over, with his autograph. He denies that Emerson has ever turned against W[hitman], but on the contrary admires him quite as much as he ever expressed in writing: he also got Lincoln to approve W[hitman]'s going to the camp-hospitals, with no remuneration (W[hitman] stipulated there should be none) but with the ordinary camp-rations. . . .

Sunday, 29 September.—Howell, now back from his wedding-trip, dined at Chelsea with others. . . . Linton back from America, and about to return thither; collecting materials for his *History of Wood-Engraving*, and looked with this intention at various Japanese woodcuts, which he highly admires. Scott, whom I told that I would dedicate to

him my Selection from Whitman. Gabriel complains much of his eyes, and fears the evil is organic, not merely a symptom of dyspepsia or the like. He says that sunlight or artificial light becomes increasingly painful to him, producing giddiness etc. ; and that, from one day a few weeks back onwards when he became distinctly conscious of something wrong with the sight, it has gone on continuing and getting worse in the same way. Most of us thought the thing might be merely symptomatic, but all agreed in advising him to see an oculist without delay. Linton says that a revolution in Rome is all prepared, and only waiting some needful funds.

Monday, 30 September.—Elihu Burritt * called on Christina, and produced a very agreeable impression : I alone did not see him. Finished my writing-work on Whitman. . . .

Thursday, 3 October.—Gabriel came to Euston Square. His eyes are still in a state to cause anxiety, and he now finds that even the gas-lamps in the streets affect him distressingly. Much serious talk connected with this matter. . . . He is wanting to consult Bowman the oculist at once, but finds him just now out of town. G[abriel] says that he has already made £2000 this year. . . .

Sunday, 6 October.—Holman-Hunt called, being lately back from Florence. He looks thin and fagged. . . . The picture he has been doing in Florence is an *Isabella with the Pot of Basil* ; the costume etc. being made later than Boccaccio's time. It is a life-size work, and substantially finished. . . .

Tuesday, 8 October.—Gabriel has now seen Bowman. I don't learn that B[owman] gives a very definite opinion as to the nature of the case, but he recommends G[abriel] to give-up work for a month or so.

Wednesday, 9 October.—Hunt and Woolner dined at Euston Square. H[unt] proposes to go off to Jerusalem towards Christmas. . . .

Saturday, 19 October.—By pursuing Bowman's directions

* I am not quite sure whether the name of Elihu Burritt is now much remembered in England. He was an American, a man of some mark, often called "the literary blacksmith."

to bathe his eyes with cold water, Gabriel has got them fairly right again these few days past : to-day not quite so right. He has now finished his water-colour of *Tristram and Yseult* drinking the love-potion. . . .

Monday, 21 October.—Began reading (*Leslie's Autobiography*) with an experimental view towards a suggestion made to me a little while ago by Palgrave—to form a volume of axioms concerning art, the practice of artists, etc., written by British artists. After getting some small sample of the material together, I think of offering the volume to Macmillan, or possibly Hotten : I should omit all artists who appear to me bad or indifferent in art—such as O'Neil. The Editor of *The Broadway* writes to me a second time (I declined the first) asking me to contribute. . . .

Saturday, 2 November—. . . . Called on Swinburne, who has planned out the two concluding dramas for a Mary Stuart trilogy, and begun the first, with Bothwell for central figure : also a long narrative poem of *Tristram and Yseult*, and various political poems. . . .

Tuesday, 5 November.—Houghton called at Somerset House. He says that he draws his wood-cut designs straight off on the block, taking as a rule only some two to three hours per design : he sees nothing incredible in the statement that Doré had done some 40,000 designs by the age of twenty-nine. . . . Gabriel, last Sunday, in stirring up one of the Virginian owls out of his box, had the misfortune of pulling one of his claws out : he bled much, but did not appear in any great rage, nor has as yet shown particular suffering or distress. Gabriel asked Jamrach what he could get a young African elephant (!) for—answer £400. This is not exactly feasible ; but a Laughing Jackass is being bespoken, and enquiries made after a marmot and one or two other beasts. . . .

Friday, 8 November, to Sunday, 10 November.—Saw Woolner's fine bas-relief of *Virgilia*, medallions from *The Iliad* for Gladstone's bust etc. The Laughing Jackass has come (according to a letter from Gabriel) to a sudden and melancholy end—drowned in a tub of water. . . .

Tuesday, 12 November.—Sent to Routledge my blank-verse of the Coroner's Inquest,* of which he wishes to know the length.

Wednesday, 13 November.—Routledge accepts this poem, and proposes to get it illustrated, suggesting Gabriel for that purpose. . . .

Friday, 15 November.—Gabriel is not prepared to undertake the design for my blank-verse, which I have now decided to call *Mrs Holmes Grey*: he made a sketch however of the death-scene.† Leyland got us to dine with him and a Mr Harlan at the Wellington. They both told us, as coming from a Captain Coppin of Londonderry, and also related by a city-man Mr Allan, three or four extraordinary supernatural events with which Captain C[oppin] has been connected. One is that the spirit of one of his deceased children revealed to a sister, before the M'Clintock expedition, the exact bearings of the sea-passage which would lead to a discovery of the Franklin remains; that Coppin wrote this off to Lady F[ranklin]; that the expedition searched accordingly, found the data correct, and discovered the relics; and that Coppin holds a letter from Lady F[ranklin] fully acknowledging these facts. Harlan seems to be well acquainted with Coppin, and has this account from himself: he has not however seen Lady F[ranklin]'s letter.

Saturday, 16 November.—E. Routledge called at Somerset House, and I agreed to write for *The Broadway* articles on Ruskin and Browning. We agreed upon Houghton to illustrate the coffin-scene in my poem, though R[outledge] would have preferred Watson. Conway sends me a letter to him from Whitman concerning my Selection. He authorizes me to make such alterations in words as I may consider needful for decency. This would, I think, enable Hotten to bring out at once a modified complete edition, instead of a mere Selection. Saw the Chinese Horned Owl at Chelsea in the morning.

Sunday, 17 November.—Wrote to Hotten, Conway, and

* *I.e.*, the poem named *Mrs Holmes Grey*, written in 1849.

† I have no knowledge now of this sketch.

Whitman, about the edition or selection question ; advocating the edition if H[otten] is willing to go in for it. . . .

Tuesday, 19 November.—Hotten decides to bring out the Whitman Selection as at first planned, but with a clear intimation of a projected complete edition. . . .

Wednesday, 20 November.—Gabriel says that he will probably have made £3000 this year, by the close of it. He sold the other day chalk-drawings (female heads etc.) to the value of £300, £150 each to Leyland and to Valpy* (for the latter the drawings remain to be done). He has been reducing his debts considerably, still owing about £1000. . . .

Friday, 22 November.—Swinburne's appeal for mercy to the Fenians condemned to death at Manchester appears in to-day's *Morning Star*: however, it has not availed. . . .

Monday, 25 November.—Gabriel says one of the young dormice has been devoured by the others. His eyes seem to be as well again as if nothing had been wrong with them.

Tuesday, 26 November.—Another young dormouse has met the same fate. Gabriel has been making some chalk-studies of head and shoulders (from Miss Wilding) for the *Andromeda* picture.† . . .

Thursday, 28 November.—Routledge showed me the wood-block with Houghton's design for *Mrs H[olmes] Grey*: it is very satisfactory. Conway sent me a letter he has received from O'Connor, author of *The Good Grey Poet*. He intimates that Whitman, though resigned, is not really pleased at the publication of a mere selection from his poems ; while O'C[onnor] himself views it with great distaste, as practically a concession to the outcry against W[hitman]'s indecencies. O'C[onnor] has written another letter (not yet in Conway's hands) setting forth the points he would wish insisted on in any prefatory work of mine. I replied to him in cordial terms, but to the effect that the Preface and part of the Selection are now in print, and cannot well be remodelled. . . .

* As to Mr Valpy see p. 267.

† The picture which he called *Aspecta Medusa*. He designed it, but never painted it.

Thursday, 12 December.—A dinner at Whistler's (his Brother, Tebbs, and Jeckyll,* with myself), and grand discussion as to the campaign of to-morrow, when the motion for his expulsion from the Burlington is to come off. . . .

Friday, 13 December.—Whistler's expulsion was voted by 19 against 8. . . . W[histler] spoke some home-truths. . . . Tebbs moved . . . my written proposal to take no action at this late end of the year. Scott seconded, and this had a good chance of passing if Whistler would have intimated that he would not renew his subscription: but he declined, and then the main vote passed against him. . . . I handed in my resignation to Wornum. . . .

Saturday, 14 December.—At Swinburne's request, met Routledge (editor of *The Broadway*) at S[winburne]'s house. S[winburne] offers him various things, and handed over a short Boccacciesque tale, *Monna Lisa*: it will occupy about three pages. . . . S[winburne] has received from Mazzini a very gratifying message regarding his poem for the Fenians: M[azzini] has of late been too unwell to write, but he is now resuming. Is staying at Lugano.

Sunday, 15 December.—Revising proofs of the Whitman Selection, now approaching its close—and writing for *The Broadway* an article on Ruskin. . . .

Monday, 16 December.—Received a most friendly and indeed affectionate letter from Whitman. Writing in reply to a (now superseded) suggestion that the London book should be made a slightly modified complete edition instead of a Selection without alterations or omissions, he expresses a strong objection to the plan; but readiness to put up with it rather than traverse any arrangements which may be actually in course of completion. I wrote back explaining that the plan of a Selection has been reverted to. . . .

Tuesday, 17 December.— . . . Gabriel has now sent-in his resignation to the Burlington Club. . . .

Thursday, 19 December.—Macmillan, to whom I had written offering the Selection I am making from the criticisms of Artists on Art, declines to undertake it, on the ground of

* Mr Jeckyll was an architect.

the ill-success of my *Dante* and *Fine Art*. He sends me the accounts for these two books to 30 June last, showing about £60 for me to pay on the first, and about £74 balance against himself on the second. Mamma, who had from the first set aside £50 to meet expenses on the *Dante*, offers to pay also the extra £10. Received the last proof of the *Whitman Selection*, and added a brief P.S. to relieve him from all responsibility in connexion with it. . . .

Friday, 20 December.— . . . Scott, Brown, Jones, Howell, and others, dined at Chelsea. A good deal of talk about Whistler; about Linton's *History of Wood-Engraving*, which Morris and Webb would have stop at Bewick, on the theory that all wood-cutting since then has been wrong in principle—etc. . . . Gabriel has got two more Laughing Jackasses. . . .

Sunday, 29 December.—Hunt called at Euston Square, seeming in better trim and spirits than before. His *Isabella* picture is very nearly but not yet entirely finished. He contemplates going back through Italy, and on to Damascus perhaps, rather than Jerusalem. On my asking him which pictures in Italy he remembered with especial pleasure, the first he named was Titian's *Jerome* in the Brera. . . .

138.—DORA GREENWELL to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The term "your Criticism" means my small volume on Swinburne.]

W. EVANS, ESQ., ALLESTREE HALL, DERBY.
16 January 1867.

Dear Mr Rossetti,—Have I your leave to keep your Criticism a little longer? It is indeed a beautiful and wonderful piece of writing, and, to me, unlocks the door into a new realm. I mean as regards art generally,—all that bears particularly upon Swinburne interests me less closely. . . . I

have not read all Swinburne's poems—only *Atalanta*, the splendid *Hymn to Proserpine*, and the bits one comes across in reviews. . . .

What strikes me (among other things) as entirely new in your essay, and to me more valuable than words can express, is its high sense of the value of art as art. I have been long convinced of the truth of Schiller's canon, "that a direct aim is fatal to a work of imaginative beauty." Still I think I have always been used to look upon music, finish, and rhythm, as mere aids to the expression of thought and feeling. Now, I see that they are *in themselves* sources of beauty and delight, and to be prized accordingly. . . . The truth seems to be that there are wonders and glories *wrapped up* in the common aspects of nature and life, which art detects and sets free.—How true is what you say of your Sister's art, that it is the natural *necessary* result of affinity, giving what it finds.

When I am at home and settled, I want to write to you upon the Pagan element, which seems to me to enter *inevitably* into all high and free literature and art. Your Sister does not agree with me in this—nor Miss Ingelow, nor anybody; which makes me feel sure I am right. Athanasius against the world! Thanking you for the great pleasure of your essay, believe me yours very sincerely,

DORA GREENWELL.

139.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[These surprising statements regarding Dante etc. may be best left without comment. Under the date of 12 July occurs the phrase "50 days." Kirkup wrote "80," but that is clearly a mistake.—The last paragraph of the extract refers to Lorenzino de' Medici—or Lorenzaccio, as he is called in Alfred de Musset's drama—the assassin of Duke Alexander de' Medici in the sixteenth century.]

2 PONTE VECCHIO [FLORENCE].
19 January 1867.

My dear Rossetti,—Trelawny says Mazzini is the greatest man of his age (I suppose after Garibaldi), and both infinitely above any Bonaparte, or any other successful traitor of modern times,—as much as a Washington is above a Bute. Trelawny is an *ultra*-liberal, and has never studied any religious question (having no evidence); but has the greatest contempt for all the absurdities that go by that name, and all the atrocities. . . . Trelawny is not only my best friend but the best I ever heard of—“*quegli cui io chiamo primo de' miei amici.*” * His incredulity extends to my spiritualism. . . . I avoided all theories and opinions, and stuck closely to *facts* only. That has been my rule for twelve years; I have kept a journal all that time, now *in its seventh volume*; and it is but a slight one, which I regret,—mere notes, and far from containing everything. But, as it was not written for the world, and is only a memorandum-book for myself, it will some day be a curiosity if it is preserved. Now no one would believe it.

You ask about the memorable fact of Dante's drawing and writing. It is one of the most remarkable—*ecco*. I refer to my journal,—

“12 Oct[ober] 1865.—This evening Bibi (my little daughter, aged 12) slept. She said there were five (there had been four spirits lately). There was Dante. He looked young, she said, about twenty or twenty-two: she is no judge of age. He is handsomer than the many portraits of him in my room. (When he first appeared to Regina he was like the mask, old—they all improve). I inquired about his dress:—no *capuccio*, but something green. I told her she was mistaken. It must be red, the lining of the cap turned back, making a red stripe; that Regina said he was like a *capo rosso*, by which she meant a goldfinch (this was on the 29th November 1854).

“7 January 1866.—This evening Bibi, and Olimpia her

* “The one whom I call first among my friends”: a quotation from Dante.

maid (an ex-Nun and a somnambule), said that it was Dante who had influenced the Minister, Natoli, to recommend me to the King; so the other spirits said."

After many manifestations not connected with this subject, on the 15th *April* 1866, both Bibi and Olimpia saw Dante in their sleep with the four usual spirits. He is very handsome, and younger than formerly; a wreath on his head (the green which B[ibi] had seen before); his hair black, his cap under his arm. He said, unasked, that it was he who influenced the ministers and King for my knighthood and Barony. He promised to help me in getting his portrait by Giotto restored once more. He will advise me what to do next Thursday (he did not, it was forgot). He is for the union of Italy, and the expulsion of the Germans. "Did you help your son Jacopo to find the Cantos of the *Paradiso* missing at your death?"—*Si*.—Is anything hidden in your house in Piazza San Martino?—No.—Can you find or direct us to any piece of your hand-writing, however small?—*Cercherò, e ti dirò Giovedì*. *—He could not. On the 16th *April* Dante renewed a promise which he had made to become visible to me. Nothing came of it. Now then—

On the 28th *April* 1866 I asked him if he would draw for me the shape of his head and hair on a paper on which I had drawn his face, younger and handsomer than his portraits. He refused at first, but at last consented. We fixed the time, but he did nothing and put it off. After many other events he appeared to Bibi with the usual four others on the 19th of May. It was in her sleep (magnetic). I had drawn him younger than the portrait by Giotto; and, as that was the most difficult part, I asked him to fix a time when he would draw the form of the head, as I had never seen any portrait without his cap: and he did not refuse to add the hair, and the wreath to it, as he appeared to Bibi. She is likewise a writing medium; and her mother's spirit made her write on the 21st May, "Dante will tell us to-morrow when he will draw

* I will see to it, and tell you on Thursday.

the head." On the 22nd he promised to take the drawing to-morrow, in the usual way that other things have often been taken and returned as amulets.

23 *May*.—*It was taken this day.*

I will give you an idea of my precautions against tricks and cheating.

The features alone were drawn by me on a piece of drawing-paper the size of this page.* It was laid on a small board, and placed on a chair with a pencil by its side, in the middle of a small room or closet, 13 feet by 3; with a window at the end, left open on purpose. The *only* door was double-locked, and the key in my pocket. The door was then sealed, with slips of paper and the seal-ring on my finger; and, besides which, in the hinges were concealed small twigs of fire-wood as small as a needle, unknown to any one, which, if the door were opened, must fall to the ground. (These are my usual precautions in fastening the door: the window open). I found the door all right the next day when I opened it and went in. The board was there, but the drawing and pencil were gone. The window is 60 feet above the river. I had asked Dante some days before to add to this favour by writing his name to it. I did not explain *why*.

7 *June*.—Dante had fixed on yesterday to bring back the drawing finished, but he never did. He now promises it to-morrow to Olimpia in her sleep.—The 8th. He has not brought it back. . . . Our spirit-party had lately been increased by the Spirit of Marietta, Olimpia's younger sister, a spirit of high order. Four of our spirits now left us, and went to the army—Isaac, Giovanni, Count Ginnasi, and Dante: Regina and Marietta alone remained. They came back several times to give us news of the war before it was known in Florence. Dante was with Garibaldi, and saved his life by turning-aside a ball that would have killed him. So he said. Many curious details are in my journal. On the 4th of July Dante would have brought back the portrait; but did not, because I was not aware

* The page measures about 8 inches by 5.

of it, and had not secured the door of the room in my usual way as a security against tricks. It was again promised on the 11th, but never came: and it was again promised for the next day. Marietta made yesterday a sort of excuse for his not drawing so well as he could when he was in this life, and that he found it difficult to manage the pencil. We shall see.

12 July.—*Sure enough it was brought back.*

The door had been securely closed as usual—lock, seals, and twigs. Noon was the hour appointed. I had looked in at half-past eleven. There was the board on the chair *empty*. I sat down to write close to the door, and there was no one else in the house at that time. It is fifty days since it was taken, the 23rd May.

The paper has got rumpled and creased a little, and the drawing rubbed. The outline of the head is quite distinct, but fainter than [the] rest, and so is the wreath—not laurel, but more like rose-leaves. The name is written large and strong—a sort of Gothic—I think about the fifteenth century; and it agrees admirably with Leonardo Aretino's description of his hand-writing in his *Life of Dante*, of which I have a MS. of the date 1455. The letters long and upright, Dante *Allighieri*, with two l's. The pencil was returned and placed by the side of the drawing, which I have put in a frame under a glass, and is hanging in this room. I will try if it is sufficiently strong to be photographed. Would you like one? . . . This drawing is real, and has been seen by a hundred persons; like Home's name which he wrote on a ceiling in the presence of many, and remains there still.

Have you heard the story of his fortune? The newspapers have made a silly romance of it, full of lies, even the Florence papers. I have it from him. We are old friends, and I have seen much more extraordinary things in his presence, though not so important as fortunes or titles, but as physical phenomena: the frequent risings of my humble supper-table, that is frequently off the ground *untouched*, and rises to be kissed by each person present, as many times as there are spirits, at the name of each, and which beats time

when Bibi sings, changing tunes and measures and tattoos as correctly as a Capo-banda, and answering all our questions by raps with its feet on the floor ; 3 for yes, 1 for no, and 2 for uncertain. . . .

I have the great medal of Lorenzino, and two or three others. It is taken from the bust (in the gallery) of Brutus by Michelangelo, and is very like it. Lorenzino was short, but stout and very strong. . . .—Yours sincerely,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

140.—STAUROS DILBEROGLUE to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Mr Dilberoglue was a Greek merchant long settled in London : he had been known to me for two or three years in connexion with some other Greek families, especially the Spartalis. My "friend's letter," to which he here refers, was a letter from Mr Stillman regarding Cretan affairs.]

13 BARNSBURY PARK, ISLINGTON.

28 January 1867.

Dear Mr Rossetti,—. . . The extract of your friend's letter is most valuable. Could you give me date of letter and name? provided you do *not* wish the name to be kept unpublished.

Our committee has had so much to contend with, in order that all adverse influences exercised against it might be counteracted, that it has restricted the area of his operations only within Greece ; so it cannot use any modicum even of its means for the purpose you name. . . .

The issue of the struggle is inevitable ; and still there is not *one* statesman in Europe yet who can take the initiative, and appear the creator of all that is to follow ; as in crystallization, as soon as the right shock is given to the masses of facts in the very act of crystallization now. Do help us in all you can. . . . I shall read your letter to the committee ; and

all I learn, worth knowing, I shall take the liberty of transmitting to you. . . .—Yours in esteem and appreciation,

STAUROS DILBEROGLUE.

141.—SIR FREDERICK BURTON to MADOX BROWN.

[It is apparent from this letter that Brown had some wish to become a member of the Society (the "Old Society") of Painters in Water-colours; he was not, I fancy, willing to pass through the subordinate grade of Associate. But I believe his candidateship was never brought to any practical issue. I do not observe that the matter is mentioned in Mr Ford Hueffer's book concerning Brown.]

43 ARGYLL ROAD, KENSINGTON.

1 *March* 1867.

My dear Brown,—Thanks for your kind note. . . . I very much wish indeed that you might be enrolled amongst the members of the S[ociety of] P[ainters in] W[ater-colours], and that we might see your works upon the walls. And you may be sure that I shall not only be ready but anxious to further any wish you may have in that direction yourself.

At the last meeting, being deprived by Holland's absence of even his support, and not knowing otherwise how the wind might lie, I thought it more prudent to be silent on the subject, especially as I did not know with any certainty what you desired. Besides, I knew there were certain men whom the majority desired to get in. . . .

I hope you and I shall have many opportunities of meeting before another occasion of the kind occurs, when we can talk over the matter.—Believe me always sincerely yours,

FRED. W. BURTON.

142.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The phrase "you remember Trelawny" relates to a very old affair. In 1843, when I was thirteen years of age, Trelawny called in my Father's house once or twice, and he had occasion to speak to me.]

FLORENCE, P[ONTE] VECCHIO.

6 March 1867.

My dear Rossetti,—. . . I send you *by this post* the photo of Dante's writing and drawing; I hope you will get it. . . . The writing is, I think, a century or two more modern, but it agrees wonderfully with Leonardo Aretino's description. . . .

I have just seen H. Hunt. I like him much: he seems a man of great sensibility. As for his works, I know nothing. . . .

So you remember Trelawny. He is a magnificent, magnanimous fellow and friend; but perhaps too much of a republican for you—not for me; and he is the sincerest of men, and the great enemy of priestcraft, the greatest friend of Shelley. You know his (Trelawny's) two biographies. They are immensely popular on the Continent. I have seen five editions of his first life in French and English. . . .

My somnambula, Olimpia, tells me that Dante is Garibaldi's *angelo custode*. He never comes but when Garibaldi is in Florence, which I always know by that. I met G[aribaldi] in the street the other day. I said nothing to her; and sure enough Dante came, and she did not know it, though D[ante] told us where he, G[aribaldi], was lodging. He was always with him during the war. He, D[ante], is no longer a Ghibelline, but a Republican; again and above all a Unionist and Antipapal. He always agreed with your Father, when nobody in Florence did. Our medium was a young girl, unlettered, and could hardly read at sixteen; and, as I required some better proof than her word, he gave us some indubitable physical demonstrations beyond the reach of fraud. . . .

You ask why the window of the small room is left open. It always is, by their desire, that they may take the object. They cannot get it through stone walls, though they can pass themselves. There is no window beyond it, as it is a corner-house, and there is none over it; and the chair is in the middle of the room, not close to the window. My studio is the next room to it, where I mostly sit, and where you once sat. . . .

The photograph I by this post send you is very good and exceedingly correct, even the creasing of the paper (it was quite smooth when I placed it), and the drawing has been a little rubbed.

Home's fortune is £27,500 consols in his name, and the promise of an inheritance of £5000 a year. I don't know Mrs Lyon's maiden name, but her late husband was a relation of Lord Strathmore. She promises him a town-house well mounted, and they are now coming abroad. . . .

Remember me to Swinburne. He is our champion against tyranny, temporal and spiritual.

I like Hunt immensely: he was with me last evening. He will go soon: that is the worst of being abroad. Adieu, my dear friend.—Yours ever,

S. KIRKUP.

143.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

FLORENCE, 2 PONTE VECCHIO.
23 March 1867.

My dear Rossetti,—. . . You tell me your younger Sister is delicate. Take care of her, and in time. I was given over forty years ago for consumption: I never saw any living being so far gone. I was saved by Sir James Clarke. . . . I lived *entirely* on asses' milk and a bit of bread three times a day; and after a fortnight the milk began to disagree with me, and he substituted Iceland moss for another fortnight,

and kept me afterwards on low diet, attending to my liver and stomach, which had been the original cause of (really) purulent disease of the chest. But, on seeing me cured, he supposed it had been confined to the membranes and lining of the lungs, with all the usual hectic symptoms to the greatest degree. Travelling is dangerous on account of exposure, but *staying* in a warm climate is another thing. . . . There is a spot under the hill of Fiesole that seems to cure everybody—much more than Pisa or Nice. . . .—
Sincerely yours,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

144.—DANTE ROSSETTI to OLIVER BROWN.

[My Brother always retained his liking for Oliver Brown's first painting, *Queen Margaret and the Outlaw*; which was indeed a very remarkable effort for such a youth, incomparably superior to anything done by Dante Rossetti himself at any like age; and for some years he kept it by him. I think he made it over to the bereaved Father, soon after Oliver's death in November 1874.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
10 May 1867.

My dear Nolly,—On reading your nice letter I only deferred writing in answer because I thought I would examine the drawing afresh when it came, and thank you for it with a full impression of its beauty at the moment. But now, on looking at your letter again, I find you actually ask me beforehand whether I will accept your present; so let me hasten to say Yes before it comes.

I assure you I consider it very beautiful both in design and colour, and a first effort of which you need never be ashamed, however much you may advance as an artist.

Hard study and application are not to be dispensed with by any one entering on art; but it is something to make such

a beginning as this, and so feel sure that, though without labour no perfection can ever be attained, still there is no doubt of your labour to become a complete artist being really worth your while, and not a mistaken course in life, as it is with many.

I shall value this first work of yours most highly, and make no doubt of the verdict of all good judges who will see it being the same as my own as to your future career. Next year I hope your Father will agree with me that you should aim at exhibiting something.—With sincere affection and good wishes, believe me, my dear Nolly, most truly yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

145.—DANTE ROSSETTI to OLIVER BROWN.

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
[1867—? *May*].

My dear Nolly, I am sending some painting materials for your acceptance. The more I look at your drawing, the more I see you are well able to use them. . . .

I showed your water-colour to Mr Whistler after you were gone, and he admired it very much indeed. . . .—Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

146.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI.—LIST OF SUBJECTS FOR
PICTURES.

[It must have been towards May 1867 that I began noting down, from any miscellaneous reading, subjects which struck me as being suitable for pictures: perhaps my list may be thought worth perusal. I am rather sorry that I dropped it after a brief term—only very recently resuming

it. The reader (even if not versed in questions of fine art) will readily perceive that, while there are thousands of most interesting incidents recorded in history, biography, etc., only a moderate percentage of these are adapted for being treated as pictures—this percentage consisting of those subjects which can pretty well explain themselves to the eye, apart from antecedents and consequents that cannot be embodied in the picture.]

1. *Athenæum*, No. 2063, p. 622.—Marie Antoinette in prison counted the dirty linen for the laundress, and Louis XVI. wrote out the list.

2. *Cancellieri, Originalità di Dante*, p. 17.—Marsilio Ficino and Michele Mercati promised that whichever died first would bring to the other some news of the other world. Ficino being dead, a knock came at Mercati's door in San Miniato: he, looking out of window, saw a white man on a white horse, who disappeared, saying "*Vera, vera, sunt illa.*"

3. *Longfellow's Inferno*, p. 215, from *Odyssey*, B. 11.—Clytemnestra slays Cassandra, while Agamemnon, dying, clutches at his sword.

4. *Ditto*, p. 217, *ditto*.—Minos, seated, with golden sceptre, gives laws to the dead who plead their causes before him.

5. *Ditto*, p. 221, *Æneid*, B. 6.—Æneas meets Dido in Hades, and tries to soothe her. She remains moveless with eyes on the ground, and finally retires to Sichæus in a grove.

6. *Hamel, Histoire de Robespierre*, vol. 3, pp. 639-40.—About 1794 it was a practice for people of all sorts to dine together in the streets or spaces of Paris etc.: as, ladies with their servants, Aristocrats with Sansculottes, etc.

7. *Haydon's Life*, vol. 2, p. 165.—Chaucer beating a Franciscan in Fleet Street, for which he got fined (Lamb proposes this subject).

8. *Michelet, Jeanne D'Arc*, p. 47.—After the battle of Patay, June 1429, Joan, seeing an English prisoner knocked on the head and mortally injured by his captor, held his head, and got a priest to attend him.

9. *Mézerai, Histoire de France, vol. 2, p. 376.*—Godefroi, Bishop of Amiens, 12th century, refused to give the Eucharist one day to men of fashion who presented themselves wearing long and elaborate hair. They cut off their hair on the spot, and the Eucharist was then given them.

10. *Ditto, vol. 2, p. 406.*—St Louis, taken prisoner by the Saracens in Egypt, compelled to witness the flagellation of, and other insults to, a Crucifix.

11. *Ditto, vol. 3, p. 76.*—God presented a plan of religious association (la Sainte Trinité de la Rédemption des Captifs), confirmed by the Pope, 1209, to Jean de Matha, a Provençal gentleman and doctor of theology, and Hermit Felix, both retired to a solitude near Meaux.

12. *Ditto, ditto, p. 181.*—Year 1357. A freebooter, Arnould de Cervoles, calling himself l'Archiprêtre, held the Pope to ransom in Avignon; and then made him give absolution, and treat him at dinner with the respect due to a sovereign prince.

13. *Ditto, ditto, p. 307.*—Year 1408. Pope (or Antipope) Benedict sent Sancio Lupi and an equerry to the King of France to threaten an excommunication. The messengers were seized, set up on a scaffold, with paper mitres and painted dalmatics bearing Benedict's arms, and preached at very severely by a Docteur.

14. *Ditto, ditto, p. 309.*—A mediæval Noyade, 1408. The Bishop of Liège having regained his power, great numbers of the opponents were thrown into the Meuse, tied two and two, besides other executions on a vast scale.

15. *Ditto, ditto, p. 353.*—Henry V. of England, after his victories in France (1421), while besieging Dreux, was warned by a Hermit of his injustice, and threatened with divine punishment. He paid no attention.

16. *Ditto, ditto, p. 412.*—The Dauphin (Louis XI.), aged about 22, gave *un soufflet* to Agnes Sorel at Chinon.

17. *Ditto, ditto, p. 459.*—Louis XI. (to divert attention from other matters) caused the stags, kids, fawns, storks, swans, cormorants, talking birds, and other pet animals, to be seized throughout Paris.

18. *Ditto*, vol. 5, p. 222.—Henri III. (towards 1577) held a feast in which women dressed as men, in green, served at table: all the guests in the same colour.

19. *Ditto ditto*, p. 223.—Catherine de' Medici, in return, gave a feast where the handsomest ladies of the Court served, with their bosoms displayed and hair dishevelled.

20. *Ditto ditto*, p. 262.—*Cir.* 1583. Henri III. would go masking in the Carnival, and indulging in all sorts of dissipation: and in Lent joining in processions of penitents. (Suppose midnight on last day of Carnival, and Maskers and Penitents in presence of one another.)

21. *Ockley, History of the Saracens*, pp. 115-6.—A.D. 633. Caulah (a young virgin) and other Arabian women, having been taken prisoners by Peter and other Damascenes, set themselves close together (on the halt between place of capture and Damascus), and defended themselves with tent-poles, killing many Christians. Peter was in love with Caulah. At last Kaled, Derar (brother of Caulah), and other Arabs, came up, and delivered the women.

22. *Ritchie, Early Letters of Jane Carlyle*.—Carlyle in London (towards 1836) smoking a long pipe on the top of a cistern (for want of accommodation indoors).

23. *Livy*.—Camillus at Falerii. A traitorous Pedagogue of Falerii, which city was at war with the Romans, had tempted a number of boys of the highest families into Camillus's tent. Camillus had the Pedagogue stripped and bound, and got the boys to whip him back to Falerii.

24. *Ditto*, B. 8, p. 122.—Various Roman Matrons were arrested as poisoners. Cornelia and Sergia maintained that the poisons were merely medicines. They were told in court to drink the liquors. They and others of the accused drank, and all died. A.U.C. 424.

25. *Josephus*, p. 761.—Herod entered the sepulchre of David, and extracted thence masses of jewels and gold ornaments. Proceeding inwards to view the corpses of David and Solomon, he was assailed by a miraculous flame, which killed two of his favourites. Night-time.

26. *Gardiner's Cromwell*, p. 170.—*Cir.* 1655. Cromwell had

not money to pay his army. Some of his Guard entered his kitchen, walked off with provisions, and told Cromwell to his face that they must pay themselves in kind.

27. *Ditto*, p. 174.—*Cir.* 1656. General Pride, when the Bear-garden, Southwark, was kept up in spite of various edicts, slew the bears with his own hands, and closed the show.

28. *Encyclopædia Britannica*; article, *Vesta*.—Stilicho's wife, Serena, went to the Atrium Vestæ, Rome, and appropriated a precious necklace from one of the statues. The last remaining Vestal Virgin remonstrated, but in vain.

29. *Horne's Life of Napoleon*, vol. 2, p. 16.—Night of 13 October 1806. Napoleon, on the eve of the battle of Jena, found that Lannes's Artillery had got jammed in a ravine. He ordered the soldiers to cut away the rocks on either side. They did so, with the "park-tools," Napoleon holding a lantern for a group of soldiers: and thus the Artillery was got out.

30. *Ditto, ditto*, p. 467.—Napoleon at St Helena in 1816, in riding, saw some labourers ploughing. He dismounted, took hold of the plough, and traced a long furrow.

31. *Ford M. Hueffer, The Cinque Ports*, p. 313.—In the time of King Egbricht, about the 7th century, a noble lady named Domnewa was at her prayers. The Devil put out her candle, and her Guardian Angel re-lit it.

32. *Mathilde Blind, a Letter to myself, dated 22 July 1871*.—In 1812, at Lymouth, Devonshire, Shelley had a fancy for launching fire-balloons. On one such occasion his wife Harriet and the servant-girl (afterwards Mrs Blackmore) were present; also the landlady Mrs Hooper, who got alarmed at the risk of firing her thatched roof.

33. *Mr Gledstones Waugh, a Letter to myself, dated 1873*.—A person whom he met at Great Marlow informed him that in boyhood he had seen Shelley on the Bridge of Marlow, returning home from a walk, his person much beset with tendrils of plants.

34. *Constant, Mémoires sur Napoléon*, vol. 2, p. 54.—

Napoleon, before going to bed, entered the *petit salon* of Constant (his Premier Valet de Chambre) and other attendants; and, finding one of them reading a novel, he grabbed it, and threw it into the fire.

35. *Ditto, ditto*.—On another day, in the morning, Napoleon threw into the fire some book of his own. His Mamelouk Roustan stooped to pick it out, but Napoleon prevented him.

36. *Ditto, ditto, p. 60*.—Napoleon kept gazelles at St Cloud. With Napoleon, and with him alone, they were very tame, and eagerly ate snuff which he would present to them in his snuff-box.

37. *Ditto, vol. 3, p. 237*.—Sometimes Napoleon got his boy-nephew, Napoleon (son of Louis), to offer the snuff-box to the gazelles; and he would afterwards set the child astride of one of them. This boy died at the age of seven, two years before the divorce of Josephine.

38. *Ditto, ditto*.—Napoleon was with Josephine in the Tuileries after a review, and had laid aside his hat and sword. The child Napoleon accoutred himself in the hat and sword, and went up and down humming a march-tune. The Emperor kissed him.

39. *Ditto, vol. 4, p. 38*.—In July 1808, after appointing Joseph to be King of Spain, Napoleon was at Agen. An old man aged a hundred and fourteen, named Printemps, who had fought under Louis XIV., was presented to him. Napoleon made him sit down, and himself sat beside him, chatting, and saying: "Vous avez entendu parler de moi dernièrement?"—He got Printemps to speak of his campaigns.

40. *Ditto, vol. 5, p. 37*.—On the lawn at Trianon, when Napoleon's son was a year old, he put his sword-belt on the infant's shoulders, and his cocked hat on his head: then, going some steps off, he held out his hands to the child, who still tottered.

41. *Duc de Sully's Memoirs, vol. 7, p. 312*—quoting from *Sauval*.—Henri IV., at the Church of St Gervais, was along with his mistress the Marquise de Verneuil, listening to a

sermon delivered by the Père Gonthier, a Jesuit. The Marquise and other court-ladies were chatting and trying to make Henri laugh. Gonthier turned towards him, asking when he would leave off consorting with his seraglio in the House of God. The ladies were incensed, but Henri soon afterwards expressed himself obliged to Gonthier for the admonition.

147.—JOHN RUSKIN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Mr Ruskin was a vigorous adversary of the Northern States of the American Union in their Civil War against the slave-holding and seceding Southern States. My sympathies were strong in the opposite direction. Mr Ruskin wrote a series of letters to Mr Thomas Dixon, the Cork-cutter of Sunderland; they were printed at once in some newspaper, and eventually in a volume entitled *Time and Tide by Wear and Tyne*. In the course of the correspondence Ruskin wrote something about the American War; and Dixon replied, mentioning me as being one of those who differed from Ruskin on the subject. Then Ruskin responded, saying something to the effect that my notions regarding the war were of no account as compared with Carlyle's, and that my knowledge of fine art was simply what I had learned from Ruskin himself and from my Brother. Seeing this statement printed in the newspaper, I wrote to the illustrious author, deferentially querying whether he had adequate evidence on which to found this opinion concerning the fine-art matter. His reply was as follows. It intimates that the passage would be retrenched from the reprint in volume-form, and so it was.—“Old J. D. Harding” was a landscape-painter of some skill and repute, who had given Ruskin, then a very young man, a certain amount of instruction in the art.—I am unable to acquiesce in Mr Ruskin's idea, respecting Japanese art, that “my Brother crammed his crotchets

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down my throat." That my Brother admired Japanese art to a very large extent is a fact: I did the same, and was, of the two, the more decided "Japoniseur."]

DENMARK HILL.

27 May 1867.

Dear Rossetti,—Thanks for your kind note. I never had any intention of keeping that phrase in the reprint; but I strictly wrote those letters as I *would* have done had they been private—though I knew they would be published. They are to be read as a little piece of permitted exposure of one's inner mind—for special purpose. Carlyle was furious at what I said of *him*, but I didn't care. That also goes out in reprint.

Of course, in a saying like that, "inference" *va sans dire*—one can't say "as far as I can judge": and of course also the lateral and confirmatory work is supposed. I should not have minded a bit old J. D. Harding's saying of me, "I taught him all he knows about art." If I knew a thing or two more, it was quite natural in him not to see it. He could only speak as he saw—and in a certain sense. All teaching is but the beginning of things.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Lest you should think this an equivocal sort of backing out of the thing, I will tell you exactly the feeling which gave origin to the sentence. When we had our last talk over Japan art, my soliloquy to myself was simply this: "What a pity that fellow—ingenious as he is—lets his Brother cram his crotchets down his throat! I wish I hadn't lost sight of him for so long; I would have kept him straighter."

Then I've . . . become much more arrogant and sulky than ever I was—and I was bad enough before.

148.—JAMES LEATHART to DANTE ROSSETTI.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

30 May 1867.

My dear Rossetti,—. . . With respect to your proposition to pay back the money paid on account of the *Found* picture, I have to say that I should very much prefer to receive the picture ; and, if you will permit one who has for a long time derived much pleasure from your works and taken a deep interest in your success to give advice, I should strongly recommend you to finish this work without delay. If by a little reflection you can get yourself into the proper vein, I am sure it will be a short business for you to complete the picture ; and in so doing you would add, not only to my satisfaction, but in my opinion to your present eminent position as an artist. I am vain enough to believe you would be as glad to see the picture upon my walls as upon almost any other—at all events, none would be prouder of it than I would. As soon as you have thought over the matter, let me hear from you : and, if you are still indisposed to finishing the picture in a moderate period, I shall be quite willing to accept your proposal. . . .—Ever yours truly,

JAMES LEATHART.

149.—DANTE ROSSETTI to JAMES LEATHART.

[This letter bears no written date. It appears to be a reply to the last preceding letter from Mr Leathart, and I therefore date it as under. The sum which Mr Leathart had advanced for the picture *Found* was actually repaid by Rossetti in November 1869.]

[16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

? 5 June 1867.]

My dear Leathart,—The question to which you recur in your letter—*i.e.*, that of my completing the picture for you—is

one which I have so long found, whenever I have turned my mind to it, to be under the circumstances continually impracticable, that I cannot believe it would be of any real use attempting again to entertain it now. I have therefore only to express my satisfaction at your acceptance of my proposal, and to thank you for the kind expressions in your letter, as well as again for the course you have pursued all along in the matter. On my side, I will trust, by applying myself to the payment of the debt as speedily as possible, and by doing my best with the little picture which forms part of our fresh arrangement, not to leave an impression on your mind of my having behaved badly in the long run.—With kind remembrances to Mrs Leathart and all yours, I am, my dear Leathart, yours very truly,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

150.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

["The Jacob picture" is commonly termed *Jacob and Joseph's Coat*—the Brothers of Joseph bringing his blood-stained coat of many colours to Jacob. Mr Leyland bought for £84 the water-colour version of this composition.]

[16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
24 June 1867.]

My dear Brown,—I was near coming down with Leyland to-day. . . . He was talking to-day with great admiration of the Jacob picture, so I told him of the water-colour of it. He said he had caught a glimpse of the same, but you withdrew it. So I told him we'd go together, and I would undertake he should see it. I think he would be sure to buy that or something. He asked the price, and I said I supposed 100 guineas. He then said that in that case he got the *Elijah* cheap at 80. So I said I did not know the exact price. If you object to my bringing him, let me know. I think he is well disposed.—Your

D. G. R.

151.—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

41 KENSINGTON SQUARE.

30 *June* 1867.

My dear William,—Though I hope to see you in a day or two, I will not omit in the meantime to thank you for your book, which I received and have partly read with much pleasure and satisfaction on various grounds. Your art-criticisms appear to me the most trustworthy of our time—sound in principles, wide in sympathies, often subtle, yet always distinct and reasonable; and your volume will do much good, I hope. If you can only get it driven into the head of the British public, as something beyond dispute, that a picture ought first of all to be a picture, it will be a “platform” for every kind of art-knowledge of which that public is capable. . . .—Yours always,

W. ALLINGHAM.

152.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN, Calais.

[Calais was Brown's native place, although in blood he was entirely British: he had now gone thither for a brief trip.—The “maniac named Valpy” was a solicitor, who in the sequel had some considerable purchasing-transactions with my Brother: I hardly remember how the latter knew him first—perhaps through Howell as connected with Ruskin, or it may be through Smetham. He was not at all a maniac, but was something of a sentimentalist, of a nervous and flurried turn: a conscientious gentleman, of high and fidgeting standards in life. He was often called “The Vampyre” by my Brother and by Howell. This was little or nothing beyond a perversion of the name Valpy. The rumour also ran—I suppose erroneously—that he was the original of the effusive and tearful solicitor Baines Carew, in the *Bab Ballads*

of Mr W. S. Gilbert.—The statement that Rossetti's *Tibullus* was "a dead 'oss" must mean that, being already sold to some one else, it was unavailable for eliciting coin from Mr Valpy.]

[16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
July 1867.]

Dear Brown,—I'm sorry to say I shall have to use your cheque on Monday. I am at present still waiting for Agnew's visit. If with good result, I can easily lend the sum again. How you manage to have a banking-account I don't know. I never can.

I hope you are enjoying yourself at Calais, and that Emma benefits. Love to her. . . .

There is a maniac named Valpy whom I shall bring to see your things when you are in London again, and who I think would buy something. He wanted to have my *Tibullus* the other day, but couldn't—more's the pity, it being a dead 'oss, or at any rate knacker.—Your

D. GABRIEL R.

153.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN, Calais.

["Frith's big daub" was *King Charles the Second's last Sunday*.]

16 CHEYNE WALK.
25 July 1867.

My dear Brown,—I suppose you are still in Calais, as I have heard no more of you.

I have some very good news for myself to tell you. I have been designing the Perseus and Medusa subject; and yesterday Mr Matthews the Brewer came to see the design, and commissioned the picture for 1500 guineas. It is a very straightforward work, and will not involve delay or great labour; so this is a capital thing for me. Moreover,

though he would prefer a half-life scale, he is willing if I like to take it life-size; so that I have it all my own way. Now what I want is a studio. Shields has suggested having an iron one put up in the garden, which he says he believes could be done in a week or two, and for about £100. Do you know anything of such things? If so, I wish you would write me a word thereanent. I confess I rather dread iron; still, if the cost were so small, it might be looked on as only a temporary convenience, and at any rate would not turn the house topsy-turvy while doing.

When are you coming back? Mr Matthews is a queer character,—seems to buy all sorts. Frith's big daub in the R.A. belongs to him, also Hunt's *Afterglow* (do you remember what he gave for it?), Solomon's *Amphitheatre*, Millais's *Ransom*, lots of Pooles, and many other things. He thinks of building a Gallery, and may, I dare say, turn out permanently useful. . . .—Your affectionate

D. G. ROSSETTI.

154.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
5 August 1867.]

My dear Brown,—Cormorants, porpoises, and great serpents, are so rife in these latitudes that I am only able to save £15 from their clutches at this instant, which I send, *and this with perfect comfort*. The other 10 shall come very soon.

I shall be looking you up again one evening, and getting you to fix a day to come and consider the studio-question.—Your affectionate

D. GABRIEL R.

155.—JOHN BURROUGHS to MONCURE CONWAY.

OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY, WASHINGTON.
10 August 1867.

Dear Mr Conway,— . . . We were deeply impressed with Mr Rossetti's article in *The Chronicle*. It is a grand and lofty piece of criticism. It was not till the third reading that I saw the full scope and significance of it. I am sure Walt feels very grateful to him and to yourself. The article has had its effect here. *The Round Table* copied the conclusion of it, and completely reversed its verdict of a year ago. *The Nation*, *Times*, etc., copied also; and now *The Citizen* appears with the article entire. We shall circulate it well. Our cause gains fast. The leaven is working and no mistake. The Editor of *The Galaxy*, Mr Church, wrote O'Connor the other day saying he would like a poem from Walt for his Magazine, and suggested for theme the harvest which the returned soldiers have sown and gathered. The proposition was well received by Walt; and a few mornings afterward he fell to work, and in a couple of days had finished the piece. Church writes back that it is splendid, and will appear in the September number of his Magazine. It is called *A Carol of Harvest for 1867*. It is one of his grandest poems, and I think will take well. . . .—Truly yours,

JOHN BURROUGHS.

156.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
15 August 1867.]

My dear Brown,—Dreffle bad, ain't it?

All would be well as to the £10, were it not that I had on Monday to send that very sum to Lizzie's brother Harry,

who has had the small-pox; and (what is worse) I have reason to fear at present that it may have been lost in the post, though registered. However, I suppose I must draw on Leyland on my own account, and can then do the needful. I wished to avoid doing this further till all his daubs were daubed; but other matters than yours will force me to it, I fear. As for the wretch Gambart, his d—d £200 (minus 5s. which he stopped for something like cab-hire) are had and spent now—and now he wants more done to the drawings, and has left two of them with me. Let him write, and won't he get it!—this at least will be a tit-bit. I'm on the right side of the hedge this time. . . .—Your affectionate

D. G. R.

. . .

157.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Kirkup wrote in this letter that he remembered "the death of Louis XV." That is impossible, for Louis XV. died in 1774. I have substituted, what he must have meant, "XVI."]

FLORENCE, PONTE VECCHIO 2.
27 September 1867.

My dear Rossetti,—Your letter is very encouraging in regard to your Sister's health. She is mending certainly, but still you cannot be too careful. The climate is unfavourable and she is delicate, and we have the bad season before us: warmth on the skin is absolutely indispensable. . . .

Swinburne has a noble energy. I imagine his relations are against him. What is the Admiral? They are mostly Tories. His uncle Lord Ashburnham was, when young. Nelson was a horrid one. I knew him both alive and dead. I was at his funeral, and stood next to Charles Fox in St

Paul's; and I was afterwards at Fox's funeral, and saw the old Duke of Devonshire crying as he walked with Lord Carlisle in the procession. How old I am! I was at Hastings's trial, and remember the death of Louis XVI.; and I remember every note, sung at the theatre, of "How stands the glass around," by one who performed General Wolfe. My early memory is much stronger than later.

Garibaldi has been arrested. There were mobs and riots, and troops all night out,—two or three killed. All quiet now. *They say* that Bonaparte threatened to send back the French to Rome, the first Garibaldian that crossed the frontier; and that Rattazzi answered that the first French soldier who set his foot in Italy would relieve the Italians from the promise of non-intervention. . . .—Yours sincerely,

S. KIRKUP.

158.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[This jocular sonnet may pass for what it is worth: little would be gained by translating it. Brown, I find, had written an Italian letter to Rossetti, in which he spoke of Mr Dunn; and taking that name as if it were "Done," he translated it into "Fatto." Rossetti replies, joking on his friend's name, Ford Mad-ox Brown, and Italianizing it as "Guado Pazzobue Bruno"; and he speaks of Mr Dunn as being a creditor. I suppose this is mostly a mere joke upon the word "dun"; though it is quite possible that at this date Mr Dunn was really entitled to some salary as yet unpaid. I don't think that in my Brother's time the neat conundrum had been invented—"Why is a dun like an ornithorhynchus?"—"Because he is a beast with a bill." If Dante Gabriel had known of that conundrum, I should have been sure to hear it from his mouth at one time or another.]

16 CHEYNE WALK.

24 October 1867.

MESSER DANTE A MESSER BRUNO.

Essendo pazzo, il bue al guado intoppa,
 E volta e sfugge e d'acqua v`a digiuno :
 E tu, pittor, che come lui sei Bruno,
 Temendo un detto, dici cosa zoppa.
 Acqua di guado no, ma vino in coppa,
 Domanda il labbro al timoroso core
 Dovendo nominare il CREDITORE ;
 E manca il dir, ch`è la paura `è troppa.
 "Fatto" lo chiami ; e pi`u tremendo fatto
 Che il creditore non dimostra il sole
 Ad uomo sano, ovvero a bue ch'è matto.
 Impazziti voltiamo le parole
 Ieroglificamente in "gufo" o "gatto" ;
 E l'uom non osa dir quel che gli duole.

Dear Brown,—Having finished my sonnet in a caviling spirit worthy of Italian correspondence, I find I've been too sleepy to say I'll attend to your injunction. Are you asking any friends *not* artists ; and, if so, whom? . . .—Your

GABRIEL.

159.—F. T. PALGRAVE TO WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Perhaps I need hardly explain that "Jason" is the poem by William Morris, *The Life and Death of Jason*.]

5 YORK GATE.

25 October 1867.

Dear Rossetti,— . . . I am delighted to see that *Jason* reached a second edition. I heard very favourable things about it from A. Tennyson (who came with me for three weeks last autumn into Devonshire), but I have seen no other judge of poetry who knew it except Woolner. I reckon much—indeed more—on his *Tales* ; because *Jason* appears

to me too long and weak a fable for effect, however skilfully treated. I had a pleasant two days' visit from Allingham also—whom, by the by, I forgot when writing . . . above.—
Ever truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

160.—STAUROS DILBEROGLUE to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

31 THREADNEEDLE STREET.
29 October 1867.

Dear Mr Rossetti,—In answer to your kind communication of yesterday I herein enclose names of the Committee of the Candian Refugees' Relief-fund. . . .

Many thanks for Stillman's paragraphs. "L'ultima che si perde è la speranza;" let us hope. The funds of the Committee are exhausted, and we now subscribe, amongst ourselves, *all* we can for monthly remittances to the women and children out of Crete. The ladies too have *unhooked-and-eyed* their pin-money, and are investing in gowns and shawls for these good creatures. I wish I could pray to the Virgin Mary for them as I did when I was a child, but now I cannot: Macbeth could not say Amen! After all, I don't know that knowledge is power; I think feeling *is*, and science perhaps.

With kindest respects to your Mother and to all of your house, Japanese prints included, believe me in affection and esteem yours,

STAUROS DILBEROGLUE.

161.—WALT WHITMAN to MONCURE CONWAY.

[This letter was sent on to me by Mr Conway, for my guidance in making the Selection from Whitman's Poems, soon afterwards published by Mr Hotten. The end of the

letter was at some time cut off—perhaps to serve as an autograph.]

WASHINGTON.

1 November 1867.

Dear Friend,—My feeling and attitude about a volume of Selections from my *Leaves* by Mr Rossetti, for London publication, are simply passive ones—yet with decided satisfaction that, if the job is to be done, it is to be by such hands: perhaps too “good-natured,” as you advise—certainly not ill-natured. I wish Mr Rossetti to know that I appreciate *his* appreciation, realize his delicacy and honour, and warmly thank him for his literary friendliness. I have no objection to his substituting other words, leaving it all to his own tact etc. . . . Briefly, I hereby empower him (since that seems to be the pivotal affair, and since he has the kindness to shape his action so much by my wishes,—and since, indeed, the sovereignty of the responsibility is not at all mine in the case) to make verbal changes of that sort wherever, for reasons sufficient to him, he decides that they are indispensable. I would add that it is a question with me whether the introductory essay or prose preface to the first edition is worth printing.

“Calamus” is a common word here. It is the very large and aromatic grass, or rush, growing about water-ponds in the valleys: spears about 3 feet high, often called sweet flag—grows all over the Northern and Middle States (see Webster’s large Dictionary—Calamus, definition 2). The *recherché* or ethereal sense of the term, as used in my book, arises probably from the actual calamus presenting the biggest and hardiest kind of spears of grass, and their fresh, aquatic, pungent bouquet.

I write this to catch to-morrow’s steamer from New York. It is almost certain I shall think of other things—moving me to write you further in a week or so. . . .

162.—WARINGTON TAYLOR to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[I put here a batch of letters from Mr Taylor, the Manager of the Morris Firm. It appears to me that they were probably written towards the late Autumn of 1867, but I cannot say with any certainty.—The name "Ned" will be understood to mean Burne-Jones.—I am not clear what Mr Taylor refers to as "the decoration of the Palace" by Mr Webb: possibly the decoration of the Refreshment-room etc. in the Victoria and Albert Museum.]

7 BEACH COTTAGES, HASTINGS.
[? *Autumn* 1867.]

My dear Gabriel,—Very, very pleased to see your handwriting; such a pleasure during this dreary time here. I think now I shall get through this winter. . . .

The firm's affairs are consolatory. The profits represent I think about 28 per cent. on work done, a little over £3000 worth of work during the year. After two years' experience I conceive the matter stands thus:—

1. We do about £2300 worth of windows in a year—roughly stated, twenty windows, all sizes.
2. Considering this to be the quantity of work done, nothing but the highest prices can pay.
3. This amount of work we shall always get; therefore it is only loss of time to do cheap work.

Morris and I never get hot with one another save on the subject of price. He is always for a low price: seeing the amount of work we do, it is absurd. We must have a long price; and it must be considered not as so much per foot, but as so much for a painting in glass. In the manner we now work—that is to say, very finished, and with designs containing twice or three times as much drawing as they did three years ago—we ought never to have less than £2. 10s. to £3 per foot, with the extra amount added on to this for all new designs by Ned, Morris, Webb. This is the point

I am always fighting, and have generally managed to get my own way after a swear and curse. The result we see. Another point is this: Morris and Ned will do no work except by driving, and you must keep up the supply of designs. Every design less than we get is so much less window. Last year I look upon as very fortunate in this line, for Ned did little painting, and consequently I got an unusual quantity of designs from him. But this should be considered the outside amount we should ever get from him.

One more thing, and I have done with shop. I have on excellent authority heard that ordinary firms like Lavers and Barraud, when they do a window with designs by Holiday, charge over £3 per foot, nearer £4. They pay Holiday £15 per figure—a coloured cartoon.

With reference to papers,—the cutting of the block for our last new paper (the branches of pomegranate, orange, lemon, nectarine) cost £15 the block, trial-prints about £1. 10s. This is all. You must be careful to make the design "English size." . . .

Very glad to hear that your market is good.

Have you been to see Webb's *chef-d'œuvre*, the decoration of the Palace? It must be very stunning.

I hope to be in town by middle of March. Wife unites in best wishes.—Yours ever,

W. TAYLOR.

163.—WARINGTON TAYLOR to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[HASTINGS.
? Autumn 1867.]

My dear Gabriel,—Having commented on the firm's affairs from the *couleur-de-rose* side, I must give you better statistics than you have yet. If Webb's report to me of the meeting is correct, all I can say is that the whole question has never been looked at at all in a business-like point of view.

Last year we did over £2000 of stained glass. This ought to have given £500 profit at least, *i.e.*, 25 per cent. On stained glass we did not make more than half of this amount. Therefore stained-glass business is not satisfactory—our prices are plainly not high enough. If we cannot get higher, then the business is not remunerative. . . . I consider the balance-sheet shown to you as showing to the utmost farthing the firm's profits. If *I* had made it, it would have been at least £150 less. It was decidedly *couleur-de-rose*.

The large profit you had put before you was not made on stained glass, but on the Palace decorations. The whole of that work was done by Webb; if Webb had been busy with architecture, it could not have been done. You could never depend upon such work again. Moreover, Webb was miserably paid for his designs. This is no fault of the firm's, for Webb would not have more. He never will charge above a third of what he ought to charge.

It was settled, I believe, to divide profits, but you apparently settled no amount to be divided. . . . Then there was no sum settled for working capital.

As to increasing salaries, it won't bear what it pays now.

I know well the tendency at Queen Square to make life comfortable; anything rather than face death or a fact; hence the prosperous appearance of everything. Morris won't have any of the sours of life—can't get him to face them at all.—Yours,

W. TAYLOR.

164.—WARINGTON TAYLOR to DANTE ROSSETTI.

7 BEACH COTTAGES, HASTINGS.
[? *Autumn* 1867.]

My dear Gabriel,—. . . The amount of work done in '66 was the largest amount we have ever done. We worked at high pressure all through the year.

We obtained the utmost quantity of design from Ned.

The work in the shop never flagged for want of design.

We did as much work as the shop could ever do, for we could not hope ever to have more design than last year.

The whole year was more or less under my direct superintendence.

Therefore the year '66 is complete as a year to draw conclusions from. . . .

Now after all this, why is the profit on stained glass so small? All the windows last year were executed at what we considered high rates. Yet our profits were very small.

Of course without the books I cannot give you exact figures. . . .

Of course we should also want capital—a certain sum left for the present to work with. This has been always my great difficulty. This has been really the hard fight; we have never had a £100 to call our own. Last year you see it was all spent upon the new premises. As to Morris having his capital, keep him without it; he will only spend it in books. In about three years' time it will be of use to him for publishing-purposes: at the present it would go in wine and books!!! . . .

For the present I should advise you not to be too sanguine. There will be plenty of time to see then as to the value of my services. For the present, my impression is the glass is still at too low a price; but the point is, will the people pay more? Would they stand (we will say) another £15 or £20 on to £100? That would make a difference on £2000. We do only twenty windows per ann.: therefore our price must be high.—Ever yours,

W. TAYLOR.

165.—WARINGTON TAYLOR to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[HASTINGS.
? *Autumn* 1867.]

My dear Gabriel,—. . . You have now digested the firm's affairs—just kindly read my comments as follows:—

A business of £2000 work a year may give a sufficient profit to one person, but is not large enough for a company; and, in a business doing so small an amount of work, the proprietor should be clerk, manager, and all, himself. But with us two large salaries are taken out of the £500 profit that ought to be: Morris £150, Taylor £120; and since my unfortunate illness six months of MacShane, £37. 10s.

Our annual expenditure, roughly stated, comes to quite £1500 out of £2000.

Wages at £20 per week	.	.	£1040
Rent, Rates, Taxes	.	.	70
Glass	.	.	130
Lead, coals, petty cash, sundries	.	.	100
Designs—Webb			
Ned			
Morris			—
			£

I cannot give amount of designs without books.

I am very queer again; perspirations at night and no sleep are dragging me to pieces by degrees.—Ever yours,

W. TAYLOR.

166.—DANTE ROSSETTI to C. P. MATTHEWS.

[Mr Matthews (of the Brewing-firm of Ind, Coope, & Co.) had commissioned Rossetti, at a large price, to execute in oils his design named *Aspecta Medusa*. Not long after-

wards he expressed a repugnance to one main constituent in the design, the severed head of Medusa. Several letters were interchanged on the subject. The final understanding between the parties was amicable enough; but Mr Matthews did not carry out that particular commission, and I question whether he purchased *any* specimen of my Brother's work.]

[16 CHEYNE WALK.
? 12 November 1867.]

My dear Mr Matthews,—Your letter has given me matter for reflection, which has been the cause of my delay in answering.

It would greatly decrease my pleasure in the picture I am engaged on for you if I thought there was an unavoidable feature in its treatment to which you could never become reconciled. Your consent to have it on the large scale, at my wish, rather than on the smaller one to which you originally inclined, showed so much consideration, and your immediate consent to my own terms was so satisfactory, that I should feel greatly discouraged if I saw real reason to fear that anything besides my own inadequacy, which I would do my best to overcome, threatened to stand in the way of your pleasure in the work when completed. Though the picture is not yet fairly commenced, nothing has been so much in my mind since I received the commission from you in July last. I have been working towards it in many preparatory ways, in none more than in getting minor work cleared away to leave my mind free for it, and the studies from life for it are in progress. Before long I reckon on showing you some advance with them.

Our discussion on the question of the Gorgon's head when I last saw you was not perhaps entered on with sufficient opportunity for decision at so immature a stage of the design; but I had hoped that your apprehension on the point was nearly, if not quite, removed. My own conviction remains the same—that is, that the head, treated as a pure ideal, presenting no likeness (as it will not) to

the severed head of an actual person, being moreover so much in shadow (according to my arrangement) that no painful ghastliness of colour will be apparent, will not really possess when executed the least degree of that repugnant reality which might naturally suggest itself at first consideration. I feel the utmost confidence in this myself, as the kind of French sensational horror which the realistic treatment of the severed head would cause is exactly the quality I should most desire to avoid. The subject does not exist in any completely rendered form that I know of; but there are sufficient slight representations of it on vases and in wall-decoration of classic times to determine its exact treatment as including the head separate, not on the shield; besides that, as you say, the latter treatment would in reality be an anachronism. This last point I should not so much object to, if I did not feel that the beauty of the design would suffer greatly, and the action of my group would be entirely destroyed, by the substitution of a shield for the detached head. The subject is one I have fixed on for years and much desired to carry out, and of which the treatment is as clear in my mind as if it were already done. No other subject for a large work is so tempting to me at this moment, and the time which has elapsed since I last saw you has enabled me to mature all my ideas respecting its execution, and take various important steps towards it. Thus nothing but the most decided impression against it in your mind would enable me to bear with (?) substituting another subject for this, in the picture I am to paint for you; especially as I feel so confident of removing such impression, so far as the materials of the subject are concerned. And this at the same time I say with the strongest wish that a commission so liberally given should be carried out to your entire satisfaction, quite as much as to my own.

I hope, as I say, to be writing to you shortly to show you some of the studies, and also some other work completed. Meanwhile, I should be very glad of a further

word from you on a matter which so much occupies my mind.

167.—WALT WHITMAN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Mr Whitman was quite right in assuming that I had no idea of bringing out "an expurgated edition" of his poems. I selected such poems only as could not, even in the opinion of the most punctilious persons, require any expurgation: from the prose preface alone I omitted two or three phrases. My volume did not correspond to his proposal in every minute detail: if I remember right, it was chiefly in print before I received the present letter.—"Mr Burroughs's Notes" are that able writer's *Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person.*]

WASHINGTON.

22 November 1867.

My dear Mr Rossetti,—I suppose Mr Conway has received, and you have read, the letter I sent over about three weeks since, assenting to the substitution of other words etc., as proposed by you, in your reprint of my book, or selections therefrom.

I suppose the reprint intends to avoid any expressed or implied character of being an expurgated edition. I hope it will simply assume the form and name of a selection from the various editions of my pieces printed here. I suggest, in the interest of that view, whether the adjoining might not be a good form of title-page:—

WALT WHITMAN'S POEMS

SELECTED FROM THE AMERICAN EDITIONS

BY

WM. M. ROSSETTI

I wish particularly not only that the little figures numbering the stanzas, but also that the larger figures dividing

the pieces into separate passages or sections, be carefully followed and preserved, as in copy.

When I have my next edition brought out here, I shall change the title of the piece "When lilacs last in the doorway bloomed" to *President Lincoln's Funeral-Hymn*. You are at liberty to take the latter name or the old one, at your option (that is, if you include the piece).

It is quite certain that I shall add to my next edition (carrying out my plan from the first) a brief cluster of pieces born of thoughts on the deep themes of Death and Immortality.

Allow me to send you an article I have written on *Democracy*; a hasty charcoal-sketch of a piece, but indicative, to any one interested in *Leaves of Grass*, as of the audience the book supposes, and in whose interest it is made. I shall probably send it next mail.

Allow me also to send you (as the ocean-postage law is now so easy) a copy of Mr Burroughs's *Notes*, and some papers. They go same mail with this.

And now, my dear Sir, you must just make what use (or no use at all) of anything I suggest or send as your occasions call for. Very likely some of my suggestions have been anticipated.

I remain, believe me, with friendliest feelings and wishes,

WALT WHITMAN.

168.—A. B. HOUGHTON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The "illustration" here spoken of is the able woodcut-design which Mr Houghton made for my blank-verse narrative, *Mrs Holmes Grey*, published in *The Broadway*.]

2 KING HENRY'S ROAD.

3 December 1867.

Dear Rossetti,—I shuddered when I saw your note—positively. I expected a ferocious wiggling for the illustra-

tion, and got thanks! Your notice of my picture in *The Chronicle* was only too kind—the “grotesque-graceful” exactly expresses what I was trying for. . . .—Yours faithfully,

A. B. HOUGHTON.

169.—WALT WHITMAN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[I think it will be understood from what precedes that my original intention had been to make a simple and unexpurgated *Selection* from Whitman's poems: such was my object, and such was the ultimate form of the volume. But, consequent upon Whitman's letter to Mr Conway (No. 161), the project was at one moment entertained of including in the selection, with omission of certain phrases or passages, various poems highly characteristic of his best powers. This project proved, from the present letter, to be based on a misunderstanding, and it was at once dropped.—“Mr O'Connor's pamphlet” is *The Good Grey Poet*.]

WASHINGTON.

3 December 1867.

My dear Mr Rossetti,—I have just received and have considered your letter of 17 November. In order that there be the frankest understanding with respect to my position, I hasten to write you that the authorization in my letter of 1 November to Mr Conway, for you to make verbal alterations, substitute words, etc., was meant to be construed as an answer to the case presented in Mr Conway's letter of 12 October. Mr Conway stated the case of a volume of selections in which it had been decided that the poems reprinted in London should appear verbatim, and asking my authority to change certain words in the Preface to first edition of poems etc.

I will be candid with you and say I had not the slightest idea of applying my authorization to a reprint of

the full volume of my poems. As such a volume was not proposed, and as your courteous and honourable course and attitude called and call for no niggardly or hesitating response from me, I penned that authorization, and did not feel to set limits to it. But abstractly and standing alone, and not read in connection with Mr C[onway]'s letter of 12 October, I see now it is far too loose, and needs distinct guarding.

I cannot and will not consent of my own volition to countenance an expurgated edition of my pieces. I have steadily refused to do so under seductive offers here in my own country, and must not do so in another country.

I feel it due to myself to write you explicitly thus, my dear Mr Rossetti, though it may seem harsh and perhaps ungenerous. Yet I rely on you to absolve me sooner or later. Could you see Mr Conway's letter of 12 October, you would, I think, more fully comprehend the integrity of my explanation.

I have to add that the points made in that letter in relation to the proposed reprint, as originally designed, exactly correspond with those on the same subject in your own late letter; and that the kind and appreciative tone of both letters is in the highest degree gratifying, and is most cordially and affectionately responded to by me; and that the fault of sending so loose an authorization has surely been, to a large degree, my own.

And now, my friend, having set myself right on that matter, I proceed to say, on the other hand, for you and for Mr Hotten, that, if before the arrival of this letter you have practically invested in, and accomplished or partially accomplished, any plan, even contrary to this letter, I do not expect you to abandon it, at loss of outlay etc., but shall *bonâ fide* consider you blameless if you let it go on and be carried out as you may have arranged. It is the question of the authorization of an expurgated edition, proceeding from me, that deepest engages me. The facts of the different ways, one way or another way, in which the book may appear in England, out of influences not under

the shelter of my umbrage, are of much less importance to me. After making the foregoing explanation, I shall, I think, accept kindly whatever happens. For I feel, indeed know, that I am in the hands of a friend, and that my pieces will receive that truest, brightest of light and perception coming from love. In that, all other and lesser requisites become pale.

It would be better, in any Introduction, to make no allusion to me as authorizing, or not prohibiting, etc.

The whole affair is somewhat mixed—and I write off-hand to catch to-morrow's New York steamer. But I guess you will pick out my meaning. Perhaps indeed Mr Hotten has preferred to go on after the original plan—which, if so, saves all trouble.

I have to add that I only wish you could know how deeply the beautiful personal tone and passages of your letter of 17 November have penetrated and touched me. It is such things that go to our hearts and reward us, and make up for all else, for years. Permit me to offer you my friendship.

I sent you hence, 23 November, a letter through Mr Conway; also a copy of Mr Burroughs's *Notes*, Mr O'Connor's pamphlet, and some papers containing criticisms on *Leaves of Grass*. Also, later, a prose article of mine named *Democracy*, in a Magazine.

Let me know how the work goes on, what shape it takes, etc. Finally, I charge you to construe all I have written through my declared and fervid realization of your goodness toward me, nobleness of intention, and (I am fain to hope) personal, as surely literary and moral, sympathy and attachment.—And so, for the present, farewell.

WALT WHITMAN.

170.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The passage of Italian quoted from my Father runs as follows:—"If it happens to me (and perchance it *will* happen) that I must relinquish all thoughts of this world, I shall order to be sent on to you the MSS. of the two remaining Dissertations of the *Beatrice di Dante*, which you will keep as a memorial of your sincere friend."—I did not receive from Barone Kirkup the letters of my Father which he offered me: I must no doubt have replied that I should be pleased to get them, but perhaps not with sufficient emphasis.—"That horrible and noxious blackguard" is of course Napoleon III.]

FLORENCE, PONTE VECCHIO 2.
15 December 1867.

My dear Rossetti,—You and Trelawny are my only *congenial* correspondents. The rest are priest-ridden Tories, vain and ignorant. You have a spice of your Father. I lately found above twenty of his letters in an old drawer, mixed with hundreds of others. I think they contain even more condensed unanswerable logic on the subject of Dante than even his books,—*long* letters for my instruction, me a poor devil and unlettered drudge at painting *potboilers*. He talks of Trelawny, Leader, L[ord] Vernon, Lyell, Eastlake, Panizzi, etc.; of his own failing health and his journey to Paris; and much about his *Beatrice*. One letter (dated 5 August 1843, Parigi, chez le Dr Not, an old friend of mine), and which letter I had lost for years and lately found, says: "Se mi accade (e forse accadrà) che io debba rinunziare ai pensieri di questo mondo, ordinerò che sieno a voi trasmessi i manoscritti de' due Ragionamenti residui della *Beatrice di Dante*, che conserverete come memoria del vostro sincero amico, G. Rossetti."

Poor dear friend! He forgot to *ordinare* this last wish. . . . If I was younger and my eyes stronger, I would get by heart his *Misteri* and his *Beatrice*, and collect from Aroux

all that is not in those works, and so glean something of the lost Ragionamenti which were to be more conclusive than the first. Even my letters from him are so, and I hope to show them to you some day; and you shall have them if you can make any use of them for your Father's fame. . . .

I don't think I differ from you an iota. I always thought that horrible and noxious blackguard what he now is—a traitor to his own country, and now to any weaker one, Mexico and Italy. He pocketed all Prussia's affronts—and he might have been foiled by Italy if her government had shown vigour. The arrest of Garibaldi, of his stores and ammunition and of so many of his followers, spoiled all, and encouraged *that* blackguard to bully, and strike his petty blow with two divisions only. Garibaldi would have taken Civita Vecchia and Rome *certainly*; and the first French invader would have authorized the Galantuomo to send his army, backed by the whole nation of enthusiastic volunteers, and perhaps a threat from Prussia, as happened after Solferino. Rattazzi's was a policy of fear. Garibaldi's success was miraculous in spite of all misfortunes, until the French reserve came up with their Chassepots. . . .

The King and his Sons have been brought up amidst mummery, humbug, and hocuspocus, and the usual adulation of Courts. What has the people gained? Equality of religions, and civil marriages; and they have paid dearly for it. Taxation redoubled, and threatened bankruptcy (to my misfortune), bad administration, bad generals and admirals, and an exchange from German to French tyranny. . . .

Garibaldi has been saved by a miracle; always the first to attack and the last to retreat. I have no doubt that three of my spirits defended him, but that is no proof. He is still to be saved for better times. The Brother of Tennyson has been writing to ask for some information about my spirits. He is more of a philosopher than a poet. He has had some experience himself. . . .—
Yours with affection,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

T

171.—DANTE ROSSETTI to C. P. MATTHEWS.

[16 CHEYNE WALK.]

3 *January* 1868.

Dear Mr Matthews,—The subject of your letter requiring some consideration is the cause of delay in my reply. I may now say that on the whole I think with you our best course will be to abandon the Medusa subject for which you originally commissioned me, and to substitute another. When you wrote me your objections some weeks ago, my own great interest in my design made me sanguine as to satisfying you with my work in the end; but since then I have not been without misgivings that, after all, the feeling you express might not be removed by the completed work; and perhaps eventually I myself might even, on this account, have become the proposer of a change of subject. Thus all is well, as you will agree with me that our joint assent was needed to any change in our concluded engagement.

As to the time and trouble already devoted by me to the work in preparation and studies, and your proposal to compensate me for this, I need only say that, as I shall of course continue the Medusa picture sooner or later on my own account, either on the life-scale or a smaller one, the studies made will still serve me, and will also themselves be saleable. This matter therefore need not be pursued further.

The great question remaining is, what subject can I substitute for your commission in place of the Medusa? And here I must speak like yourself with perfect frankness. I have not any subject in my mind which I specially desire to paint at this moment, which would precisely correspond, in its amount of material (two figures), with the Medusa, and so fall within the same price (1500 guineas). At the same time, I cannot afford to forego the commission. It remains for me therefore to propose the only alternative

by which I can avoid being a sufferer in the most painful way by the change of plan—that is, in having to paint a work which I should not otherwise be doing, instead of one which I greatly desire to do.

Among the subjects I most wish to carry out in my lifetime is one of which I already, some time ago, made a small water-colour drawing which I always regarded only as a preparation for a larger work. The subject is *Dante's Dream*; an incident taken from the *Vita Nuova* of the poet, the autobiographical record of his early life and love. This, however, being a composition of five figures, could not be painted for the same price as the Medusa. My proposal is to paint it for you for 2000 guineas, on a good scale, though not life-size, the extent of the composition precluding this.

Though this proposal involves an extension of commission, it would be in fact of no pecuniary advantage to me, but the reverse; except in the one all-important particular, that I should thus be both complying with your wish for a change of design, and at the same time substituting for one subject after my own heart another in which I should take equal delight. Otherwise, the figures being more than twice the number of those in the first subject, I should be taking on myself an amount of labour much more than proportionate to the increase of price. I already explained to you, when we were discussing the Medusa subject, that the size of figures in a picture, whether that of life or less, made no difference in the labour of the work, supposing them to be still on a good scale.

The small water-colour of this subject which I once made I have no longer; but, in case of your entertaining the proposal, I would show you very shortly a sketch of the composition, and would put the work in hand (in case of our agreeing upon it) at the outset of this New Year without further delay.

172.—DANTE ROSSETTI to C. P. MATTHEWS.

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

7 January 1868.

Dear Mr Matthews,—I cannot disguise from you that your last letter causes me great disappointment, which I feel sure you will not consider unreasonable on considering the course of events. After much careful preparation, during some months, for a work on which I built the greatest hopes, and the nature of which was so fixed that change seemed out of the question, I nevertheless felt it necessary to admit the force of an unconquerable objection coming thus late from you, since, if the work failed to please you at last, it could not but leave a painful regret with me. However, the substitution which you now suggest of small and comparatively casual works to the amount of the commission, instead of the one serious work, would destroy all the pleasure, and (in the higher sense) all the advantage, which I had promised myself from executing your order in its original form. In saying this, I speak without reserve, as you have rightly done, regarding an agreement which your wishes make it necessary we should modify, but in which my own interests are also greatly at stake.

When I proposed the Dante subject in my last letter, I thought that probably—considering what you had said as to compensation for my trouble till now with the work which (though I felt a difficulty in charging for it) has been in many ways very considerable, and most of all as regards the discouragement of the present change—you would not object to an extension of commission. This in fact involved no advantage to me, except that of painting a second subject I greatly desire to paint in lieu of the first, rather than having to seek something as a mere substitute: otherwise, as I said, the new plan was less advantageous to me than the old one.

As to the price fixed for the *Medusa*, I perfectly recollect

my first saying that if possible I would paint it for 1200 guineas, though 1500 was the limit which I thought might be reached; but in answer to this you very liberally said that in that case you should wish the larger sum to be fixed at once between us, that so I might have full scope in carrying out the work. I am not sure whether our friend Halliday was present at this part of our conversation; but I feel confident, without now asking him, that you would find his impression (derived either from his being present, or from his talk with you on the subject at Havering that evening or shortly afterwards) to be the same as my own.

It has struck me that you may have been led to think it possible, from the months which have elapsed since the commission was given, that the execution of an important work would in my hands be prolonged indefinitely. To this I should reply that many preparations and various studies have been made by me for the *Medusa* since it was first ordered; and that the only reason why I have as yet shown you nothing was my great desire that what you first saw should leave the best possible impression. With the substituted subject, I would now fix a precise longest date for the delivery of the work, if that seemed desirable to you.

I have now to make a fresh offer regarding the Dante design, which you say in itself would, you believe, thoroughly please you. This is, to paint it on such a reduced scale as to size (which of course should still be not unimportantly small), and, so far as possible with justice to the work, reducing the labour throughout, as would enable me to execute it for 1500 guineas. The picture, you may rely, should still be my best, though smaller than I should have wished to make it. This offer may I trust prove satisfactory to you, both as to subject, scale, and price; as it seems now to correspond both with the original commission and with your requirements since. In making it, I accept all the *onus* of the change of plan, in respect of time already spent and of sacrifice in some respects as regards the new work; but this I shall be content to do if I can both satisfy

myself with the nature of the work and please you with its result.

One point of difficulty under which I labour, as regards a change, I have not yet mentioned. That is, the degree of discredit for an artist which attaches to the subject of a commission being altered. During the time I have been getting the *Medusa* in hand, my work and the fact of its being commissioned have of course become known to various frequenters of my studio, and have been reported pretty widely; and the unavoidable consequence that, when I resume the work, I shall have to offer it to some one who will probably know it was originally ordered in another quarter, is not the least inconvenient feature of my position. In spite of this and other difficulties, I assented to your request that our original subject might be withdrawn, and have also used my endeavour to meet your further views. This being so, I feel assured, remembering the spirit in which the commission was first given, you will think with me that my own preferences now in their turn claim consideration.

I regret troubling you again with so long a letter, but could not manage to express myself more briefly. I shall be very glad to receive a visit from you at any time, and remain, dear Mr Matthews, yours very truly,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

173.—DANTE ROSSETTI to C. P. MATTHEWS.

[16 CHEYNE WALK.]

9 January 1868.

Dear Sir,—Pray acquit me at once of all intention to “tie you down hand and foot” to any plans whatever. There are points of expression in your present letter which have given me too much pain for me to wish to comment on them at all. I will merely say that, whether or not I could

have courage to paint large pictures on speculation, I have too much self-respect to have any dealings as an artist, except on a footing of mutual confidence. This being the case, I must now decline at once to paint you any picture at all.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

174.—DANTE ROSSETTI to C. P. MATTHEWS.

[With this letter the Matthews correspondence came, I think, to a close; but Mr Matthews and Rossetti met at least once afterwards.—Mr Michael F. Halliday, the semi-professional painter, had been the first introducer of this gentleman to my Brother's studio, and, in the points where the two men had been at variance, he heartily upheld my Brother's view.]

[16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
January 1868.]

I have seen Halliday, and need only say, after all he tells me, that I shall be as happy as ever to see you again at any time, or to hear from you. As regards pictures (should you wish to renew that subject), I would carry out either of the proposals made by me, or else the original one. Should I see you, you will agree with me heartily, I know, that we need not talk of past misconceptions.

175.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI—DIARY.

1868. *Friday, 10 January.*—Gabriel . . . is now writing to the Secretary etc. of the Leeds Exhibition, objecting to the request which Miss Heaton tells him has been made for a picture by him in her possession to be contributed. He has every reason to remonstrate against this, as, in conse-

quence of some previous correspondence, he was distinctly informed that no pictures of his would be solicited nor even accepted. . . .

Thursday, 16 January.— . . . The Secretary of the Leeds Exhibition states to Gabriel that his objection to the hanging there of any of his pictures will be attended to. G[abriel] says that Patmore told him once (as if he had reason to know it for certain) that the mystery about Geraldine in Coleridge's *Christabel* is that she is in reality a man; and Coleridge found this incident so embarrassing to the continuation of his poem that he abandoned it. G[abriel] has written a sonnet for his *Venus* picture. . . .

Friday, 17 January.—Dined at Stephens's with Hunt. The latter has been solicited lately by Millais to stand for A.R.A. He consulted Brown about the matter the other day, and seems now to have made up his mind not to stand on this or any future occasion. . . .

Thursday, 23 January.—Gabriel has made one or two studies for a projected picture of *La Pia*, for which Mrs Morris has engaged to sit. . . .

Sunday, 26 January.—Dilberoglu called. . . . He says that he once attended a private reading by Emerson of his lecture on Plato, and received a chilling impression—E[merson] being altogether *impersonal*—as if he had none but an intellectual relation to his subject, and scarcely so much as that to his hearers.* . . .

Tuesday, 28 January.—My *Mrs Holmes Grey* out in *The Broadway*. . . .

Thursday, 30 January.—Resumed some of the work on the selection of Artists' Opinions upon Art.

Friday, 31 January.—Matthews called on Gabriel to-day, and the breach between them is healed. M[atthews] did not however say anything definite about a commission: from the statement of Halliday, who called in the evening, it appears that M[atthews] has really no convenient space for

* I myself heard Emerson lecture in or about 1848, and received something of the same impression, yet not strongly. The lectures were, I think, those on Shakespear and on Napoleon,

a decidedly large picture, and would like instead various pictures of about the size of the *Lilith*. H[alliday] says that Millais's two eldest boys, very nice boys but not showing any appreciable artistic tendency, are just about to pass through some tutoring as a preliminary to going to Harrow: the eldest is about eleven. Millais was showing the other day the various medals he has received—either nine or eleven in number. . . .

Monday, 3 February.—Gabriel sent us round his life-sized oil-portrait of Mamma.* Swinburne having written me a superfluously enthusiastic letter about my *Mrs H[olmes] Grey*, urging me to continue writing poetry, I asked G[abriel] what line of poetry he would think me best adapted for; and his advice is to go on on the same tack as in that performance.

Tuesday, 4 February.—Hotten tells me that the Whitman Selection is to be out to-morrow. Dined at Scott's with Howell, Conway, etc. H[owell] told us a strange story of Ruskin's having just lately given a cheque to a Mr Calvert for £3600 for minerals which he had never seen, and which finally turned out to be non-existent. The cheque was dated forward for 8 February; and Howell, having met Calvert at Ellis the bookseller's, unravelled the plot, and stopped payment. Whether further complications will ensue remains to be seen. Alfred Hunt talked to me about the immense difference between pure landscape, such as he aims after, and in which everything has to be done by relations of distance and light etc., and such landscape as that of Mason or Hook, where the prominence given to figures fills-up space, and thus saves some of the greatest difficulties. Jones, who came in late, has been of late, and still is, much troubled by sleeplessness, and has intermitted work altogether. Conway says that the letter lately addressed to me by Whitman is considerably the most interesting of his letters he has seen anywhere. . . .

Friday, 7 February.— . . . Christina consulted Dr Jenner to-day. He examined her with the stethoscope, and pronounces that she has congestion of one lung, but certainly not

* Now in my possession.

consumption; that her life may be prolonged indefinitely, but she must not relax in the precautions she has been taking of late years. . . . Aunt Charlotte, up yesterday from Muntham, has brought some photographs from designs of children by a young man in a decline—a weaver, I think, and wholly untrained in art.* They are the most surprising specimens from such a hand I recollect ever to have seen, being most excellent in style and realized expression. . . .

Tuesday, 11 February.—Called on Hunt to see his picture of *Isabella and the Pot of Basil*; a work somewhat deficient on the side of delicacy of beauty, but eminently fine and able. He is doing, for his little boy, portraits of himself and Mrs Waugh (and I think others are to come)—very forcible (not as yet softened down), and painted with brushes of great length, so that he stands a good way off the canvas, and finds he can thus give features better as a general whole. We got Scott to come out and dine with us at St James's Restaurant. Hunt (with Tebbs etc.) went lately to a spiritual *séance* at Mrs Guppy's. The principal thing was the production (apparently on the spot and in a very short time, but in total darkness) of two drawings, of a griffin, bird, and angel—and of a crane, sea, etc. H[unt] says these were certainly good performances up to a certain point—would have done credit to a very clever and competent amateur; and the short time of their production (if really thus produced) beyond what he can account for.

Wednesday, 12 February.—Went to see at Christie's Windus's † pictures, to be sold in a day or two; Millais's *Isabella*, Gabriel's *Lucrezia Borgia*, etc. . . .

Thursday, 13 February.—Some friends in the evening at Euston Square: Browning one of them, looking exceedingly well, and behaving most cordially and affably. He says he gets up daily at 6 (or 5, I am not sure which), and sits without a fire till 8 or so. His new edition, now just coming out, is on a strictly chronological scheme: he says that

* Warwick Brookes—but this account of him is not correct: see the entry for 25 February.

† Windus of Tottenham.

he finds the heavier works, such as dramas, read much the most agreeably thus arranged. *Pauline* is included in the edition, in consequence of his having received a letter from somebody* who professes a great enthusiasm for the unacknowledged works of distinguished authors, and who contemplated publishing some considerable part of *P[auline]* in some form—so B[rowning] found the best thing to do would be to take the affair into his own hands, and republish the whole poem with proper press-corrections—not any re-writing, which he objects to. His great new poem ought to be out towards July, through Smith and Elder: he has left Chapman and Hall, finding them unmanageably careless. He describes the general quality of the poem as the same transaction seen from a number of differing points of view, or glimpses in a mirror. I find he has seen what I wrote about him in the Swinburne pamphlet, as he made a most good-humoured reference to the passage about his eyes.† He liked Stillman's Cretan wine; and this led to my talking about S[tillman] to Miss Browning, whom I find to be a warm friend of his: she especially charged me to send S[tillman] her love (and to his Wife also)‡ when next I write. Browning expresses (as I had before been told) a very high opinion of Morris's *Jason*. . . .

Sunday, 16 February.—Sent Pollen some particulars for his Art-Catalogue §—also a note or two to *Notes and Queries*; and began for the latter an article (which will be of some length if carried as far as I incline) on emendations etc. to Shelley. . . .

Wednesday, 19 February.—Gabriel says that the pictures in Windus's sale sold badly for the most part. His own *Lucrezia Borgia* was carried on to £70 (by pre-arrangement

* I fancy this was Mr R. Herne Shepherd.

† There was a marked peculiarity in Browning's eyes—one of them long-sighted, the other short-sighted. To this, as illustrating the quality of his mind, I had made some reference in my pamphlet.

‡ The *first* Mrs Stillman, an American, whose life closed in Crete not long afterwards.

§ Mr John Hungerford Pollen was then compiling, for the Department of Science and Art, an *Universal Catalogue of Books on Art*.

with Howell); Fuseli's *Lycidas*, £16. 16s., and *Nightmare*, about £1; two excellent early Inchbolds £12 and £10 or thereabouts. Millais's *Isabella* fetched £400, and *Wandering Thoughts* £100. Howell says that Calvert is taking legal proceedings against Ruskin for conspiracy, but H[owell] himself is not made a party in the cause. R[uskin] proposes to defend himself in person. Cruikshank is as usual in hot water, or hotter than ever. He has (as he informs Howell) advanced to his Havelock Rifle-Corps £700; . . . and now, with all the rows in the Corps, and objections raised to certain items of these expenses, he fears he will never be reimbursed. Then he received from Teetotallers £3600 to keep him going while painting *The Worship of Bacchus*, in expectation of large returns from that work. The thing was a failure. The Teetotallers got him to pledge with Attenborough for £500 his other works exhibited along with the *Bacchus*, and the interest has been duly paid up to January next. Meanwhile the Trustees of Mrs Cruikshank's prospective income had been advancing money to C[ruikshank] on the faith of his having these works on his own hands. The Teetotallers now want to send the *Bacchus*, and the stock of engravings from it, over to America, to be there touted and lectured about: but Cruikshank objects to this on account of the affair with his Wife's Trustees; and Howell, who has obtained possession of the pawn-duplicates, refuses to sanction it. . . .

⌈ *Tuesday, 25 February.*—Gabriel has sold his old cartoon-set from *The Parable of the Vineyard* to a Manchester man* for £100. He has purchased through Shields a set of the photographed sketches by Warwick Brookes. He is not a weaver (see 7th February) but a pattern-designer, long accustomed to solace his leisure by sketching in this way, but never able to lay aside the routine of his business. His age is near fifty, and he has six children: has now been disabled by illness for a long while, and has little or no dependence except from the sale of these photographs.

* Mr Johnson.

A set of 31 costs £4. They are not all so good as those which I saw in the first instance. . . .

Friday, 28 February.—In the evening of yesterday a man was found on the roof of 16 Cheyne Walk. On being spoken to, he made off, but was found in the cellars of the late Don Saltero's Tavern, and given in charge. On the pleading of his Wife however Gabriel abstained from taking any further steps against him, and he was discharged. It is now found that he had been plundering the lead off the roof: a policeman estimates that he must have carried away some £10 worth. He is a workman in the employ of Clark, who is the builder at Don Saltero's. G[abriel] intends to speak to the landlord's agent, Mr Ambler, about it; but will probably go no further. . . .

Wednesday, 4 March.—A large party at Jones's new house, the Grange, North End, Fulham, which I see for the first time. Swinburne says that his writing in *The Fortnightly Review* has come to a stand for the present. Payment for his *Halt before Rome*, *Baudelaire*, and another poem, being outstanding, the *Fortnightly* people sent him £12 for the latter two, not as yet settling at all for the first. He considers this £12 altogether below the mark; wrote about the matter more than a month ago, and has as yet received no reply. Hunt looked in at the party, looking very worn and ill, I am sorry to say: it seems his Doctor now pronounces the illness to be not asthma (as at first said) but a recurrence of his agueish malady. . . .

Sunday, 8 March.—Finished my notes on Shelley for *N[otes] and Q[queries]*. . . .

Monday, 9 March.—Dined with the Waughs and Hunt. H[unt] is looking decidedly less bad than the other day: he is taking tonics seven times a day, and (under the Doctor's advice) eating meat *separate* from any bread or vegetables. He would not wish his boy (who had gone to bed before my arrival) to be an artist—rather perhaps a traveller with a purpose. . . .

Friday, 13 March.—Gabriel is painting an entirely new figure of Lucrezia Borgia into his old water-colour of that

subject sold recently at Christie's. Morris and his Wife came to Chelsea, to remain there some few days—Mrs M[orris] having consented to sit to G[abriel] for a figure of *La Pia* which he means to paint. Howell says that Calvert appears now to have dropped his action against Ruskin for conspiracy; and R[uskin] is prosecuting him for attempting to obtain money under false pretences. The object is to coerce C[alvert] into giving up the cheque, which, though cancelled, still remains in his hands: if this is attained, the prosecution would be dropped. . . .

Sunday, 15 March.—Browning called. He greatly deprecates the publication by Tennyson of the trifling affairs which are now appearing in *Good Words* and *Once a Week* etc.: he says that T[ennyson]'s books are declining in sale within this year or two (perhaps the influence of Swinburne). Browning's forthcoming poem exceeds 20,000 lines: it may probably be out in July, but he would defer it if he finds that more conducive to the satisfactory completion of the work. He began it in October '64. Was staying at Bayonne, and walked out to a mountain-gorge traditionally said to have been cut or kicked out by Roland, and there laid out the full plan of his twelve cantos, accurately carried out in the execution. He says he writes day by day on a regular systematic plan—some three hours in the early part of the day: he seldom or never, unless in quite brief poems, feels the inspiring impulse and sets the thing down into words at the same time—often stores-up a subject long before he writes it. He has written his forthcoming work all consecutively—not some of the later parts before the earlier. His Son is entered at Balliol College, Oxford. He talked a good deal about his owl, which is most intelligent. It will kiss him gently all over the face with its beak, tweak his hair, etc., and, if one says "Poor old fellow!" or so in a commiserating voice, it puts on a sympathetic appearance of depression.

Tuesday, 17 March.—Leyland brought round to Chelsea a Mr Hamilton, partner of Graham, M.P. for Glasgow:

the latter, it seems, is an intense admirer of the stronger or more ideal forms of Præraphaelitism, as represented by Hunt, Gabriel, Jones, etc. Hamilton bought for £300 a water-colour copy, on a goodish scale of size, of the *Venus* picture. I find that Morris takes much more interest in politics than I had any notion of, and that his views are quite in harmony with the democratic sympathies of Jones, Swinburne, myself, etc.

Wednesday, 18 March.—Lyster tells me that last night at the Anthropological Society a discussion arose as to the races now in America, and the view was maintained that they had no distinctive originating powers, as *e.g.* in poetry. On this Swinburne spoke to the contrary, citing Poe (and I should presume Whitman, though Lyster doesn't say so). . . .

Saturday, 28 March.— . . . Gabriel says that Howell has told him the details of Ruskin's present love-affair.* The lady is named Rosey—G[abriel] forgets the surname. She is a very handsome girl of nineteen, of considerable fortune; and her affection was roused towards Ruskin by her learning at full the peculiar circumstances of his first marriage. She is in love with him, and he with her: but her parents interpose objections, and she is at present precluded from corresponding with R[uskin]. . . .

Sunday, 5 April.—Mrs Polydore † called. She does not believe that there is real extreme misery prevailing in any part of the Southern States. Her Brothers were offered by the Confederate States the option of serving (in one of the auxiliary departments of the army, as it turned out) or of being deported. They chose the former. The same option was offered to all non-nationalized residents generally. She has gone through any number of singular

* This is a matter which I should regard as not publishable, were it not that Mr Collingwood, in his *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, has referred to it explicitly, though briefly.

† The Wife of my Uncle Henry Francis Polydore. She had for some years lived apart from her Husband, and had settled in the United States, but was now temporarily in London.

adventures. At one time was near being exchanged to an Indian for a horse, as his squaw; and she actually some years ago, on hearing of her Father's illness or distress, came from Salt Lake to Liverpool, having in her pocket at starting only three dollars, and not spending any of it on the way.

Monday, 6 April.—Discussed with Gabriel the spiritual *séance* of Wednesday last.* He agrees with me that there was nothing in it which could reasonably be called convincing—unless possibly the affair of the mysterious light seen by Mrs Morris as well as others.

Tuesday, 7 April.—Mr Graham, M.P., who has lately taken to picture-buying, called on Gabriel. He felt inclined to have the *Dream of Beatrice's Death* done in oil: G[abriel] proposed £2000 for it, which Mr G[raham] said was beyond what he contemplated. However, he wished to pay Gabriel at once £500 on account for *any* picture which G[abriel] might execute for him. This Gabriel declined, failing some distinct engagement on his own part; but in the course of the evening he wrote to Mr G[raham] expressing himself willing to do the *Beatrice* subject for £1500. He is particularly taken by Mr G[raham]'s demeanour and proposals. . . .

Monday, 13 April. . . . Showed Gabriel the photographs sent me by Scudder after designs (*Piper of Hamelin*, etc.) by La Farge: he was much pleased with them, and took them off to show to Brown. . . .

Thursday, 16 April.—Hunt's exhibition of his *Isabella* opened. Robertson† is acting as a sort of custodian, and tells me that the picture has been very generally and heartily admired. About 150 people came. Furnivall invited me to do something about early Italian "Courtesy-Books" and I consented. . . .

Wednesday, 22 April.—Hunt has as good as finished

* This had taken place at Mr Tebbs's house—Mrs Guppy being the medium.

† Mr John Forbes Robertson. The distinguished actor is his Son.

his portraits of Mrs and Miss Edith Waugh, and is engaged on one of his late Wife: he is also doing some retouching on the picture of *London Bridge on the Wedding-night of the Prince of Wales*. He says Woolner has lately been picking-up cheap a number of pictures which he calls Turners, Cromes, Gainsboroughs, etc., but as to many of which H[unt] has the strongest doubts; these he lately expressed to W[oolner], and some degree of irritation on the part of the latter has ensued. H[unt] expects to leave for the East towards the beginning of May. He would go first to Florence, to give instructions about a monument to his Wife; then probably to Venice, where it seems just possible I might be in the way of meeting him; then back to Florence on the same errand, before finally starting on the Eastern journey.

Thursday, 23 April.—Called at Swinburne's to talk over with him a project started by Hotten, that S[winburne] and I should do a pamphlet on the R[oyal] A[cademy], as the beginning of a series somewhat like that by Ruskin. S[winburne] was not at home, but I left him a note on the subject, expressing my readiness to act. . . .

Saturday, 25 April.—Swinburne called in Euston Square. His notion of the proposed R.A. pamphlet is that I should do whatever review I please of the whole Exhibition, and that he should add a second section saying whatever he chooses to say—which would most probably relate to some of the *same* pictures I had already discussed. This I think about the most satisfactory way of settling it as far as I am concerned, though in itself rather a dislocated scheme. . . . He is preparing a Selection from Coleridge, and consulted me as to the pieces to be admitted. His standstill with *The Fortnightly Review* continues: he can't get paid for the *Halt before Rome*, nor can he get back his *Notes on Old Masters' Drawings in Florence*.

Sunday, 26 April.—Gabriel called. . . . G[abriel]'s eyes again cause him some uneasiness: he says they feel harder and rounder-balled than of old.

Monday, 27 April.—Swinburne and I discussed the

matter with Hotten. The pamphlet altogether would be about the same thickness as Ruskin's, but would contain more matter. . . . He showed me a letter from Whitman, approving of the Selection (he speaks only of its sightliness), but objecting decisively to the portrait. Swinburne tells me that Sandys has just learned that his picture of *Medea* (the best thing he has done) is rejected at the R.A., which upsets him not a little. Perhaps some personal considerations have intervened: as a matter of art, the rejection is shameful. Hotten says the Whitman Selection has sold tolerably well, but that publishing in general is at a very low ebb for the present.

Tuesday, 28 April.—Sandys called, wishing to get as much publicity as possible given to the affair of his picture and the R.A. Gabriel is writing to Payne* and Stephens: I wrote to Hamerton, and promised to say something in my pamphlet, though I would rather keep it free from any such controversies. Sandys says that Millais is very angry about the way his own pictures have been hung; and the hanging generally excites loud murmurs. Calderon and S[idney] Cooper are charged with the active misdoing—Maclise having objected continually, but not so as to put a stop to what he considered amiss.—I called at Browning's to deliver to Miss Browning a letter from Stillman, and to give Browning the photograph from La Farge's design of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*. B[rowning] was not in. Miss B[rowning] showed me various items of interest in the way of pictures etc., also the owl. She detests Woolner's Medallion of B[rowning],† objecting especially to a degree of projection given to the under-lip. B[rowning]'s first intimacy with the Storys‡ arose through his giving himself up wholly to attending to their then only Son in his last illness. The pictures include a portrait, by Wright

* The Rev. J. Burnell Payne, who was at that time an Art-critic of some note.

† This medallion had been done many years previously, perhaps towards 1856. I myself consider it a fair likeness, though not an excellent one.

‡ Mr W. W. Story the American Sculptor, and his Wife.

of Derby, of B[rowning]'s Grandmother, who must have been a strikingly handsome woman; a portrait by Hogarth of Thornhill—a poorish picture, and I should think its genuineness not beyond question; a Rembrandt which I am satisfied is not a Rembrandt. None of these, I take it, is B[rowning]'s own acquisition. Among those of his own purchasing is an old Italian picture—*God the Father with Angels*—on panel in three compartments. He had the luck to get these three compartments one here and one there: they undoubtedly form one picture.

Wednesday, 29 April.—Payne (of Moxon and Co.) writes, in consequence of my Shelley articles in *N[otes] and Q[ueries]*, to invite me to undertake a re-editing of Shelley, accompanied by a biographic notice, for which he thinks he would be able to get placed in my hands the chief materials hitherto unpublished.* Of all literary work, this is the very one I would have chosen for myself: indeed, from something Swinburne said to me two or three years ago, I had a dim eye to its feasibility in writing those articles on Shelley. Though I would rather (in consequence of the *Poems and Ballads* affair) not connect myself with Payne in any business or other way, I wrote closing with his proposal—leaving over the question of pay till the actual amount of work to be done shall be more clearly ascertained. Called on Sandys, to see his *Medea* and other works in hand.—Furnivall sent me the old poem of Bonvicino, the chief material for the "Courtesy-Book" work I consented to do. . . .

Friday, 1 May.—Sandys called at Somerset House. He says that several critics have called to see his picture—Tom Taylor, Payne, etc.; among them the critic of *The Morning Post*, who asked to be furnished with some details that he could introduce into his review. Sandys, not liking to do this himself, asked my aid; and I wrote off something which may perhaps appear as it stands, or be used as material. Leyland has bought Sandys's picture of *The Valkyrie* for £200. . . .

* This did *not* ensue.

Saturday, 9 May.—Called at Street's;* and saw the cassone with a picture ascribed to Dello Delli, which he bought lately at Dazeglio's sale. It is especially interesting by reason of its introducing Giotto's front to the Cathedral of Florence. . . .

Tuesday, 12 May.—Sala, Sandys, and others, dined at Chelsea. A large tent has been set up in the garden, and is pleasant even now, and will be very enjoyable in thoroughly warm weather: we spent the greater part of the evening in it. . . .

Wednesday, 13 May.—Finished, and sent for Furnivall to read, the translation of Bonvicino's *Fifty Courtesies for the Table*. . . .

Monday, 18 May.— . . . Gabriel called. Leyland has now commissioned the *Medusa* picture,† the commission for which, previously given by Matthews, miscarried last winter. I told G[abriel] that Swinburne had yesterday expressed himself desirous of saying in his *Notes* something about G[abriel], could he ascertain that G[abriel] would like it. G[abriel] asked me to reply (which I did) that he would like it, if "due prominence" can be given to the point. . . .

Monday, 25 May.—Hotten called with the MS. conclusion of Swinburne's *R.A. Notes*, relating chiefly to Gabriel. G[abriel], who called in the evening, feels some doubts whether it would not after all have been better to leave all this undone, and I incline to the same opinion; but the thing is done now. . . .

Friday, 29 May.—Gabriel has now got very near the completion of his *Venus Verticordia*: he is also engaged in painting on two or three heads of Mrs Morris.

Saturday, 6 June.—Started for Paris *en route* to Verona, and perhaps Venice. . . .

Wednesday, 10 June.— . . . Left Bâle at 2.20 P.M., and reached Constance before 8. . . .

Thursday, 11 June.— . . . This is the Feast of Corpus

* George Edmund Street, the Architect who built the Law-courts etc.

† This commission failed somehow, and the picture was never painted.

Domini. About four-fifths of the population are Catholic, and a procession took place in the morning, with an outdoor mass directly opposite my bedroom window. I never saw any such demonstration done with more seriousness, simplicity, and propriety: all ages and ranks took part in it, repeating litanies, singing hymns, etc.—the military band also performing. The streets were strewn with hay, and to some extent with flowers, and large boughs of elm and other trees ranged all along the houses. The service was conducted throughout in German, and the Gospel intoned with unsurpassable emphasis and clearness. Various nuns but no monks visible. Almost all the shops shut, especially before mid-day. . . .

Saturday, 13 June.—Reached Lecco at about 5¼ A.M. . . . Took a carriage and boat, looking about, and making an industrial day of it. First went to a silk-mill. The lady of the house, a young and attractive woman, took me all over, and gave me all possible explanations with the greatest courtesy. Most of the work is done by women and girls, but the final stages by men. Saw the selecting of the better from the inferior cocoons, cleaning them (the lady's brother-in-law has introduced in this house a machine of his own invention, saving much labour in this stage), firing the cocoons, etc. It seems the cocoons have all to go to the oven, to kill the unfortunate chrysalis: but for this he would come out in his moth-shape, and spoil all: and the firing is often imperfectly done, and lets the moth come out still in a damaged state. I saw one of these ill-starred insects. Went next to a cotton-factory, and looked all about, but with much less of verbal explanation. . . . Then went to a manufactory of small arms—or rather, as far as I saw, of the ironwork only of the muskets. A most sensible and attentive workman showed me all about, giving all sorts of details and demonstrations, and absolutely refused the two francs I tendered him at parting. He fought at Custozza in '66, rescued a banner, and got a medal for the feat; was wounded in the thigh, and taken prisoner, and remained in the hands of the Austrians about

two months—thigh now cured. Another of the men in the factory, seemingly a superintendent, was his Lieutenant. My guide, like many other persons here, was wearing sandals. From the boat landed and looked over a limekiln. They blast the limestone rocks of which there is an endless supply on the shores of the lake, burn them, and send them down to Milan by barge in about twenty-four hours. The fierce furnace, huge stacks of wood (kept over from year to year to dry thoroughly), and interior of the kiln-buildings generally, would make a good picture. The boatman pointed me out a convent of nuns on one mountain, and, a considerable way off on another mountain, a convent of monks: both now empty, the orders being suppressed. He asserts positively that the monks were continually crossing over in boats to consort with the nuns; and evidently regards both, and their kind generally, as a bad lot. . . . Hosts of volunteers joined Garibaldi from here, both last year for Rome and on previous occasions: the boatman and the Custozza soldier both seem to regard Garibaldi with affection, but as if his career were now substantially closed. . . . At supper got into conversation with the waiter (not the one I remember here in '65). With him Victor Emmanuel is a "*traditore ipocrita*." * His popularity is entirely gone since the Roman affair of last year. He really does not want, even for his own personal interests, to have Rome; but would rather keep up the Pope, as the general ally of despots. Italy, *i.e.*, the great bulk of the people, is republican. The only reason they did not rise last year is their want of material resources. If the present Pope dies, another will succeed as usual, but in twenty years the game will be up. Italy, France, and Germany, ought to form one common Republic: but not with a President. It should be Triumvirs, or such a presidential system as there is in Switzerland, where twelve Governors of Cantons elect from among themselves one annual President. Prince Humbert is much the same as his Father—"Talis patris talis filius."

* Hypocrite-traitor.

Sunday, 14 June.—Left Lecco for Mantua. . . . It was a great satisfaction to pass Peschiera without any of the bother of passports, or any Austrian faces or uniforms to enforce their production. Reached Mantua towards 1½. . . . Got a Vetturino, who was evidently not very bright as to the localities: he took me to the Palazzo di Corte instead of Palazzo della Ragione, and had no idea of Mantegna's house or who Mantegna was; and, to my surprise, the woman at G[ulio] Romano's house (an elegant exterior) was no better informed. However, I reached the locality with Murray's help, and saw the house: it is of very considerable size, hard-by a fine Lombard brick church now used as barracks. . . . The Palazzo: . . . This vast and in many respects splendid Palace is uninhabited, being only used when the sovereign or his representative happens to visit Mantua: Victor Emmanuel has not yet been. The Duomo is a good Renaissance interior (G[ulio] Romano). A priest was catechizing a set of little boys, and discoursing on the Corpus Domini: he did it with a very paternal and at the same time magisterial air. The total inattention of the little fellows (uncombined however with any direct misconduct) during his perambulatory lecture on the spiritual demands and advantages of the Corpus Domini was amusing. The youngest would probably be no more than 6—the eldest 12 or 13. In leaving Lecco I received part of my change in paper-money (the first time, I think, this ever occurred to me)—2 francs: and going on I find paper more plentiful than coin—even half-francs being in paper. Went to the Aquila d'Oro in Mantua. . . . After dinner to an open-air Theatre. . . . The piece at the theatre was of the intensely virtuous kind characteristic of Italy—*La Bella Giulietta di Mantova*, etc., with a libidinous baron finally converted by a *santo sacerdote* (I think the priests are *always* models of primitive zeal in the theatre, though popular feeling is so much the other way), and two peasants of the most heroic family-virtues. Then a farce fairly well acted, about *Le Piccole Miserie*. . . .

Monday, 15 June.— . . . The man in the Church [of San

Sebastiano] accompanied me round to the Museo Antiquario. He says things are even worse here than in the time of the Austrians, and avows that, if an improvement does not take place, he would rather have the Austrians back.—The dialect here seems more allied to the Lombard than Venetian. The French *u* is sounded; and a man who emits twenty words not including *mica*, *mico*, *migo*, or *miga*, is a phenomenon. . . . Walked off to spend the twilight quietly in the green before the Anfiteatro Virgiliano, when an old lady asked me for an alms. She then said she had seen me in Sant' Andrea; and, on my remarking that I had been in the Crypt, whence the Austrians about 1848 took or destroyed the relic of the blood of Christ, she said with much apparent earnestness that the nation had never prospered since; she seemed to have a sincere impression that the two things are connected. I got into a conversation of some three-quarters of an hour with this old lady, who says she is eighty, and is still not without some good looks. Her Father, a Frenchman of good family, fled to Italy in consequence of a brawl, and, finally getting into political troubles there, took poison. She married at fourteen, and at sixteen was abandoned by her husband, whose fate she has never since known. She allows that her life was not entirely correct after this: she had some children—of whom at least one, a daughter, is still living, but not allowed by her husband to do anything for the Mother, who (her marriage being contrary to the liking of her own relatives) has long lost sight of them utterly. Being a patriotic Italian, she got into prison—the same here in Mantua wherein Orsini was confined: she now has no dependence whatever, and looks with alarm at the prospect from day to day. Many other details did the poor old lady pour forth—and I quite believe substantially correct.—Mantegna's house, I am told, is to be converted into an agricultural school, and will be much altered (it has at present still an appearance of considerable age) if not altogether rebuilt. The inscription mentioned in Murray is still legible on it—an upright slab at one corner reaching

to the ground.—About the ditches or moats of Mantua there is a very splendid dragon-fly which I don't remember ever seeing before—a rich velvety crimson. . . . Mantua is said to be now no longer the unhealthy place it used to be of old with such a profusion of marsh-ground. The country is flat and somewhat cut up with water-courses, but not (in the present weather, as far as I see) exactly marshy: the "pine-tree forest" of Browning's *Sordello* nowhere visible. I notice a Contrada and Caffè Sordello.

Tuesday, 16 June.—Came on to Venice and reached at 5¼, after two hours' stay at Verona, and looking at the Arena etc. On arriving at the Hôtel Danieli, Venice, I thought of counting-over the money kept in my hat-box, and lo it is gone. Some one must have robbed me—probably on the railway. The money was in the collar-compartment of the hat-box—690 francs, £4. 5s. 5d. English, and a little Swiss etc. . . . This is the first day (save in the Diligence) that I have let the hat-case out of my own hands: the two hours' stay at Verona, with consequent nuisance of re-considering the hat-box there, persuaded me to adopt this course. On discovering the loss, I at once asked for the hotel-proprietor, and explained it to him—and he said he would take the necessary steps with telegraph etc., but doesn't expect the money to be got back. He says he had before suspected the railway-people. . . . My present money in pocket is merely about 131 francs. . . .

Wednesday, 17 June.—The Hôtel Danieli being expensive for a nearly empty pocket, I changed to a room in the Hôtel Garni Sandwich, which seems more comfortable at 1½ franc per night—hardly more than one-third of the price. . . . Telegraphed to G[abriel] for £20. . . . Wrote also to . . . Kirkup, asking for loan of 100 francs or so. . . .

Thursday, 18 June.— . . . Returned to my lodging, and found some one had just been from the Telegraph-Office. Walked thither, and find it is a Post-Office order from good kind old Kirkup for 300 francs, three times the sum I had named. Found also that there was another telegram at the Banker Blumenthal's from Gabriel, to say that he would send

the £20 through bank this morning. Thus all goes well again. . . . Then to a wild-beast show set up on the Riva Schiavoni very near my lodging. I find it a somewhat important show of its class: they call it Schmidt's Prussian Menagerie. Schmidt performs in a cage with two spotted and a black panther. Then Mrs S[chmidt] (seems a Frenchwoman)—S[chmidt] being at her side—with the lioness and three lions, two hyænas, and a bear, all together. Then S[chmidt] with four lions. All this was very interesting. The noble old lions were made to make all sorts of jumps over sticks etc.; and, when they had done this, they huddled their heads together in a corner, as if they felt their humiliation. Their general aspect was as if to say, "We will do what we must, but certainly no more." The lioness seemed rather more snappish than the lions: Madame S[chmidt] most intrepid, but still a certain air of fluttered nerves. Then the elephant did a good deal, including playing a barrel-organ, and holding a man on her trunk: and a blue-nosed monkey, dressed as a cook, served her dinner—irresistibly laughable. Then some crocodiles and boas. All these performances took place within a yard or so distance from me. Returning to my lodging for the night, I find an official from Mantua has been enquiring for me. He returns almost immediately, and enters very attentively into the details of my affair. He says (contrary to the previous officials) that the key of the hat-box is by no means one very likely to be possessed in counterpart by people here. He has a particular person belonging to the railway in his eye as the delinquent, either at Mantua or Venice. He says the robbery is very unlikely to have taken place during the 2½ hours' stop at Verona, where all the baggage is left out exposed to view. . . .

Friday, 19 June.— . . . To San Giovanni e Paolo. They have transported hither from Cosenza the bodies of the two Bandieras and Moro,* and buried them in the church, with their names inscribed; and a design for a monument is already made or in making. The Chapel of the

* Italian patriots, put to death towards 1846.

Rosary, in which the *Peter Martyr* and the *Bellini* were burnt, is still in a ruinous state. . . . The head of the assassin [from the *Peter Martyr*] has been saved, and will go to the Academy;* and fragments of the frame etc. were found, sufficient to show that the picture was really burned (a suggestion had reached me that the supposed burning was all a dodge of the priests). The cause of the fire is yet uncertain, and people seem to dwell much on the suspicion of incendiarism. Query: Motive? Answer: To carry away the picture in the confusion (it was on the eve of removal by the Government to the Academy). . . . Went again to the beast-show, to see (after a repetition of yesterday's performances) M. Schmidt with the polar bear. The polar bear is regarded as a beast unamenable even to the reason of a lion-tamer: the performance with him consists only in being in the same cage, and throwing with rapidity bit after bit of meat, for which he jumps over a table. These are thrown to the opposite corners successively, so that P[olar] B[ear]'s attention is occupied incessantly in different directions, and is diverted from Schmidt. I can't make out distinctly that the lions retain their claws: their teeth are of the extremest obviousness.

Saturday, 20 June.—Visited the Ducal Palace. . . . I still think Tintoret's *Paradise* puts in a fair claim for being regarded as the finest picture in existence: I looked at it a long hour. The four Tintorets in the Anticollegio are cleaned, and in parts painfully restored, especially the figure of Ariadne: and various other Tintorets and Veroneses *passim* have suffered the same piteous fate. Saw the Sotto-Piombi. One chamber is kept unaltered: certainly a dark and distressful abode, but I discover nothing horrible in it. Other rooms are thrown together, so that one loses the sense of the confined space. All, as far as I see, have solid wooden ceilings, belonging (so the custode says) to the original condition of the cells: and I can testify that,

* I have been, since this was written, several times to the Venice Academy, but without seeing this head of the assassin: what has become of it?

on this day of full June heat (though less hot than previous days), the ordinary allegation that the cells were "burning hot under the leads" has no validity. . . . The Gondolier whom I took after this says that affairs are wretchedly stagnant, and the introduction of paper-money (hitherto unknown) a great grievance. Neapolitans have been placed in all the chief military or governmental positions, by no means to the satisfaction of the Venetians. The Duke of Bordeaux is gone, and could not return unless the Government permits him. . . .

Monday, 22 June.— . . . Called at Blumenthal's, and find that Gabriel has good-naturedly sent me £30 instead of £20. . . .

Wednesday, 24 June.— . . . Left Venice 10.30 A.M. . . . Reach Milan soon after 6, and put up at our old Hôtel Cavour. All the street leading to it from the railway seems to me new. After dinner walk down to the Duomo. Dear old Milan, the first Italian city I knew in '60, has vanished from the face of the earth, and a demi-semi-Hausmannized substitute for it exists, and is still called Milan. The space before the Cathedral-front is immensely enlarged, and their blessed Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele is a mushroom of astonishing growth. I suppose one must admit it to be the first thing of its kind in Europe: twenty-four or so statues of illustrious Italians. It seems incredible, yet as far as I can discern it is a positive fact, that neither Luini (!) nor even Da Vinci (!!) is included. . . .

Thursday, 25 June.— . . . Pass Magenta . . . on the road to Arona, where one has to stay up to near midnight. Put up at the Albergo d'Italia. Engaged a boat on the lake for two hours. . . . My boatman had fought under Garibaldi in '59, and told me a great deal about the operations of that campaign—how Garibaldi would summon his men at midnight or soon after to descend a mountain bare-foot, and take the Austrians somewhere by surprise. An attempt of the Garibaldians on a fort thwarted by the timidity of their guides, with much slaughter resulting, etc. etc. He speaks highly of Garibaldi's sons. Garibaldi is a

famous oarsman, as he showed on this Lago Maggiore. . . . Arona (though Murray says nothing of it) contains one or two good pictures. In the chief Church, S[anta] M[aria] degl' Innocenti, an ancona in several compartments by Gaud[enzio] Ferrari, the chief subject *The Nativity*—a superior specimen. An *Adoration of the Shepherds* by Andrea Piani, light emanating from the Infant, as in Correggio: I suppose this picture may be as late as 1700. It has a certain academic tinge, but is really remarkable for grace and dignified propriety. In the Church of San Graziano a fine old picture, c. 1490, by Gaudenzio (something—I think the name given was a little like Meneghini), *Virgin and Child* with numerous Saints. There is also a singularly grand composition of the *Three Maries*; which looks to me more like a tolerably well-restored Veronese than anything else, though it seems also to have a certain tinge of Michelangelo's school. . . .

Saturday, 27 June.— . . . Came on in the afternoon to Martigny (Hôtel du Cygne). . . .

Sunday, 28 June.— . . . Make up my mind to . . . go . . . to Pierre-à-voir, a fine peak nearer here . . . 7671 feet high. . . . One of the guides had been a soldier in the Swiss corps under King Bomba, and had (what I never heard before) a good word to say of that potentate—not of Bombino. . . .

Tuesday, 30 June.— . . . Took the omnibus to Ferney. The Voltairian section of the house now shown is the library, bedroom, and over-arched alley of trees: the last a charming walk, and much of interest in all. This is said to be unchanged. . . . A statue to the Virgin, on the declaration of her Immaculate Conception, was erected in '56 in Voltaire's Ferney, by the inhabitants "*exultantes*" in the definition of the doctrine: a curious satire on the labours of common sense. The church Voltaire erected is still standing, and bears his inscription, but it is unused and vacant. The servant who shows one over the house always says "Monsieur de Voltaire."

Wednesday, 1 July.— . . . Started for Paris, staying midway at Châlons-sur-Saône. . . . Museum interesting chiefly

as containing some cameras and other photographic relics of Niepce, a native of Châlons, and here termed the inventor of photography. His portrait shows a face something like the minor Bonapartes. . . .

Friday, 3 July.— . . Home by Boulogne and the Thames, arriving Saturday 4th, about noon.

Friday, 10 July.—About 2 P.M. Cayley came to me at Somerset House, to say that Swinburne had just had an accident at the British Museum. He fell forward . . . and struck his head against an iron railing or something of the kind. . . . I went round at once, and found that he had been taken home to his lodgings: and the attendant outside the Reading-Room, to whom I spoke, did not seem to lay any great stress on the occurrence. . . .

Sunday, 12 July.—Lunched with Legros, who has lately had a second child, a daughter, born to him. He has various pictures done or in hand. A portrait of Jones, all but finished, excellent. Two (or I believe there are more) large water-colour landscapes, one already hung up in Constantine Ionides' house (at which I saw it in the afternoon). Three or more of his favourite church-subjects in progress. A design for a large picture he means to do of *The Martyrdom of Sebastian*, to go to Paris next year: I think the merit of the design much marred by his having set the archers so close to the Saint. The Government gave him only £80 for the *Stephen*, and £120 for the *Amende Honorable*, purchased for the Luxembourg. Legros has got back from the owner (in exchange for another picture) the *Ex Voto*, and wishes to present it to our National Gallery (or, as he supposes, S[outh] Kensington people—I wrote in the evening to set him right on this point): he wishes in the first instance to feel his way as to the acceptance and creditable hanging of the picture. He believes that Millet means henceforth to exhibit little or nothing. . . .

Monday, 13 July.—Met Brett in the street. . . . He says art is in an absolutely stagnant state this year as regards sales. Went round with Gabriel to see Swinburne. He is in capital spirits, with health apparently to correspond:

a little plaistering on his forehead. He says that the closeness of the Museum Reading-Room on that exceptionally hot day quite overcame him. He had to bear it a long while, awaiting a friend with whom he had an appointment: but at last, rising to go, he was taken with instant faintness, and fell. Everybody on the spot showed him the greatest attention: and he receives most cordially Browning's attention in calling yesterday. He believes the R.A. pamphlet sells very well. He has written little or no poetry of late. A month or two ago he discovered that his MSS. of the play of *Bothwell* and of *Tristram and Yseult* (a goodish deal written of each) were missing (perhaps lost in a cab), and he has never got a clue to them since. A great plague this. . . . He has lately met Longfellow, and likes him much; finding him very unaffected, straightforward, and free from uneasy egotism. Mazzini says that, within about five months from now the republican flag will be waving over Rome: this he said lately, among intimates, to a lady who was proposing to go to Rome, and whom he advised to wait awhile. . . .

Tuesday, 14 July.—Gabriel is painting a portrait of Mrs Morris, seated, in a blue silk dress: one of the figures he painted-in of her when she was staying at Chelsea. We dined (for the first time) in the tent, very agreeably. . . .

Sunday, 19 July.—Sala, Swinburne, and Whistler, dined at Chelsea. Sala speaks of himself as in his thirty-fifth year: I had fancied him four or five years older. He says that Hannay's salary as Consul at Barcelona will be £600 a year. He has been escorting Doré through the *mauvais lieux* of London: D[oré] was much pleased with the squalid cellar-shops in the Seven Dials district. He is an agreeable companion—the reverse of mealy-mouthed. S[ala] understands that he has laid-by £25,000, which seems by no means more than one might expect. S[ala] saw Lincoln two or three times in America, and thought well of him: but says his manners were unquestionably such as would be called bad in society. . . . Talk about the newly-discovered MS. poem (Epitaph) attributed to Milton. Sala

contends against its genuineness. Says the initial called J. is rather a P: also that Milton was wholly blind in 1650, and (he thinks, but would have to look further into this) not likely to have been using his eyes in writing in October 1647—the date of the poem. Swinburne, Gabriel, and myself, believe that the poem *is* in all probability Milton's—Swinburne the most decisively of the three. I can't say I think it a *fine* poem, however. . . .

Friday, 24 July.—Scott and his Wife dined in Euston Square. . . . S[cott] says that Ruskin gave Howell £200 to set himself up in his new house at North End, Fulham; and that it was mainly by R[uskin]'s wish that H[owell] went there—the object being that he may be close to Jones, and keep him up in health and spirits. H[owell] buys for R[uskin] almost everything that J[ones] paints. . . .

Tuesday, 28 July.—Called to see Whistler's pictures. He is doing on a largeish scale for Leyland the subject of women with flowers, and has made coloured sketches of four or five other subjects of the like class, very promising in point of conception of colour-arrangement. . . . Mrs Whistler* says that things were still dreadfully bad for the Southerners when she was lately in America: one lady of fortune of her acquaintance reduced to teaching in a school of nigger children. . . . Gabriel tells me that. . . . Brown is suffering from another sharp attack of gout—feet and hands.

Wednesday, 29 July.—Hotten, whom I met in the street, says that the *R. A. Notes* have sold 1300 (or 1500, I forget which) copies—not a large number. Swinburne, who was to have left town on Tuesday of last week, was still here last Monday. So strong is the prejudice against Whittman in America that H[otten] has not even yet succeeded in getting an American publisher for the Selection: he is expecting however to arrange soon with a Joint-stock Company.—W[arington] Taylor asks me to be one out of three trustees for his Wife, on her coming into the reversion of his property: he is now at Bognor. I write consenting. . . .

* The Mother of the Painter.

Sunday, 2 August.—Woolner called. He has done an *Ophelia*, and is engaged on the *Palmerston* for Palace Yard: this he finds a tough job, the face in old age being much the reverse of sculpturesque. He would like (and I quite agree in that view) to represent Palmerston more in his prime—say towards age of fifty-five—but does not think the commissioning body would countenance this. He says that the *Emanuel Philibert Monument* at Turin, nominally by Marochetti, is well known to have been done by a French sculptor of great talent, Donnet or Dommet: this work he admires much. The price he gave for Millais's early picture of Keats's *Isabella* was £630. Hunt has been gone for about a month back, and is now in Florence.

Monday, 3 August.—Tupper called at Somerset House. He is thinking of going to Rome about Christmas, and started the query whether I could go too. I should much wish to see Rome again; and said I would consider about it when the time comes, and let him know.

Tuesday, 4 August.—The improvement in Christina's health continues. Gabriel went off yesterday with Howell to spend a few days with the Leylands at Speke Hall. A bat entered the studio at Chelsea in the evening, and continued flying about for perhaps a full hour: Dunn and I endeavoured to catch him, but without success. There was lately here a brood of three ducklings. Two were murdered by the cat, who brought them in misplaced triumph to show to the servants, and the third has been tossed to death by the peahen.

Wednesday, 5 August.—Furnivall having asked me whether I would do for the Chaucer Society a prose-translation of Boccaccio's *Filostrato* (as illustrating C[h]aucer's *Troilus*), or else a collation of the two poems, I replied that I was not much inclined to undertake the translation, but would do the collation in course of time, if wished for.

Thursday, 6 August.—Furnivall closes with this offer, and leaves me a *Chaucer*. . . .

Tuesday, 11 August.—Gabriel has been back from Speke Hall since Saturday. It seems that, about two days before

going thither, his sight began to fail in a somewhat alarming manner, and has continued getting worse ever since. He has consulted a German oculist, Bader, recommended by Howell. B[ader] gave him a lotion, saying that it would for a while damage the sight. G[abriel], having applied it to the right eye, found during the course of to-day that the pupil of that eye had become very much enlarged (besides its sight deteriorated). This alarmed him (though my impression is that the symptom is a matter of course, and harmless); and he went back to Bader's, but did not find him in: will return to-morrow. B[ader] tells him that he will not lose his sight; but G[abriel] thinks he is ominously silent as to any improvement of it. For the present G[abriel] is quite unable to paint. However, I am in hopes that general nervousness and anxiety may account for much, and the sight itself be not much harmed for a permanence. G[abriel] wants for the present to get some one to read to him in the day. He has had of late to give a good deal of money to W[arington] Taylor; and makes besides, I understand, an annual allowance to poor old Maenza,* who stands in need of assistance. At the R.A. (which he did not visit till towards its close) he thought highly of Millais's *Pensioners*, and Watts's sculpture; very badly of Moore's *Azaleas*. . . .

Wednesday, 12 August.—Gabriel saw Dr Bader, who tells him the enlargement of the pupil means no harm. G[abriel] is somewhat better to-day, and less out of spirits on the general question of his sight. . . .

Friday, 14 August.—Gabriel called to-day to consult Dr Gull as to his general health, but did not find him in; his eyes are so far useable that he can read and write without inconvenience, and yesterday he painted a little. Dunn . . . called on Dr Bader to enquire privately what the state of the eyes really is: Dr B[ader] distinctly affirms that there is nothing wrong with them organically—their weakness depending upon the general health. G[abriel] is now in

* An Italian settled with his Wife at Boulogne: an old family-friend who had housed Gabriel in 1843 and again in 1845, when rather out of health.

correspondence with Scott, who wishes to dispose of his Brother's two pictures, lately in the Newcastle Reading-room,* to some purchaser of large gallery-pictures; it seems he would take £250 for the two. After dinner in the tent I read aloud some of the poems of Ebenezer Jones, which I have not looked at these fifteen years or so. I find their capacity, and fine style in passages, fully equal to what I used to suppose, and better than I expected they would now seem to me. . . .

Saturday, 15 August.—Bought a portion of Taylor's blue china for £2. 12s. Gabriel went to-day to the Surgeon Durham, to get set right in a matter which has been wrong this long while. This was done with every appearance of success, and no pain worth speaking of—and his head also felt relieved immediately afterwards, as if from the same cause. . . .

Monday, 17 August.—A notion has for some years been in my head of writing a book which I propose calling *The Christianity of Christ*: being a quotation of every speech the Gospels attribute to him, with free enquiry as to the real meaning and bearing of these utterances. As far as I know, no such book has ever yet been written: perhaps I shall never finish it, or never get it published—and at any rate it will of course be most deficient from several points of view: yet I should like much to make the experiment. At last I to-day began the work at Somerset House.† . . .

Thursday, 20 August.—Gabriel had an idea of getting me to accompany him out of town, to which I had most willingly assented, it being apparently compatible with Somerset House business during the greater part of next week (only); but it now seems even this will not be possible, Mitchell being taken ill with his liver.‡

* These were *Achilles over the Body of Patroclus*, and *Orestes pursued by Furies*: important works, and in many respects very fine. I forget where they are now housed.

† I carried it on for some while, but did not come at all near to completing it.

‡ This is a specimen of the obstacles which frequently beset me when it would, on other grounds, have been suitable that I should give my companionship to my Brother.

Friday, 21 August.—Mitchell writes to me that he is not likely to return any part of next week ; so I must give up the idea of accompanying Gabriel. He saw Dr Gull yesterday, who says there is nothing organic the matter with him, and has ordered some camphor and citrine medicines, etc. . . .

Tuesday, 25 August.—Gabriel going on somewhat better as regards both health and eyesight: he thinks of going down to Miss Boyd and Scott at Penkill.

Thursday, 27 August.—Dr Heimann . . . does not now work with much pleasure at University College, as the authorities there have gone in altogether for educating with a view to examinations, and this traverses the course of instruction Dr H[eimann] would often pursue of his own accord. The Japanese students who were at the College showed particularly well, not only in mathematics, but also (which was a surprise) in the constitutional and other history of England. They seemed to be very destitute of any notions as to the government or public relations of their own country. Charles H[eimann] is now at Hiogo in Japan, near the residence of the Mikado, and at the end of an immense arm of the sea: he still continues quite enthusiastic about Japan. . . .

Saturday, 29 August.— . . . Called on Woolner. His statue of *Sassoon* is finished; *Virgilia* begun in marble; *Palmerston* nearly finished in clay; *Ophelia* getting on in marble. This is for Jenner,* a companion to the *Elaine*—of which W[oolner] means to do a replica. The *Ophelia* does not seem to me successful: shoulders too narrow, arms wanting composition, chest wanting form, general proportion not satisfying to the eye, though possibly it is not much out by measurement. Still, the mental conception of the figure has value. *Sassoon* very good: *Palmerston* also satisfactory from most points of view, but looks too attitudinizing to me, especially the right arm when seen fronting. I looked at the numerous pictures and sketches which W[oolner] has

* Mr Jenner of Edinburgh; a relative (Brother, I think) of Sir William Jenner the Physician.

lately collected, most of them absurdly cheap : and, after the sarcastic tone adopted by Hunt, was surprised at the range of merit they exhibit. Some old-master drawings are clearly very fine—Vandyck, Titian, Tintoret, etc. ; also Turner's water-colour *Martigny*, Lewis's celebrated *Lion and Lioness* (done, as W[oolner] informs me, at seventeen, and the work which established L[ewis]'s great reputation in that line). Others may be more open to difference of opinion, but seem to me decidedly fine—as a Crome *Moonrise*, Girtin Sea painted in oils, small Constable, Turner study of fish, and some important landscapes by the same. Some others remain over which I care little about : and a moderate proportion may be of questionable genuineness. There is so little light in the rooms that I could not make the close examination which would be needed for forming much of an opinion as to this. Altogether however I could very conscientiously congratulate W[oolner] on his collection, formed very quick and very cheap. . . .

Sunday, 30 August.—Gabriel is still uncertain where he shall go to, or when : still wavers towards Penkill, or perhaps Stratford-on-Avon. He says that Warington Taylor is now, comparatively speaking and for the time being, well. Taylor's decorative enthusiasm led him to order of Stennett, months ago, a coffin for himself according to a particular specimen, picked out from others submitted to him by order ; and he vigorously impressed upon S[tennett] the necessity of "No nails." . . .

Friday, 4 September.—Dined with Woolner ; to whom, finding him a great admirer of Cotman, I gave the series of etchings by that artist, of Norfolk Churches etc., which I bought some while ago. Watts,* who went to Australia some ten years ago, was here : I find he is now writing on *The Standard*. Also Baines, the African traveller, illustrator of books by Livingstone etc. : though short, a handsome, strong, determined-looking man, with a slow utterance. According to him, no one likes Livingstone personally, and

* T. E. Watts, who delivered and published a Lecture on Tennyson : nothing to do with Watts-Dunton.

Livingstone's Brother was an encumbrance to the whole expedition in which he joined. It seems that, the Brother and Baines being stationary at some point while L[ivingstone] himself had gone on elsewhere, the Brother accused B[aines] of filching some stores; and L[ivingstone], without asking for any explanation, wrote from his remote locality dismissing B[aines], and has ever since refused repeated applications for a proper investigation. All that B[aines] has as yet been able to obtain is a written admission from the Foreign-Office that he has demanded an enquiry, which however the Office does not think it expedient after this lapse of time to grant. Though expressing a strong sense of wrong, B[aines] does not run L[ivingstone] down; on the recent expedition to verify the question of his death, he volunteered to go, but it was thought better to decline his services. He now wants to start off on an Australian exploration. Knows Du Chaillu, and is satisfied the admitted errors in his books raise no suspicion as to their substantial genuineness.

Saturday, 5 September.— . . . Called at Chelsea to ascertain whether Gabriel is gone. Find he started last Tuesday: he has been to Stratford and Warwick—the latter being the last address he has given. I don't as yet know whether he thinks of going on to Penkill. Dunn is at present with him. Finished off my essay on *Italian Courtesy-Books*.

Sunday, 6 September.—Wrote asking Kirkup . . . to accept the dedication of this Essay. Began reading Boccaccio's *Filostrato* and Chaucer's *Troilus*, for the collation I have promised to make of the two for the Chaucer Society. . . .

Monday, 7 September.—Brown called in Euston Square. He says that Swinburne was lately invited to stand for Parliament, for some place in or near the Isle of Wight,* but that he declined. I suppose this must have been an invitation from the extreme Democrats: all his expenses were to be paid. B[rown] thinks Gabriel ought to go more

* The Swinburne family, at one time or other, were settled in the Isle of Wight.

into society ; and especially that he should set apart a whole afternoon and evening—say Saturday from 3—for receiving visitors in his studio, and entertaining such as he might find it convenient to retain. . . . Nolly (not quite fourteen yet) is painting a picture of *Jason Delivered in Infancy to the Centaur*: he is doing the background in Hatfield Park. He has also designed *Danaë in the Boat* discovered by Fishermen, horses exercised on the seashore, etc. B[rown] has joined with other Marylebone voters in signing a requisition for Hepworth Dixon to present himself as a candidate.

Tuesday, 8 September.—Sent round to Furnivall the *Essay on Italian Courtesy-Books*. . . .

Saturday, 12 September.—Gabriel called in Euston Square. His head and general health are for the present right enough ; his want of sleep still vexatious, but less so than it has been ; his eyes bad. The objects flicker before him ; and, even when his eyes are shut, that condition of things is not put a stop to. His idea as to visiting Coblenz is merely to go there to see the great oculist (Möhrer or some such name),* and then return. . . .

Monday, 14 September.— . . . Wrote to . . . Furnivall . . . to say that probably I would go the length of translating all such portions of the *Filostrato* as are paraphrased in the *Troilus*.

Tuesday, 15 September.—Gabriel has now consulted Marshall—who, like other medical men, tells him there is nothing locally wrong with his sight, but that that is influenced by the brain: he does not encourage him to go to Coblenz, as being purposeless. However, G[abriel] says that his sight goes on rapidly worsening, and that, if it continues at the present rate, he will certainly be blind by Christmas: he still paints a little from day to day, but with effort—being engaged to-day on the blue-silk drapery of a half-figure of Mrs Morris commissioned by Mr Graham for £500.† He talks of making a deed of gift of all his

* He did not ever do this.

† This developed into the picture named *Mariana (Measure for Measure)*.

property to me ; so that, whatever may befall himself, I may be empowered to do the best for all parties concerned. He also strongly deprecates any posthumous exhibiting of his collected works, on the ground that he has never done anything to satisfy his own standard. But I am still much in hopes that all these gloomy anticipations will be dispelled in due course of time.

Wednesday, 16 September.— . . . Gabriel came round to Euston Square ; and not very long after him enter Woolner. They have not met at all, I suppose, these three or four years ; and there has indeed been an entire estrangement and even animosity between them. However, to my relief, they saluted amicably enough, and interchanged talk without any constraint ; and I am in hopes this meeting may do much to smoothe down the asperities. Woolner has nearly finished his clay model of the *Palmerston*, which is to be in bronze. Hunt has been in Naples, and is now back in Florence. Gabriel asked Woolner some particulars as to the affection of eyesight from which W[oolner] has more than once suffered these two or three years. It seems that the man who set him right (with no relapse of any serious consequence since then) was the surgeon and oculist Critchett, who (unlike some previous doctors) pronounced the disease to be rheumatism of the eye, and very rapidly effected a cure—and in whom, on this and other grounds, W[oolner] has the most extreme confidence. G[abriel] then referred to his own case ; and W[oolner] urgently advises him to go forthwith to Critchett, which G[abriel] is quite minded to do : he himself has already some acquaintance with C[ritchett], and likes him, though he was not aware of the exceptional eminence as an oculist which W[oolner] attributes to him. To-day G[abriel] has felt some pains at the back of his head. This is to him an unpleasant symptom ; inasmuch as one or more of his doctors had heretofore asked him whether he felt any such pains, and, on being told not, had replied that in that case there was nothing locally wrong with the eyes. —Brown (as Mrs B[rown] tells us) has to-day taken

Nolly round to Richmond Park, to look out for a spot whence his background can be carried on: they wish Nolly to get this water-colour ready for next Dudley Gallery, or, failing that, for the R.A. G[abriel] says that B[rown] makes his Son work on the strict Præraphaelite system. . . .

Friday, 18 September.—Gabriel called at Mr Critchett's yesterday, but found he is out of town. He says his eyes are to-day worse than ever: has now written to Scott at Penkill, proposing to join him. . . .

Tuesday, 22 September.— . . . Howell was at Chelsea, and says he has seen Marshall, who assures him that Gabriel's eyes are right; that his health is for a while broken down by overstraining, late hours, etc., and will require some little time for recovering, but will also be right with proper attention. Bowman called to-day, and also repeats that the eyes are unharmed: he bought for 150 guineas a copy* lately finished of the *Bocca Baciata*. . . .

Thursday, 24 September.—Called to see Chapman's pictures.† . . . The picture begun from Christina's "Three sang of love together" seems to me incurably mulled, and not likely to come to anything—though this too has his characteristic merits.

Friday, 25 September.—I learn at Chelsea that Gabriel left on Wednesday—first for Leeds, and purposing to go on thence to Penkill. . . .

Friday, 2 October.—Maria understands that her *Italian Exercise-book* has been by no means successful as yet: only about 80 copies of the book itself having sold, and 50 of the Key. . . .

Wednesday, 7 October.—Dunn has received another letter from Gabriel saying that he has not settled when to return. His eyes would not allow of his working for the present, and he gives directions about setting up green blinds in the studio. . . .

* It took a new name, *La Bionda del Balcone*.

† See the note to p. 195.

Friday, 9 October.—Paul* called on me at Somerset House. . . . He says that the lady lately married by Hannay is his Cousin, Miss H[annay]: the whole family has gone with H[annay] to Barcelona. . . . Boyce's house (where Gabriel used to live, 14 Chatham Place) is now in a dangerous condition through the demolitions adjoining, and he has received a warning of the expediency of removing his effects. . . .

Tuesday, 13 October.—Several friends in the evening at Euston Square. Nolly Brown is diligently painting his background in Richmond Park. Morris has been learning Icelandic; having undertaken, along with an Icelander, to translate an Icelandic legend of ancient date, thickly interspersed with verses. He has an idea of translating the *Nibelungenlied* some day: *The Earthly Paradise* ought to be completed within about a year. He is now doing the story of Bellerophon. Lucy Brown says that she not long ago witnessed this at the Zoological Gardens. There had been two Chimpanzees, one of them named Tom. Tom died. The keeper, one day that L[ucy] was there, spoke of Tom to the surviving Chimpanzee, which exhibited a conscious and emotional appearance, and the tears came into its eyes. . . . Gabriel has written to Brown, saying that one bad symptom of his eyes—that of seeing flashes etc. when the eyes are closed—is waning. Brown says that the recent invitation to Swinburne to stand for Parliament came from the Reform-League, and was declined by S[winburne] on the express advice of Mazzini. Also that the *mot d'ordre* of the Revolutionary Junto at the present day is not to have any *single* republics set up (as the question, for instance, now stands in Spain), as these would be almost sure to fail; but to wait until two or three can be started together. . . .

Friday, 16 October.— . . . Another letter from Gabriel, giving much the same account as hitherto of his eyesight and general health: the period of his return continues quite uncertain, and his liking for Penkill has reached the point of

* Benjamin Horatio Paul, a Scientific Chemist, whom we had known through Hannay: I saw a good deal of him towards 1854.

a vague project of renting the place altogether for a half-year. Halliday dined at Chelsea. He is forty-five years of age, and speaks with very little contentment of his bachelor-condition. He says Millais's present way of painting is to set the model and canvas near together; and continually to retire many paces from the canvas, glance at the model, and go up again to lay-on a new touch or two. His doctrine is that nothing is done until the model and the painted figure are so much alike that one might almost take the one for the other in a momentary glance. Halliday says that M[illais] is exceedingly liberal and kindly in money-matters, eager as he is at money-making. . . .

Tuesday, 20 October.— . . . A letter from Gabriel, saying that he will probably return next Tuesday, along with Scott. He also says that he is not better than when he left—which refers, I presume, wholly or chiefly to the eyes. This is bad news. . . .

Saturday, 24 October.—Stillman writes wishing me to see Dilberoglue about a military-Cretan project of Coroneos, and a fund of £10,000 to be raised therefor. This looks rather a formidable modicum. . . .

Thursday, 29 October.— . . . Dilberoglue came by appointment in the evening, and promised to see what could be done among the Greeks for the new subscription suggested by Stillman: he says the suggestion comes a little inopportunately, as it is only six weeks ago that the Greeks had been getting up another subscription for Cretan purposes. The name Dilberoglue is not Greek, but Turkish: it means "handsome" or something to that effect. . . .

Saturday, 31 October.—Another letter from Gabriel, again fixing Tuesday next for his return. He still says that his eyes are not better.

Sunday, 1 November.—Wrote to Payne (of Moxon's) about the suggestion he had made in April last as to my re-editing Shelley. As nothing has been done in the matter since his calling at Somerset House at Whitsuntide, when I was away, I now propose to call on him on Thursday next. . . .

Monday, 2 November.—Stephens writes me that a son was born to him on Saturday.—Met Morris and a few others at Woolner's. M[orris] has got on with his Icelandic translation, and expects to have it out soon after Christmas. Palgrave has been lately in Gladstone's company; and finds that, with all his occupations, he has been making leisure to write a kind of index of character for the personages of *The Iliad*. . . .

Tuesday, 3 November.—Gabriel came back to-night from Penkill. He says his eyes are decidedly not better, though on the whole I think he seems a little less despondent about their essential condition. . . . Scott has finished his pictures on the Penkill staircase, done some landscapes of which G[abriel] speaks very well, and has also been occupied in translating the diary of Albert Durer. He has now returned to town with G[abriel].

Wednesday, 4 November.—Finished the actual collating of Chaucer's *Troilus* with Boccaccio's *Filostrato*.

Thursday, 5 November.—Called on J. B. Payne with regard to the Shelley project. He says that Hogg left the *Life of Shelley* finished, but that the family is averse from its appearing; that Garnett had an idea of writing a *Life*, and had collected some materials, but that this also is in abeyance, and may probably not be done; and that the objection of Sir P[ercy] Shelley to full details concerning the death of the first Mrs S[helley], followed by the second marriage of S[helley], is understood to arise from the fact that Sir P[ercy] was born only about a month after the second marriage,* and some pains had to be taken to prove his legitimacy. The first Wife, Payne says, became strictly a prostitute—Shelley not having made any arrangements for her support, and being, after he had left England, more or less in the dark as to her position. Payne wishes my editorial revisions of the text to be, if practicable, such as will not render the stereotype-plates useless, but only entail

* In my Diary I recorded this statement of Mr Payne's, simply as it was made. At a later date, finding the statement to be egregiously wrong, I wrote against it "wholly incorrect."

alterations here and there: he concurs in my proposal of occasional notes, accompanying the actual revision of text. For this work I proposed to charge £30, to which he at once acceded: indeed, I suspect it was sensibly less than he had expected to be asked. As to the Life, he does not contemplate (though neither is he altogether adverse to) a full Life forming a separate book: his idea is a prefatory Life of not less than some 50 nor more than some 100 pages: this was indeed my own way of putting it. Enquiries will be made of Garnett, and full consideration as to the form of Life etc. given; and then I will make a separate undertaking as to that. The next issue of the Poems would not be forthcoming till eight months or so hence. Payne seems to have also some undefined notions as to a re-edition and Life of Coleridge; and I think it possible that he might eventually make some proposal to me on this subject also. He is to send me at once the various editions of Shelley in his possession; and I shall thence set to work on the text.—I find he has (*valeat quantum*) an unfavourable impression as to the character of Tennyson,* and runs him down even as a poet: he regards him as selfish, narrow in money-matters, not of lively affections: he is punctilious in paying his score in company, and expecting his companions to pay theirs. . . . For my own part I have always greatly liked Tennyson in personal intercourse; and seen in him evidence of deep affections and much open confidence and kindness.—Began in the evening translating those passages of Boccaccio's *Filosttrato* which are adapted in Chaucer's *Troilus*.—Dilberoglu finds the Greeks here not ready to subscribe for the fund proposed by Stillman to carry on operations by Coroneos in Crete.

Friday, 6 November.—Gabriel consulted Rose yesterday as to the proposed deed of gift—or now rather bill of sale—in my favour (see 18 September). Rose says that any such document would have to be registered, and would no doubt be protested against by creditors, and probably set

* It will be understood that the Firm of Moxon & Co., represented by Mr Payne, were as yet the Publishers of Tennyson's poems.

aside. . . . G[abriel] has not yet resumed painting; but proposes doing so to-morrow, taking only moderate spells of work.* . . . He wrote a letter to Ernest Chesneau to-day, correcting some of the errors concerning Præraphaelitism, G[abriel], Ruskin, etc., in his book on Fine Art. Brown spent the evening with us at Chelsea. . . . His advice is that G[abriel] should go abroad for four or five months—say to Italy or Portugal: he also spoke highly of Montreuil near Boulogne. G[abriel], who was in very good spirits all the evening, seems less indisposed to such a plan than he usually has been. . . .

Monday, 9 November.— . . . Have begun reading up for the *Life of Shelley*, commencing with Hogg: Payne has not yet sent round the editions of the poems for my revising.

Tuesday, 10 November.— . . . Ruskin's love-affair (according to Howell as reported by Gabriel) is over. . . . Howell went to Ireland, to try to get over the difficulties; and he says he disguised himself as a tramp or labourer to obtain an interview, but without effecting the desired change of sentiment. . . . Gabriel has not as yet set-to at painting, but, in spirits at least, seems much fortified. . . .

Friday, 13 November.— . . . Mamma tells me that my Aunt Eliza says that, on Wednesday morning about 3, when I was in fact in bed at Chelsea, she heard me most distinctly walk up the stairs at Euston Square, going to bed; pass her door as I always do; and call out (as I never do) "Good night, Aunt Eliza"—to which she responded. She was neither asleep nor even in bed—but up and wide awake (to take medicine or some such purpose, I presume). This is singular: for not only is my Aunt the least fanciful person in London, but, as such an incident as that of the good-night has never once occurred at all, she cannot be confounding one night with another, nor could she have fancied the thing through any mere habit or preconception.

* Here follows a detailed account of the condition of my Brother's eyesight. I extracted it in the Memoir published in 1895, and I therefore omit it here.

I was not (I think) dreaming of her at the time, nor had I in any way been particularly thinking of her. Was it my *wraith*?—Swinburne and Scott dined at Chelsea, and Brown came in the evening. Swinburne says he has written nothing of late. . . . He came back a fortnight or so ago from his friend Powell's at Etretat: was nearly drowned there one day, which happened to be the equinoctial tide, when he had gone out swimming. Had to swim on some three miles and an hour or nearly, the sea carrying him irresistibly out—till at last a fishing-boat picked him up. Says he felt no compunctions or religious impressions in the prospect of death. Has seen a *pieuvre*—very loathsome: the fishermen say it is not (as represented by V[ictor] Hugo) formidable, because it never attacks.—Brown attended a meeting for Mill's parliamentary candidature—having been invited to join his Committee.—Mr Purchase, the Brighton clergyman now making so much noise in the way of ritualism, is, as I thought, the same one who wrote to Swinburne eulogizing the *Poems and Ballads* at the time when the phials of wrath were being emptied thereon.

Saturday, 14 November.—Swinburne and I had been talking last night about Shelley's *Poems by Peg Nicholson* (to me as yet unknown): and, strangely enough, Swinburne has to-day found a copy of this almost unattainable book—a reprint of 25 copies having lately been made, and one of them down in a bookseller's catalogue. Swinburne left the book with me at Somerset House: he is now going down to Holmwood. . . .

Tuesday, 17 November.— . . . Payne sent me round the editions of Shelley to-night, for my editorial work.

Wednesday, 18 November.—The papers announce, to my sorrow, the probably mortal illness of Mazzini.—Began revising Shelley's poems. . . .

Sunday, 22 November.—Engaged with scarcely any pause on the Shelley revision. By the help of the *Dæmon of the World*, I have now constructed a text of *Queen Mab* which is certainly, I think, a good deal preferable to any yet

issued. I make incessant corrections on points of minor, and some of major, importance; and consider that nothing short of a completely new edition will be satisfactory. This would set aside the stereotype-plates of one of the now current editions (say the one-volume edition, which is that which I am actually working upon): the other two stereotyped editions—the large single-volume, and the three-volumes—might, if preferred and so far as I am concerned, remain unaltered. . . .

Tuesday, 24 November.—Went with Dilberoglue to the Spartalis. Many photographs of Miss S[partali] by Mrs Cameron lying about: only one, as far as I notice, goes pretty near to doing her justice. Dilberoglue and I, as we went along, spoke of the rumoured (but still questionable) death of Mazzini.* D[ilberoglue] said strikingly: "He was for all those long years the only light in the sick chamber of Europe—never out, never flickering." D[ilberoglue] is naturalized as Englishman: very bitter against Layard, to oppose whom in these current elections he, though a decided Radical, took an active part for the Conservative candidate, Alderman Cotton. Layard however came in with no difficulty. . . .

Friday, 27 November.—Gabriel, being still, from the state of his eyes, unable to resume painting, has been looking up his poems of old days, with some floating idea of offering some of them to *The Fortnightly Review*, and at any rate with a degree of zest which looks promising for *some* result with them. Scott is going to offer to the *Fortnightly* his poem of *The Prodigal*: the Editor (Morley) is inclined to make poems of some substantial length a feature of the magazine. Scott says that Lewes, in his youth, projected a Life of Shelley, and was (he believes) in possession of various materials for the purpose, from Leigh Hunt and others. . . .

Sunday, 29 November.—Mamma reminds me of what I knew years ago, but had entirely forgotten—that, when she was with the Dickinses at Leatherhead, from about 1816

* The rumour of his death was incorrect.

to 1820, Shelley's Brother was a pupil with the local clergyman, Mr Burmister. She remembers him as remarkably handsome, and as of the age of twelve or thirteen. . . . The name of Shelley himself was held in horror. . . .

Wednesday, 2 December.—Went to the Ionides. . . . Hullah (whom I see again for the first time after meeting him years ago at the Rintouls') * expresses especial admiration of Christina's poems.

Thursday, 3 December.—Keeling, the wine-merchant, called at Somerset House. Hitherto he had neither known nor thought anything about Spiritualism. But, happening to be lately with a friend who paid some attention to it, he sat down to a table, and was astounded to find raps and messages coming forthwith—tables and sideboards moving across the floor—etc. The messages seem chiefly to have been confessions of damnation from infidels and bad characters—Voltaire, George IV., Baron Nicholson, † Tiberius. It seems however that the only indication of this damnation was that three—or still worse two—raps were given in reply to the question whether the spirit was in a happy or unhappy condition. No fully defined messages in words were given; and Keeling had indeed heard nothing about the customary use of the alphabet. This interpretation of two or three raps is new to me. . . .

Sunday, 6 December.—Write to Dilberoglue, sending him a long extract from Stillman's last letter concerning the proposed expedition of Coroneos: to Tupper, agreeing to prospective Roman trip towards end of March; to Allingham on various Shelley points, etc.

Monday, 7 December.—Gabriel has now resumed work; having begun some crayon heads of Mrs Morris as *Pandora* etc. He gets on with a fair amount of comfort. . . .

* Hullah, the Musical Teacher and Conductor. Mr Rintoul was Editor of *The Spectator* when I became (1850) the Art-critic for that paper.

† Baron Nicholson is perhaps forgotten now. He was (among other ventures) a Tavern-keeper in the Strand, and got up the so-called "Judge and Jury Society," which did not promote the cause of moral purity.

Wednesday, 9 December.—Scott called to look into my Shelley notes and revisions. He very generally approved of them; and indeed urges that several of those revisions which I have only ventured to suggest in notes should be at once incorporated in the text. In one or two cases I may act upon this advice at once: in others I think of consulting Swinburne and Allingham before deciding anything. If they were to agree with Scott, I should probably conform. However, I am very much against rash or fancy emendations of a text.

Thursday, 10 December.—Acted accordingly with regard to the Shelley notes.

Friday, 11 December.—Gabriel came to Euston Square, and asked to hear some of my Shelley notes. He is quite as decided as Scott, or more so, in thinking that certain emendations should be at once introduced into the text; indeed, he would make conjectural and *unnotified* emendations to an extent which I consider decidedly inexpedient—on this ground if no other, that outsiders would raise numberless objections against the edition, and it would fall into disrepute. . . .

Tuesday, 15 December.—Dilberoglue writes, giving a distinct negative to any chance of promoting among the Greeks here Stillman's project of a Cretan invasion by Coroneos.

Wednesday, 16 December.—Macfarren has made a Cantata of Christina's *Songs in a Cornfield*: she received the publication from him this morning. Tebbs enquires whether Gabriel would lend any of his six-mark china for an exhibition at the Burlington Club, to which Huth and others contribute. The main object is to test the statement, still maintained by several judges, that a quantity of this sort of china is forged—*i.e.*, modern work pretending to be three or four centuries old. For instance, some pieces bearing the date of last century are found so exceedingly like others assigned to the 15th century that a suspicion arises against any such great difference of date.

Thursday, 17 December.—Replied to a note from Furni-

vall, expressing my readiness to look at what Ward is doing relative to Chaucer and the *Teseide*, and to talk over the matter with him.

Friday, 18 December.—Gabriel asked Scott and Brown, with myself, to meet Nettleship, who brought his strange Blakeish designs of *God creating Evil* etc. He is determined to be a professional artist: his stock of money will last him about a year. We all, and I very decidedly, regard it as a bad look-out; as, spite of his obvious force of ideas, his executive unadaptabilities are glaring, and I should fear hardly conquerable*—at any rate, for pecuniary success. His age is twenty-seven. The idea was started that the best thing for him to do at once might be to illustrate some congenial book; get Browning to write a preface, or otherwise to take it under his wing; and offer it to a publisher. I proposed the *Prometheus Unbound*: a suggestion received with favour. Showed him some Hokusais and other Japanese work which took him aback by their power. He himself has an excellently good feeling for studies of animals. . . . Howell and others are projecting an "Arts Company Limited"—Marks as business-man.† H[owell] asked Gabriel to take a share in it: he will do so to the extent of £250 in the form of works of art supplied. Morris and Co. will supply goods at a reduced rate.—Gabriel has just written a series of four sonnets—*Willow-wood*—about the finest thing he has done. I see the poetical impulse is upon him again: he even says he ought never to have been a painter, but a poet instead.

Saturday, 19 December.—Gabriel wrote a sonnet on Death at Euston Square. Tupper, who called on me at Somerset House, wishes to do a medallion-head of me; and that, with a view to this, I should sit for a profile-photograph.

Sunday, 20 December.—Wrote to Parsons about the

* I need scarcely say that Mr Nettleship, settling down into a different class of pictorial subjects, coped with and fairly surmounted his difficulties.

† I hardly know whether or how far this project was realized.

photographing project ; to Stillman telling him that Dilberoglu can't get up the Coroneos-raid subscription ; etc. . . .

Thursday, 24 December, to Wednesday, 30 December.—At Gloucester from 26 December with my Uncle Henry.

Thursday, 31 December.—Returned to London : fine day—free from frost, but sufficiently like winter. In pursuance of something I had heard from Uncle H[enry], I asked Aunt C[harlotte] whether she had any journals of her Brother John making mention of Shelley. She has such a journal, applicable to the year 1816 ; it contains one or two Shelley items which will be useful. . . . An *Echo-Song* of Christina's has been set to music by Miss V[irginia] Gabriel, and is dedicated to me.

176.—THOMAS DIXON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The first copy of *Leaves of Grass* that I possessed or saw came to me from W. Bell Scott : to him from Thomas Dixon, who bought a copy or two which he observed hawked about in his town.—The remark upon "one now no more" refers to his deceased Wife.]

15 SUNDERLAND STREET, SUNDERLAND.
16 January 1868.

Dear Sir,— . . . I am truly glad to find you so highly appreciate Whitman, and like exceedingly the spirit in which you write me of him ; and the one reason amongst many that first made me love you and your family was that deep sympathy of love you all had for the true, beautiful, and natural, in either Nature, literature, or art. . . . W. B. Scott was my first master ; to him I owe your friendship. . . . I was glad to hear you got *Leaves of Grass* ; for I never have such books but I love them, and long to know where they are, and if in loving hands. . . .

I would like you to get the little book *Time and Tide*, for in it there is some stray ideas of mine that I would fain know

how they fall in with your own on similar topics, and also to learn how far these utterances are true in your experience of them in life. If the book is liked, I fain would send a copy to your Sister whom I once met at Scott's (I forget her name now); for there is one passage of it was written by me thinking over the happy and pleasant hours so spent there by one now no more. It is not the poetess, though I love her too through her poetry; but it is other feelings that was made manifest to me by that Sister of yours. And her kind remembrance of that afternoon, and mention of it to me again when I met with her in London, made me feel how kind a feeling she had to one almost a stranger until a few quiet simple utterances made them friends. . . .—Yours truly,

T. DIXON.

177.—DR FURNIVALL to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

3 OLD SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN.
17 January 1868.

My dear Rossetti,—As you kindly took trouble about *The Lady of Shalott* for me, you are entitled to a copy of Tennyson's own account:—"I met the story first in some Italian *novelle*: but the web, mirror, island, etc., were my own. Indeed, I doubt whether I should ever have put it in that shape if I had been then aware of the Maid of Astolat in *Mort Arthur*."

Fancy too—he says the Thorolds of Lincolnshire claim to be descendants of Godiva, and to have deeds signed by her. . . .—Sincerely yours,

F. J. FURNIVALL.

Tell Morris this, some day.

178.—W. D. O'CONNOR to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

WASHINGTON.
20 January 1868.

My dear Sir,—I beg you will pardon my delay, wholly unavoidable, in acknowledging the receipt of your letter of 11 December, which I did not expect, and which gratified me very much.

I met Mr Whitman shortly after he had received your letter of December 16th. He had duly received the previous ones also, making three letters from you. He is entirely satisfied with your action, and with Mr Hotten's, in regard to the London selection and reprint, and seems pleased with the condition into which that enterprise has been shaped. He spoke with deep appreciation of you and your letters.

You apprehend perfectly, and re-state admirably, the points I ventured to offer in my letter to Mr Conway for your consideration. . . . And I . . . accept with unaffected good-nature, as accurately descriptive of my recorded admiration of our poet, the terms you so good-naturedly employ. Yes—in our Western phrase, I acknowledge the corn. “Unqualified,” “superlative,”—I own those two words as well-chosen. And, if you will not be vexed at my saying so, I am even a little proud of them. . . . Not that I am oblivious to the faults of our poet, or of any of the supreme poets; for I have fully satisfied my censorious part by alluding to them, as in the pamphlet where I say, “Making a fair allowance for faults which no great poem, from *Hamlet* to the world itself, is perhaps without.” . . . My critical code, as regards these great ones, narrows down to two simple canons—To accept: To admire. . . .

All the geniuses will have a good time with me. And profoundly I feel Mr Whitman's claim to rank as one of them. Shakespear may excel him as master of the science of interacting passion; but Shakespear, in all his wondrous cosmorama, has no such figure, nor any figure at all, of a man

primal and abysmal, a living soul boundless and terrible, master and summit of all, and resuming and surpassing the Universe, such as this poet has created in literature in that section of his work called *Walt Whitman*. Ages will pass before that thing, so done, can be appreciated. . . .—Very truly yours,

W. D. O'CONNOR.

179.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

FLORENCE, PONTE VECCHIO 2.

14 *February* 1868.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . Your idea is an excellent one—a Biography of your Father, besides an Essay on his *Beatrice*. His life was sufficiently *adventurous* to be very interesting to the general public, besides his great discoveries in the philosophy of literature, of the Middle Ages in general and Dante in particular. . . . There are plenty of Italians who would be glad enough—Pasquale Villari of Naples, Alessandro d'Ancona of Pisa, P. G. Maggi of Milan, all friends of mine.

I know but little of the Florentines, and that little is not in their favour—duplicity and vanity. They were always reckoned great diplomats. They were the enemies of Dante, and are still, for they have destroyed all the monuments of his memory that remained in Florence when I first came here forty-four years ago. What might still be saved are disgracefully neglected and falling to ruin. After their fulsome and ignorant vulgar enthusiasm for the commemoration, they have returned to their wonted indifference, and even to persecution. Their ignorant antiquarians have endeavoured to make out that Giotto's portrait is spurious—but their grounds are so absurd that they are unworthy refutation. Still, the ignorant join in the hue and cry: and so far indeed they are right, for the present repainted portrait has not a line left of Giotto's beautiful fresco, as you may

see by the *correct tracing* of it published by the Arundel Society. It is now *épuisé* and the edition all sold, many hundreds; and I have lately made another tracing from that, and sent it to the A[rundel] Society on their promise to publish a new edition of it, which I hope soon to see. It is not a fancy-drawing of mine. I have preserved the *original talc* on which it was *traced*, and my drawing (made at the same time) of the shading of the light and shade of the face, from both of which I executed the exact likeness published by the Society, after the original fresco had been again lost sight of and degraded, *deturpato*, by an ignorant and unprincipled dauber named Marini. The whole history of that misfortune would make a good "*opuscolo delle sventure di un antiquario*." * It might induce the government to try and remove the coat of detestable ugliness with which the beautiful original is covered and again concealed. It might be all recovered. The eye of course is gone; for the beast made a great hole by pulling out a nail instead of cutting it. . . .

You say the book would be for Italians. It would, both for English and Italians. As for Florentines, they are either indifferent or wrong-headed, swallowing all the rubbish of the priests and Jesuits, and totally ignorant of the great discoveries of your Father. And he told me they would go on increasing in the *Beatrice*, especially in the third part, as he had saved all *the best for the end*. And so I think, from hints in his letters; in which he *determines* the greatest fact, that *Beatrice* and the *Filosofia* of the *Convito* are the same, and what was the nature of Dante's inconstancy for which *Beatrice* reproached him in the *Purgatorio*—and not the foolish story, *without any authority*, of a contadina in the mountains of Casentino or in Gubbio. . . .

Swinburne has had the kindness to send me his *Critical Essay on Blake*. What a wonderful young man he is! such a poet, critic, theologian, classic, metaphysician, connoisseur of all arts and sciences, universal; and, like Dante, his prose

* Pamphlet of the tribulations of an antiquary.

is as beautiful as his poetry. Remember me to him, with all my gratitude.

Adieu, my dear Rossetti; with old affection, ever yours,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

180.—FREDERIC SHIELDS to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[As to Warwick Brookes, see my Diary (No. 175) for 7 February etc.]

CORNBROOK HOUSE, MANCHESTER.

17 February 1868.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . For the past month—that is, ever since Mr M'Connel gave me the opportunity of seeing the *Sir Tristram*—I have meant to write how great pleasure I enjoyed in hanging over it; and, if (as you intimated) you relied in any measure on my poor opinion, it will satisfy you to know that I *indeed* think with you that it approaches nearer to the highest standard than anything you have yet achieved in water-colour. . . .

Let me say how much the subject of your last note gratified me—for I have known Warwick Brookes for some years, but not intimately, his disposition being too retiring for that. Your information concerning him is not very accurate; for he must be nearer fifty than forty, and has a family of six children, the eldest girl being about sixteen years. With this young family he has never dared to venture to give up a situation as *pattern-designer for ladies' dresses* which he held in a firm here, and which brought him in a settled sum per week, for the uncertain and fluctuating remuneration attending the profession of art. So that all you have seen, and much more, has been done during the leisure-hours of his evenings and Saturday afternoons. . . . For two years back he has been lying sick of consumption; and his main, perhaps his only, source of

income has been the sale of the set of photos with which you are acquainted. Sir Walter James has most generously exerted himself to spread their circulation, and other friends have done their best also. He is too independent in temper to accept help in any other way—but, I am certain, would feel both grateful and pleased with such assistance as you can secure for him in this way. The price of the set is four pounds. I took the liberty, believing it would gladden his sick chamber, of showing him your letter on Saturday night; and, though he was too weak to read it himself, he most earnestly expressed his estimation of your approval. . . .—Most truly yours,

FREDERIC J. SHIELDS.

181.—WARINGTON TAYLOR to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[? 1868.]

My dear Gabriel,—I was in town Monday, just to give some assistance to our new clerk, and put him in the way of our methods.

There certainly will be a considerable sum in hand in April, and it will be the work of the members to deal with it. I think they ought to insist on Webb receiving a certain sum: he has charged for his designs at the Palace an absurdly small sum; three times the amount would have been under the mark.

Then as to a distribution of money amongst the members, I think it proper to say that, as they form a Company, that Company has a debt to Morris for capital lent to start the firm. This must be paid off before the firm can claim profits for itself; or, if members agree, a certain amount must be paid, and afterwards another amount divided amongst the members themselves; for, although personally riches may not be of advantage to Morris (!!) this £700 is an absolute debt due to him by the Company. . . .

I think it wise to tell you of the difficulties that have to be encountered in conducting that business. Morris is very nervous about work; and he consequently often suddenly takes men off one job and puts them on to another. There is in this great loss of time. When I was there, I was able in some way to counteract this; I used to quiet him.

(2) I was able to torment for the designs, and this is the great point. I began long before they were wanted, and kept on at Ned; wrote to him every other day, made him promise dates, and so on; consequently we never got behind-hand with work. But I can assure you that this is the great difficulty of the place. If you have no designs, you must go on to other jobs; and nothing is so bad as having six jobs in hand instead of two. This is the crying evil of the place, and which I devoted my whole attention to, and succeeded really in keeping it down. But, directly I am away, it commences again. Morris will start half a dozen jobs: he has only designs for perhaps half of them, and therefore in a week or two they have to be given up. They are put away, bits get lost, have to be done over again: hence great loss of time and money.

I am quite certain that the only reason why you were not making money two years ago was because there was no system. Too many jobs were in hand at once, and there was no regular supply of designs. *N.B.*—As an instance of this: in November I got a quantity of small jobs from Ned. I left however one cartoon still to get from him, before he began the South Kensington series. When in town on Monday, I found that cartoon had never been done yet. You understand how detrimental this is to business. If I had been there, that would not have occurred. Such things going on for twelve months would soon alter the state of affairs; and this is the thing that causes fear in me for the future, nothing else but this. And Webb will fully bear out what I say; he knows well this is the rock upon which the firm will be wrecked.

(3) Morris always charges too low; he does not like,

naturally enough, to be thought greedy and avaricious, and consequently, if he makes a contract by himself, charges invariably too little.

You are now perfectly posted up in the state of affairs—you know as much as I do myself.—Ever yours truly,

W. TAYLOR.

182.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The reply of Dante's "spirit" concerning Beatrice means "she was an idea in my head."]

FLORENCE, PONTE VECCHIO 2.
23 March 1868.

My dear Rossetti,—. . . I asked Dante if Beatrice was a Florentine lady.—No.—Who was she?—*Era un' idea della mia testa*. . . .

I think I have discovered that the date of Beatrice's death was precisely that of his losing his nobility, and entering the plebeian rank in the guild of the physicians and apothecaries. I must enquire further about it.

Dante's ghost confirmed your Father's opinion. The Veltro was the Emperor. The Italians think, Can Grande, because of his name. And so did your Father at first, but he corrected it, and Dante confirmed him to me. It is for Dante's sake as well as your Father's that I wish for a biography of G[abriele] R[ossetti]. My long intercourse (of twelve years) with him (Dante) and *mutual* services have made me feel a real friendship for him and other spirits. They are now eight *habitués*—Dante being one. They come about three times a week, and give us excellent advice and instruction. I follow them even when they differ from the doctors or theologians. . . . I have had above fifty spirits in this room, besides twenty evil ones. I have *seen* little, only four or five times, but enough of their action, and have often

heard and felt them. I still continue the most jealous precautions against trick. . . .—Ever yours,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

183.—HORACE SCUDDER to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The designs of Mr La Farge are, I suppose, only very scantily known on this side of the Atlantic: to be widely admired, they only need to be known widely.]

Editorial Office of *The Riverside Magazine for Young People*.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
27 March 1868.

My dear Mr Rossetti,—I have for some months past had the charge of a magazine for the young. . . . The only artist who gives me solid satisfaction is Mr John La Farge, who unfortunately has been prevented by many causes, principally ill-health, from doing all that we wish he would do. . . . He did several drawings for *Enoch Arden*—an edition published here by Ticknor and Fields, which was hastily planned and as hastily executed; La Farge, for one, doing some of his work bolstered up in bed, and the blocks put into the press at midnight, fifteen minutes after the engraver had taken his proof. . . .

I feel confident that you would be interested to see the photographs which I enclose. The blocks were of the same size—that of the larger of the photographs. *The Wolf-Charmer* was engraved first in our December number for last year, *The Pied Piper* in the January number. . . .

La Farge has made some admirable drawings decorating Browning's *Men and Women*. I hope some day he may publish them in some form. . . .—Faithfully yours,

HORACE E. SCUDDER.

184.—WILLIAM GRAHAM to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[Mr Graham was at this time an M.P. for Glasgow. The occurrence which introduced him first into my Brother's studio was I think this: a Mr Hamilton was a partner in the same Firm with Mr Graham, and was well known to Mr Leyland: the latter took Hamilton round to my Brother, and Hamilton soon afterwards took Graham round. Mr Graham became a valuable patron and an affectionate friend. Rossetti was much attached to him, and with good reason. It will be perceived that the subject for which Mr Graham commissions Rossetti in this letter, *Dante's Dream*, is the same which the Painter had offered (No. 171) to Mr Matthews, but without definite result.]

44 GROSVENOR PLACE.
9 April—[? 1868].

Dear Mr Rossetti,— . . . I cannot resist the temptation to avail of your offer to paint *Dante's Dream* for me, although the expenditure of so large a sum upon a picture is what I scarcely feel entitled to indulge in. . . .

Please then accept the commission at the price you name, 1500 guineas. As regards size, I should be sorry to put any restraint upon you that might be prejudicial to the work or disappointing to yourself, and would prefer leaving it entirely to you. I should think about 6 feet \times $3\frac{1}{2}$ about as full a size as one could hope to find room for comfortably anywhere. Will this be sufficient to do justice to it? I should like to have the offer of any drawing you may make for it, if agreeable to you. . . .

Is it too much to ask that, should you in the meantime take up any smaller picture of such a subject as in tone and feeling to be in my way (of which I dare say you can by this time more or less judge), you would kindly offer it first to me? . . .—Yours very sincerely,

WM. GRAHAM.

185.—CAMDEN HOTTEN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The review of Whitman written by Mr Kent, à-propos of my Selection, was enthusiastic in a very high degree: I think that admirers of the poet have not sufficiently borne it in mind.]

74 AND 75 PICCADILLY.
21 April 1868.

My dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in sending you a copy of *The Sun* containing a most flattering review of W. Whitman by Mr Charles Kent, the Editor. I have sent the poet a copy, also one of the *Lloyd's* notice which I also enclose. . . .

I have just been talking with Mr Swinburne over the desirability of publishing some notes upon the forthcoming *Royal Academy Exhibition*. He is quite disposed to act with you—if you are willing. I should like to issue such a critical pamphlet each year—after the manner of Mr Ruskin in time gone by.

Whitman is now a regular correspondent. . . .—Yours truly,

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN.

186.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

FLORENCE, PONTE VECCHIO 2.
26 April 1868.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . Dante showed immense courage in doing as much as he did. They attempted to burn him and his *Commedia*; but they were too late, and only burned his *Monarchia*, and put it in the *Index*! They had not the courage to do more. But no edition was ever to be printed in the capital of Italy until the French were in possession of it during the Revolution. . . .

I was the cause of your Father's portrait being placed in the theatre of the Commemoration at Santa Croce. . . . G[abriele] R[ossetti] was a scholar, a theologian, a poet, a patriot, and a magnificent writer of the finest language in the world. . . .

Dante, with two other of our spirits, continues to live at Caprera, where he is Garibaldi's guardian; and he seldom comes to see us, though he is very kind to my little girl and to us all. I told you of the death of a little rabbit which he brought her as a present from that island. He promised her something else, and we had forgotten it. The other day as we were at dinner she said, "There is somebody crying in this room." I am deaf and heard nothing. The Nun said, "*C'è una voce qui.*"* I supposed it was some noise in the street. "No, it is here." I gave Bibi a pen, and she was made to write, "Open the door of the camerino"; which she did, and came running and screaming to us, "*Oh c'è una bestia*";† followed by a big lamb, almost a sheep, jumping and bleating. Dante, assisted by another, had brought it from Santa Rosora near Pisa, where it had been lost in a wood; the peasants would have eaten it. And here it has been ever since, and follows B[ibi] like a dog. I had been in the camerino five minutes before, and was never out of sight of the door. The window was fastened, but they had opened it. . . .—Always yours sincerely,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

187.—BERTRAND PAYNE to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

44 DOVER STREET, PICCADILLY.
28 April 1868.

Dear Sir,—I have read your emendations of the text of Shelley in *N[otes] and Q[ueries]*, with equal pleasure and profit. Would it please you to edit for me another and

* There is a voice here.

† Oh there is an animal.

better form of that poet's works than has yet been attempted? And, if you would preface such an edition of the poet's remains with a brief memoir, I think I could interest most who have any of Shelley's important papers to confide them to you.—Yours very truly,

J. BERTRAND PAYNE.

188.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The portrait of my Father first mentioned must be a photograph from my Brother's oil-likeness of him, 1848. Then "the little photo of him" is the one of 1853, also by my Brother, reproduced in the Memoir of the latter that I published in 1895. Liverati's head may have been fairly like my Father towards the age (as would appear) of forty. The two Italian sentences run thus:—(1) "It must eat bran, salad, and meadow-grass, bread and milk—Adieu." (2) "Conte: I have brought you a thing into the small room—something that I promised you."—Towards the end of the letter comes a reference to a matter which formed the London town-talk in those days—an action against the Medium Home to recover a large sum of money given to him by a lady, Mrs Lyon.]

FLORENCE, 2 PONTE VECCHIO.
18 May 1868.

My dear Rossetti,—Many thanks indeed for your dear Father's portrait. . . . I have your Brother's little photo of him, which is a charming little sort of Albert Durer's style, a gem for execution, and I dare say very faithful. Liverati's is too dashing to trust for correctness; but it comes nearest to your own description of *energy and vivacious good-humour*; in which you agree with my friend John Leader, who is living here, married to an Italian lady. . . .

You ask about the story of the lamb's journey from Santa Rosora. I did not hear its voice, from deafness. Bibi and the Nun did. Here is what is written in my journal: "I

told Bibi to take a pen (she is a writing medium, and her hand was quickly convulsed), and I asked 'Who is it?'—and she wrote 'Dante; open the camerino.' Bibi went and opened it, etc. He made her write: '*Deve mangiare crusca, insalata, e erba di prato, pane e latte; addio.*' I then made her sleep, and he told her that he had brought it in three minutes from a bosco at Rosora near Pisa, assisted by Cesarino (another spirit): asleep, having been magnetized by them." . . . A few minutes before the bleat was heard I had been in the small camerino, and saw the window shut, and had not been out of sight of the door (the only one) for a single moment. I think I told you that the lamb, after being with us two weeks, was taken away out of another window—because we could not get the proper grass, and it would have died. They then promised to give Bibi something else; and we heard no more till eighteen days after, when, at supper, the table began to bounce and jump violently. I enquired if Regina, Dante, etc., were there. Yes, no less than eight of them. "Shall Bibi sleep?" (to tell me what they wanted).—"No."—"Shall she write?"—"Yes"—and she wrote:—"Conte: *Ti ho portato una cosa nel camerino, una cosa che t'ho promessa.*" (I thought it was Dante who had promised her something.) She took a candle and peeped in, and came back frightened at something black. I went in and found a pretty black puppy, and took him up and brought him in. "What is his name?"—She wrote a word I could not make out, nor she either. It seemed *foli*—I asked what he meant; and he wrote *gioli*, and then I found out that it was *joli*. The Count who signed himself at the beginning is Count Ladislas Ginnasi, a dear friend of ours who was very fond of Bibi. He died four years ago, and is one of our eight *habitués*; but is mostly with Dante at Caprera, and so is Giovanni, another of our friends. The other five are always here and never fail. It is really a little society of its kind. Last night they were all eight, and very merry with the puppy. I asked the Count where the dog came from: from Faenza, his native city. . . .

The spirits first came in 1854, and I have kept a journal

ever since, now in 7 volumes, and much omitted. Writing and sleeping mediums are not to be depended on.

Home has behaved very ill. I suspect he has been prompted by intriguing lawyers. He was an honourable man when I knew him thirteen years ago, but weak and ignorant. I was really glad when I heard of his good fortune, but he appears to have abused it. I have not seen any report of the trial, and I have asked Mrs Parks to send me *The Times*.^o He will be reckoned an impostor by the Judge if *he* is not a spiritualist, and that will tell against him. But I am afraid it is a bad case anyhow. I hear that he is accused of terrible lies and ingratitude. The sentence is not yet given.

Count Ginnasi was a remarkably handsome Romagnolo, and cousin of Byron's Count Gamba and Madame Guiccioli. . . . My little daughter is now fourteen. . . . Our chief spirit is Bibi's Mother, Regina. She died of consumption at nineteen. It all began with her in her lifetime, and has continued ever since. I believe she lives here for Bibi's sake. . . .—Ever yours sincerely,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

189.—W. D. O'CONNOR to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[I am not aware whether the utterance ascribed to Carlyle in the newspaper-paragraph was really his or not.]

WASHINGTON.

20 May 1868.

My dear Mr Rossetti,—You will have got *The Tribune*, containing Mr George W. Smalley's malignant paragraph on Mr Whitman; and I enclose an item from *The Star* of this city, as a sample of the numerous injurious squibs which it has set afloat.

Is it possible that Mr Carlyle has said the things Smalley reports? I can hardly believe it. Do you know?

If he has, there has been a change, for years ago his opinion of *Leaves of Grass* was very high. . . . At all events, Mr Carlyle's name carries so much weight in this country that the attack is likely to be mischievous. The enemy feel re-enforced by such an authority, and are preparing for a general onset. The article in *The Saturday Review* has already been reprinted here in full. . . .

I have seen the *Athenæum* notice. It is fine, and has superb sentences.

I hope your enterprise prospers. Save for the ill wind of *The Saturday Review*, the notices have been more than one could have hoped for. . . .—Your very faithful

W. D. O'CONNOR. .

Carlyle on Whitman.—A correspondent of a New York paper says that Carlyle likens Walt Whitman to a "buffalo, useful in fertilizing the soil, but mistaken in supposing that his contributions of that sort are matters which the world desires to contemplate closely." The admirers of Whitman in this country will hardly relish the characterization of the productions of "the good grey poet" as buffalo-chips.

190.—W. D. O'CONNOR—On *Leaves of Grass*.

[I print something like a half of this writing. It reached me—possibly through Mr Conway—as a Preface, proposed by Mr O'Connor, for my Selection from Whitman's Poems: or indeed (according to the author's project) for a complete re-edition of the poems. It did not however suit my plan to make any use of the writing. I do not know who was the "English gentleman and traveller" mentioned towards the close of the extract.]

Introduction to the London Edition.

America—that new world in so many respects besides its geography—has afforded nothing, even in the astonishing

products of the fields of its politics, its mechanical inventions, material growths, and the like, more original, more autochthonic, than its late contribution in the field of literature, the Poem, or poetic writings, named *Leaves of Grass*. . . .

Taken as a unity, *Leaves of Grass*, true to its American origin, is a song of "the great pride of man in himself." It assumes to bring the materials and outline the architecture of a more complete, more advanced, idiocratic, masterful, Western personality—the combination and model of a new Man. . . . It possesses, more than any other book we know, the magnetism of living flesh and blood, sitting near the reader and looking and talking. . . .

If indeed the various parts of *Leaves of Grass* demanded a single word to sum up and characterize them, it would seem to be the word Democracy. But it would mean a Democracy not confined to politics; *that* would describe a portion only. It would need the application of the word to be extended to all departments of civilization and humanity. . . .

We will add to the hasty synopsis of *Leaves of Grass* just given a brief memorandum of the author, *Walt Whitman*. He was born on his Father's farm, not far from the sea, in New York State, 31 May 1819. His descent is from Dutch and English ancestry, dating back, in both Father and Mother's lines, to the first colonization of that part of the country; and is thus of the fullest and purest stock that America affords, grown of her own soil. He grew up large and strong, alternating his life equally between the country-farm and New York City. He has since lived in the South, explored the West, and sailed the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico, and the great Canadian Lakes. He has been a farmer, builder of houses, and printer and editor of newspapers. He first issued *Leaves of Grass* in 1855. The book has since been printed, with successive enlargements and readjustments, three times. As given in this volume, it was put forth by the author within the last year, and includes the poems and songs of *Drum-Taps*, written during and at the close of the late Civil War.

For Walt Whitman was in the midst of the war throughout. A volunteer caretaker of the wounded and sick, he joined the army early in the contest, and steadily remained, as an amateur but at active work, in camp, on the battlefield, or in some of the huge military hospitals, ministering to Southerners as well as Northerners; not only till Richmond fell and Lee capitulated, but, as we hear, continues to this day still regularly visiting the collections of maimed and broken-down men, the sad legacy bequeathed by the long campaigns and sanguinary battles of those vast armies.

He is now in his forty-ninth year, and is portrayed by one who knows him intimately as tall in stature; with shapely limbs; slow of movement; florid and clear face; bearded and grey; blue eyes; an expression of great equanimity; a decided presence and singular personal magnetism; very little of a talker; always compassionate; generally undemonstrative; yet capable of the strongest emotions, resolution, and *hauteur*.

An English gentleman and traveller, a believing reader of Walt Whitman, who sought him out in America, gives the latest direct account of the poet. He found him, in August 1867, residing at Washington, the capital of the United States, where he was holding a small but pleasant and honourable post in the office of the Attorney-General. He had several interviews with him; and, besides confirming the main parts of the foregoing account, he adds one thing more, with which we may conclude our record. It is a point that has the final bearing on human character. He considers Walt Whitman the most thoroughly religious being that, in the course of much travel and long and varied contact with the world, he has ever encountered. The interior and foundation quality of the man is Hebrew, biblical, mystic. This quality undoubtedly, — exhibited and fused through a full and passionate physiology, a complete animal body, and joined with the most thorough realization and cordial acceptance of his country and belief in its mission, the fullest sense of the sacred practical obligations of each person as citizen, neighbour, and friend, and the most deferential absorption of

modern science ; yet with the distinct acknowledgment that science, grand as it is, stands at last utterly baffled before the impenetrable miracle of the least law of the universe, and even the least leaf or insect ;—this, we say, undoubtedly gives the best clue both to the personal character and life and to the poetic utterance of this new, powerful, and (we think we must say) most typical American.

191.—STAUROS DILBEROGLUE TO WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

31 THREADNEEDLE STREET.
27 May 1868.

Dear Mr Rossetti,—Stillman still hopes, and some of our best friends here think, that it is not yet desperate : I am longing, but doubtful. . . .

I wish I was coming with you as far as Venice. . . . Be with Venetians if you can. You will understand them, and they will understand you. People of the South, or with southern blood, understand each other so well ; and see precisely and hear precisely what each has to say and make the other see, which is a rare blessing in life. Britons generally use epithets for characterizing foreigners, but that is *bosh* ; no adjective can characterize any complex-natured soul. And the Southerners are that, because they have, thank God, as yet, *no* principles. They are guided by their nerves, their stomach, and their livers, and they are as various as the English climate. They are *temperative*, and of course most charming companions ; and then they have a kind of logic that astonishes one with its simplicity and boldness ; they reason like great children to the extremest limits of their thoughts, whatever they may be. . . .—I am, in affectionate esteem, yours,

STAUROS DILBEROGLUE.

192.—C. P. MAENZA to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[The writer is mentioned in my Diary (No. 175) p. 322. The end of the present letter has been lost.]

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, 19 RUE SIMONEAU.
23 July 1868.

My dear Gabriel,—I have punctually received the other two half-notes; as to the rest, make it convenient to yourself. What we feel of gratitude, we cannot sufficiently express it.

Read attentively the following lines. Seven years ago, when you so kindly tried to make up £200, the sum then necessary to enable us to go to Italy, we could only reach £154. Certainly it was a considerable sum of money; but not what I considered necessary to clear myself from Boulogne, and risk, with Mrs Maenza, when in Italy to find ourselves in a critical position, having received positive information that the Italian Government could not afford but scanty assistance for past services. . . .

Age, fatigue, and anxiety for the future, have made me unfit for that daily work which teaching requires; my strength is gone, and a troublesome cough torments me terribly. . . .

It has given us a very great pleasure to find that your position as an artist is firmly established. I never doubted of your success since you were a boy; who could have been blind to it? Only I was afraid you would not take it up seriously. . . .

193.—C. P. MAENZA to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[The *P.S.* here speaks of "your estimable friend," and also of Mr Ruskin. My impression is that the "friend" was Mr Howell; who may have been acting in concert with Mr Ruskin, or probably on his own account.]

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, 19 RUE SIMONEAU,
26 July 1868.

My dearest Gabriel,—I am at a loss to know what to write; how can we express to you what are our feelings? Your letter is what a most affectionate son would have sent to his parents; and more than that, since you wish to undertake a charge which passes all imagination. Are we authorized to accept such a sacrifice on your part? We hesitate (but we trust confidently in your affection) to consider the acceptance of your most generous offer, for being absolutely invalidated by a worn-out health. The sum you propose is more than sufficient; our wants are small, and we could make ourselves perfectly happy. Only I should like to facilitate you as much as it is in my power, in raising up the £100 with some of my works, or by trying in getting some old little paintings that chances might bring in my way, and send them to you in England. . . .

Now, my dear Gabriel, your communication about your health will remain strictly confidential; but it has caused us a very great affliction; not for interest sake, but because we have found in you the most generous and most affectionate friend we could ever meet in the world. . . .—Yours very truly,

C. P. MAENZA.

P.S.—Will you express to your estimable friend our sincere gratitude for his kind and unassuming generosity; we are overpowered by so much consideration and friendly interference. Pray, if you have an opportunity to see Mr Ruskin, give him my kindest regards, and assure him of my grateful remembrance of his generosity.

194.—OLIVER BROWN to EMMA BROWN, Yarmouth.

["My Jason picture" is a water-colour of *The Centaur Chiron receiving the Infant Jason from the Slave*: it was exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1869, and I now possess

a smaller duplicate of it. I have no recollection of the design of Drowned Men's Ghosts.—Cathy (Mrs Hueffer) was only a little older than Oliver, who was born in January 1855.]

37 FITZROY SQUARE.

26 July 1868.

My dear Mamma,— . . . I have begun painting my Jason picture; the colour has not come good at present, but I suppose it may come better when I get more of it in. I have been also making some slight sketches, one of which I believe you saw; the other one is of two men rowing across a river, and meeting the ghosts of the people who have been drowned in it walking in a procession. . . . Has Cathy been doing any drawings of you? Please give her my love, and believe me your very affectionate Son,

OLIVER MADOX BROWN.

195.—JAMES SMETHAM to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[This information regarding the Taylor family will have been interesting to Rossetti, on the ground of the sincere admiration which he entertained for certain biblical designs made by Isaac Taylor Junior. These designs were published in 1834 as *One hundred Copperplate Engravings to ornament Editions of the Bible*. Rossetti, in the supplementary chapter which he wrote to Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*, speaks of the series as "seldom equalled for imaginative impression." Mr Smetham appears to say that this Isaac Taylor Junior was the same person as the Author of *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*, etc. This *may* be correct, but I am not sure of it.]

1 PARK LANE, STOKE NEWINGTON.

12 August 1868.

My dear Gabriel,— . . . The two youngest boys and myself spent a fortnight near Ongar. Heard a good deal

about Isaac Taylor. The Father was a very fine engraver—engraved Stothard's *Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn*, and Opie's *Death of Rizzio*, for Boydell's Gallery. At South Kensington Portrait-Gallery there were oil-portraits of Jane Taylor and Anne Taylor by him—little Isaac as a baby in the distance rolling on the grass. The picture very well done. Saw the Son of Anne Taylor, who is an artist (Crayon-heads 3 inches long—price 10 guineas, etc.), but has a competence and no children. His name is Gilbert. He has written a book of *Travels in the Dolomite Mountains*, said to be pleasant. He is writing about Titian. The Dolomite Mountains are near Cadore, and he has lots of rough water-colours of the mountain-lines, showing the Titian crests, flame-like. I find that it was Isaac Taylor Junior, the author, who did the designs you have. He also invented the common BEER-TAP, and another reaped the harvest of profit.—Affectionately yours,

JAS. SMETHAM.

196.—ADDINGTON SYMONDS to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Mr Symonds (whom I had never the good fortune to know personally) was right in inferring that the two poems by Whitman first mentioned by him were omitted from my selection simply on the ground that they could not well go in without the cancelling of some phrases. As to the other poem from *Calamus*, I cannot now say anything distinct.]

CLIFTON HILL HOUSE, NEAR BRISTOL.
15 August 1868.

Sir,—May I be permitted, as a sincere admirer of Walt Whitman, to express to you my thanks for your edition of his select works—one of the most valuable of your many valuable contributions to our literature?

I should hardly have ventured thus to address you, had the readers and admirers of Whitman been a large body in

England. But, as it is, there are so few who are able to understand his excellences, so many who are irritated into a kind of madness by his want of taste in details, that I feel justified in expressing to you my sympathy with all that you have said in your preface, and my admiration of the taste and judgment of your selection.

Might I ask you on what account you have omitted *Sleep-Chasings* and *A Leaf of Faces* from your volume? I have always regarded these as among Whitman's most characteristic pieces. Is it because you would not submit them to the necessary purgation for English readers? I remember that one passage in the latter poem moved Tennyson's wrath in particular when he first came across *Leaves of Grass*. I should also have liked to see the poem of *Calamus* (old edition), "Long I thought that knowledge alone would suffice me," in your collection—the more so perhaps because it has been omitted in the last edition by Mr Whitman himself. Do you happen to know what induced him to suppress it? . . .—Your obedient servant,

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, JUNIOR.

197.—ADDINGTON SYMONDS to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

CLIFTON HILL HOUSE, NEAR BRISTOL.
19 August 1868.

My dear Sir,— . . . Do you think that the poems of Whitman might be put into a juster light by any essay-writing about them? I have long contemplated making a literary study of his works; and, if (as I conjecture) no review would take a fair and dispassionate critique, have thought of publishing a more minute one separately. The experience of many years' writing for journals etc. makes me feel the difficulty of such an undertaking in the case of a writer like Walt Whitman, who, to use his own phrase, has a singular faculty of "eluding" analysis. But I should like

to attempt the work if better judges than myself were of opinion that a sufficient number of people are superficially interested in Whitman to make an audience. . . .

I think the reprint of the Prose Preface to *Leaves of Grass* one of the best and most useful points about your edition. Last year I was going to have that preface reprinted for distribution among a few friends. . . .—Yours very truly,

J. A. SYMONDS.

198.—ADDINGTON SYMONDS to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

CLIFTON HILL HOUSE, NEAR BRISTOL.
25 August 1868.

My dear Sir,—At the risk of troubling you with another letter, I cannot refrain from writing to thank you for the kindness of your second answer, and to explain what I meant by a “literary study” of Walt Whitman. I was thinking of an analytical and critical enquiry into the nature of his poetry, and his position as a pioneer—as well as a discussion of the different subjects of his writings, and some account of his life. This would imply a consideration of his peculiar views about Democracy, Love, Art, Religion; and would lead one far, I fear, beyond the limits of a magazine-article. What you and Buchanan have done has rendered it, I think, unnecessary to attempt the publication of another brief general survey. But, if there were a chance of getting a purely critical article into *Fraser* or one of the *Quarterlies*, I should like to write a *section* of the work which I have just sketched in outline upon Whitman’s claims to be considered a great poet. I should then dismiss all polemical, biographical, ethical (and so on) discussion, and should confine myself to pointing out the strength and beauty of his work, the range and drift of his art, illustrating my remarks by copious quotations.

I know Burroughs’ book. . . .

I am surprised to hear what you tell me about Whitman's unpopularity in America. It is partly, I suppose, the prophet's old want of honour in his own country. Besides, the Americans, when refined, are apt to be absurdly over-refined. They are like parvenus, who are always more afraid of being vulgar than people of acknowledged position. I should not wonder if Whitman were in the end more tolerantly and tranquilly received in England than he can be in his own country. Then the appreciation of him on this side of the Atlantic will be reflected on the other, and the Americans will be ashamed of not being proud of their apostle. . . .—Yours very faithfully,

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

199.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Charles Brown was the friend of Keats rather than of Shelley; whether he really knew Shelley I should rather doubt. This statement as to the manner of his death seems to me new.]

LEGHORN.

31 August 1868.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . I remember a tobacconist's shop in the country with a signboard on which were painted three appropriate faces with this poetical motto—

We three are engaged in the same cause ;
I smokes, I snuffs, and I chaws.

Poor De Batines the Philodantist died here of cigars: he was young. And Charles Brown, the friend of Shelley and Trelawny, died of snuff, after several fits. . . .—Yours truly,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

200.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The opening of this letter refers to my proposal to dedicate to Barone Kirkup (which I did) my little Essay on *Italian Courtesy-books*. Some of the books which he mentions as authorities go on to a date more recent than I dealt with.—The statement that Tasso was a medium will surprise some readers; it is however a fact that certain things recorded of Tasso by himself and others do bear a close affinity to some aspects of modern spiritualism.]

FLORENCE, 2 PONTE VECCHIO.
18 September 1868.

My dear Friend,—I found your letter here on my arrival from Leghorn. There is nothing of which I shall be prouder than the honour of having my name connected with any of your works; and the subject of this is most interesting to an antiquarian. I have always had a leaning that way, and you have a great list of authorities. You will find much in the Novellieri, from Sacchetti to Bandello, Giraldi, and Malespini, and in the *Ragionamenti* of P[ietro] Aretino. I have seen a small book containing three *Galateos*—those of Monsignor Della Casa, Gioia, and another. Very likely you have got it. If not, shall I seek for it? Bandello's introductions to his *Novelle* are especially good for costume; and, if you have time, you will find much in the old Comedias of the 500. I never read the three *Galateos*. . . . Pietro Aretino gives us much knowledge of the customs of Rome in his *Ragionamenti*. They are dialogues between a rich courtesan and her friend, a bawd, whom she consults about the *bringing-out* of her daughter; and has the choice of three conditions, a nun's, a wife's, or a courtesan's, all which she herself had experienced, and relates to her friend. They decide on the last, and it ends with a long conversation of instructions to the daughter. . . . Another book of his is a dialogue on Cards, in which some excellent stories

of gamblers are introduced. I sent some of them lately to R. Browning, who is writing a poem relating to Arezzo in which gambling will make a great figure. I have written to B[rowning], through whom I lent to Mr John Forster all my letters, odes, scraps, conversations, etc., of W. S. Landor, whose life he was going to write. . . .

The great authority for Italian courtesy will always be letters—Machiavelli, Aretino, Varchi, Tasso, etc. I translated some of the latter, proving that he was a medium and not a madman, and sent them to *The Spiritual Magazine* about five or six years ago. . . . It was not till time of the court of the Medici that exaggerated adulation and servility became the fashion, and titles became common in Florence. . . .—Always yours sincerely,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

201.—SIR FREDERICK BURTON to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[My Brother must have written about his eyesight to Sir Frederick Burton, knowing the latter to have had a good deal of trouble in the same way.—“The transcribed poem” was probably one of those written by Dr Garth Wilkinson under supposed spiritual influence.]

COMRAGH HOUSE, KILMACHTHOMAS, IRELAND.

20 September 1868.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . I felt, and now still more strongly feel, convinced that the condition of your eyesight is mainly, if not entirely, owing to your general state of health—of which both it and your want of sleep are but symptoms. But, whatever the former may more mediately depend upon, the latter is alone sufficient to account for it. I know some, and know *of* many, persons who, being afflicted with sleeplessness, have found either benefit or cure by going to the seaside. There is something in the sea-air which induces sleep; and, in a case

where great unrest and wakefulness have become habitual, I believe it is all-important to get into the habit of sleeping for even a short time,—when the spell seems to become broken, and the natural rest returns. I wish you would try it; and indeed, if you go down to Penkill, I should think (from the description I have had of its position) you would be sufficiently near the sea to benefit by it.

I do not doubt that writing to Donders would be of use. But I am so much convinced that *rest* of all kinds, including abstention from work, is what you chiefly require, that I should hardly think you could do better than try to obtain it—and in doing so await Bowman's return. Perhaps by that time you will not urgently need his advice. But I would certainly have it under all circumstances. I should imagine that your whole nervous system is deranged and overwrought; and that the ophthalmic nerve, which indeed becomes the retina, is—very naturally in your case—peculiarly affected; and that this reacts upon the whole nervous system, and so a constant current of excitement is kept up. If you can save the retina from lesion by timely rest, I am sure you will have done the most that is required.

Thanks, a great many, for the transcribed poem. It is very remarkable, and the result of a truly imaginative mind—containing the real poetic element. But I do not see that it is especially spiritualistic in itself, though its singer may be a spiritualist.

I am glad you have read *Vathek*—only surprised it never came across you before. Since my boyhood I know it—and read it again a few years ago with undiminished delight. It has a quality of imaginativeness surpassing, I think, most of what one finds in *The Arabian Nights*—as indeed one might perhaps not unnaturally expect from a highly poetic European mind, using with consummate command oriental imagery. . . .

I am ashamed to say I have never read *Wuthering Heights*. . . . I will certainly read it soon, more incited thereto by what you say. . . .

Ever yours, dear Rossetti, most heartily and with best wishes,

FREDERICK W. BURTON.

202.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

PENKILL.

7 October 1868.

My dear Brown,—I had better answer your enquiries to Scott myself. I am still very queer in the eyes, in spite of vastly improved sleep. I lately received a note of enquiry from Bader the oculist, and wrote him my latest symptoms, some of which I think very nasty ones. However, he still writes expressing the most unlimited confidence in my complete recovery. So let us hope for the best.

Miss Boyd says—won't you come down? Now do. We should be as jolly as is possible in my queer state, and I dare say I should be helped to forget it. There is a splendid studio here, so you could bring any work you pleased with you. Miss Boyd is the most indulgent of hostesses, and you would do precisely as you pleased. Scott's pictures are finished, and well worth a visit if there were no other attraction. But the scenery here is simply paradise within the grounds of the castle—all private, and every opportunity of painting landscape if you felt inspired. The glen belonging to the castle is, I think, the most lovely spot I was ever in. All kinds of joy and mystery in all its corners—immense variety of background-material for any conceivable outdoor subject. There is one spot which even I should be moved to set to work on if my eyes were in order. The extreme quiet and beauty of the place could not but prove invaluable to you.

Now do come at once. It ought to be at once, as the trees are beginning—though only just beginning—to thin very materially. The weather here has been splendid, instead

of the nuisances I hear you have suffered from in London—and seems likely to remain so at present. . . .

Perhaps you have seen some of my letters to others, and know that I spent a couple of hours in the Leeds Exhibition in coming out here. For this, of course, I had to pass the first night at Leeds. The Old Masters are intensely interesting in many cases, but the place is now a bear-garden of Yorkshire excursionists. It will be open till 26th October. Two of yours—*Last of England* and *Jacob*—were extremely well hung and looked very fine. The *Work* is seen to disadvantage; and the *Cordelia* not as it ought to be, but still pretty well.—With love to all, your affectionate

GABRIEL.

203.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

FLORENCE, 2 PONTE VECCHIO.
20 November 1868.

My dear Friend,—You are quite right—Europe ought to rejoice at the Spanish Revolution. But they are hindered by those cursed French from making it a Republic; and, if they are forced to call-in another dynasty, it will return to the whole craft, priestcraft included, for priests and kings are always allies. . . .

Here they are building new royal stables that will cost more than the President of America is paid in six years; and only lately they were talking of bankruptcy, and are not quite sure about it still; and Codini raise the usual hue and cry, against Garibaldi and Mazzini, of Atheists and Robespierrists.

I fear the Spaniards will not be able to come well out of their difficulties. . . .

The *Life of Tasso* by Manso is the best and truest, and not written in a D'Este court (like that of Serassi) to please the Duke of Modena. Only it is not written by Manso, but

by Fiamma. I found that out, and it is confirmed by Gamba (*Testi di Lingua*). Manso was the author of the anecdotes at the end, which caused the mistake. See, in the *Life*, the letter written by Manso to the High Admiral of Naples. It is one of Tasso's visions, the more trustworthy as Manso was incredulous. . . .—Yours very sincerely,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

204.—WILLIAM BELL SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The leaf of Shelley's *Revolt of Islam* with which Scott presented me is most indisputably in the poet's own handwriting. Scott had received it, I think, from Mr Lewes many years before. It is now in the collection of autographs formed by my daughter Helen.]

[33 ELGIN ROAD, LONDON.]
30 November 1868.

Dear W.,—Here is the leaf of *The Revolt of Islam*—in Shelley's own hand (?) . . .

Don't you think Gabriel's beginning to take an interest in his poetry a very good thing? At Penkill we had most serious talks about the chances of his powers of painting—a matter on which I may write or speak to none but you. I tried by every means to make him revive his poetry, but apparently without effect. Now, however, he is really doing so. Of course one trusts the defective sight is only temporary; still one must not forget that his eyes have not been strong for some time.—Yours ever,

W. B. SCOTT.

205.—WILLIAM BELL SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

33 ELGIN ROAD.
2 December [1868.]

Dearest W.,—Most welcome to the leaf of Shelley—keep it altogether if you like. . . .

I asked Lewes about Harriet and the life she led; he having in the old time had the intention, which it appears was set aside by the Shelley family, of writing memoirs. He says she first was taken up by a man, and, when abandoned by him, she took to any one. One would say it is just the same in effect as being on the street, as far as he learned from Leigh Hunt and others; but that she was not in a brothel, I suppose. He exonerates Shelley, but that can only be done by supposing him weak and little perceptive. To suppose him so egotistical that he did not think of her at all is not to exonerate him. Lewes says he believes he could bring you in contact with Mrs Hogg, widow of the biographer (formerly Mrs Williams, who was with Shelley at the last), a vivid old woman, who remembers much of Shelley,—if you care. If you do, write either him or me, and say so; to write him would be the shortest. He says he thinks he knows you. His address is—The Priory, North Road, Grove Road, near Regent's Park.

About Gabriel—the short ending to his ills, in the worst case, was of course often spoken of by him. But we must not think of the possibility of that, even under the dire misfortune. I could not strongly dissuade him, but I feel that it must not be thought of. But he is poet as well as painter, and was a poet before he was a painter; and even in the interval of rest—we must acknowledge to the disturbance of his sight, even to outsiders—it would be a great thing to get him to be the poet again. I wonder his spirits don't break down, doing nothing so long.—Ever yours,

W. B. SCOTT.

206.—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

LYMINGTON.

4 December 1868.

Dear William,—I congratulate you on the Shelley undertaking, and am glad it is in such excellent hands. As to myself, I love Shelley no less; but from the critical study of his poetry I have drifted away, and have, I think, no available notes. . . .

I know Sir Percy Shelley. . . . I have met Shelley's two sisters at dinner (I mean the Poet's—"Bysshe" as they always call him)—one of them curiously like him, and most ready to talk of him. I will write you again by and by.

Of course you do not expect to find every flourish and fantasy of Shelley's rhyme reducible to logical prose. In any case he loved to tread on the confines of the expressible. He wrote a vile hand*—seldom corrected proofs himself—and left much in fragmentary and chaotic condition. . . .—
Yours, believe me,

W. A.

207.—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

LYMINGTON.

18 December 1868.

Dear William,—. . . Ianthe (S[helley]'s daughter by his first marriage) is now Mrs Esdaile, and is living at or near Cheltenham—or was lately. His two sisters whom I met are Hellen and Margaret: Elizabeth is dead.

I called again on Sir Percy and Lady Shelley after receiving your first letter, and spent last Saturday to Monday with them at Wood Vale, Cowes, where they have taken a house

* I do not agree in this. Shelley *could* write a very good hand when he liked—and often he did like.

for a year. Their own place is Boscombe, near Christchurch. The Shelley relics (MSS. etc.) are at present in a banker's safe. Field Place is Sir Percy's, but now let to a Gas-Engineer. It has a new colonnade, but is otherwise little altered.

As to the question of revision and correction, I found the Shelleys cautious in giving any opinion—and opposed to *conjectural* emendations. I think they would possibly (with luck and opportunity helping) be induced to allow an examination of the MSS., which it seems are no joke to decipher.

As to the *Life*, there is no new material attainable *at present*. One could only make a narrative out of the six or eight Shelley-books we have.

Special commentary on obscure points of a delicate nature would, in my opinion, be extremely undesirable, and under the circumstances very useless,—would give great pain to worthy living people, and could show no sufficient authority. Hogg, for instance (as Lady Shelley assured me), not only jumbled dates, but *altered the wording of letters*. Whatever be the case as to facts, one may well consent to be reticent of surmises—especially painful ones. . . . Shelley's sexual feeling was always and inseparably mingled up with intellectual and moral enthusiasm. I most strongly counsel you to avoid guesses in the dark. . . .—
Very truly yours,

W. ALLINGHAM.

I have received *The Cenci*, which I'll return; and my opinion as to the *Thou's* and *You's* is distinctly that you should let them "bide as they be" (as folk say here): I mean, as Shelley put 'em. They are mixed quite in the manner of the Elizabethan Dramatists, of whom S[helley] was so full while writing *The Cenci*, and whose ideas, and phrases even, crop up not seldom in the modern dramatist's performance.

208.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

56 EUSTON SQUARE.

20 December [1868].

Dear Allingham,—. . . About Shelley . . . I think you must have rather misapprehended my point of view. I never proposed to be other than "reticent of surmises, especially painful ones," or to indulge in "guesses in the dark." What I said (if I remember the phrase in my former note) was that, if I acquired the *certainty or conviction* (of course based on evidence) that so-and-so was true, I should think the proper office of a biographer would be to say as much. . . . Thus much to clear away any misapprehension: but perhaps we still differ somewhat about the essentials. For myself, I think that to give the world a *correct* idea of the character of so great a man as Shelley is—if the two things clash—an object of greater moment than the feelings of worthy living persons: and Shelley, who scarcely wrote a page which would not, or which was not intended to, ruffle some worthy living persons, would I apprehend be the last man to uphold a contrary view.

As for Swinburne, I shall certainly show him my text and notes when occasion offers: opining that nobody is better qualified to keep me in the right on these points. If my deliberate opinion differs from his on any point, I shall stick to my own. About the *Life*, it may or may not happen that he sees it before publication,—and will make no difference either way.

Much obliged for your advice about *Cenci, Thou and You*. Gabriel said "Make everything uniform:" but I have not the remotest idea of doing that. I think however that, if I find (say) one *Thou* among eleven *You's* in one same speech, I must alter that: explaining of course in my notes. My impression is that characteristic negligence had much more to do with Shelley's practice in that matter than Elizabethan precedent: and indeed that the Elizabethan

precedent is itself mere carelessness—when it is a case of jumble, not of *significant* variation.

I have been re-reading *Zastrozzi* and *St Irvyne*. What incredible performances!

With all thanks and greetings,—Yours always,

W. M. ROSSETTI.

209.—W. J. STILLMAN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

ATHENS.

22 December 1868.

My dear Rossetti,—I enclose the remainder of *The Cretan Insurrection*. You will find two or three pages of corrections to be made in the part already in your hands, with new beginning; which are necessary to adapt the same, written for *Macmillan's*, for *Fraser's*. I have made it as concise, I think, as it will bear, and hope that *Fraser* will be able to print it at once before the thing loses its interest or historical value. You may assure Froude that, as far as facts go, it is as accurate as contemporary history can hope to be. I have not dealt much in figures because I have rarely been able to get numerical estimates from reliable people.

I believe the insurrection to be pretty near its end, the policy of the Greek Ministry having been one of repression; and the expedition of Petropoulaki, instead of Coroneos, has finished it morally, as I think it was intended by Bulgaris that it should. The Greek Government is now playing a little comedy which is intended to save the King and his friends from the Greek people, but it will not succeed except momentarily. The preparations for war, etc. etc., are all paper and braggadocio: and no one in the Government has the least intention of fighting, or doing anything to lead to fighting, though, in playing with their *feu d'artifice*, some sparks may get into the powder-magazine, and blow-up King and all. . . .

The winter here is charming, and we have many English

here, some of whom I like much. I find Athens *every way* preferable to Rome, or even Florence, as a winter-residence. It is further from the centres of European politics and interest, and the Athenians, with all their intelligence and love of news, have not one good newspaper.—Yours sincerely,

W. J. STILLMAN.

210.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI—DIARY.

1869. *Sunday, 3 January.*—Mr Ford * having told me that he is about to send me up the MS. of his translation of the *Purgatorio*, and that he regrets my not having had my translation published to consult, I sent him the MS. as far as it goes—19 cantos.

Monday, 4 January.—Began a tabular compendium † of the facts etc. of Shelley's life, compiled from the notes I have taken from the various books bearing hereon—and still *am* taking. When this compendium is done, it will, I am in hopes, be a great step towards the actual writing of the Memoir.

Tuesday, 5 January.—Going on with this, which will be a long and somewhat tedious job. . . .

Thursday, 7 January.—Browning and others came to Euston Square. B[rowning] speaks with great enthusiasm of a poem by Donne named *Metempsychosis*. He says that several emendations introduced into the *Posthumous Poems* of Shelley are his suggestions. Supposes, but is not quite sure, that these emendations appear in the three current forms of S[helley] as now published by Moxon. His Son is going, not to Balliol College, Oxford (as originally intended), but to Christ Church: B[rowning] found that at Balliol nothing would do but hard study of minutiae, and for this his Son has no special turn. Dilberoglu considers Shelley's word

* The Rev. Prebendary James Ford, of Bath.

† Eventually I made a present of this compendium to my friend Mr Buxton Forman.

“Epipsychidion” is not correct Greek: it would mean (as far as its meaning can be fixed) “Concerning the soul—matters spiritual.”* Miss Ingelow showed considerable, though not an artistic, interest in the Japanese coloured prints etc. in our dining-room etc. Old Mr Potter,† aged seventy-six, still full of vigour and animation. It is, I suppose, six or seven years since I have seen him, and I dare say twenty to twenty-five since Gabriel saw him. All Brown’s three children send first pictures to the forthcoming water-colour exhibition at the Dudley Gallery:—Lucy, a figure of Cathy painting; Cathy, portrait of one of the Epps girls; Nolly (I suppose) *Jason and the Centaur*. . . .

Friday, 8 January.—Passed the proof (which reached me last night) of the article on Ruskin I wrote for *The Broadway* about a year ago. . . .

Monday, 11 January.—Gave Tupper a sitting for the medallion-head he is doing of me. . . .

Tuesday, 12 January.—Called at Brown’s to see the water-colours which Lucy, Cathy, and Nolly, are sending to the Dudley Gallery. They are all remarkable: Cathy’s, I think, the least so, though that also promises good tinting and surface. Lucy’s is excellent in tone and keeping, and Nolly’s surprising. Brown’s water-colour *Elijah and Widow’s Son*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, also visible; and some works by P. P. Marshall and Miss Miller.‡—The Son of Rev. Mr Ford left me the MS. of his Father’s *Purgatorio*.—Swinburne came for a Shelley discussion. . . . He is strenuous for sticking to the texts revised, or which might have been revised, by Shelley himself: urges the restoration of *Laon and Cythna* bodily—but this I shan’t do. On various points he convinced me that alterations which I had introduced—however plausible—had better be excluded; and this I *shall* do. Got no further than the *Prometheus* in reading him the principal of my notes. He is excessively enthusiastic about Browning’s new

* I believe this should rather be “A Song on the Soul.”

† Mr Cipriani Potter the Musician, my Godfather.

‡ A Daughter of Mr John Miller of Liverpool, and Sister to Mrs P. Marshall.

[poem: also about the *Mâhabhârata*, which he has been looking at in a French translation under the auspices of Bendyshe.* . . .

Monday, 18 January.—Went to Furnivall's, to talk over with Ward his collation of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* and Boccaccio's *Teseide*—which W[ard] tells me is much indebted to the *Thebaid* of Statius. Furnivall says that his Father, a physician (or surgeon?) at Egham, attended the second Mrs Shelley in at least one of her confinements. S[helley] was then living, he understands, at Marlow; though Bishopgate (where S[helley] had lived before Marlow) is much nearer to Egham, and F[urnivall] thinks it likely Dr F[urnivall] may have been *first* called in during the Bishopgate residence. . . .

Sunday, 24 January.—Gabriel called. He says that Inchbold has for some while past had to give up his own lodgings, and had been living at Brett's: B[rett] going abroad, he had transferred himself to Jones, without (it would seem) any definite invitation. Jones however is also now out of town, and Inchbold houses with Howell. Gabriel has written another sonnet, *A Superscription*: has selected sixteen sonnets, and sent them to the *Fortnightly* for the March number. He thinks he must have by him altogether at least fifty sonnets which he would be willing to publish. Scott also has of late been writing sonnets at a great rate. . . .

Monday, 25 January.— . . . Hotten . . . says Swinburne's novel in the form of letters † (of which I have often heard, but never, I think, read any of it, only of a different and later novel) is being, or about to be, published anonymously in America. Swinburne had offered it to Hotten himself; but he, thinking it would make little or no impression if anonymous, declined. . . .

Tuesday, 26 January.— . . . Houghton brought me the

* Mr Bendyshe was a singular unconventional-minded man; he became for a while Editor of *The Reader* (a journal resembling *The Athenæum*).

† I am unable to say whether the American publication did actually ensue or not.

final circulars in Mrs Morten's case, for me to send to those who subscribed at my instance. He says he is now less colour-blind than in general, and wants to paint, and almost relinquish woodcut-designing. . . . The tints of green perplex him much ; and he finds a difficulty in distinguishing crimson-lake from burnt siena. No wonder the colour of his pictures lacks some accomplishments. . . .

Wednesday, 3 February.—Called on J. B. Payne about his proposal received 25 January. He has an idea of bringing-out a series of English Poets, non-copyright works, very cheap ; a publication similar to one by Nimmo, but in better taste. Longfellow would be the first: followed by Scott, Byron, Shelley, Thomson, Keats, Selections, etc. etc. He says Nimmo's edition gives substantially the whole of Byron for three and sixpence, and his would be on much the same scale of price. For these books he wishes to obtain brief prefatory memoirs, with some critical estimate (say 18 to 20 pp. apiece); and wishes besides to have a proper selection made of the editions to be printed from. This, without any following of the text through the press, would constitute the editorial work, and is what he asks me to undertake. I proposed to do it for £25 per book, excluding selections, for which I would charge higher: he replied that his calculations admitted of only £21 per book (allowing the same exception): and, as the price *possible* to be paid must evidently be a leading consideration, I assented to this. . . . He wants also to have a few illustrations per volume, etchings preferentially: some figure-subjects, and others (where the poems are of a less definite character) landscape or fancy-pieces. He wishes to get these good, but not from a man of such position as to demand a heavy price. I named Shields and Smetham, and have now written to Gabriel to consider further about this point. He does not fancy Hughes (whose *Enoch Arden* he disliked), nor Sandys, whom he does not regard as safe for punctuality etc. I told him that the alterations I am making in the text of Shelley would be incompatible with the retention of his stereotype-plates—at any rate, for one edition: this did not seem to disconcert him, as I had

rather expected it would, and indeed he appeared to think the fate of one of his editions must govern the other two. . . . Payne says Mrs Hogg (Williams) has turned religious, and is not easy to get anything out of regarding Shelley (though this differs from what I heard in another quarter). He could not obtain through her any clue to the conclusion of Hogg's *Life of S[helley]*, though known to be written; but there is (or was) a Brother of Hogg alive who is communicative enough as far as his knowledge extends. Payne says an injunction was obtained to stop the use by Hogg of documents entrusted to him by the Shelley family: but H[ogg] said this would not stop his writing the completion of the *Life*, as he *remembered* letters etc. This account, if correct, would considerably damp one's confidence as to the contents of the concluding volumes, should they ever appear.

Thursday, 4 February.—My Shelley revision and Memoir were mentioned in last *Athenæum*. I have therefore thought it best to write to Garnett, who might otherwise fancy I am poaching on his preserves; and have explained that the only memoir now bespoken is a prefatory memoir to accompany the poems, but that I might perhaps at a future time set-to and use up my accumulated materials in a *Life* forming a separate book. . . . Hunt is still in Florence, and personally occupied, it appears, on some of the carving-work for his Wife's tomb. . . .

Sunday, 7 February.—It seems that Mrs Hogg . . . is to be met with sometimes at Lewes's. Scott some while ago mooted to L[ewes] my Shelley affair, and L[ewes] proposed that I might call, and, if luck served, meet Mrs H[ogg]: and the other day he suggested to-day for the call—without however bringing Mrs H[ogg] into question. I called accordingly with Scott; Mrs H[ogg] not there. Mrs Lewes says she does come sometimes, but not often. I was introduced to Mrs L[ewes], whom I had seen, but never been made known to before. Her face, manner, and conversation, show great intellectual sensibility. She spoke with much enthusiasm of the *Prometheus Unbound* and *The Cenci*: objects however to the subject of the latter, and demurs to

my saying the *Prometheus* is the greatest English poem since Milton—interruptions prevented my ascertaining what she would prefer to it. She exalts Shelley above Byron, and his blank verse above Tennyson's. Some talk about spiritualism, which Lewes, and also evidently Mrs L[ewes], repudiate. Mrs Bodichon here. Algeria does not now suit her health well—never has done so since she had an African fever some little while back. She feels much the alienation (though they are still excellent friends) which has ensued between herself and Mrs Belloc (Bessie Parkes) in consequence of the conversion of the latter to Catholicism. It seems the chief motive cause of this conversion was that Mrs Belloc, on studying the subject, was greatly impressed by the immense agencies which the Catholic Church has in all ages set going for material and moral reforms.—Scott has sold to Ellis for £50 his translation of Durer's Diary etc. . . . Lewes (so Mrs L[ewes] informs me) knew Mrs Shelley, and thought her a somewhat conventional person, by no means capable of responding to the innermost feelings of Shelley.

Monday, 8 February.—Brown, Jones, Morris, and others, at Chelsea. Morris is writing at the 2nd Series of *The Earthly Paradise*: some 120 lines yesterday, and 140 the day before. He has got to the story of Bellerophon—which he finds growing under his hand to scarcely manageable dimensions. Howell says that the cause between Ruskin and Calvert will be coming into Court after all. Among the Turners left to the National Gallery were a large number of a great degree of indecency: these were burned by Wornum and Ruskin, at the time when the latter was arranging the bequest at the National Gallery. . . .

Wednesday, 10 February.—Brown called, to consult as to undertaking the illustration of the proposed series of English Poets. He offers (assuming an enduring price) to illustrate the entire series; making bold drawings on a largeish scale, to be photographed in small on to the wood, and so engraved. He is not in favour of etchings, nor of full-page illustrations. Would not object to having Smetham as coadjutor for landscape or fancy-pieces. . . .

Friday, 12 February.—Wrote to Payne, naming, in connexion with the illustrating of the proposed series of British Poets, Brown, Smetham, and Nettleship. . . .

Tuesday, 16 February.— . . . The papers announce, to my concern and surprise, the death of my old friend R. B. Martineau—a sterling good fellow I always found him. I remember he had had one or two very severe attacks of rheumatism or rheumatic gout within these few years. Age 43. . . .

Thursday, 18 February.—Payne wrote me the other day about the proposed illustrations to Poets, and also asking when Shelley will probably be ready for the press. I reply to-day saying that I . . . should ask £70 for not less than 50 nor more than 80 pp. of Memoir—£60 for less than 50—£80 for more than 80. . . . Went in the evening with Mamma and Maria to St James's Hall, to hear G. A. Macfarren's Cantata from Christina's *Songs in a Cornfield* (Leslie's Concerts). The music seems to me decidedly good—poetical in spirit, and not ordinary. It was well received—the *Swallow-Song* by Miss Dolby being encored. However, my impression is that, as the poem and its music continue progressing in cheerlessness to the close, this will be a great obstacle to a popular success. The applause at the end was respectful, but not impulsive. . . .

Sunday, 21 February.—Gabriel called in Euston Square: he is engaged on a *Pandora* from Mrs Morris.

Monday, 22 February.— . . . Payne would like my Memoir of Shelley to be longish, going on towards the maximum of 100 pages. He agrees to my proposal, £80 for anything beyond 80 pp.; and offers to pay two-thirds of the whole for Shelley (£110) at once on demand—which is handsome. . . .

Wednesday, 24 February.—Replied to Payne's letter, proposing to call for £50 next Wednesday. As regards the illustrations to Poets, I expressed reluctance to take the initiative with a general list of artists; named some others who might be added to such a list (Scott, Jones, . . . A. Moore, Shields, etc.); and communicated the substance of what Brown has said.—Mrs Gilchrist called in Euston

Square. . . . Tennyson has not yet left the Isle of Wight ; but is having a house built in the Haslemere district, and has taken a piece of waste land at one end, so as to serve as a gap or buffer between his grounds and the public. . . .

Thursday, 4 March.—Called on Payne by appointment : he handed me a cheque for Shelley on account—making it out for the full two-thirds, £73, though I had only proposed to take £50. He wishes to start the republished Poets about October next, bringing out the first six volumes all in a lump—Longfellow, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Moore. . . . Payne renewed the subject of my soliciting artists to do the designs. . . . The only point quasi-settled was that he will now call on Brown, and also on Smetham with a view to head and tail pieces etc., and discuss terms with them. . . .

Saturday, 6 March.—Called on Sandys's invitation to see his portrait of Mrs Bairstow finished—which is exceedingly good. He has some other things going on, and altogether seems in more settled working-trim than usual, were it not that he has been suffering dreadfully for some while past from boils and a skin-eruption. . . . According to Sandys, Payne has disseminated all sorts of scandal about Gabriel among others. . . .

Monday, 8 March.—Dined with Garnett, who gave me a transcript of a few fragments by Shelley not yet published, and a MS. book of his containing some unpublished portions of *Charles the First*, which I shall read through, and may use as I like—also a literal translation made by S[helley] from parts of *Faust* as an exercise in German. There are yet other scraps of S[helley]'s writing which G[arnett] will copy out in time, and let me have. Sir Percy Shelley has no children : I saw two photographs of him, in which I don't trace any likeness to the poet. He has taste and facility in music, and his Father's taste for the water : no tendency to sporting. . . .

Tuesday, 9 March.—Began deciphering the Shelley MS. book ; I see there are (*inter alia*) considerable pickings of *Charles the First* to be got out of it. Also began looking

up at the British Museum editions of poets (Longfellow to-day) for the series projected by Payne. . . .

Thursday, 11 March.—Payne writes me that Brown has now undertaken to do the illustrations to Byron, to begin with. . . .

Monday, 15 March.— . . . Payne sent me round Longfellow, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, and Moore, that I might note the Indexes for the order wherein these authors are to be printed in the forthcoming series. This I did; going upon the general (but not scrupulously exact) plan of dividing the contents into long poems, short poems, and translations, and arranging each of these sections according to date. . . .

Wednesday, 17 March.— . . . Swinburne had lately informed me that a Miss Rumble, connected with Mrs Gisborne, is understood to be in possession of a number of Shelley relics. . . . Garnett (calling on me in the evening to take back a Shelley MS.) believes she possesses the MS. of *The Cenci*, but does not suppose she has much—if anything—in the way of unpublished MSS.

Thursday, 18 March.—Norton (from America) and others dined at Cheyne Walk. N[orton] says that Whitman is inconveniently rough in his personal appearance etc.—will, for instance, call in a red shirt in a family where there are ladies; and that this made intercourse with him by cultivated people difficult, even including such a philosopher as Emerson [—(*valeat quantum*). . . . Gabriel has done two new sonnets—*Pandora* (for his picture now in progress) and *Vain Virtues*. . . . Brown was told by Payne (when he called to negotiate about the Byron illustrations, which by the by are to be done—eight—for the small sum of £40) that Harriet Shelley drowned herself, because, having descended to the condition of a street-walker, she had been out all night and caught no one. This is worth bearing in mind as a rumour; but I place no *reliance* on it whatever, having found Payne's notions on Shelley matters very inaccurate, and his talk generally not of the kind which courts rigid verification. . . .

Saturday, 20 March.—Tebbs tells me he has the original unpublished *Queen Mab*, which I must look up

when I return from my approaching trip to Rome with Tupper.

Sunday, 21 March.—Prepared for starting—to Rugby on Monday, and to the Continent probably on Thursday. . . .

Monday, 22 March.—Left London 2.45 P.M., to spend a day or two with Tupper at Rugby, and sit for medallion-head, before we start together for Rome. . . .

Friday, 26 March.—Started at 7.40 for Calais and Paris. . . .

Tuesday, 30 March.—A brilliant sunny morning at Marseilles. . . .

Wednesday, 31 March.—Embarked at 8 A.M. The boat is Fraissinet's, much less commodious than Valéry's by which I went to Naples in '66. . . .

Saturday, 3 April.—Reached Civita Vecchia about 8 A.M., just too late to catch the morning train. Walked through the draggled-tailed town, entering a Church where there is a very complete display of bones, skulls, and skeletons, in a side-chapel. The skeletons bear appositely inscribed tablets, and some of them are habited like nuns; others hold a scythe, bear a crown, etc. Altogether it is a completer piece of the mortuary ghastly than I have seen elsewhere. Called the Church "della Morte." Saw a number of prisoners in a prison-yard overlooked by the town-ramparts; dressed in black-striped brown. A French soldier on the spot told me they were Garibaldians along with malefactors, and I threw them a handful of half-franc pieces: afterwards however I was told the captured Garibaldians were all removed at an early date from Civita Vecchia. Walked out on a moor beyond the ramparts, and saw oxen ploughing with a very primitive machine, also a shepherd with his flock of sheep. He is in the Italian army-reserve, but for the present following his pastoral calling. Was in the army at Custozza, and expresses great admiration of the Austrian valour. Belongs to the March of Ancona (near which city he says there has just been a tremendous earthquake), and is leading his flock there within the coming twenty days.—Went on to Rome at 1.45, and reached the city about 5.30. The railway

from Civita Vecchia is a sorry affair; the second-class carriage which we took being apparently third-class as well, and full of a singularly miscellaneous sample of the Italian mobocracy. . . . Put up at the Minerva, which is fairly, but it seems not over-crowdedly, full. T[upper] very unwell with his bronchial attack.

Sunday, 4 April.— . . . I walked into the Minerva Church at haphazard; and found the Pope was to come in much state, assist at Mass, and distribute certain dowries to a couple of dozen or so of girls—some for marriage, and others for the conventual life. It was a noble sight, with splendid choral service. Pope borne in his chair and wearing triple crown; afterwards his mitre; and at times only the white skull-cap. He looks perhaps older and more passive than most of the portraits, but has a very impressive presence, and his voice is still powerful and harmonious. Saw Antonelli and Cardinal Bonaparte, but not very clearly. The Minerva is a very noble interior, of Gothic structure (pointed arches), but wholly renovated from 1848 to 1855, in a very decorous and complete style in its way, though no doubt those who knew it before might find the present aspect of the Church a sad sight. . . .

Tuesday, 6 April.—Began the day by . . . going through the vile nuisance of lodging-hunting. We cut it short, and soon pitched upon two rooms, 71 Via de'due Macelli, 5 francs per day. . . .

Tuesday, 13 April.— . . . Took a cab, and went to a number of Churches etc. . . . Santa Prassede: fine mosaics. There is no tomb at all suggestive of Browning's poem of *The Bishop orders his Tomb at St Praxed's*. . . .

Thursday, 15 April.— . . . Reached Florence about 9.30 [P.M.].

Friday, 16 April.— . . . Called on Kirkup, who is recovering from a bad rheumatism, but is perfectly deaf, and looks hardly likely to last long; on Theodoric, 23 Piazza di Santo Spirito. He thinks of settling in England, or probably Scotland, within two months or so: the water here gave him an attack of gravel, not to speak of his bad military

fever. Tupper looked-up Hunt, whom I saw in the evening. He speaks of starting for Venice on Monday, and being in Jerusalem about the end of May.

Saturday, 17 April.—Went to the Uffizi and Santo Spirito. Tupper and I dined at Theodoric's. Theodoric introduced me to Jarves* and his Wife. Saw J[arves]'s pictures. He has a small Leonardo (Hunt believes it to be a genuine one) of *The Virgin and Child*; a Lippo Lippi of ditto; a ditto of *St Jerome*, and another with the lion; a supposed Giorgione of a pilgrim sent by the Pope to warn a Malatesta against retaining his mistress etc. All these are interesting pictures, of artistic merit proportional to their attributions. There are several others—a picture inscribed apparently as by Cima da Conegliano (*St Jerome in Desert*), etc. etc. . . .

Monday, 19 April.—About 7.30 A.M. Tupper entered my room half dead with an attack of spasms which had begun about midnight. It will be impossible to leave to-day, or I dare say for two or three days to come. I went at once for a Doctor named in Murray, Dr Wilson, and found him (at a different address). He couldn't come at once; and meanwhile Hunt (who had turned up, greatly to my consolation) sent for a Dr Duffy, who came, and at last, at 11 A.M., partially subdued the spasms, hitherto unintermitted. More or less suffering all day and evening, and

Tuesday, 20 April.—After I had administered a medicine ordered by Dr Duffy, at 3 A.M., a horrible spasm seized poor Tupper. His sufferings continued with variations till arrival of Dr Duffy. Doctor says that the case is the severest he has ever seen, the muscles being as hard as bone all along the abdomen, and as contracted as a clenched fist: more like tetanus than anything else. He tried to-day a cutaneous injection of the Calabar bean. Suggested privately to me that, if Tupper should in the afternoon continue bad, we should (Hunt and I, as coming from ourselves) suggest to T[upper] to call-in a second physician of eminence, Dr Burci. T[upper] being very weak in the afternoon, and still in per-

* Mr Jarves was an American picture-collector, and I believe picture-dealer. He wrote one or two books on fine art,

petual and severe pain, this was done. Dr B[urci] confirms Dr D[uffy]'s treatment (which includes a number of minor internal and external applications not above detailed); and pronounces the disease to be nervous contraction of the muscles of the lower venter, consequent on a cold (*reuma*)—not much different from tetanus. He tells me however, in reply to my enquiry, that lockjaw is not to be apprehended. Both the Doctors declare the case to be one of very serious and even imminent danger, but not beyond hope. Theodoric, . . . his Wife, and Hunt, are most prodigal of kind exertions and attentions. All this is a most melancholy state of things: so excellent a fellow as poor Tupper, and one of such unusual knowledge and capacity of enquiry, to die in this horrible way in a foreign country, as the result of a mere pleasure-trip. His fortitude surprises every one, the Doctor included; who says he never saw the equal of it, nor so astonishing and obstinate a case of spasms. A ray of hope still remains. . . . Tupper . . . insists that neither of his Brothers must come, but (if any one) his eldest Sister or Cousin Deacon: so I again telegraphed to that effect. . . . A nurse engaged, at my proposal, and selected by Dr D[uffy].

Wednesday, 21 April.—Tupper passed a bad night, but not quite *so* bad. . . .

Thursday, 22 April.—Tupper improved from about 6.30 A.M., the spasms having subsided. Another telegram to say his Sister Kate (not George) will come. . . .

Saturday, 24 April.—Mrs Lewis arrived. . . . Theodoric introduced me to the Chamber of Deputies, and to Ansanti and Ricciardi,* who is very Jewish-looking, amusingly energetic in speech, and wants me to push in London his circulars etc. for a Council of Freethinkers at Naples, in rivalry of the Church-Council at Rome.

Sunday, 25 April.—Tupper continues improving, and may now, I hope, be deemed convalescent; though much reduced, and with the question of affection of the lungs as the origin of the whole illness yet unsettled, so far as I

* The Conte Giuseppe Ricciardi, a vigorous revolutionary Republican: he had known me in boyhood.

know. I went out for the whole day with Hunt, who is doing a *Bianca* (*Taming of Shrew*) from an American young lady. He has some good things that he has picked up;—an admirable naked *Saint in Torment* by Velasquez; two Tintorets, *Miracles of S. Roch* (?); lovely bas-relief *Virgin and Child*, ascribed to Donatello; etc. Went to Fiesole. . . .

Monday, 26 April.— . . . I settled to go to-morrow, if the Doctor in the morning should see no reason to the contrary. . . .

Tuesday, 27 April.—Dr Duffy examined Tupper carefully, to find out whether or not his lungs are affected. He cannot find that they are. . . . The Doctor rather recommends a return to England as soon as may be manageable. . . . Reached Turin at night. . . .

Saturday, 1 May.— . . . Returned to London by the Calais evening express. . . .

Wednesday, 5 May.—Wrote to Trelawny (to whom Kirkup had already sent some intimation on the subject) asking permission to consult him on points which may require elucidation when I am doing the Shelley Memoir. . . .

Thursday, 6 May.— . . . Scott . . . has sent to Linton * in America the portrait of Emerson by David Scott: Linton is getting on flourishingly there. Gabriel engaged on *Pandora*, and on a head of *Beatrice* † (Mrs Morris the sitter for both). He says that he is informed that Hunt and Woolner went lately to Craven, the owner of some of G[abriel]'s water-colours, and made—Hunt especially—a virulent attack upon these works: and he thinks of writing to Hunt to say that they must henceforth meet as strangers. For my part I strongly suspect that H[unt] did no more than express his sincere opinions in such terms as any qualified man has a right to use. . . .

Sunday, 9 May.—Finished giving my revised Shelley another—and I hope final—reading. The re-reading of my own notes still remains to be done. . . .

Thursday, 13 May.— . . . Christina showed me a letter,

* W. J. Linton, the excellent wood-engraver.

† I have not a clear idea as to this *Beatrice*.

communicated lately to her by Mrs Eckley,* from a Miss Stisted (at Villa Stisted, Bagni di Lucca): she is the owner of the copy of Shelley's *Indian Serenade* which was in his pocket when his corpse was recovered—and also the copy of it written out by Browning. Miss Stisted wishes to dispose of a collection of autographs she has, including (I understand) this poem. I must let Garnett know of this, for the information of the Shelley family, and also of the British Museum.—Trelawny has replied to my letter: he is out of town now, but says he will write again on his return. Made a beginning with the Memoir of Shelley.

Friday, 14 May.—Wrote to Garnett about the above affair of Miss Stisted; also mentioned it to Frederick Locker, on whom I called in the afternoon to see the writings of Shelley in his possession. He has—1, a valuable letter of Shelley from Italy to Peacock, published in *Fraser* by P[eacock]; 2, a letter from S[helley] to Leigh Hunt, published in *Hunt's Correspondence*, but with a long P.S. by Mrs Shelley which (to the best of my recollection) is unpublished; 3, a letter of Shelley to one of his lawyers or men of business (Parker, if memory serves) dated 1815, saying that he wants £500, and objecting to a cutting-down of timber proposed by his Father; 4, a string of verses addressed by S[helley] to Graham, date probably about 1812 or 1813. . . . I copied out these verses, which are by no means so bad as most of S[helley]'s juvenilia; but they are. . . . unfilial. . . . Locker also has by him . . . a letter of Leigh Hunt's, saying that Arthur Hallam was writing something † about "Signor Rossetti's strange theories concerning Dante." He has a few good works of art; red-chalk drawing by Michelangelo of the body of Adam, in the Sixtine Chapel *Creation of Adam*; three pen-drawings by Titian, very fine, two of them remarkable tree-studies; a small Cranach picture of *The Fall of Man*; Watteau, sketch oil-picture for a larger one of a *Wedding-procession*, excellent; *Death of Laocoon*, drawing

* An American lady, who saw Christina several times.

† This was published—named *Remarks on Rossetti's Spirito Antipapale*.

ascribed by Robinson to da Vinci, though I should doubt it; an indecent pair of small pictures by Hogarth; wonderfully finished small head-drawing by Holbein—etc. etc. Also an autograph receipt of Michelangelo's signed "Michelagnolo [or angelo] Schultore;" and the original edition of Browning's *Paracelsus*, with B[rowning]'s numerous MS. corrections for the re-issue, given to him by B[rowning].

Thursday, 20 May.—Tupper returned from abroad last night. I went round to G[eorge] Tupper's to see him this evening, and find him in what might be considered his ordinary state of health, though a little pulled down. He is taking cod-liver oil; has got rid of his cough and spitting, and says he is now better than when he started from England for Rome. To-morrow he returns to Rugby.—Sent to the Editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* the circular which Ricciardi gave me in Florence relative to the proposed meeting of Freethinkers in Naples. . . .

Tuesday, 25 May.—Wilson, the Bookseller in Great Russell Street, informs me that Medwin, the biographer of Shelley etc., is still living, but with very decayed faculties: he is residing at or near Horsham at present. He must be about eighty, I compute.

Wednesday, 26 May.—Went to the R.A. Millais's *Vanessa* is most splendid—perhaps his finest piece of work. Cathy Brown's *At the Opera*, surprisingly good under the circumstances. One Robinson, whose name I notice for the first time, has a remarkable picture of *Troubadours*, poetical in its affinities.

Thursday, 27 May.—Cayley tells me that the Poems of Simcox, who wrote a *Prometheus Unbound* in completion of Æschylus, are very good. He has been invited to join the staff of *The Daily Telegraph*, as translator of foreign telegrams: this would require his attendance at the office from 9 P.M. to 3 A.M. He is considering whether to accept or not.—Gabriel has written several new sonnets. His practice with poetry is first to write the thing in the rough, and then to turn over dictionaries of rhymes and synonyms so as to bring the poem into the most perfect form. He

has done nothing further with a view to re-knitting his friendship with Sandys; which has now lapsed, by S[andys]'s decision, in consequence of Gabriel's having written to him deprecating his painting (as Howell has told him S[andys] was doing) a *Lucretia Borgia*, of exactly the same general subject as G[abriel]'s own. This G[abriel] represented to S[andys] as one additional instance of the habit he has of founding his subjects and treatment on G[abriel]. S[andys] denied the particular instance of the *Lucretia*, and, as he describes the subject, it *cannot* be called a plagiarism. He also denied the general assertion; but many discerning people can see that he is wrong there, whether consciously or unconsciously. . . .

Saturday, 29 May.— . . . In the evening went round to Brown's, where were Scott, Gabriel, and Swinburne; who had brought round Consul Cameron, the late Abyssinian captive, whom he has just got to know through Consul Burton, and for whom he seems to have conceived an excessive affection. The Consul is a man of large physique, but still suffering considerably from the effects of his fetters, etc.; and there is something strange and inconclusive in his demeanour, which Brown thought must arise from his having been drinking, but which I should rather be inclined to attribute to his strange experiences and sufferings, long seclusion from civilized life, etc. Swinburne says that Theodore tortured Cameron on one occasion, tying his whole frame up in ropes so tight that he could not only not move, but scarcely could perform any animal or vital function whatever: at last he fainted, or would probably have died. Cameron, who is an aristocrat, believes there will be a fighting revolution in England within three or four years. Swinburne says that Mazzini has no liking for Bright, on account of his non-interference politics, and especially the affair of "Perish Savoy!" He again urged me much to restore *Laon and Cythna*, instead of *The Revolt of Islam*, to the text of Shelley: this I decline to do, mainly on the ground that Shelley, whether willingly or the reverse, did himself alter the poem to its present form—and moreover

I have considerable doubts whether Payne would print the *Laon and C[ythna]* version. Swinburne is engaged on a review of *L'Homme qui Rit*, and in doubts how far he shall admit in print the absurd side of the book. I advised him to admit it unreservedly, saying at the same time that it matters little, the essential of the book being its genius and imagination. Gabriel says that Carlyle sums up the late American War by saying that, "The South said to the nigger, God bless you and be a slave—and the North said, God damn you and be free." This is very fine, widely as one may dissent from the conception it implies. . . .

Wednesday, 2 June.—Went to the Water-Colour Society. Hunt's *Moonlight at Salerno* is excellent—also Jones's *Circe*, *George and Dragon*, and others. . . .

Friday, 4 June.—Poor little Mike Halliday, I learn from Gabriel, died the other day. He had been attending the funeral of a brother-in-law, whose affairs are left in a complicated state; came home much depressed; was soon seized with an inflammatory attack; and succumbed in a day or two. His good old nurse Anne, who has always been with him, and taking care of him like a mother, is left unprovided for, it seems: she had lent away her savings to the brother-in-law, and is told that she can only come in with the other creditors. It is singular that both Martineau and Halliday, who set up house with Hunt about 1856, should thus have died almost suddenly and within a few months of one another.—Sandys sent the other day to pay Gabriel £50 that he owed him (though in fact there is probably as much as another £50 owing), with a letter to say that that severed the last link between them. Gabriel responded in a long letter, full of right sense and feeling, to say that, so far as he is concerned, there is nothing to make a breach between them, though at the same time he cannot recede from what he said in the first instance about appropriation (no doubt unconscious) of his subjects and scheme of treatment by Sandys. . . .

Saturday, 5 June.—Gabriel showed me a letter he has received from Sandys in reply to his very friendly and con-

ciliatory one; it is written in an unhandsome spirit, and gives the matter its quietus. He has paid G[abriel] £9 in addition, treating it as the whole of what remained due. { Gabriel also showed me a song he has written, *Dark Lily*,* and two Italian sonnets. He says that Halliday's two Persian cats lay outside his death-chamber in a desolate way, and couldn't be got to move away until the Doctors arrived to make a post-mortem examination.

Sunday, 6 June.—Dilberoglue, who called, says that . . . Carlyle has now for some while past suffered from continual sleeplessness. He walks out nightly from 10½ P.M. to 1½. He is believed to be engaged in collecting together some autobiographical materials; his niece, now living with him, is a simple-hearted Scotch girl of eighteen or nineteen, proud of doing him the least service. He smokes birdseye mostly, but negrohead as a finale, and goes on at smoking pretty well all the day.

Monday, 7 June.—Met Millais in the street: he looks very robust now, spite of his illness some few months ago. He says that Munro † is dying at Cannes—as indeed I had heard before; and he is trying to get an advantageous sale for certain artistic properties which Halliday has left behind—a sketch by Hunt from the Temple picture etc.

Tuesday, 8 June.—Christina went off with the Scotts, to spend a month or more at Penkill. . . .

Wednesday, 9.—Went to the private view of the Supplementary Exhibition (pictures refused by the R.A.). Inchbold, contrary to the intention he intimated to me, exhibits—also Brett. On the whole it is far the reverse of a good exhibition. As regards several of the pictures, the refusal was a credit to the R.A.; others are fully good enough to be hung, but without any very urgent claim; those which ought positively to have been hung are a very small minority. Brown called in the evening. His three children are now attending a drawing-school at Bolsover Street, which they have all to themselves on the days they go, with Brown to

* So far as I recollect, this is the song published as *Love-Lily*.

† Alexander Munro the sculptor.

look over their work. He says that he himself has for some while past suffered from depression of spirits, though his health, eyesight, etc., are strong, and no sort of illness sticks very hard to him of late: he has been doing remarkably little in the way of painting. . . .

Saturday, 12 June.—Going on with the Memoir of Shelley: have now got to *Prometheus* and *The Cenci*.

Sunday, 13 June.—Continuing ditto. I find that, unless Payne objects to the length of the Memoir (which I have no reason to expect), I shall have succeeded in saying in it most of what I particularly want to say—at any rate as regards the facts of Shelley's life and his poems. How much I shall be able to put-in of opinion and characteristic anecdote I as yet can't determine. This state of things renders me less anxious than before (though by no means undesirous) to write afterwards a full Life, such as was vaguely proposed to be done between Garnett and myself. I think, if the opportunity offers, I would now prefer to collect (as pointed at in my Memoir) all Shelley's own letters, and other autobiographic details whether in poetry or prose, and print them in proper sequence, with the slightest possible connecting thread of matters of fact.* If I did this, and published the collection with my Memoir reprinted as introduction, I should regard it as a not unsatisfactory compendium of Shelley's life.

Monday, 14 June.—Theodoric and his Wife arrived from Florence and Paris. . . . Nolly Brown brought round a photograph from his water-colour of a man riding a horse into the sea †—which looks quite fine in the photograph, and must, at any rate, be decidedly good. . . .

Thursday, 17 June.—Theodoric tells me that Guasti, the Sub-Librarian at the Magliabecchian Library, has lately discovered documents proving that Dante was a "bad character"—leaving his debts unpaid etc.; indeed, the suggestion is that this, and not a political motive, was the veritable cause of his

* After an interval, I set to at this work, and carried it to completion. Difficulties arose as to copyright etc., and my compilation remains unpublished.

† This water-colour was entitled *Obstinacy*.

banishment, but that I can't believe. The national reverence for Dante induces the authorities to keep this matter close.* . . .

Friday, 18 June.— . . . Cayley tells me that the salary offered him by *The Daily Telegraph* for translating foreign telegrams was £150 with contingent increase; but, since he went to the office, he has heard no more about it, and the question remains unsettled. . . .

Tuesday, 22 June.—Going on with Shelley Memoir. Trelawny writes me that he is back in town, and willing to see me; and I think I shall offer him the dedication. . . .

Friday, 25 June.—Finished the Memoir of Shelley, which now only needs a final revision. . . .

Monday, 28 June.—Called on Trelawny, *à-propos* of Shelley.† He is still a very fine vigorous old man, most energetic in tone and manner at moments. Stayed with him full four hours, and had a highly interesting conversation on Shelley, whom he regards with the same undimmed enthusiasm as ever—branching off somewhat too frequently to other subjects, such as America, medical systems, etc. He retains his ancient habit ‡ of going stockingless. He gave me a number of interesting details about Shelley, and confided to me the original MSS. of the poems to Mrs Williams, with the scraps of message which accompanied them—most valuable. The bulk of what he said will be incorporated in my Memoir. He did not greatly like Mrs Shelley, thinking her too eager to stand well with society, and, as regards Shelley, too fractious and plaguy—also she had none of the habits of a housewife, and dinner etc. had very much to take care of themselves. T[relawny] possesses and showed me a pen-and-ink sketch of Shelley, head and shoulders, which he considers gives a

* I cannot remember having ever heard any more about this serious matter.

† A considerable majority of what my Diary contains about Trelawny was published in *The Athenæum* in 1882, under the title *Talks with Trelawny*. Some few details were there omitted, and I think it as well to re-extract here from the Diary.

‡ I became aware of this habit in 1843, when Trelawny, on behalf of Mr Temple Leader, called once or twice to see my Father.

goodish idea of him : he cannot now recollect whether or not it is by Williams or by whom else. It looks in a general way like a copy from Miss Curran's portrait, or some engraving after that : but a strict comparison of the two does not by any means *satisfy* me that it is such. He has also oil-portraits of Mrs Shelley and Miss Clairmont by Miss Curran,* not bad. He says Miss Clairmont became a somewhat bigoted Roman Catholic, went mad at last, and has been—perhaps now is—in an asylum.† Shelley's heart was delivered to Mrs S[helley] ; but she used to say it was "too painful," etc. etc., and the heart was then transferred to Leigh Hunt. T[relawny] presumes it may now be in the possession of Thornton H[unt]. T[relawny] picked out of the pyre, he says, a bit of Shelley's kidney (?) and showed it to Vaccà, who expressed an opinion that the disease Shelley had suffered from was not nephritic. T[relawny] dislikes Sir Percy Shelley, and more particularly Lady S[helley], who he says is thinking of bringing out a "modernized" (query in what sense) version of S[helley]'s poems—certainly a most base idea, if in reality entertained. He says the S[helley] *Memorials* are not really done by Lady S[helley], but by a Mr Touchett. Trelawny accepts the dedication of my edition of Shelley ; he is against a large size of book for poetry, advocating such volumes only as can go into the pocket. He dislikes Shelley's maiden Sisters, but likes Mrs Haynes : ‡ thinks Mrs Hogg would not be communicative about S[helley]. He declined to communicate his S[helley] materials to Lady S[helley] or to Garnett—because, he says, the letter addressed to him inviting such communication took it for granted that he would be only too glad to make himself useful. I may therefore esteem myself lucky that nothing has been done on my part to set his bristles up.

* These two portraits I understood to be in strictness the property of the Shelley family—to whom they must have been returned after Trelawny's death.

† I cannot say what amount of foundation there may have been for this statement. In 1873 I saw Miss Clairmont, who presented every appearance of entire sanity.

‡ Also a Sister of Shelley.

Tuesday, 29 June.— . . . Wrote Garnett, sending him Swinburne's letter conveying what Browning says about Harriet [Shelley]. . . .

Thursday, 1 July.—Looked-up a few old magazine-articles on Shelley in the British Museum. Those in *The Literary Gazette* are beyond anything for abuse.

Friday, 2 July.—Lent my Shelley Memoir to Garnett for inspection. . . . He handed me the transcripts he has made from hitherto unprinted portions of *Marenghi* and the *Unfinished Drama*, and from Virgil's *Gallus*. I in the evening put these into their places in the text, revised the index, and I believe there is now no more to be done to text or notes.

Saturday, 3 July.— . . . Trelawny came in, and spent the whole evening talking with me: I introduced Garnett (then dining with me) to him; also Gabriel, who looked in late. I was rather nervous as to the reception which Trel[awny], who is hostile to Lady Shelley and all her surroundings, might accord to Garnett; but luckily he received him well, and, after his departure, expressed a good impression of him. Trel[awny] had not an unpleasant impression of Shelley's voice, save when he was excited, and then it turned shrieky: as on one occasion when Shelley came in much perturbed from an interview with Byron, and screeched "By God! he's no better than a Christian." Trel[awny] saw something of Japan in his youth, and was much taken with my series of Japanese prints round the dining-room. He must be 75 (or I think 76) years of age,* but thinks nothing of sitting up till midnight, and walking home, perhaps 4½ miles, from my neighbourhood. When he left me, about 11, he was going round to Digby Wyatt's in Tavistock Place. I returned him the Shelley MS. and *Swellfoot*. He says he will write down all residual reminiscences of Shelley, Byron, etc., to be published after his death. Garnett says Tr[elawny] is mistaken in supposing Touchett the principal writer of the *Shelley Memorials*: it was not Touchett, nor yet Lady Shelley.

* Trelawny was, in fact, born in November 1792; therefore in July 1869 he was getting on towards 77 years of age.

Sunday, 4 July.—Browning called to talk over the Harriet Shelley affair. Swinburne had mistaken him in supposing that he had seen the documents named in Forster's *Life of Landor*. He is now not on comfortable terms with F[orster], and has seen nothing of those documents. What he has seen is a set of letters from Harriet, then in the hands of Hookham the publisher, and some or all addressed to him: these were placed in Browning's hands at the time he was editing the forged letters. He quite confirms the drift of the correspondence as stated by Swinburne; authorizes me to use the information, but would not wish his name mentioned. I modified this section of my Memoir accordingly. Browning talked about an article in the *Temple Bar*, saying that he, as shown in the *Ring and Book*, is an analyst, not creator, of character. This, B[rowning] very truly says, is not applicable; because he has had to create, out of the mass of almost equally balanced evidence, the characters of the book as he conceives them, and it is only after that process that the analysing method can come into play. I see he dislikes Trelawny quite as much as T[relawny] dislikes him (which is not a little). He told me a story of T[relawny]'s having eloped with a . . . lady, . . . and, on being pursued by the Father, having told him that he had no objection to marrying her, but he had already five or six wives in various parts of the world. B[rowning] knows all about Byron's divorce; partly from Mrs Jameson, who was intimate with Lady Byron. He says the circumstances are very disgraceful to Byron; but (though he did not specify the particulars) it is quite clear the principal cause of separation, as understood by Br[owning], is not that . . . which S. mentioned to me long ago as almost for certain known. . . . Basil Montagu is the lawyer whom, as Br[owning] tells me, Shelley consulted with a view to getting Harriet to live with Mary and himself. I have named the fact in my Memoir, but not the personage.

Monday, 5 July.— . . . Left *Shelley* at Moxon's. In the evening made out a list of books in my hands whence I can make-up the notices (for the series of British Poets) of Byron,

Scott, Moore, Wordsworth, and Longfellow; also the books whence I could compile volumes of Ballads, Songs, and Miscellaneous Poetry. . . .

Thursday, 8 July.—Went to a party at Brown's. . . . Brown showed me crayon-portraits he has done of his Wife (the best from her), Miss Spartali (not beautiful nor a characteristic likeness, and rather dowdy-looking, yet interesting), and a wood-design for Byron's *Sardanapalus*, very good. Morris did 738 lines of poetry—a Scandinavian story—in one day: it tired him much, and next day or afterwards he re-wrote a large proportion of it. This is an astonishing feat. Swinburne introduced me to Mathilde Blind, who is a wild Shelley enthusiast. She has seen the Sh[elley] relics in the possession of Miss Rumble: . . . they comprise copies of the poems to Mrs Williams, and letters from Emilia Viviani to Sh[elley], whom she addresses as "*sposo adorato*." She will make an effort to get hold of these writings, and show them me: but I doubt her success. Mr Freckelton, who has seen them in Miss Rumble's hands, and says they are unimportant, is a Unitarian Minister. Reveley's* seeming indifference to Shelley matters is more at the dictation of his Wife than anything else: the latter affirms that Shelley owed Reveley £1000, which seems most unlikely. Mason tells me he once did a view of the Roman Cemetery, with Keats's tomb—not Shelley's. Miss Blind says that Ledru Rollin is very hostile to Victor Hugo, and laughs at his writings. Mazzini is now in England. Also that Mrs Shelley opposed a wish of her son to marry a daughter of Williams, saying she was not a suitable match in point of station. Trelawny had told me the other day that a daughter of Williams (query the same?) married one of Leigh Hunt's sons. He disliked the whole Hunt family—thought Hunt exceedingly selfish. . . .

Sunday, 11 July.— . . . Began (with *Nightingale Valley*)†

* *I.e.*, the Henry Reveley, then a young engineer, addressed by Shelley in some letters. He was more or less connected with the Shelley documents held by Miss Rumble.

† The poetic selection compiled by William Allingham.

reading up for a volume of Selected Poems.* I have for years and years had a hobby in favour of doing such a volume of "Perfect Poems"—compositions such as I believe to be not only admirable but flawless. This will probably not fall in with Moxon's plan: but, in collecting my materials for his Selection, I shall keep the distinction in sight for my own satisfaction. I would not admit among Perfect Poems anything that did not unite these qualifications—1, lofty general calibre; 2, freedom from anything which can be distinctly marked as a fault—mere *notions* or prepossessions of my own not being allowed to weigh in assessing faults. . . .

Tuesday, 13 July.—Mrs Gilchrist writes me another (3rd) incredibly enthusiastic letter about Whitman, whose complete poems she has now been reading. This is a wonderful phenomenon to me, and so curious that I have felt justified in sending to O'Connor (W[hitman]'s friend in Washington) an extract from Mrs G[ilchrist]'s three letters, but without giving any clue to her identity. . . .

Sunday, 18 July.— . . . Gabriel has begun his three-quarter picture of *Pandora*; but wants to carry out the same subject whole-length. He has done a crayon half-figure of *Penelope*—one of an indefinite number of crayon-figures which Agnew has commissioned him for at £80 apiece. G[abriel] and I went to the Prinseps'—first time I have been there an unconscionable while. Watts's *Endymion*, *Daphne*, *Millais*, *Clytie* (same composition in painting as the bust, perhaps his most vigorous piece of flesh-painting), new picture from the Greek head at Oxford, very lovely—etc. . . .

Monday, 19 July.—As Mrs Gilchrist, at my prompting, thinks of turning to some public account the letters she has been writing me about Whitman, I returned them to her, telling her at the same time that I had already sent extracts to O'Connor for Whitman to see. . . .

Wednesday, 21 July.—Met Brown, who tells me Morris and his Wife, who are going to Ems for the health of the

* Messrs Moxon did not eventually publish any such volume of Miscellaneous Poems selected by me—only a Selection of *Humorous Poems*, and another of *American Poems*.

latter, along with her Sister and Lucy Brown (both of whom will return after reaching Cologne or Coblenz), started the other day, and had arrived at Calais. They had to change into a small steamer to cross the bar, which knocked up Mrs Morris a good deal. . . .

Thursday, 22 July.—J. Deffett Francis calls on me, and produces a copy of a very valuable early letter of Shelley—which copy he made from one of several originals in the possession of Mr J. H. Slack. I wrote to Mr S[lack], asking whether he would permit me to call and see the letters. Also made a copy for myself from Francis's copy (which I returned to him in the evening): but shall of course be unable, unless Mr Slack allows me, to use the information, unless merely for rectifying negatively any mis-statement made in my Memoir. . . .

Friday, 23 July.—Christina returned from Penkill.—Wrote in reply to another letter from Mrs Gilchrist, saying that the only things I think she would be quite safe in doing in connexion with Whitman would be—1, to consider any proposal that may hereafter come from W[hitman] or O'Connor for American publication of the extracts I have sent the latter from her letters, without her name; and 2, to write for English publication a notice of the Selection alone.

Saturday, 24 July.—*Tinsley's Magazine* for to-day contains a first article on *The Rossettis*—mainly Christina: it is evidently written by some one who knows *something* about us, but who I have not the least idea.* . . .

Monday, 26 July.—Mr Slack having sanctioned my calling this evening, I went round, and met with much open good-nature from himself and his Wife. He possesses a series of letters between Shelley and Miss Hitchener (the "Brown Demon"), of great importance and curiosity for that early part of Shelley's life, 1811-12. The letters used to be in the hands of Miss H[itc]hener—those emanating from herself being presumably copies of what she dispatched to S[helley]: then a Mrs Holst had them: the present actual or presumable owner is a Mrs Buxton. The correspondence has been left

* Mr Harry Buxton Forman.

for many years undisturbed in Mr Slack's hands; and he is not inclined, by starting any question as to publication of any part of the letters, to raise the possible question of their being altogether transferred from his hands to Mrs Buxton's. There were more than forty letters from Shelley himself, and perhaps some dozen of Miss Hitchener's; but, in some way that Mr Slack can't account for, several of Shelley's are not immediately forthcoming—perhaps a full third or more of the total. S[helley]'s letters are mostly quite long, somewhat better written than most of the early ones printed by Hogg, but full of unmeaning effusivenesses for the Brown Demon. Slack does not feel at liberty to sanction my saying anything distinct about the important point which appears in several of the letters besides the one copied by Francis—viz.: that, according to Harriet's statement to Shelley, Hogg, during S[helley]'s absence on business in Sussex while Harriet and Hogg remained behind at York in 1811, had tried to seduce Harriet; which Hogg confessed with some show of contrition, and S[helley], though very much taken aback, was ready to pardon, but eventually Hogg assumed a hectoring tone, and talked about fighting a duel: this S[helley] declined on principle. Mr Slack however does not object to my making free use of many other points stated in the letters—only without direct quotation or specification of them. I was engaged the whole evening reading these letters aloud, and only got through perhaps a half of them: am to resume on Wednesday.

Tuesday, 27 July.—Inserted in the Shelley Memoir such particulars, gleaned from the above-named letters, as I am empowered to use.

Wednesday, 28 July.—Went again to Mr Slack's, and finished reading the Shelley letters. . . .

Friday, 30 July.—Am promoted to-day to be Assistant Secretary, Excise Branch. Bought a lot of Venetian and art photographs and a sunfish.* . . .

* My Brother had preceded me in buying a stuffed sunfish, which he eventually got gilded, and hung up in his drawing-room. I have done much the same.

Wednesday, 4 August.—Wrote to Mr Slack, asking whether I might copy out, and insert in the Appendix of the new Shelley, the three early poems included in the correspondence he possesses.—Gabriel is having his various poems—such as he values sufficiently—printed, for future use in any way he may like. . . .

Thursday, 19 August.—The first proof of the annotated *Shelley* reached me to-day. It looks as if it were to be in two volumes, of compact and substantial aspect. . . .

Wednesday, 25 August.—A Mr Keningale Cook,* with a letter of introduction from Dr Steele,† called, asking my advice as to who should publish a volume of poems he has ready. I told him I could better form an opinion if I first saw the poems, which he is to leave with me shortly. He is a prepossessing young man, and evidently a man of intelligence. . . .

Tuesday, 31 August.— . . . Brown has heard it rumoured—in reference to the great scandal now turned up regarding Byron—that Mrs Leigh was probably not in reality any blood-relation to Byron at all, but a daughter of the first Wife of Byron's Father (divorced Lady Carmarthen) by some man other than Byron's Father. This, if sustainable, would give the case a somewhat different complexion.

Wednesday, 1 September.—Tebbs called, and began talking about the volume of MS. poems by Gabriel which he suppressed at the time of Lizzie's death, and buried in her coffin. He says that the coffin could not be opened without a "faculty"; but that he could without any difficulty obtain this for G[abriel], should the latter wish at any time to recover the poems. I said that I would bear the point in mind, and let G[abriel] know of this in case the question should ever be in the way of arising. . . .

Tuesday, 18 September.—Gabriel having announced, by letter received yesterday, that he had bought a tame wombat now at Chelsea, I went round to see said beast, which is the most lumpish and incapable of wombats, with an air of baby

* This gentleman died, to my great regret, towards 1886.

† Brother of the Wife of my Cousin Teodorico Pietrocola-Rossetti.

objectlessness—not much more than half grown, probably. He is much addicted to following one about the room, and nestling up against one, and nibbling one's calves or trowsers. His price was £8; the vendor (Jamrach) saying that he could readily dispose of the wombat elsewhere if Gabriel was not willing to pay the sum. . . . G[abriel]'s pictures of *Lilith* and *Venus* are now sent off to their owners (Leyland and Mitchell): *Sibylla Palmifera* has been a good deal worked on of late, and there are some fresh crayon-drawings of Mrs Morris, and a girl who sat as playing a lute. Dunn says that young Murray* has now started as an artist on his own account; and that Howell has been seeing to the furnishing of a new house for Ruskin, who wants it the more particularly for proper display of works of art now that he is appointed Slade Professor of Fine Arts in Oxford. . . .

Sunday, 19 September.—Swinburne called—lately back from Vichy, where he was staying with Consul Burton. V[ictor] Hugo received very graciously the article which Swinburne wrote upon *L'Homme qui Rit*, and has expressed a very high opinion of the French lyrics scattered among S[winburne]'s poems. S[winburne] objects much to Gabriel's continual revising of his old poems, and thinks indeed that G[abriel]'s whole system of verse-writing is becoming now somewhat over-elaborate. He expects to go to Holmwood to-morrow. His beautiful Angora cat, given him by Mazzini—white with a tabby tail—died lately. It used to sit on his head while he was writing. . . .

Tuesday, 21 September.—Wallis,† whom I met in the street, and who is now living at 10A Adelphi Terrace, tells me that he possesses a lock of Shelley's hair.—Gabriel returned to Chelsea yesterday, and I saw him this evening. He looks to me well enough; but says he has been very weak, perspiring excessively, losing sleep, and that his health is breaking up. He has done a good deal of poetry—ballads

* Mr Charles Fairfax Murray. It was through Ruskin, and Howell as Ruskin's secretary, that he came into our circle.

† Mr Henry Wallis the Painter. He had been well acquainted with T. L. Peacock.

[of Helen and of Lilith,* both very fine (the latter not yet finished), sonnets, etc. He seems more anxious just now to achieve something permanent in poetry than in painting—in which he considers that at any rate two living Englishmen, Millais and Jones, show a higher innate *executive* power than himself. . . . Ruskin called on Gabriel yesterday, and raised some question as to Gabriel's joining him in efforts for social ameliorations on a systematic scale—which G[abriel] is not much minded to. R[uskin] expressed himself gratified with the article of mine on him published some months ago in *The Broadway*. . . .

{ *Monday, 27 September.*—Gabriel called in Euston Square; read us his poem of Lilith, just completed, and some others. Swinburne writes proposing to turn my *Mrs Holmes Grey* into French,† which would indeed be a distinguished honour to me. The wombat shows symptoms of some malady of the mange-kind, and is attended by a dog-doctor. Hearing (from a Mr Doeg of Manchester) that the series of photographs kept at the Arundel Society from the portraits exhibited at South Kensington includes the Shelley portrait by Miss Curran, I went round there, and ordered three copies of this photo, and single copies of various others. Miss Curran's portrait comes very fair indeed in the photograph, and would indeed be worth re-engraving therefrom for the forthcoming edition of the poems.

Tuesday, 28 September.—Saw the wombat again at Chelsea: I much fear he shows already decided symptoms of the loss of sight which afflicts so many wombats. Gabriel writes and works at his poems a good deal, and has not yet resumed painting. He seems not by any means indisposed to publish the poems soon with Ellis, whose printer is doing the printing-work. . . .

Wednesday, 29 September.—Mrs Gilchrist sends me the MS. of what she has written concerning Whitman, embodying and expanding the observations in her letters to me: it

* The ballads published under the titles *Troy Town* and *Eden Bower*.

† This was never done, I think.

will be valuable for the cause—its disposal remains to be determined on. . . .

Thursday, 30 September.—Engaged on proofs of Shelley (now at *Prometheus Unbound*) and of Scott's book on Durer.

Friday, 1 October.—Replied to Swinburne's letter, expressing my high sense of the honour he would do *Mrs Holmes Grey* by translating it into French, should it suit him to do so. . . .

Sunday, 3 October.—Finished the biographical notice of Moore, and wrote to Payne about this and Shelley. I said I should probably wish to say, in the first volume of the series of Poets, a few words as to my own part in that series. Without this, I might be held accountable for the completeness and accuracy of the editions in a degree which neither does nor under the circumstances *can* properly pertain to me. With this Moore notice I finish up the succession of *pressing* work which began on 18 November last with the revision of Shelley, and has had no definite intermission since then, save my holiday abroad. The Shelley proofs continue to engage my attention, and a good deal of less pressing work remains on hand. . . .

Monday, 4 October.— . . . I am now reading up the books concerning Shelley (*Hogg's Life* for the while) in order to note down all the autobiographical materials—letters etc.—for his life. If Payne should not be disposed to publish these (as I suggested to him a couple of months or so ago) along with my Memoir republished, I may perhaps be disposed to incur the expense of having the thing printed for my own private satisfaction; *i.e.*, print, in form similar to my Memoir, all the letters and autobiographical passages written by Shelley, as far as attainable. The Shelley Poems are now advertised by Moxon as forthcoming, giving more than due prominence to my Memoir. The advertisement is badly put together all through; and, having occasion to write to Moxon in the evening, I proposed a different form of advertisement. . . .

Wednesday, 6 October.—Discussed with Uncle Henry some

of the points concerning my proposed will, outstanding since I went abroad in the Spring. Maria declined to receive the reversion of the lease of the house, on the ground that she might probably, by the time that contingency occurs, have entered a Sisterhood. This is the first time I have heard her express such an intention: but I have long foreseen it as probable. . . .

Thursday, 7 October.—Nettleship and others dining at Chelsea. Gabriel read several of his poems, and expresses a distinct intention of soon publishing. Hake (Dr), the author of *Vates*, called on him lately: he also published anonymously a year or two ago a volume of poems, *The World's Epitaph*, which I rather think was sent me at the time, and struck me as having a certain superiority. G[abriel] thinks him a very capable man, not at all of the self-assertive kind.

Friday, 8 October.—Christina having consulted Dr Jenner to-day about a slight discoloration round the eye, he tells her that her chest is now very conspicuously better than it used to be; that the case had been somewhat precarious; and that, though now so much better, she should not relax in her precautions. . . .

Monday, 11 October.—Garnett returned me my MS. Memoir of Shelley, notifying a few useful emendations, but speaking of it as very correct in the main, which is gratifying. Made the needful revisions, and prepared the MS. to be handed in to-morrow to Moxon, for immediate transmission to the printers, Sanson & Co., in Edinburgh. Resumed the collection of materials for the volumes of Miscellaneous or Selected Poems which are set down for forming a part of Moxon's cheap series. I see by his prospectus there would be six such volumes covering a wide range of selection. . . .

Wednesday, 13 October.—Swinburne wrote me the other day proposing that he and I jointly should give-in our adhesion by letter to the Congress of Freethinkers got up by Ricciardi (projected as a counterbalance to the Œcumenical Council). I very gladly assent, and wrote this evening a draft-letter, which I post to Swinburne at Holmwood.—Scott in-

forms me that the uncoffining of Gabriel's MS. poems has now been effected.

Friday, 15 October.—Dario Rossi (the Genoese publisher to whom I confided in 1861 a selection of my Father's poems made by myself, and who has ever since let the thing sleep, and behaved very objectionably about it till I had been fain to give the whole affair up) writes at last, proposing to see now to early publication, on certain modified terms. The decision on this point belongs strictly to Mamma. . . .

Monday, 18 October.—Called on Mrs Gilchrist. She authorizes me to send to America what she has written on W[hitman], to be published in such form as he or O'C[onnor] may approve, but without any public or private avowal of her name.—Swinburne sent round to me, for my perusal and opinion on one or two alternative expressions, his ruthless sonnets for the not-too-speedy death of Louis Napoleon. They are very forcible. . . .

Tuesday, 19 October.—Locker called on me at Somerset House to say that Waller in Fleet Street has some Shelley autographs to dispose of—not apparently of any exceptional interest, but I will look them up. He began talking of the Byron-Stowe affair, and is decidedly of opinion that the accusation has broken down—an opinion to which I strongly tend also. I asked him how about the daughter of Byron and Mrs Leigh stated by Mrs Stowe to have been brought up by Lady Byron. He says that he has no doubt this is a misapprehension as to the parentage. . . . Mr Leigh was . . . a queer character—height about 6 foot 3. My Aunt Charlotte tells me that old Deagostini, my Grandfather's friend, was Italian master to Miss Milbanke (Lady Byron), and thought her singularly cold.—Locker, who has lately been in Switzerland with Tennyson, says that the latter is very fair as a mountain-climber, which rather surprises me, considering the shuffling gait which characterizes his ordinary walking: he also showed great vigour as an oarsman, on being overtaken by a storm on the Lake of Lucerne. Locker says (but did not tell me his authority, and I should hope the disgraceful story is not absolutely true) that Payne

(of Moxon's), after the dissension of his firm with Tennyson, affixed a pair of ass's ears to the portrait of T[ennyson] which figures in the Dover Street premises; also (which I had heard before) that he wrote an . . . attack on T[ennyson] in *The Queen's Messenger*. Locker intimated that it is hardly decorous in me to do literary work for Payne and his firm. For my own part, now that the Shelley job is almost out of hand, I don't set any very great store by continuing my connexion with the firm (limited as it always has been to the simplest business-relation); but on the other hand I think it is quite possible to care too much about the *publisher* in a literary undertaking. If it is desirable that a series of cheap Poets should be issued, and that I should work upon it, the question of who publishes the series and acts as my paymaster is after all a subsidiary one.

Wednesday, 20 October.—Mamma took lodgings, 59 Burton Crescent, for Stillman and his family, who are expected to reach London almost daily. Scott called, just back from Penkill. He says that Gabriel, when at Penkill, used to be composing in an upper room frequently while S[cott] and Miss Boyd were in a lower room, and his movements etc. used to be audible. After he was gone, the same sounds continued distinctly audible to S[cott] and Miss B[oyd], and also to the Catholic priest Mr Reid (on at least one occasion). Miss B[oyd] was much startled in one instance, and went into the upper room to satisfy herself about the matter. This is curious.* . . .

Friday, 22 October.—Received from *The Academy* a book for review—Brisbane's *Early Years of Alexander Smith*.† . . .

Monday, 25 October.—Stillman came to London to-day, expecting to stay about a fortnight *en route* from Athens to America, where he thinks of taking definitely to literature. Aali Pacha, who from personal intercourse conceived a good opinion of him, wished him to stay in Crete with a

* This matter is detailed in Scott's *Autobiographical Notes*.

† My first connexion (I believe) with *The Academy*, then recently started.

sort of free commission and general command of funds, for the purpose of quieting things down, and acting as miscellaneous referee between the Government and the islanders. For some reasons he would have liked to undertake this; but, being unable to persuade the Government to include in their amnesty persons who are accused of private acts of violence etc. arising out of the insurrection, he considered the position untenable, and declined. . . .

Tuesday, 26 October.— . . . Gabriel called. He has now finished copying what he wants out of the unearthed MS. book of poems; and read me the old compositions—*Jenny, Last Confession, Dante in Verona, Portrait, and Bride-Chamber Talk*. The latter, already long, would he thinks require about as much length again before it could be completed on a congruous scale. This he thinks would be too lengthy for his forthcoming volume: so he would omit the poem from that volume, and finish it up for other eventual use. . . .

Wednesday, 27 October.—Went to Waller's in Fleet Street, to enquire about the Shelley autographs which Locker mentioned to me a few days back. I find he has at present only one, of 1816, addressed to Bryant, who, he says, was a well-known money-lender. It is not of any particular biographic interest, so I did not buy it. The price is higher than I had expected, £1. 5s.; and Waller says that important letters from Shelley have readily sold at from £12 to £14.—Received a long and interesting letter from Swinburne, acquiescing in the combined draft of the Ricciardi letter; notifying the forthcoming publication, in the *Fortnightly*, of his sonnets against Louis Napoleon (which I deprecate as too hard-hearted); etc. . . .

Saturday, 6 November.— . . . Conway . . . has lately returned from Russia. About Moscow, he says, one may see any number of perfectly naked women bathing in public, and nobody thinks any harm of it. . . .

Sunday, 7 November.—Went to the Spartalis,* to meet there Stillman and Dilberglue: there were also several

* Mr Spartali was at this time Consul-General for Greece.

others—Skinner, the newspaper-correspondent lately in Crete, Captain Pim, who had to do also with the Island, etc. Miss S[partali] showed me the water-colour she is now engaged on—a girl by a window looking out on a Venetian Lagoon.* Nolly Brown (a hitherto unknown poet) has written a sonnet to it, which Miss S[partali] tells me is very fair. . . .

Monday, 8 November.—Gabriel, who called in Euston Square, complains very much of a constant shaking of the hand etc. with corresponding internal sensations. He supposes it to be a nervous disease, and even has some apprehensions of impending paralysis: the symptoms have now been going on several days, but don't seem particularly to affect his steadiness of hand in drawing or writing. He has consulted in writing Marshall, who orders iron and other tonics. This certainly seems enough to make G[abriel] anxious; but I should hope the inconvenience will prove temporary. The poor wombat died the other day after some spasmodic symptoms: one more instance of the extraordinary ill-luck that has attended G[abriel]'s animals.

Tuesday, 9 November.—Wrote to Rossi, the Genoese bookseller, proposing to cede to him for ten years from that day the right of publication of my Father's selected poems—not for ever, as he proposes. . . .

Friday, 12 November.—Moxon sends me a letter addressed to him by a Mr Catty, saying that he possesses, and would like to include in the re-edition, certain poems by Shelley, as yet unpublished, given by S[helley] to Catty's Mother, then a Miss Stacey: he sends a specimen of one, which, though not highly finished, seems beyond suspicion. This will be a great advantage. . . .

Sunday, 14 November.— . . . Brown called on me in the evening. . . . Some talk on questions of religion; and I find—more definitely than I knew it before—that B[rown] is very little of a theist: he seems to think that the intellect which regulates the world is simply the collective intellect of man.

* The water-colour is now in the possession of my Daughter Helen. It was shown in the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1901.

Monday, 15 November.—Dined at Brown's, with Miss Spartali, Stillman, and Gabriel. The chief *raison d'être* of the gathering was for G[abriel] to read some of his poems to Miss S[partali], which he did: *Last Confession, Lilith, Dante*, some minor poems. . . . Saw Brown's very fine water-colour of *The Entombment*, now far advanced. Also the *Don Juan*, which is in some respects about his finest work; and monochrome of *King Lear and his Daughters*. Miss Spartali sits for Haidee. . . .

Friday, 19 November.—Finished transcribing Mrs Gilchrist's paper on Whitman; wrote a few introductory words to it, and the letter for O'Connor; and sent it all on to her for final consideration. . . .

Sunday, 21 November.— . . . Began for *The Portfolio* my promised article on Hughes, Windus, and Miss Spartali: I shall add the younger Browns, and a word about Goodwin, as coming in, along with Miss S[partali], in the character of pupils of Brown.

Monday, 22 November.—Called at Mr Catty's, to enquire about the Shelley poems he offered for publication. It seems that the Mr C[atty] who made this offer is now at Brighton; but his Brother, Colonel C[atty], had got the packet ready for delivery to me, and was proposing to write to me about it forthwith. He was in a hurry, when I called, to go out and keep an engagement; but received me very cordially, and I arranged to call again to-morrow to take possession of the packet.—Dined at Chelsea with Tebbs and Knight,* who came more particularly to hear some of Gabriel's poems. . . . G[abriel] has made some additions to the Dante poem etc.: has not yet resumed painting to any extent.

Tuesday, 23 November.—Called again on Colonel Catty, and received from him the pocket-book presented by Shelley to the then Miss S. Stacey (Mrs Catty), and a letter from Mrs Sh[elley] and her husband to Miss S. Stacey. The former contains a new poem, *Time long past*, and two old ones; the

* Joseph Knight, the Dramatic Critic and Editor of *Notes and Queries*, who became one of Dante Rossetti's biographers.

letter contains the *Lines on a Dead Violet*. The other unpublished poem, of which two stanzas were sent to Moxon in the first instance, still remains to be produced—also the copy of *The Indian Serenade*. Mrs Catty is still living. Colonel C[at]ty seems a very kind-hearted man, of open, courteous nature. He feels a pride in associating his name with Shelley. . . .

Thursday, 25 November.—Dined at Scott's, with Dr Littledale etc. Dr L[it]tledale] is going to the Roman Council, as a sort of medium of information between the High-Church party here and the Catholic dignitaries. He does not seem to expect that the result of the Council will be any extensive going-over of any sort of Protestants to Rome; he says that such conversions from the English Church are now very much fewer than some years ago—the aspirations of the more Roman-tending Anglicans being now fairly met in their own Church. He believes Döllinger and Klee to be authors of the famous pamphlet by "Janus." Miss Boyd returned to town to-day. Scott says that Swinburne, some little while back at Chelsea, mentioned the then forthcoming letter which he and I were to send to Ricciardi; and that both Scott and Gabriel and Nettleship expressed their willingness to see about signing it as well.* This is wholly new to me; I was not so much as aware that any of these men had heard of the letter.

Friday, 26 November.—Received the remaining Shelley verses from Mr Catty—"Thou art fair." . . .

Saturday, 27 November.— . . . Gabriel (who made the other night a slight sketch for the binding of the Shelley) promised to put it into such shape as would be available for the binder's purposes. . . .

Friday, 3 December.—Gabriel brought round his design for binding the Shelley.† It would look very nice; but is, I

* It appears that the letter was not eventually signed by any persons other than Swinburne and myself: see No. 265.

† I am not sure that this binding-design (the look of which I don't now remember) was ultimately used for any purpose. It does not appear to be the same design which was adopted for Forman's edition of Shelley:

suspect, too elaborate for Moxon's purpose, both as regards expense and time. He says he still feels very unwell: was intending to see about renting Mrs Gilchrist's little house at Shottermill, but, on writing to her, learned that she had let it to some one else only a few hours before. . . .

Sunday, 5 December.— . . . After an interval of thirteen months or so I resumed this evening my work for the Chaucer Society—translation of the passages in Boccaccio's *Filostrato* which Chaucer has utilized in his *Troilus*. . . .

Friday, 10 December.—Gabriel showed me Hake's eccentric poem of *Madeline*. He is himself bent (and I think very wisely) on getting out his volume of poems in the Spring; and will with this view forego writing any additional poems for it, beyond one. As to this one, he is in some doubt whether to make it *The Orchard-Pit*, which he schemed out at Penkill, or an invention that has lately occurred to him of *The Doom of the Sirens*:* he inclines to this latter. He might perhaps treat it in the form of a choral drama, but more probably as a narrative. His proposed subject of *The San Greal* he has laid aside, waiting to see what Tennyson will have made of the same theme: *The Harrowing of Hell*† he means to treat from the point of view of love-passion—as if the redemption wrought by Christ were to be viewed as an elevation of the conception of love from pleasure into passion, hence entailing the redemption from hell of Adam and Eve, David and Bathsheba, etc. etc. I very much question whether the ideas involved in this scheme are not self-conflicting, and expressed this view to him. . . .

Sunday, 12 December.—Gabriel has now consulted Sir William Jenner, who says that his state of health requires careful attention—no spirit-drinking, going to bed not later than midnight, and a country-life without regular professional work for the next six months. This corresponds pretty

that (I understand) had been intended by my Brother for E. S. Dallas's book, *The Gay Science*.

* My Brother did not after all write either of these poems: the prose abstracts of them appear in his *Collected Works*.

† Neither *The San Greal* nor *The Harrowing of Hell* was written.

nearly with what I have said all along—that half a year's travelling would be the best thing. G[abriel] has also again seen Bowman the oculist, who says that the eyes are in the same state as previously—not organically wrong. . . .

Monday, 13 December.—Replied to Mr J. H. Dixon, who has sent me some (not very useful) emendations for Shelley. If I remember right, it was a communication of his, printed in *N[otes] and Q[ueries]*, which first set me off writing to that paper about Shelley, and thus eventually led to my re-editing the Poems.

Tuesday, 14 December.— . . . Moxons say that Gabriel's design for the binding would be too expensive, and could only be used for an *édition de luxe*: as such, they apparently contemplate adopting it.

Wednesday, 15 December.—Dr Hake (whom I meet for the first time) dined with two or three others at Chelsea. He has been reading part of my Father's *Amor Platónico*, and is considerably struck with the views therein expressed as to the unreality of Beatrice, Laura, etc. At Gabriel's instance he has now cut out Petrarch and Laura (under those names) from his poem of *Madeline*. . . . Hake is sixty.—The poor wombat has now been stuffed, and figures in the entrance-hall: his "effect" is not satisfactory.

Thursday, 16 December.—As Gabriel prefers to get back his design for binding the Shelley, . . . I wrote . . . asking that it may be returned to G[abriel] or myself. . . .

Wednesday, 22 December.—Received an interesting letter from Whitman, relative to the extracts I sent over in the summer from Mrs G[ilchrist]'s letters, which he regards as, under all the conditions, the most "magnificent eulogium" he has yet received. This letter must have been written before the complete papers which I posted towards the end of November had been seen by Whitman. Two copies of the last photograph taken from him are to reach me. . . .

Wednesday, 29 December.—Received the last proofs of the Shelley, which occupied me till about 1.30 A.M. . . .

211.—W. J. STILLMAN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

ATHENS.

22 *January* 1869.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . As I foresaw in case of the failure of Coroneos to go to Crete, the insurrection is dead or in its last gasp—not from the capture of Petropoulaki but from his going. When the Committee told me that Petropoulaki was going, I replied that the insurrection would be dead by their New Year (January 13th). This expedition was intended to *brusque* affairs, and bring on a pressure which would justify the Greek Government before the Greek people in abandoning Crete, which they had already decided to do by resolution of the King, personally.

I have done all I could ; and, if I could have had Coroneos sent over, the insurrection would have gone through the winter triumphantly. But we have failed from destiny, not from our own want of resolution ; from treason of others, not of ourselves.

And now my “occupation’s gone” ; not only figuratively but literally, as I have got into the bad graces of our present Government which is philo-Turk (*i.e.* Seward, Johnson, etc.) ; and the Consulate will probably be abolished this session, throwing me out of service. . . .

I am, in fine weather, amusing myself by taking a series of photos of the Acropolis ; not only picturesque, but to show the technical characteristics of Greek architecture. It will comprise about twenty small views. . . .—Yours affectionately,

W. J. STILLMAN.

212.—DR GARNETT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

5 February 1869.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . I would cheerfully afford any information respecting matters of fact you might wish for, and [furnish you] with my opinion on any doubtful or obscure passages of Shelley's life. A true admirer of Shelley ought to be above all petty jealousy, and I assure you that your undertaking his biography will give me nothing but pleasure.

I did not see your communications to *Notes and Queries* until some time after they were completed. . . . I should be much obliged if you would let me see the alterations you propose introducing into the text, or suggesting in notes, before they are printed. If I find that I have any emendations by me I will send you them. . . .—Yours very truly,

RICHARD GARNETT.

213.—MADOX BROWN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

37 FITZROY SQUARE.

9 February 1869.

My dear William,—I meant last night to have spoken to you respecting something your Brother told me respecting illustrations required for a general edition of the Poets, but I forgot.

Thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion that I should like to undertake the whole in a bundle if Payne can be got to give them—for I have nothing else to do at present, and they do say things are to be worse before they are better in the picture-selling line.—Ever yours sincerely,

FORD MADOX B.

214.—DR GARNETT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

BRITISH MUSEUM.
15 February 1869.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . As soon as I can possibly find time I will copy out for you all the fragments which were considered too imperfect for publication in the *Relics*, for incorporation with the latter or publication in the Appendix, as you may deem best. You will find some of them very interesting. . . .

I suppose you will include the *rifacimento* of *Queen Mab*, entitled *The Dæmon of the World*, in the Appendix. Have you a copy of it? It was published along with *Alastor* in 1816, and has not, so far as I know, been reprinted. If you have not access to it, I will transcribe it for you from the Museum copy. . . .—Yours very truly,

RICHARD GARNETT.

215.—MADOX BROWN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

37 FITZROY SQUARE.
18 February 1869.

My dear William,—Mr Payne's scheme of an illustrated edition of the British Poets is a grand one, and of a kind that ought certainly to enlist the sympathies of our more thoughtful artists.

I do not however so readily see how it is to be made a cheap one, or even a very moderate one. If the best artists in the country are to be pitted against each other, none of them in particular will feel much interest in the undertaking except in so far as their own individual few designs are concerned. They will each feel a nervous apprehension lest their own works should appear less successful than the others. They will give themselves trouble—take time, delay the work, and necessarily require payment in accordance,

It will be a repetition of the Illustrated Tennyson. Each artist thinking only of his own drawings, the whole will be, like that celebrated undertaking, wanting in that *ensemble* and uniformity so much required by the public in any work of the kind; and gradually the whole, growing beyond the publisher's first intention or powers of control, will either remain a continual hazardous worry on his hands, or have to stop short half-way of the goal. This however might be avoided by restricting the number of artists to a practicable limit; selecting them of a congenial turn of thought; and settling beforehand very strictly the size, nature, and style, of the illustrations. I agree myself entirely with Payne's notion that *wood-engraving publications* have begun to pall upon the tastes of the more fastidious and intelligent of the public. The style of thing I would myself have proposed I intended should avoid the commonplace quality, by means of greater dignity and simplicity of style, and especially by a sustained uniformity of imaginative and intellectual faculty, versus the picturesque black-and-white dexterous unmeaningnesses that are now prevalent.

The notion however of substituting steel-plate for wood is to my mind by no means a bad one; only I don't quite understand what Mr Payne means by *etchings*—does he not rather mean a kind of slight engraving? Etching is a rough, eminently artistic sort of work, which may be admirable in the hands of some men, but which must sink into bathos at once if divorced from the hand of the first designer. A very rough sort of drawing may look well skilfully engraved, but the *effectiveness* of the drawing is the very quality that takes most time. Finish without strong effect is less laborious of attainment. As to the selection of the subjects, it would be difficult for any one but an artist of intellect to do that. However, yourself being so much mixed up with art would be an assurance that the work would be safer entrusted to you than to most people. The proposed vignettes and tail-pieces, unless entrusted to some one who is a thorough master of ornamental art, might very much endanger the dignity of appearance of the edition—but might add much

to the beauty of it if done as Holbein might be expected to have done, for instance.

So much for my ideas on the subject, jotted down. I do not mean to infer, however, that I should object to take part in the undertaking in the event of these suggestions' not prevailing. I did object to take part in the Tennyson work; but that was because Moxon came to me late, when I should have had to hurry over the work at a disadvantage to my reputation in comparison with the other men engaged.

In conclusion, you may inform Mr Payne that I shall be very glad to help in this most laudable undertaking, and trust that he will find me as reasonably disposed as to remuneration as any other of my fraternity and compeers.

I wish we might have been present to hear with you the Cantata from your Sister's *Cornfield* songs; and trust it will turn out a success for her and Macfarren, who is so much respected by the English musicians.—As ever, yours,

FORD MADOX BROWN.

216.—F. T. PALGRAVE to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Mr Palgrave here deprecates my doing what I never proposed to do—*i.e.*, to make alterations in the text of Shelley without specifying them in my notes. I replied explaining my real intention, and he then withdrew all the substantial part of his objection. I shall re-produce a part of his second letter (No. 217), although this passage and others have been published in the interesting Memorial of Mr Palgrave which his Daughter brought out in 1899].

5 YORK GATE, REGENT'S PARK.
23 February 1869.

Dear Rossetti,—The work you have undertaken is of such great importance to our literature (and is also so certain to be closely scanned) that I hope you will not mind my writing to you again about it.

What you aim at is a monumental or classical text of Shelley. I agree that this may properly include whatever he published (*e.g.* the Nicholson poems), with as many of the unpublished as suit your discretion as Editor. . . .

In regard to the text of such an edition, I feel confident that my opinion will be shared by all who care for our literature in general, and for Shelley in particular. Your duty is, in regard (1) to all things printed by Shelley, (2) to all things for which you recur to the MS. (as the poems first so printed by his Wife, or any ones not yet published), to give the text precisely as you find it; but with the freest power of placing your corrections and conjectures below.

I am sure that I am right in saying that this rule will not only save you much trouble, but will also save you much future annoyance, and earn you the gratitude of future English readers.

You are wholly in error in regard to what I did in *The Golden Treasury*; as I noted every omission or change in the text. If you ask, "Why did you then not place your *correction* in the notes?"—my reply is that books are published under different laws, as they have different objects. . . .—
Ever truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

217.—F. T. PALGRAVE to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

5 YORK GATE.
25 February 1869.

Dear Rossetti,—Your note gives me a new insight into your work, and does away with nine-tenths of what I said. I had inferred from your first letter that your changes of text were not, necessarily and uniformly, to be accompanied with an explanatory note.

The main point is that a reader shall be able to know precisely what the author wrote or printed: if this be done

once for all, it is more a matter of simple taste than anything whether obvious errors shall be corrected above or below.

I have no doubt that you are right in reprinting all that has been printed. . . .—Ever truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

218.—DR GARNETT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[With reference to the curious surname "Daphne," I may remark that, being at Otley in the autumn of 1890, I noticed this name over a shop-front.]

4 ST EDMUND'S TERRACE.
1 March 1869.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . The reference to the Castle of Petrella is in a book entitled *De Paris à Sybaris*, by Palustre de Montifaut, Paris, 1868. He does not describe the place, and does not seem to have examined it, but says, in a letter dated Aquila, March 13th, 1867: "En passant ce matin près du Château de Petrella, où s'accomplit la sanglante tragédie, j'ai toutefois voulu évoquer ces monstrueux souvenirs,"—and then goes off into the Cenci story. As he had seen the Castle "ce matin," it must be near Aquila; and, as Aquila is close to the frontier of the Papal States, I suppose we may infer that it is just across the border.

I have just read, in the current number of *The Gentleman's Magazine* (p. 451), an anecdote which you should by all means make a note of when you come to "My Aunt Nicholson":—"Within the memory of a literary friend, this startling announcement was to be seen within the window of a public house at the corner of Clare Market: 'To be seen within, the fork belonging to the knife with which Margaret Nicholson attempted to stab his Majesty, George III.'" This is nearly as good as that other exhibition of "the skull of Oliver Cromwell when he was a little boy." By the way, Margaret's

Grandson is or was lately Parish-clerk of Otley in Yorkshire, under the name of *Daphne*. Her Son changed his name to avoid obloquy, and, being a gardener, hit upon the classical appellation aforesaid.—Yours very truly,

RICHARD GARNETT.

219.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[That is a well-known Shelleian anecdote “about the parson who heard the name of Shelley” etc. I did, in 1869, ask Trelawny about it; and found, rather to my surprise, that he did not believe that the incident had ever occurred. It has ever since remained to me one of the unexplained mysteries of Shelley’s life, or of his inventive faculty.]

FLORENCE, 2 PONTE VECCHIO.
2 March 1869.

My dear Rossetti,—Bravo! I am glad you are going to revive Shelley. I have written to Trelawny, and told him that I advised you to consult him. He was his *greatest friend*, and can tell you much about him. Do you know Trelawny’s two works, *The Younger Son*, and *Recollections of Shelley and Byron*? The former was written before he knew Shelley; the latter is full of him, and he can tell you much more than what he printed. T[relawny] knew your Father, and must remember him well. I have seen five editions of *The Younger Son* in English and French. It had a great success in France. I remember some critic, quoting him, said: “Le joyeux et terrible Trelawny, dont les mémoires ne le cèdent en rien à ceux de son ami Byron, si injustement mutilés par un dépositaire infidèle.” I am sorry to see by T[relawny]’s letters that he is getting melancholy—age, no doubt, though he is younger than me; but I make it a rule to chase the blue devils, and my spirit-friends have made it easy. . . .

I have had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Mr Pietrocola-Rossetti, and I am charmed with him. Frank,

spirited, and amiable. He knew much of your Father, cherishes his memory, and admires his genius and learning. I will show him the letters I have saved. There are hints in them, especially towards the last, in which I think he alludes to his final discoveries; which he said he saved for the end of his *Beatrice*, most likely destroyed by . . . Aroux—whose disgraceful book nobody cares for. I have got his presentation-copy with an inscription to Ste. Beuve. The leaves were not cut open! . . .

Ask Trelawny about the parson who heard the name of Shelley at the Post Office, and knocked him down because he heard that he was an atheist. S[helley] was very delicate, and the parson very stout. Trelawny was long hunting for him to pay him off.

Does Swinburne still intend to write on the subject of Landor? . . .

I have been reading Taylor's Life of my old friend Haydon. It is a most melancholy history. Eastlake told me it was intensely interesting. So it is to us who knew him and most of the people mentioned in it. I told Taylor when he was here that I had many of Haydon's letters; and, as he published a second edition, they would have been useful, as they were very confidential, and there are some sketches of his head, very like him. He was the first designer in Europe; as I ascertained when I went to Paris, and made the acquaintance of David and all his school, Girodet, Gérard, Gros, Prudhon, Guérin, etc. As for Ingres and Scheffer, they remained far behind. Horace Vernet and Delaroche were good in their way, but that was limited. But for profound knowledge of the figure Haydon was beyond them all. . . .—
Ever yours,

S. KIRKUP.

P.S.—Three times I have written to Browning, to get my letters and papers of Landor from Forster. . . . There are scraps in Latin and English, not published except in newspapers, that it would be difficult if not impossible to meet with. I could tell S[winburne] much about L[andor]'s affairs,

and his treatment by his family, and parsons and parsons' wives in England etc. . . .

220.—JAMES SMETHAM to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[In this amusing letter there is a passage which seems to imply that Smetham had, in one form or another, produced a "portrait" of Rossetti. I can only say that I have not now any sort of recollection of it. The original letter closes with a humorous sketch of Brown and Rossetti, under the guise of owls, looking at Smetham's pictures, with Smetham cowering in the background. To the sketch is appended the motto which is here given in a note.*]

1 PARK LANE, STOKE NEWINGTON.
8 *March* 1869.

My dear Gabriel,—Friday will do as well as any other evening. . . . I shall be most glad to see Brown; though, with two such stunners staring at my pictures at once, I don't know what's to become of my nerves. I must say beforehand that any proposals amounting to a change of the foreground and an entire reconstruction of the background are too late. . . .

I am glad your friends are so satisfied with your portrait. Whether the next is to be handsomer or uglier depends on what you say as to my work. Every stricture writes a wrinkle on your azure brow—every word of candid praise cosmeticizes you.

I am much obliged to your Brother for his recommendation to Moxon. . . .—Affectionately yours,

JAS. SMETHAM.

* "Well, Brother Gabriel," said the Brown Owl, "but this is abominable!"—"Hoot mon," replied Owl Gabriel, "dinna ye" etc.—(See *Bad Words* for March 1869.)

221.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

12 March [1869].

Dear Allingham,— . . . I am in an advanced stage of the Shelley process, and will indulge myself in a few details.

The Edition will present the following arrangement :—

Prefatory Matter (Mrs Shelley's and my own).

Long Poems, arranged according to dates (including *Julian and Maddalo*, *Epipsychidion*, and various others hitherto mixed up with short ones).

Miscellaneous Poems, according to years.

Fragments, according to dates (includes *all* fragments, even to so important a work as *Triumph of Life*).

Translations, according to authors.

Appendix, according to dates (Juvenile poems, variations, etc. I omit nothing I can discover, however rubbishy.)

My own notes.

I have now done, broadly speaking, the whole of the above, and have begun giving the volume its final reading. A few extras, however, are coming in at the close :—Some scraps extracted by Garnett, and as yet unpublished, and (in my own hands, received from him) one of Shelley's MS. books, which contains, I find, a considerable bulk of *Charles the First* as yet unprinted, and which I am deciphering—no easy job. Some notes and verifications are still needed; and the whole Memoir has to be written. For this, however, I have made notes from almost all the books needing to be consulted; and have also recopied the notes in a tabulated form (a heavy task), so as to see what the various authorities say on the same particular points. . . . I have now been sticking to it—I may say incessantly—since the middle of November; and I know the time has been fully occupied, though possibly the results may seem meagre.

I did speak to Browning about the work one evening in January that he was at our house. He responded cordially, but did not enter into the subject in the way of

suggesting or discussing any special point of treatment. . . .
—Yours,

W. M. ROSSETTI.

P.S.—I should have said that Garnett assured me the Shelley family give full permission for my making what I can of the MS. book now in my hands.

222.—ROBERT BROWNING to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[This note refers to *The Fortnightly Review*, and its then Editor, Mr John Morley.]

19 WARWICK CRESCENT, UPPER WESTBOURNE TERRACE.
20 March 1869.

Dear Rossetti,—You know my old ways: I hope, gratitude to so kind a critic as Mr Morley is one of them—but indeed it is not inconsistent with an impossibility of doing what he proposes, and what, for his sake, I wish I could do. Were I ever so disposed, I should be hampered much, if not altogether hindered, by a certain number of refusals to earlier applicants, who had my apologies along with the assurance that I should write for nobody.

It is hardly with a grace—though the opportunity tempts—that I speak here of what *you* wrote this month, or at least printed: and, as for all the “other precious, precious jewels” that you made me bright with in your letters, I can’t speak of them now nor at any time—nor would you wish it.—Ever affectionately yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

223.—PHILIP HAMERTON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

PRÉ CHARMOY, AUTUN, SAÔNE ET LOIRE.
21 March 1869.

My dear Mr Rossetti,—I was as dissatisfied as you could be with the title *Amateur* for our periodical. . . . Since then I have hit upon *The Portfolio*. . . .

I was rather surprised that you should seem to apprehend any interference on my part with what you might write. All that I should require of contributors would be that they would give me notice (before writing an article) of the subject chosen, and the length; in order that, if another contributor had chosen the same subject, or the length were inconvenient, I might have the opportunity of saying so. As to opinion, all intelligent men differ; it is only stupid people who agree, and they only agree because their opinions are secondhand and come from the same source. You may occasionally differ from my views; but this does not in any way lessen my respect for you, or disincline me to publish your papers. As to correcting your papers so as to bring them into harmony with my views, I must say that I am wholly incapable of anything of the kind; that I would not stand it myself if it were attempted with me (which it never has been); and that, if I ask any one to contribute, it is that I believe him to be worth listening to—and consequently should wish him to speak his own mind, and not mine. . . .—Very truly yours,

P. G. HAMERTON.

224.—DR GARNETT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[“The old lady” (Miss Rumble) did not, as it turned out, wholly deserve companionship with Beelzebub. Dr Garnett made her acquaintance a few years later on, and she allowed

him to transcribe a very interesting letter from Shelley (No. 102 in Forman's edition), and a letter from Mary Shelley relating to the Poet's death. She possessed transcripts of other letters from Shelley and Mary to the Gisbornes (all or nearly all of them printed); also the walnut-bowl, mentioned in the verse-letter to Mrs Gisborne, which Miss Rumble eventually bequeathed to the British Museum. There were moreover copious journals by Mr Gisborne, beginning towards 1824. The MSS. were sold by auction after Miss Rumble's death, and were purchased by Sir Percy Shelley.]

4 ST EDMUND'S TERRACE.
22 March 1869.

My dear Rossetti,—I have heard from Miss Blind's friend at Plymouth, and send you a transcript of the most material part of his letter. There seems nothing left but to commend the old lady to Beelzebub, which I do for my part with singular cordiality. It is fair to say however that the papers destroyed probably related for the most part to Mrs Gisborne's affairs during her first marriage, which would account for Mr Reveley's anxiety to get them out of the way. The Shelleys have numbers of similar documents, which I have never had time to inspect. . . .—Yours very truly,

RICHARD GARNETT.

“At the death of the Gisbornes she (Miss Rumble) inherited their household-effects and some small legacy; and they left in her hands large masses of letters and manuscripts of various kinds, which she was to keep until the return of Mr Reveley from abroad. She kept them, and on his return communicated the fact to him; but he was no Shelley enthusiast, and told her to destroy them, as he did not want them; and I believe they were nearly all burned. What remained she sent to Mr Reveley some time ago at his own request; and she retains nothing now but a few sheets of autographs, and a few relics connected with Shelley. She has also still a few letters which she

has shown to me in confidence, but positively refuses to let them be seen by any one else, as she is under a promise to that effect to Mr Reveley. I may say however that they do not throw much light upon anything.

T. W. FRECKELTON.

225.—DANTE ROSSETTI to PROFESSOR NORTON.

[In consequence of this request Rossetti re-obtained possession of the water-colour of *Clerk Saunders*. After his death it came into my hands: and from them it passed into those of Mr C. Fairfax Murray.]

16 CHEYNE WALK.

19 April 1869.

My dear Norton,—You expressed a kind intention of visiting my studio by daylight. . . .

I have long wished to make a proposal to you. It would be a great satisfaction to me to possess the drawing you have by my late Wife, of *Clerk Saunders*, to add to those of hers which are now mine, and which every year teaches me to value more and more as works of genius, even apart from other personal interest to me. None would ever have been parted with, of course, had we not then hoped that these little things were but preludes to much greater ones—a hope which was never to be realized. I would not offer you a profit on the drawing, as you would probably not accept that; but would esteem it a great favour if you would let me have it at its original price—35 guineas, if I recollect;—or would, if you preferred it, make a chalk drawing of Mrs Norton, life-size, of the kind for which I am in the habit of charging 60 to 80 guineas. This I should do with the greatest pleasure, and consider myself still greatly your debtor.—Ever yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

226.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI TO FRANCES ROSSETTI.

HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE, PIAZZA SANTA TRINITA, FLORENCE.

19 April [1869].

Dear Mamma,— . . . In Rome we saw a good deal, especially in the way of antiquities and the leading monuments of art. Tupper is a persistent traveller, and very ready—most agreeably so—to admire whatever really deserves it: he is also most friendly and good-humoured. Unfortunately for him, and in a minor degree for me, his health has been very seriously out of order, interfering with our seeing some things at all, or others comfortably. At times his weakness was extreme, and great energy must have been demanded to enable him to do as much as he did; his cough and chest plagued him. . . . His cough and health were so bad that he got to think Rome an unfavourable air: we therefore left slightly earlier than we had intended, and came on hither to Florence, passing through and looking at Foligno, Spello, and Assisi (glorious country, and some wonderful things in mediæval art). Since Saturday week he had been stronger, and somewhat less bad in the chest and throat: but this morning he seemed half dead with spasms. They seized him at midnight, and went on incessantly till about noon, half choking him at every breath; to lie down any part of the night was impossible. Of all this I knew nothing till about 7.30 A.M., when he came into my bedroom looking like a spectre. I had to run off for a Doctor; and at length one was procured who has assuaged the spasms, and perhaps (I have no great confidence in it) Tupper may be capable of moving about again the day after to-morrow. I am writing this in his bedroom, where he is half dozing and half gasping—4 o'clock P.M. . . .

Hunt is here—a good deal better than when he left London—and has been doing everything friendly, especially at this Tupperian crisis. He ought to have gone to-day to Venice, but proposes postponing it till to-morrow, I have

also seen a good deal of Theodoric and his Wife, who are most cordial and affectionate. . . . Theodoric (who has just called, and even asks Tupper to go to him and be nursed by his Wife) joins in affectionate messages.—Your affectionate

WILLIAM.

Poor old Kirkup has been very unwell, and looks almost moribund : but I am told his power of recovering is great. . . .

227.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI to FRANCES ROSSETTI.

HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE, FLORENCE.

21 April [1869].

Dear Mamma,—Poor Tupper's illness goes on fearfully amiss : I very much fear it will end fatally, and at no distant date. Two Doctors have seen him, and call the disease nervous contraction of the muscles of the lower belly, consequent on a cold : in fact, much the same thing as tetanus, but *not* of the kind that ends in lockjaw. His sufferings are appalling, and the Doctor who has attended the case throughout says he never saw such fortitude, nor so extraordinary an instance of the disease. Yesterday I wrote to the Brother George Tupper (4 Barge Yard, Bucklersbury) : next telegraphed that he had better come : finally, at Tupper's express urgency, telegraphed that *he* is not to come, but a Sister or Cousin may do so. When any one comes—if indeed poor Tupper does not die before, which I fear is the more probable issue—I shall be free to return to London : till then, of course not. . . . The kind attentions and co-operation of Hunt, and of Theodoric and his Wife, exceed my powers of description, and are of course a great relief to me. . . .

I know you will all feel for poor Tupper and his family, and also for me. But believe me that, as far as I am concerned, apart from the distress of Tupper's imminent danger and miserable sufferings, I am as well and strong as ever I was in my life ; and have no reason to doubt that I shall so con-

tinue up to the time when I see you again after a journey that seemed to promise great gratification, but which now threatens to end in a calamity such as one remembers for life.

Theodoric has a bad opinion of the case: and especially fears that, even if the tetanic attack is conquered, some second illness, such as miliary fever, will supervene, and offer no chance of recovery. The two Doctors also, Duffy and Burci (who was called in for a consultation, and quite confirms Duffy's treatment), are very grave, though they distinctly assert the case is not beyond hope. We have now engaged a nurse, who will be here continuously from yesterday evening. . . .—Your most affectionate

WILLIAM.

228.—DANTE ROSSETTI to PROFESSOR NORTON.

[I have cut out from this letter a passage regarding my Brother's design of *Hamlet and Ophelia*, as that passage has been used by my Daughter Helen in her *Art-Journal Easter Annual*, 1902, on *Dante Rossetti*.]

16 CHEYNE WALK.
23 April 1869.

My dear Norton,—I send you herewith some photos—chiefly from uncoloured drawings. The *Cassandra* subject I hope one day to paint. I mean her to be prophesying the death of Hector before his last battle. He will not be deterred from going, and rushes at last down the steps, giving an order across her noise to the Captain in charge of the soldiers who are going round the ramparts on their way to battle. Cassandra tears her garments in rage and despair. Helen is arming Paris in a leisurely way, and he is amused at the gradual rage she is getting into at what Cassandra says of her. Other figures are Andromache with Hector's child, the Nurse, Priam and Hecuba, and one of the Brothers who is expostulating with Cassandra. Hector's companions have got down the steps before him, and are beckoning him to follow. . . .

I have photos of two sketches by my Wife; *Pippa*, and another; which I send you, as you will, I am sure, enjoy their poetic character. Also two or three of my sketches of her. I have had all her scraps and scrawls in ink photographed. After your kind letter about the *Clerk Saunders*, I hardly feel justified in accepting the generous way in which you meet my wish. It seems shameful to be depriving Mrs Norton and yourself of what is yours, and so much enjoyed by you. In any case, I should wish to be quite sure that what I gave you in exchange would satisfy you equally. Shall I do the proposed drawing of Mrs Norton? or would you like one of those of Mrs Morris? I would take care to give you your choice among some good ones. Or is there anything else you would prefer my doing for you? Small work I have given up for the present. I shall be with you part of next Thursday, and meanwhile and ever am—Sincerely yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

P.S.—I could give you perhaps, to make up the measure, some of many sketches in pencil I have, if worth giving.

229.—SMITH, ELDER, & CO., to DANTE ROSSETTI.

15 WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.

4 May 1869.

Dear Sir,—In reply to the enquiry contained in your letter of the 2nd instant, addressed to Mr Williams—we beg to say that we have sold 593 copies of your *Early Italian Poets*, and we have 64 copies remaining on hand. . . .

We are happy to be able to inform you that the result of the sales of the work up to 31 December is £108. 11s. 8d., of which £100 has been placed to the credit of Mr Ruskin, leaving a balance of £8. 11s. 8d. due to yourself.—We remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.

230.—J. W. INCHBOLD to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

WELL HOUSE, NITON, ISLE OF WIGHT.
10 May 1869.

Dear Wm. Rossetti,—There is a picture of Venice which all our friends seem to like at 27 Cavendish Square, Dr Radcliffe's. . . . It is called *Porto del Mare*; was painted mainly in Venice, from my gondola at the Lido in the morning when the fisher-boats again enter the Porto to their home. Venice herself is seen foreshortened—Murano and Torcello to the extreme right—hills about Verona hinted to the extreme left. The brilliant sails, almost the only echo of the art of Titian and Tintoretto now left, are not, as you know, exaggerated in colour nor character of emblems. I have meant it for that lazy sort of a morning, not unknown also to you, when the hot mist at horizon hides mostly the distant hills of sweet Verona—excepting only those over the island of St Helena, the garden of the Duke de Chambord, the antique heir of France. Such the material—which many have deemed an art-success. I have tried to get the lazy swell of the water and reflections, and that peculiar brilliancy of Venice-nature, without thinking of Mr Turner or Canaletto. But your praise will depend upon the power within the picture itself to touch happily your ideal of right art.

It is a companion-picture to the one hanging in the University College Hospital, and painted by me for the benefit of the poor patients there (the idea originating with my friend Dr Reynolds); and was executed mainly from my gondola in the lagoon before those gardens we enjoyed together one sweet summer evening—gardens too the gift, and only gift worth notice, of the larger Napoleon to your own Venice.

The picture of *Stonehenge from the East* is also there (at 27 Cavendish Square); and may be interesting to some gentleman who wishes to see it, and may rely on the courtesy of the Doctor. It is (as you also, I believe, know) literal as to state of this strange weird ruin at present. I have tried

to secure architectural grandeur and natural sublimity, especially that religiousness by the introduction of the sun setting in the very centre of the altar-like portal; whilst the clouds are meant to suggest what is at once fiery and spiritual, the forms being (as often in nature) scarcely draped in cloudy matter. At the base is a barrow of the big past about which the everlasting flowers are opening seed-petals to the wind.

It is not, as you know, very easy to gain success perfect and complete in a picture like this, painted almost entirely from nature, with another and entirely distinct vision before the imagination, and perhaps with a heart somewhat maimed and broken by that deadly and relentless opposition I seem to inspire most innocently in some quarters. . . .

I think also, if your Brother will be kind enough to send the picture of *Venice* which was at Chelsea, that also will be visible; including as it does all Venice from St Helena to the Church of the Redeemer in the Giudecca. . . .—Ever affectionately yours,

J. W. INCHBOLD.

231.—DANTE ROSSETTI to PROFESSOR NORTON.

[Mason, here mentioned, was the distinguished Painter of landscapes with figures.]

[16 CHEYNE WALK.]

12 May 1869.

My dear Norton,—I am very sorry to have been baulked of my visit to you last night; but just after dinner Mason dropped in, who comes from a distance and is very delicate; so I could not send him adrift, and had to spend the evening with him, and take my walk in his company.

I wanted to speak to you on a matter which W. B. Scott was mentioning to me. There is a very fine portrait of Emerson, by his late Brother David Scott (one of the few great painters this country has ever produced), which has been

placed in the hands of W. J. Linton the engraver, now in America, with a view to sale. I believe Scott would take 60 or 70 guineas for it, and he asked me whether I thought you might possibly give a hint of any probable purchaser. It is a life-size half-length. If I meet you once again, as I still hope, before your leaving London, you might tell me if anything occurs to you on the point.

To-day is my forty-first birthday; and, with most good things gone, and others that will never come now, it is something to know of old friends still friendly, even though one may seldom see them; and to say with how much true sympathy I am—Always yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

232.—MADDOX BROWN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[This letter about a proposed Art-Exhibition speaks for itself. I did not write a series of letters such as Brown suggested. There may have been various reasons (now forgotten by me) for not doing it, and especially this—that I was not then connected with any journal which would have been a fitting medium for such correspondence.]

37 FITZROY SQUARE.
20 May 1869.

My dear William,—In reply to your appeal for advice, I hasten to give it as *my* decided opinion that no good to *Art* can ever come of Exhibitions got up by Committees so utterly untrustworthy as those of the present undertaking and the Dudley Gallery. Their views are precisely those of the Academicians—*only lower*. Some cases of individual injustice or cruelty may no doubt be set right in the present case; but what good to *Art* can result from the springing-up of one more of these numerous *mediocre bungling* Exhibitions? The Oil-exhibition of the Dudley is already a disgrace.

The only thing that could at all benefit art would be an Exhibition of *our own*, which is impossible,—such as did *not* come off at the Hogarth eight years ago.

I think the only good *now* that could be done would be the commencement by yourself, should such be possible, of a series of vigorous letters to some prominent paper, telling the Academicians in *strong* but respectful language precisely what is now required of them. You are quite equal to doing this in perfection, but I should be delighted to aid with any ideas on the subject that I may possess.

Were I to write at greater length, I could not put my views more distinctly than I have done. Come in the first evening you are at liberty; they were saying here only on Sunday that we *never* see you now.—Sincerely yours,

FORD MADOX B.

233.—DANTE ROSSETTI to FREDERICK SANDYS.

[This letter relates to the untoward difference (already referred to in my Diary, No. 210) which arose between Mr Sandys the Painter and my Brother, after some years of close companionship, during which Mr Sandys was for several months a guest resident in Rossetti's house. Rossetti came after a while to think that his friend adopted, though not with conscious intention, subjects for pictures, and to some extent methods of treatment, which had been already schemed out by Rossetti himself, and had been notified among his acquaintances as being his. Rossetti wrote a friendly letter on the subject to Sandys, who replied with two somewhat indignant letters in my possession. Next comes this present letter—which I leave to speak for itself, without commenting on all the details. Some years afterwards—in 1880 or earlier—Mr Sandys evinced a wish to re-knit his old intimacy with Rossetti, who responded with much cordiality; but I believe that, owing in part to his then recluse habits of life, they did not actually meet.]

[16 CHEYNE WALK.
1869—? 1 June.]

My dear Sandys,—Thanks for the £50. I remember your showing me your memoranda to this amount after our return from the country in the autumn of '66. I myself have kept no accounts at any time. You view this payment as the severance of a last tie between us; and any tie of this kind is so unimportant compared to those which you spontaneously broke through in your former letter that I had better proceed at once to reply to that; as I should have done before but for the very painful nature of such reply.

First of all, I must say that I did not even dream of such a result being called for by my first letter to you; but of this you are the best judge, according to the scale of importance at which you rate that letter and the nature of our previous unreserved friendship. I myself should have thought it insincere and unworthy not to speak plainly to so intimate a friend when I felt a difficulty arising between us.

As to the *Lucretia* design, my claim was based mainly on the mirror and reflection of figures in the background, as combined with the subject. This point, according to the description given me (and since on inquiry confirmed), was identical in my design and yours. Without that, the design, as you describe it, is of course absolutely yours, and not mine in the least; and I trust you will paint it. The *Helen* is surely a strong case of resemblance (the position of the figure being the only difference); and, as to the *Magdalene*, the moment taken by me was taken then for the first time in art, and constituted entirely the value of my design.

I must now say what perhaps I did not sufficiently dwell upon in my last note, though I know I indicated it, *i.e.*, that I do not for a moment suppose you to have adopted these points of resemblance with clear intention from my work; but I cannot doubt (I must repeat, to be sincere) that they dwelt in your mind from having seen mine, and there germinated in a new form. The admirable skill with which you carry out all your work is such that, once adopted by you in the shape of complete pictures, the ideas become yours to all

the world, and I could never venture to claim them again under pain of ridicule. That your memory is not infallible (and therefore that such unconscious adoption is not impossible) is proved to me by what you say of not having seen my *Lucretia* except in the photograph. I remember clearly showing you the water-colour, and your looking at it for some time, just about a year ago, when I repainted the figure in it.

Again—do you remember once drawing my attention yourself to the strong resemblance between your first woodcut-design in the *Cornhill* and Tintoret's *St George and the Dragon*? I forget whether you told me that this was intentional, or only noticed by yourself afterwards, but I suppose the latter.

You tell me of my having once claimed two subjects which you proposed to paint—*Perdita* and *Merlin and Nimue*. I am quite certain I never thought at all of painting either subject. If, as I suppose from what you tell me, I raised any claim on these subjects, it must have been on points in your description of your projected designs—not as to the subjects themselves, which I never thought of certainly. I very dimly recollect anything about it, but can just remember receiving the letters which you say you wrote me, and then perceiving the misconception; though, the matter being uncomfortable, I explained no further.

Thus much for rejoinder on the artistic question. You tell me that four or five friends, being consulted, agree with you. I assure you there are many who not only agree with me, but have often suggested these questions of resemblance to me of their own accord.

Any other question than the artistic one it is hardly for me to entertain, as you have told me spontaneously that you “resign my friendship.” I myself hold that friendship should only be resigned when one friend can prove malice or deception against another. Of the first of these I know I am innocent; of the second I should have been to a certain extent guilty if I had held my tongue as soon as I felt strongly impelled to speak. I believe myself firmly in the sincerity and single-mindedness of your friendship for

me till this time, and even in all you say of your pain at the termination to which you have chosen to bring it. You say that you believe this matters little to me; but why you say so I cannot conceive. It is however some relief to know that the separation which you make between us comes at a moment when, to my joy, great success and many friends await you, and that I can on my side remain still—Affectionately yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

234.—DANTE ROSSETTI to FREDERICK SANDYS.

16 CHEYNE WALK.

5 *June* 1869.

My dear Sandys,—I have made no “attempt at self-justification,” for none was needed. I said to you originally what, as an artist, I had a right to say, however its unpleasantness had delayed my saying it; and I did this after proving amply at all times that, as a friend, I was beyond suspicion.

As for giving people’s names, the idea is absurd. I asked you for none when you told me that some friends took your view of the matter. The question is purely one of artistic criticism, whoever raises it; and it would be as ridiculous in me as in you to make it personal to others.

The money-matter I hold to be of no importance, as I showed by keeping no accounts. As you send this again, I merely do not send it back. . . .

I have been unwell; and poor Mike Halliday’s sudden death has combined with other things to make me very sad for a while, though now I am getting round. . . .—Yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

235.—JOHN TUPPER to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[It appears that Tupper had been recommended to offer himself as a candidate for the Slade Professorship of Fine Art at one of the Universities: the observations which he makes in reply were based upon his experience as Master of Geometrical Drawing in Rugby School. In speaking of "Outis," he refers to the fancy-name which he had used in publishing a book (*Hiatus, or The Void in Modern Education*) wherein some of the same considerations are raised.]

RUGBY.

18 June 1869.

Dear William,— . . . And so you have sighted land, and the Shelleian labour is nearly done. After breathing so long in that poetic element, you will come out of it like a swimmer all atremble, and with nerves too high-strung to readily adapt themselves to a thinner, poorer, and less heroic medium. (It's a fact that, after living in the water for a long time, the air has not stuff enough in it to counter-check the enlarged pulse and nerve-play that the *graver* element has excited.) . . .

About the Professorship, it seems better on the whole that things be left to the run of luck. The 'Varsities will no doubt get a literatus, tinctured of course with Art, to do the work. Nothing can come of nothing; and the Fine-Art Professorship will not be a very prosperous and fruitful innovation. You'll see, it will be talkee-talkee, all about principles that no one ever disputes. All the Drawing-Masters, even, would agree with Outis in *principles of art*. No—a man must give the whole treasure of his time and strength to the wrestling with God's angels (these forms of strength and beauty), to do us any good now in art. But it will be comment upon comment, gloss upon gloss, for a while longer. Art-preaching is well; but, without practical culture, discipline, it is ill. Here is the result of my experience (I have this to myself—it is *my* little bit of discovery). The

substance (*sub-stans*) of all poetry, art, etc., is feeling, emotion. That is the first and only healthy state of art; and comes when *all the co-ordinated faculties* utter their speech spontaneously, unconsciously, automatically (emotionally). Next, we grow conscious of this utterance; the emotion is "cognized"; and *an emotion thought upon* is an *intellection*. So Art becomes a thing of the mind, and not a felt fact. . . .—Good-bye.

J. L. TUPPER.

236.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

PONTE VECCHIO 2.

24 June 1869.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . I hear that Mr Forster has finished his *Life of Landor*. . . . He promised to return me the papers which I lent him long ago. . . . They were about fifty letters, odes, scraps, conversations, and slips out of newspapers. . . . I found the other day half-a-dozen more scraps in a box; and I sent them to Swinburne, if they are worth his looking over. . . .—Ever yours,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

237.—DR GARNETT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

["The story of Shelley's consultation with Basil Montagu" was to the effect that Shelley, after separating from his Wife Harriet, and forming a connection with Mary Godwin, had consulted Montagu as to whether it would be fitting or not to invite Harriet to house with Mary and himself.]

BRITISH MUSEUM.

13 July 1869.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . I never before heard the story of Shelley's consultation with Basil Montagu; but it is quite

of a piece with all I know of his conduct at the time, and confirms what I have always said, that, although he would no longer cohabit with Harriet, he had no idea of abandoning her. I thought from the first that Hookham was probably Browning's informant. This makes it nearly a moral certainty that the letter from Harriet referred to by Swinburne was written about the beginning of July. I do not believe that Shelley was insane at the period, but I dare say he was quite sufficiently excited for Hookham to think so. You may remember a remarkable passage in Hogg, near the end, where he speaks of certain visions or hallucinations which Shelley had on a walk from Bracknell to Horsham about the beginning of June, and therefore before the date of these transactions.

I leave town for a fortnight on Monday ; and, having much to do before my departure, I am afraid that I should not be able to annotate your MS. just now. If it has not gone to press by the beginning of August, I shall be very glad to peruse it again. . . . I will now mention one important correction. You say that Godwin and his Wife readily acquiesced in Shelley's connection with Mary. On the contrary, they were extremely angry, and, upon Shelley and Mary's return from the Continent, ignored them altogether. I cannot find that any communication took place until November 1815. There is a story of Godwin's seeing Shelley from a distance in the Park while they were estranged, and remarking that "he was so beautiful, it was a pity he should be so wicked!" . . .

I am glad you have met Miss Blind. She is a very interesting person, and has the keenest sympathy with imaginative power, wherever manifested, particularly in Shelley, Swinburne, and your Brother. I hope she will be able to do some good with Miss Rumble, and that the lady's relics may prove to be valuable. I have seen plenty of letters from Emilia, usually beginning "Caro fratello." They are very interesting, of course ; but, when you have read one, you seem to have read them all.—Yours very sincerely,

R. GARNETT,

238.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

PONTE VECCHIO 2.

14 July 1869.

My dear Friend,—Yours of the 6th has just arrived, and I hasten to thank you for it, and the kind compliment enclosed from your Essay; which I esteem a high honour, and for which I am grateful. . . .

Pietrocola made me acquainted (photographically) with all your family. He and his Wife are excellent persons and warm-hearted souls. He has the greatest affection for the memory of your dear Father, whom I consider one of the martyrs of science. He was before his age, as most discoverers have been in former times. Now it is different. Neither Watt nor Morse, both of whom I knew, has been *collato* by the Inquisition, like Galileo and Machiavelli. . . .

Lord Vernon wanted me to illustrate his Dante. I would not attempt it, after my old friend and master, Flaxman; and I proposed monuments, views, portraits, pictures, etc., one before every canto, and a vignette at the end of each, and about twenty for the introduction. As there were some cantos where no monuments are mentioned, I proposed a sort of panorama, uniting many subjects, as the old painters did—

1. The three beasts, Virgil, the Sciajurati, and Charon.
2. Limbo and the Poets.
3. The *bufera degli amanti*,* Cerberus, Plutus, and the Avari and Prodighi.
4. The telegraph and Dite, with the boat of Phlegyas.
5. The city of Dite, the Minotaur, the *burato*, the Centaurs, the wood of Suicides, the burning sand and shower of fire, Dante on the margin of the canal;—

and so on, uniting many subjects in one view as the oldest masters sometimes did. Some of my drawings were afterwards spoiled by retouching them by ignorant artists; and

* Whirlwind of the Lovers.

the Zodiac is a failure, owing to the ignorance of the Editor, to whom Lord Vernon had not explained it before his death. I will tell you how to correct it. It is a thing of my own invention. The plates are marked S.K., V., P.L., for me, Lord Vernon, and Paolo Lasinio the engraver. I withdrew from the affair, for I found I was being sacrificed as well as tormented by the caprices of my Lord, who was in such a hurry to publish that he would not allow the engraver to finish properly, and yet the book has been thirty years coming out! A copy has been sent to the National Library in a shabby paper cover, uncut when I saw it. I don't know the present Lord Vernon. . . .

I am glad you have secured the friendship of Trelawny. He is a noble fellow. He is not only my greatest and best friend, but the best friend I ever heard of, and he has great natural talents. The more you know him, the more you will like him. . . .

I saved Rossini's life fifteen years ago—strychnine!

Salute your cousins and all your family and A. C. S[winburne].—With sincere affection, yours ever,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

Browning told me that Landor had cut Forster (if I understood right), but that L[andor]'s family had given him help and encouragement to write his Life. I never saw F[orster]; but it was to please Browning and commemorate L[andor] that I sent the letters etc. to B[rowning], who sent them to F[orster], who wrote me a note thanking me for the loan of them. . . .

239.—LUCY BROWN (ROSSETTI) to MADOX BROWN.

[I give this scrap as affording a slight glimpse of William Morris. He had started for the Continent with his Wife, and his Sister-in-law Miss Burdon, and had invited Lucy Brown to join in the trip. Miss Burdon and Miss Brown, having

reached Cologne through Ghent and other cities, returned to London after a few days—Mr and Mrs Morris proceeding further on their way.—The Rue de la Cloche, Calais, contains the house in which Madox Brown was born.]

HÔTEL MEURICE, RUE DE GUISE, CALAIS.

[19 July 1869.]

My dearest Papa,—We arrived here, where we are likely to remain till to-morrow, as Mrs Morris is feeling by no means well after the journey. . . . The heat is so intense it is almost unendurable. I am writing in the courtyard, which is a great improvement on the house. Mr Morris is also writing, or attempting to write, poetry; but the jabbering of about a dozen Frenchmen is, I fancy, disturbing to him (as I find myself inclined to write some of their remarks). . . . I was too tired to go to the Rue de la Cloche on our return. I mean to go there this evening, however. . . .—Your very loving child,

LUCY.

P.S.—Mr Morris *has* written fifty lines, and has gone for a turn in the town.

240.—MATHILDE BLIND to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

2 WINCHESTER ROAD, ADELAIDE ROAD.

20 July 1869.

Dear Mr Rossetti,—I was highly pleased on receiving your version of the Shelley anecdote, although it differs in some of the details from the story as told me by Miss Rumble. As I wrote it down on the evening of hearing it, as soon as I reached home, I believe it is, at any rate, a correct statement of what I heard myself. I have copied it out for you exactly as I find it in my note-book. You will see that it is there expressly stated that the story belongs to the time when the Gisbornes were in England, and the Shelleys occupying their

house. The knife was a pistol, still more dangerous a weapon in Shelley's hand ; and the fact of the woman being the wife of the man who was bullying her makes Shelley's rage even more natural. The story, it seems, was told to Miss Rumble by the servants themselves, and also mentioned by Mrs Shelley in some letter, I forget to whom. Miss Rumble also spoke to me of Shelley's and Mrs Gisborne's belief in apparitions, and told me some little thing connected with it, which however I cannot clearly recollect. I think that Trelawny mentions something of the same kind in his *Recollections* referring to Shelley and Byron. . . .

Shelley appears to me as a unique apparition among the great poets of the world. He is our "bright and morning star" among the stellar splendours. . . .—Very faithfully yours,

MATHILDE BLIND.

When Shelley was staying in the villa of the Gisbornes during their absence in England, a most droll incident occurred, which Miss Rumble told me. It appears that the servants Giuseppe and Annunziata, who were man and wife, had been left behind with the Shelleys. One evening there had sprung up a thorough conjugal tempest ; and Shelley, hearing Giuseppe abusing his Wife very savagely and also ill-using her, rushed upon him with a pistol, shouting "I'll shoot you, I'll shoot you!" The startled fellow ran for his very life, Shelley after him ; till the former, coming to a shrubbery of laurels, managed to slip under them. Shelley in his eagerness darting past him, he in a few minutes found it possible to dodge back into the house unperceived. Shelley, seeing him no more, at last went back to the house ; where, to his unutterable surprise, he found Giuseppe and Annunziata sitting together in the most amicable manner, addressing each other as "Caro" and "Carissima." "But were you not quarrelling even now?" exclaimed the perplexed poet. "Quarrelling?" said Giuseppe with mock innocence. "No, Signor, we never quarrelled." "But I have been running after you in order to shoot you." "No, Signor, you never

ran after me, for I have been sitting here for the last hour or more. You must have fancied all this." And, Giuseppe and Annunziata (who had both been considerably frightened) continuing to assure him that they had had no quarrel, and Mary Shelley, whom they had let into the secret, saying the same, Shelley was at last utterly mystified, and half inclined himself to believe that he must have fancied it.

Miss Rumble also told me that Shelley, who was in the habit of using a little warming-pot (or whatever else it is with which it is customary in Italy to warm the hands in winter), one day went running about the house screaming "Fire, fire!" till everybody was running about fairly frightened to see where it could be. At last it was discovered that Shelley's own jacket had caught fire from the thing he held in his hands.

Unfortunately I could recollect but one sentence from the letters of Emilia Viviani, which ran as follows to the best of my knowledge. She compares herself to the flowers of the dawn, who have all the freshness of the dew upon them, and whose honey has been robbed as yet by no bee; "you alone have been my bee, O adorato Sposo."

241.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[By "the old lady" is meant Miss Losh, a Cousin of Miss Boyd of Penkill Castle. Mr Brown did not avail himself of the invitation here conveyed.—The "stables" spoken of in the P.S. were those proper to Rossetti's house in Cheyne Walk.]

PENKILL CASTLE, NEAR GIRVAN, Ayrshire.

19 August 1869.

Dear Brown,—Here I am since yesterday, having spent one day on the road with the old lady. Everything is as jolly as possible, and everybody wants *you*. So you see you *must* come instantly on receipt of this. You will enjoy yourself greatly, and even profit in subject-matter for some-

thing to a certainty. . . . Change carriages at Kilmarnock, and go on at once to Ayr. Here you would arrive at 10.50, and would have to stay there till 3.32, which time you could occupy in grog at *the Tam O'Shanter*, where you would see T[am] o' S[hanter]'s and Souter Johnny's chairs and drinking-horns. . . .—Ever yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

P.S.—On Monday I actually got possession of the stables, and broke down the door separating them from the garden. On soberly considering them, I think them most promising.

242.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI,
Penkill Castle.

[In my *Memoir of Dante Rossetti* I have given extracts from letters which he wrote to me in 1869; when, having caused a large proportion of his poems to be privately printed (with a tolerably clear view towards early publication), he sent the proofs to me, inviting comment and revision. Here I give a few out of the many remarks I made in response. The pagination quoted is of course that of the *private* printing, and does not apply to the published volume. Pages 16 and 18 belong to *The Burden of Nineveh*. *Mary in Summer* was a very early poem (dating perhaps in 1846) which has not been published. *Placatâ Venere* is a sonnet, the same as the much-debated *Nuptial Sleep*.]

56 EUSTON SQUARE.
23 August [1869].

Dear Gabriel,—I have been reading your poems all the evening with intense pleasure: they are (as I know from of old) most splendid, and ought to be published without any not seriously motived delay. Some of the old ones, like *Staff and Scrip*, to which my memory was entirely faithful but rather blurred, are even better than I would have

affirmed. . . . I have made various, but not *many*, press-corrections, not needing any notification. . . .

Page 16. Egyptian mummies—

Even to some
Of these thou wert antiquity.

This statement, literally accepted, is no doubt true: but you know Egyptian civilization and art are far *older* than Ninevite, and I think the *impression* from your passage runs counter to this fact.

18.—

Eldest grown of earthly queens.

The same consideration arises, and more unequivocally.

21. *Ave*.—I would retain this, and consider your note a most ample saving-clause. . . .

65. I doubt whether the effect of the *long* lines in this poem is quite satisfactory to the ear—as

So my maiden, so my modest may.

They have the great value of specializing the lyrical rhythm—and, if you advisedly like them, you are probably right. . . .

85. *Mary in Summer*.—I could not *recommend* its omission, but can't exactly dissuade. It is very pretty.

91. I am sorry to perceive, on reading this Italian poem with a strict technical view, that several lines are decidedly un-Italian in metre. Your knowledge of the fact will confirm mine—that one can't in Italian go on the merely accentual plan of *Christabel* etc. etc.: every foot (barring elision of vowels) must be two syllables and no more. All these lines are peccant ones—

↳ E piangendo disse
Dello stanco sole [etc.] . . .

147. *The Choice*.—I incline to the admission of these sonnets.

Care, gold, and care—

Is this rightly printed? I think the *drift* of the sonnet might gain if you could make the speaker jeer against

thought—any serious purpose in life—as well as money-making. As long as he prefers pleasure to that, he seems to be about right—and I don't suppose you mean he should so seem altogether.

Put-in *Placatâ Venere* by all means—at any rate, so long as the collection remains private. I must re-read the poem before expressing a distinct opinion as to publication. . . .—
Your

W. M. R.

P.S.—P. 16. I also rather doubt the phrase “a pilgrim” as applied to these Egyptians. I understand it to mean what we should call “an art-pilgrim”—a tourist with an archaeological object. I suspect these mummies were innocent of such purposes—or at the extreme utmost would have “done” Egypt. Nineveh is very distant, and alien too. If it is a *religious* pilgrim—as a consulter of the Oracle at Delphi, for instance—I believe it is equally or more untenable.

243.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI,
Penkill Castle.

[P. 157 relates to the Sonnet *Retro me Sathana*; 169 to that upon Giorgione's picture in the Louvre; 175 to that for Rossetti's picture *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin*; 199 etc. to the prose tale *Hand and Soul*. The Sonnet *The Bullfinch* was published under a different name, *Beauty and the Bird*.—As to “Miss Losh's architectural works” etc. a letter from Dante Rossetti has been published dated 21 August 1869.]

56 EUSTON SQUARE.
24 August [1869.]

Dear Gabriel,—I have just finished the proofs.

P. 157. I don't quite like

Many years, many months, and many days.

If I remember right, there used to be a particular number

given, which I think better in effect, though perhaps too mannered. I'm not sure but that I should prefer

For certain years and certain months and days. . . .

169.—

Life touching lips with Immortality.

A very fine line: but I almost think I like the old original one best, as related to the picture. This new one seems to trench a little too much on the ideal—which is not to me at all the effect of the picture, but only poetry by way of intensity, or one might say *saturation*—and the old line realized that. . . .

175.—

Unto God's will she brought devout respect.

There is something prosaic in this line, I think. I am certain it has tribulated you much, and probably you are not yourself satisfied with it.

177. *Venus Verticordia*.—I think this title has been discussed with you before. Lemprière makes a very startling statement: "Venus was also surnamed . . . Verticordia, because she could turn the hearts of women to cultivate chastity." If this is at all correct, it is clear that the Verticordian Venus is, technically, just the contrary sort of Venus from the one you contemplate—she must be a phase of Venus Urania.

185. *The Bullfinch*.—I would put it in: it is good, and relieves the *tension* of the collection. I don't however quite like the phrases "Brave head and kind," and "I felt made strong."

Placatâ Venere should go in, even in a published form. For that I think you might *perhaps* reconsider the title, which appears to me a nearer approach to indecorum than anything in the sonnet itself.

199. Their crucifixes and *addolorate*.

I will not answer for it, but this sounds to me rather anachronistic. I am not sure that you would find *any* *addolorata* at these early dates, and am pretty confident such a treatment is not *characteristic* of the time. The Virgin with

seven swords stuck through her heart, and all that sort of thing, I think is late; it smacks to me of Jesuitism, St Theresa, etc. . . .

202, 207. Church of San Rocco *must* be changed: this Saint was not yet born—died in 1322. . . .

Mamma sent Christina your letter about Miss Losh's architectural works etc.; they must be very interesting, and ought to be properly recorded in print by some expert. Love at Penkill from your

W. M. ROSSETTI.

. . .

244.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[The "dreadful grief" of Mr Frederick Craven (who in these years was a steady purchaser of paintings by Brown and by Rossetti) was connected with a carriage-accident: I rather think a Daughter of his had been killed.]

PENKILL.

26 August 1869.

Dear Brown,—Three pleasant people are desiring you, and you really *must* make up your mind to come. All the pleasures of this place, which are old to us, will be new to you, and that will renew them to us also. So here is one of the sympathetic moments of life awaiting you, and you do not hurry to it.

Tin be blowed! The question is not so grave as to be a real delay. If necessary, of course I can send what is wanted till your work gets done, some of which you could very well do here. There is a capital studio. Moreover, you were thinking of a Nativity; and a spot there is here is the very background you want, both in material and lovely simple colour, and even suggests of itself the composition.

I suppose I shall certainly be staying-on a fortnight

from to-day ; but whether longer, or how much longer, I cannot tell. . . .

My news from Ems leads me to suppose that the second Thursday from this may probably bring the travellers back. . . . Janey writes that she is not worse than at her last writing, when the news was very hopeful ; but I can see by the tone of her letter, and indeed by much she says plainly, that she is discouraged at the slow progress made. . . .

I am extremely shocked to hear of poor Craven's dreadful grief, and must write him. . . .

Perhaps William may have shown you the article on me in *Tinsley's Magazine* for September. It is . . . encouraging. After twenty years, one stranger has learned that one exists. He is so enthusiastic about our old friend *My Sister's Sleep* that I shall have, I suppose, to include it in my present reprint ; . . . because such commencement of publicity would be likely to lead to its getting reprinted somehow some day, and there are things which should be altered in it. . . . I gather that next month William will be procluded upon.

Scott is working in his steady though leisurely way. The sketches for his windows at Kensington (I don't know if you've seen them up there) are extremely clever ; and he has lately done three or four Burns illustrations which are really most beautiful in invention and high feeling, and altogether I think much the best he has done. His work on Albert Durer is affording us evening readings, and must I think prove a success. People do not know how much in the way of autobiography and letters exists by A[lbert] D[urer.] . . .

He and Miss Boyd send united love, and injunctions to come at once. The weather here is splendid—only very hot for walking. . . .—Your affectionate

D. GABRIEL R.

245.—W. D. O'CONNOR to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

WASHINGTON.
28 August 1869.

My dear Mr Rossetti,—I have recently hit upon a new method of making cast steel in a very short time and at a very low price—an invention, as you may imagine, of extreme value; and my complete submersion in the experiments at the foundry, and the effort to put the enterprise on a commercial footing, as well as my other engrossing occupation in official (Light-house) business, must be my excuse for the delay in answering your kind and welcome letter of July 13th, which, with its precious enclosure, duly reached me, as also did your note of the 8th instant.

I will not ask the dear lady's name, since you prefer not to be questioned about it; but, if I knew it, I would treasure it in my heart of hearts. . . . I would not seem high-flown or extravagant in my avowals, but it is only the simplest truth to say that I read these extracts with the deepest emotion. . . . Doubtless, they affected me as they could not you. For I am a daily and intimate witness of the multiform varieties of insult and outrage showered upon our poet—all that can show the littleness and baseness, the indescribable stupidity and malignity, of human beings, from the petty affronts of titmen and mannikins on the pavement to the sweltered venom of Lowell in the dull Review. Living in the midst of all this, judge of my indignation and dejection; and judge then of the re-assurance, the comfort, and the exaltation, such words as your friend's must afford me. . . . I felt, after reading them, as one who, surrounded by a vast and crowded amphitheatre, tiers upon tiers of faces wrinkled with derision or puckered with hostility, sees, lonely amidst the multitude, a countenance radiant with the soul.

It would be idle to attempt to say what comes to me, in the brief space of a letter; but, among the many precious things in your friend's MS., I must treasure her perception of the *organic* character of *Leaves of Grass*—its mutuality of

relations, sense and form corresponsive, like body and spirit, and her apprehension of its electrical and ample grandeur. . . . There are, besides, many sentences which have a divine eloquence. "Our instincts are beautiful facts of Nature, as well as our bodies." . . . "Who so well able to judge wisely of the book as one who, having been a happy wife and mother, has learned to accept with tenderness, to feel a sacredness in, all the facts of nature?" . . . "It is only lovers and poets who may say what they will :—the lover to his own ; *the poet to all, because all are in a sense his own.*" These lines are themselves poems. . . . I confess to brooding upon them with as much amazement as thankfulness.

I could not see Mr Whitman immediately, so sent the packet to him, and did not meet him till the succeeding day. He said little, but his tone and manner were of deep import. He read the extracts several times, and wished to keep them. I think he was profoundly moved, and for days afterwards it seemed to me that his Olympian front was surcharged with a tender pensiveness. One day he said, referring to the packet, that he "often felt that his book was mainly written for great wives and mothers, and its purport would be best apprehended by them." This is the most memorable or reportable thing I heard from him.

I gave him your messages, and he bade me return you his kindest remembrances.

Receive my cordial thanks for your letter and the ever-prized enclosure. You could not have given me a gift more beautiful. I am as one endowed with a branch of stars. . . .

Our latest sensation is Mrs Stowe's account of Byron. A scandalous and shameful apocalypse ; without even the merit of novelty, for I heard it, and despised it, a dozen years ago. One would fancy Mrs Stowe demented to issue this old foul romance, without one scrap of evidence, and pregnable on every side. Poor Byron ! . . . I do hope the English reviews will bring Mrs Stowe to her senses. Here, the condemnation is universal. . . .—Faithfully yours,

W. D. O'CONNOR,

246.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI,
Penkill Castle.

[My statement as to some degree of obscurity in *Sister Helen* applied to the poem as it originally stood—*i.e.*, without its present opening stanza. *Violet or the Danseuse* is a novel first published towards 1840, and much admired by Dante Rossetti: he wrote to *Notes and Queries* enquiring as to its authorship, but no solution was forthcoming. The novel is understood to be the work of a lady; some names have been suggested, but not, I think, with any final certainty.]

56 EUSTON SQUARE.

28 August [1869].

Dear Gabriel,—A few words in reply to yours of Thursday.

I had a suspicion, but not distinct idea, that your Italian versification might be based on some analogy of very old poems. Have now looked (very slightly as yet, but will continue, and write further about it) into some old Italian poems. As yet I find no confirmation of your view in any save *very* old poems: in some of these apparent—but I think only *apparent*—confirmation. For instance, Odo delle Colonne, 1245:

Distretto core e amoroso
Gioioso mi fa cantare,
E certo s'io son pensoso
Non è da maravigliare.

My own belief is however that these irregularities are not of the *accentual-equivalent* class of yours, but reducible to two heads—non-elision of vowels, and rapid transition from iambic to trochaic structure. I scan thus:

Distrét/to cór e á/moró/so
Gióio/só mi/ fá can/táre,
E cér/to s'í/o són/ pensó/so
Nón è/ dá ma/rávi/gliáre.

No doubt the trochees of 2 and 4 (particularly 2) are *arbi-*

trary trochees, not conformable to at any rate modern accentuation: still, I understand them to be theoretic trochees. One might say the same of your line,

É dis/sé ri/déndo :

but I don't think it could be *justified* at the present day. . . .

Song and Music I would retain. . . .

I agree with Scotus about *Sister Helen*: have always considered it an exercise to one's ingenuity of comprehension, but not an unfair exercise. I really can't say there is anything else in particular I think in need of making-out—though I think it true various of the poems demand a poetical apprehension to seize them in their fullness. I fancy most readers will be abroad at the opening of *Nocturn*, but will gradually, as they proceed, guess what the informing idea is. I wouldn't be disposed to elucidate. . . .

My Sister's Sleep is, to my thinking, fully good enough to go in, after revision—and your present reason for putting it in conclusive. Christina is sending you a transcript, and will no doubt read the proofs of the poems as you suggest. . . .—Your

W. M. ROSSETTI.

Your question about *Violet or the Danseuse* is at last in *M[otes] and Q[ueries]*. They can give no explanation: only that there is no evidence in favour of Miss Brougham, nor (I should think not) of Lytton, who it seems had also been started. . . .

247.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[“Poor Payne” was the Rev. J. Burnell Payne, who had, more or less definitely, relinquished clerical duty, and taken up with fine-art criticism etc.]

PENKILL CASTLE.
[? 31 August 1869.]

Dear Brown,—Your letter is too calmly brutal. However, I trust, before you get this, you will have received our despatches sent yesterday, and been brought to reason. There is no excuse for you if you don't come.

I am very much grieved to hear of poor Payne's death. He was a good fellow, a good friend, and a man of true inclination to good things in art and poetry. It is singular how these rare birds—whether patrons or critics—get picked off one by one; while no man ever heard of the putrid Academic sty being prematurely a pig the worse for all the epidemics and cattle-plagues that turn up.

Leys's death is almost as unexpected. However, his work is done, and well done. When I saw him some year and a half ago, I should never have thought him a likely man for Death to tackle.

Do explain yourself *by return of post* about Byron. I know of nothing bearing on the subject, and am most excited to hear. If anything in print that can be sent easily, please send it. . . .

Weather has improved here as to coolness, and walking is much less arduous. Do come.

My last news from Ems shows very gradual progress, but still some, I suppose. Miracles are evidently not to be expected. I am very glad to hear what you tell me of Emma's improvement. Love to her and all yours.—Your affectionate

D. G. R.

248.—MADDOX BROWN to LUCY BROWN (ROSSETTI),
Shanklin.

[The portraits which Cathy (Mrs Hueffer) proposed to paint were in fact painted, and very good works they both are—the likeness of Maddox Brown a valuable one.—“The

Jacob" means *Jacob and Joseph's Coat* (the Sons of Jacob showing him the coat of many colours after the falsely invented death of Joseph); this version of the composition seems to be the smaller oil-picture which was bought by Mr Brockbank.—I do not think that Oliver Brown ever painted a picture of Danaë.—"Marie" is Mrs Stillman (then Miss Spartali): Lucy Brown was on a visit to her and her parents. I do not well recollect Mrs Stillman's "drawing of the girls with the peacock," and still less any verses which Madox Brown may have written to illustrate that work.—The initials which I give—H., and G. H.—are not correct.]

37 FITZROY SQUARE.

8 September 1869.

Dearest Lucy,— . . . Cathy . . . has fixed, for her winter-work, to paint a portrait of *me*, and a picture of her *Ma* in the black and flame-powdered grenadine, sitting near the window in the drawing-room at needlework, but *musings*; it looks most lovely in nature, so I hope may turn out well, only *poor Mamma* will have a *dose of it*. Nolly is just finishing the *Jacob* for me; when he will begin his winter-works, *Exercising* (water-colour) and *Danaë* (oil). I am still at *The Entombment*, but have worked a little at *Jacob*. I have also tried my hand at a song, to suit Marie's drawing of the girls with the peacock, which Morris ought to have written. I should have sent it you, but cannot satisfy myself with it. I have tried it in English, and in French, in the form of three *triolet*s; and I think I shall now try it as a sonnet, and perhaps send you all three. . . .

Rossetti is still at Penkill, and at last seems to have left off writing me elaborately worked-out itineraries to Penkill Castle, followed up by exhortations not to be a sneak but to start at once. The Morrises have started on their way back. . . .

We called on the H's—drearier than dreariness' self, but they are good people. G. H. is there; who to his Brother . . . is in brilliancy what *he* is in brilliancy to the rest of mankind. Occasion led me to remark that the late lamented Leys had

a large nose, which imparted a stupid look to the rest of his countenance. Emma declares the two Brothers looked at each other in dismay. . . .

Tell our friend Marie that she *must* think of her designs for next season; and, if it is my fate and destiny to become a *persistent bore*, then I must become one, that's all.

One of Nolly's efts has disappeared. The chameleon (a much more important affair) also disappeared *twice*—the second time for a day and a half; but was found early one morning ascending the banisters, and Nolly declares his joy at meeting him was touching—I mean the chameleon's. . . .
—Your ever affectionate Pa,

FORD MADOX B.

249.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI,
Penkill Castle.

[The proofs of Mr Scott belonged to his book, *Albert Durer, his Life and Works*.—My "Notice of Byron" was the Prefatory Notice in the edition of Byron's poems in the series *Moxon's Popular Poets*. Whoever told me that Byron was very like his half-sister Mrs Leigh must have been mistaken. The resemblance, if indeed there was any, was slight indeed.]

56 EUSTON SQUARE.
12 September [1869].

Dear Gabriel,—Your revised proofs reached me the other day, and I have now looked them through so far (only) as to answer the points hitherto left aside in your letters.

P. 24.—

The sea
Sighed further off, etc.

The present lines very good, and I assume better than the old ones, though I don't remember these last-named with entire clearness. But unfortunately there is a very serious objection which I had not reflected about before. Nazareth

is *quite inland*, about equidistant from the Mediterranean and the Lake of Tiberias: the sea could no more be heard there than in London or Birmingham. I know one may care too much for objections of this sort, yet I think the local mendacity is too glaring. . . .

5.—

Was she not stepping to my side
Down all the trembling stair?

I prefer trembling to tremulous—and think the objection, as connected with “stepping,” infinitesimal. It would be another matter if the two words occupied like *positions* in the verse.

6.—

With angels in strong level *flight*.

I suppose this should on the whole be preferred to *lapse*. Yet I like the *visual impression* created by the latter word a good deal the better: it looks like sailing through the air without any *motion* of the wings (as one often sees birds), and gives more the idea of serial succession. . . .

8. You say last line of stanza 3 sounds shortish. I don't perceive it at all as regards that line,

Wherein Love descries his goal:

rather as regards

And the funeral goes by—

but would not on any account alter this last. . . .

7. I think *Nocturn* is perceptibly clearer with the restored stanza 2, which contains besides some very fine lines. . . .

39. *Sister Helen* is far clearer with the new opening stanza: and the one further on is a fine one.

Tell Scotus I now have his proofs U and X, and retain them unexamined till I hear further from him.

What do you and he think of the Byron affair—if indeed you have had an opportunity of following its phases? The question is a practical one to me, as I must make *some* modification in the notice of Byron I wrote lately. At first I assumed that the story would scarcely bear being called in question: but the controversy inclines me to regard it as yet

open to a good deal of doubt. The great point to determine would be about the child born of the incest, and kept by Lady Byron for some while, as affirmed by Mrs Stowe: but nobody elucidates that. The first thing I did was to look up B[yron]'s poems addressed to his half-sister, and I certainly consider that they tell *very strongly* against the story. One might explain them away as calculated deception, but I should hesitate to adopt that view. . . .—Your

W. M. ROSSETTI.

By the way, I don't at all agree in the obloquy lavished on Mrs Stowe.

Do you remember whether it is said that Byron was very *like* his half-sister? If so (some one of no authority told me the other day that so it was), the suggestion that there was really no blood-relationship between the two vanishes. Otherwise this suggestion, which some one made in *The Times*, deserves *some* consideration. The first Mrs Byron was a divorced Lady Carmarthen, . . . mother of Augusta; and, if she played her husband Byron false, and bore Augusta to another man, there *could* be no "incest"—as the mothers of the poet and Augusta were two different women.

250.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI to DANTE ROSSETTI,
Penkill Castle.

[My reference to a "prose synopsis" made by my Brother applies to his having made such a synopsis of an intended poem, *The Orchard-pit*: of the poem itself hardly anything was ever written.—"Emma" (here named) was not Mrs Madox Brown, but a servant of my Brother.]

EUSTON SQUARE.
16 September [1869].

Dear Gabriel,— . . . P. 7. *Love's Nocturn*.—Stanzas 1 and 2, as now altered by you, are decidedly perspicuous, and I

don't think more needs doing. I exactly agree with you as to the *pros and cons* of "Dreamland"—*pros* prevailing. I think it *considerably* better that the poem should be made to express an actual love, rather than an ideal amatory proclivity; and I think also, with you, that there is next to nothing in the poem to force the latter conception on the reader's notice.

9. Stanza, "As since man" etc.—The whole image, and especially (as verses) lines 2 and 3, are so good that I think you should make an effort to *adapt* rather than reject this stanza. . . .

Mary's Girlhood.—"This is that blessed Mary." I do think the repetition of phrase in the *Sibylla* sonnet a sound—not a *very* grave—objection. "'Tis of that" seems to me too peculiar—too much of the P.R.B. twang. . . .

Autumn Idleness, and *A Match with the Moon*.—Both very good. The latter has a playful quaintness, but nothing exceptionable.

Card-Dealer very good indeed now.

I am glad to hear you are writing so much, and to so good a result—and interested to hear of your "prose synopsis" plan. I remember Alfieri gives some curious details about the structural system of composition he adopted, and, if I can find the passage and think it would amuse you, will send some particulars one day.

The wombat, whom I saw yesterday, is the greatest lark you can imagine: possibly the best of wombats I have seen. She (for I believe it is a she) is but little past babyhood, and of a less wiry surface than the adult wombat: very familiar, following one's footsteps about the room, and trotting after one if one quickens pace—and fond of nestling up into any hollow of arms or legs, and nibbling one's trowsers, etc. Wombat can by exertion and rigour be made to sit up like a man, but resists to the utmost of her force, which is indeed considerable. I am glad to perceive that Emma is very fond of her. Wombat scares the cat, but fraternizes with the rabbits. Sighs from time to time, but emits no other sound that I heard. . . .

Now for the Italian poem. . . . Theodoric . . . spoke to me (as he puts it in his letter) of your *senarii*. It did not happen to us to pursue the subject very systematically ; but I understood him to imply that an Italian would regard the exceptional feet in your verses, not as simple laxities of disyllabic metre, but as unauthorized interpolations of trisyllabic metre. . . . I understood Teodorico to regard such lines as these—

E disse ridendo—
La state talora—

as consisting simply of two trisyllables apiece—just like the confessedly and *unalteringly* trisyllabic metre of Papa's *Salterio*—*senarii*, as his own preface terms them—

Qual' alba tranquilla,
Che lieto orizzonte,
Già dietro a quel monte, etc. . . .

—Your

W. M. ROSSETTI.

251.—WILLIAM BELL SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The poem which Mr Scott terms *The Sea-Margin* must be *The Sea-Limit* (or, as now printed, *Sea-limits*). The last two lines of it, in the privately printed sheets, stand thus :

Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
Grey and not known, along its path.

I think it would have been a pity if my Brother had cut-out these lines. He did not do so ; but he added to the poem two stanzas which are not in the privately printed copy.]

PENKILL.
1 October [1869].

Dear W. M.—Spottiswoode has sent me a revise (one also sent to you). I have made the various corrections you pointed out as necessary in your last. . . .

Gabriel writes me he has done the best he has yet accomplished in the *Eden Bower*, and that it drove Maria and Christina out of the room. . . .

I still want him to try a reconsideration of the two last lines of *The Sea-Margin*. He tells me you thought them the soul of the verses. This may be true, at least they give the necessary completion to the idea ; and I feel that their expression is also in harmony with the sentiment. Still, they have the boy's love of quaintness, and are in a certain way vapid. He *would* not write so now. . . . —Ever yours,

W. B. S.

. . . .

252.—DR HAKE to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[This must be the first, or very nearly the first, letter written to Rossetti by Dr Hake, who from this time forward became one of his intimates. It was as far back as 1840 that Dr Hake had published a strange romance named *Vates, or the Philosophy of Madness*: my Brother read it (perhaps towards 1844), and was struck by its singular qualities. After some few years he wrote endeavouring to trace the author of *Vates*, but the two did not actually meet until 1869.]

ROEHAMPTON.

8 October 1869.

My dear Sir,—Your kind letter gives me so much pleasure and encouragement, I find it impossible to express myself in any other way than by explaining to you what just cause I have of gratitude. You will understand me when I tell you that I have from time to time addressed myself to publishers, and to some few literary friends, without avail ; and that your reception of me, crowned by your letter, constitutes the first act of sympathy that my endeavours have ever called forth. That you should have not only appreciated my writing but have avowed it so generously is unique in the history of my life, and is an exception to the estimate I had formed of the

literary character. When you spoke to me so feelingly, as to one who deserved something of the world, I felt ashamed; as one might feel who accepted honour that he had not earned. Let me end this explanation by saying that you have been the means of restoring me to my confidence in human nature.

That you could not so have acted, or have written to me as you have done, except through real conviction, I know fully; and yet I would ask you to let the whole weight of obligation rest with me alone, so sincere is the pleasure it yields me.

I have always been unwilling to believe that I had been working outside the limits of human sympathy, having been constantly affected by whatever was great in another. And, should you finally be confirmed in your thought that a unity pervades our views, my hope is that I may enjoy your confidence, and one day your friendship; and that we may look together into some of the great problems of nature and art. Your translations will be my study for a long time to come; they open to me a new world of beauty, and I perceive how greatly they will strengthen me in some things, and correct me in others.—I am, my dear Sir, always yours sincerely,

T. G. HAKE.

253.—WILLIAM BELL SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

PENKILL.

11 *October* [1869].

Dear W.—On reading over the proof again after the post has gone, I find I must trouble you with another note preparatory to your looking at the revise.

P. iv. . . .

I really think if I were to die next day by the hangman, as penalty for leaving uncorrected blunders, I should infallibly go to the scaffold.—Yours,

W. B. SCOTT.

Dear W.—I open this again to say something about Gabriel's MS. book, as your note received this morning does not mention it. Sitting here by ourselves, a subject of that kind was sure to be canvassed between us; but, as he told me how nervous he was about what his own family might feel about the measure necessary to be taken to recover it, he may not have yet broken the subject to you. If so, I ought not to have done so, and I must ask you to keep silence. There was evidently a great deal of painful feeling to overcome in his mind.

254.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[16 CHEYNE WALK.
14 October 1869.]

Private.

Dear Brown,—I have seen Graham to-day, and I hope I have made it all right about Shields. He had called on S[hields] the other day in Manchester, but he was from home. He talked to me about the matter, and the end was that he said he would write at once and fix the commission.

I went to-day to see those MSS. at the Doctor's, and I shall be able to have them in a few days. They are in a disappointing state. The things I have already seem mostly perfect, and there is a great hole right through all the leaves of *Jenny*, which was the thing I most wanted. A good deal is lost; but I have no doubt the things as they are will enable me, with a little re-writing and a good memory and the rough copies I have, to re-establish the whole in a perfect state.—Your affectionate

GABRIEL.

255.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI TO DANTE ROSSETTI.

SOMERSET HOUSE.

14 October [1869].

Dear Gabriel,—What you write me is not entirely new to me. Scott, writing on 11 October, and supposing no doubt that I was *au fait*, mentioned the fact: then, finding reason to doubt my privity, he wrote again, to say so and impose silence. But I shall and should be silent anyhow.

My frank opinion is that you have acted right on *both* occasions. Under the pressure of a great sorrow, you performed an act of self-sacrifice: it did you honour, but was clearly a work of supererogation. You have not retracted the self-sacrifice, for it has taken actual effect in your being bereaved of due poetic fame these seven and a half years past: but you now think—and I quite agree with you—that there is no reason why the self-sacrifice should have no term.

There was no reason at all why you should mention the matter to me beforehand: you and I know each other of old, and shall continue so to do till (or perhaps after) one of us is a bogy.

Did Tebbs, when you consulted him on the legal complication, tell you that he had already of late been starting the subject to me? He did so one day that he called here while you were at Penkill: urging that the book ought to be recovered, and that he could obtain you a "faculty" without your personal intervention from first to last: and I promised him that, if a proper opening offered, I would represent it to you. . . .—Your

W. M. R.

How Tebbs had heard of the matter I can't say: but indeed everybody had heard of it. For myself, I had never broached the subject to living soul. . . .

256.—DR GARNETT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

15 October 1869.

My dear Rossetti,—Many thanks for your kind letter. I am much obliged for the offer of a photograph of Miss Curran's portrait, which I do not possess. . . . By the way, I find by a memorandum that the portrait was begun on 7 May, the day after the affair at the post-office. This shows that Shelley could not have pursued the person who assaulted him. . . .

You ought to see Kirkpatrick Sharpe's volume of etchings, if you have not seen it already.

The reference to the *Relics* about Leigh Hunt was not intended to qualify anything you had said, but merely to point out another instance of Shelley's generosity to him, the more remarkable as I believe that Shelley was at that time thinking very seriously about regulating his affairs. . . .

I have just been collating what Middleton calls the *Essay on Prophecy* with Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-politicus*, and I find it really is a translation from the second chapter of the latter. I do not know who first made the discovery.

The Mr Grove referred to in my notes is the Rev. Charles Grove, Shelley's Cousin, whom I once met at Boscombe. He was a very nice old gentleman, and seemed to entertain very kindly feelings towards Shelley's memory; but was no authority for anything that had occurred after the elopement with Harriet Westbrook. He insisted much on the strength of Shelley's attachment to his own Sister, Harriet Grove. . . .—
Yours very truly,

RICHARD GARNETT.

257.—JOHN TUPPER to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

["The Baron" was a family nickname bestowed from of old upon Alexander Tupper, the writer's younger Brother. Two works which John Tupper published anonymously are here mentioned: *The True Story of Mrs Stowe*, and *Hiatus, or the Void in Modern Education*.—I preserve here the reference to some translation commenced by my Sister, but have forgotten all details, unless the matter is the same as that referred to in Nos. 124 and 130.]

RUGBY.

15 October 1869.

My dear William,—I have just got the enclosed note from the old Baron. It contains advice of his touching a squib I have written on the Byron controversy. . . . Anyhow, I must do the thing at once or not at all. . . .

I have not heard from Mrs Sotheby about the translation your Sister commenced. I hope she will not be bored with it. . . .

I have not yet seen your review of *Hiatus* (if it is out?). Indeed, I have only seen one notice, and I hear there have been several. . . .—Thine,

J. L. TUPPER.

258.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[16 CHEYNE WALK.
1869—? October.]

Dear Brown,— . . . I got those papers to-day from the Doctor. They are a sad wreck. . . .—Ever yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

259.—ANNE GILCHRIST to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

20 THE TERRACE, GUNTER GROVE.

17 October 1869.

My dear Mr Rossetti,— . . . I would above all things avoid entangling myself in comparisons of this poetry with the universally accepted masterpieces ; for it is really so new, so entirely different in kind and result, that I do not think there is any common ground to base a comparison upon. Here the Personality is all ; there it is nothing, it entirely escapes you. This is often adduced as a proof of Shakespear's many-sidedness and breadth of sympathy ; this fact of his own individuality being always merged in that of his creations. And, with Homer, I suppose people have not yet done disputing whether Homer is one man at all, or whether the works that have so long borne his name were not collected from many sources. But Walt Whitman speaks the bare truth when he says of his book, "Who touches this touches a man." And I cannot but think that this one single fact gives *vitality* to his book in a sense that Homer and Shakespear cannot be said to have given it to theirs, and that the comparison I have used between grand architecture and living product of nature expresses this as closely and faithfully as a simile can. Salisbury Cathedral, to ordinary eyes, rouses more admiration and wonder than a tree or a wayside daisy—but then that mysterious fact of life, and of being the containing source of an infinite succession of lives ! Thus it is, I think, that Whitman's poems, which look externally so far less imposing and grandly beautiful than Shakespear's, will become a living power in men and women in a sense that Shakespear's cannot for a moment pretend to have ever been. They will make men not only write poetry, but live poetry. . . .—Yours very truly,

ANNE GILCHRIST.

260.—JAMES THURSFIELD to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[Mr Stanhope here mentioned must be Mr J. R. Spencer Stanhope, the Painter, who had himself borne a part in the pictorial decoration of the Union Debating-hall. Mr Tebbs (who has been previously mentioned) was Mr H. Virtue Tebbs, who, to the regret of a wide circle of artistic and other friends, died in 1899.—The passage about "Helen's Cup" has reference to Rossetti's ballad *Troy Town*: he had wished to trace the classical source of a legend concerning a cup dedicated by Helen to Aphrodite.]

NORTH GROVE, OXFORD.

26 October 1869.

My dear Sir,—I have been asked by a Committee of the Oxford Union Society to write to you on the subject of the Frescoes in the Debating-room executed some years ago by yourself and your friends. You will doubtless recollect that your own contribution to the series was left unfinished; and the Committee are anxious to know whether you would be disposed either to finish it, or to suggest some method of covering the blank space in the middle of the picture. It has been suggested to us by Mr Stanhope that this unsightly blank might be filled (in the event of your not being disposed to complete the picture) with a simple diaper; but we are unwilling to entertain this or any other suggestion until we have ascertained from you what are your own wishes on the subject. Should you sanction this plan, you will confer a great favour on us if you will kindly communicate to us any suggestions you may feel inclined to make as to the design or colours of the diaper to be used: but I need hardly say how much we should prefer that the fresco should be finished by the hand of him who commenced it.

You will be sorry to hear that several of the other frescoes are already beginning to show signs of decay: we

shall be greatly obliged if you can make any suggestion for their more efficient preservation, for I need hardly say how anxious we are to preserve them. . . .

I sent a few days ago to our common friend Tebbs a note on the subject of Helen's Cup, about which you were seeking information when I had the pleasure of dining at your house a short time ago. I am sorry the note is not more complete ; but I cannot trace the story beyond Pliny, nor can I find any mention of the subject in Greek authors. The commentators on Pliny seem one and all to have overlooked the passage.—I am faithfully yours,

JAMES R. THURSFIELD.

261.—FREDERIC SHIELDS to DANTE ROSSETTI.

CORNBROOK PARK [MANCHESTER].

29 October 1869.

My dear Rossetti,—Last week I had a note from dear Brown in which he told me that you were not painting, but still writing or correcting poetry. This makes me fear that your stay in Ayrshire has done you no good, and that in some way, either in your eyesight or otherwise, you are still suffering so much that you cannot pursue the work you love. I am greatly your debtor for the long, full, kind letter you wrote to me while there—as well as for your good offices with Graham. . . .

How sad your thoughtful talks with W. B. Scott upon all that poor Craven's affliction suggested must have been! The philosopher is as blind here as the Christian, and, if he be not both, without the consolations which support the latter. I have seen but little of Mr Scott, and that at your table ; but I know and greatly esteem much that he has done—especially as one of the most original designers living, whenever he likes to put his full force into his work ; and I beg through you to return, if I may, my love with my admiration, in answer to his own kind message.

I wish that M[adox] Brown had been able to join you as you expected. He is too much closed up in-doors, and a blow of glen air would have done him great good—as his company would have done you also. He was like friend and father to me in London during my last visit.

I am so glad that you have been doing business with Agnew profitably; for these frequent illnesses of yours will inevitably bring down your purse, and make the where-withal an anxious subject in spite of all determination to hold up bravely. I know this too well in recent experience; and for this reason as well as for others I cannot consent to accept anything from you, even though pressed upon me with your generous importunity. . . .

The writer in *Tinsley* certainly appreciates your work in both arts—and I was on the whole thankful for the article. . . . The notice of your Sister, Miss Christina Rossetti, was very disappointing; . . . stretched out to its required length by pecking at slight faults in her poems. But he cannot spoil my happiness in them, which is as great, from some of her devotional pieces, as any that poetry has ever afforded me. *After this the Judgment* and the *Martyrs' Song* are not easily matchable in religious poetry. As I sit now looking over her last volume again, and recalling the impressions left on me by frequent readings of it, it appears almost invidious to select from these devotional pieces. The *Despised and Rejected* and the *Dost Thou not Care* must come from her deepest heart's thoughts or experiences—and they find full-sounding echo in my own heart. The critic is deaf to all this, and (so) deaf to what is best in your Sister, and forces the sweetest notes from her. . . .

It is so good of you to send me such plain and elaborate instructions about the three-chalk method on grey paper. The opportunity you allowed me of watching you at work was still more valuable to me, and I think as a consequence that the drawings I have done for Graham will turn out successfully. . . .—Ever affectionately yours,

FREDC. J. SHIELDS.

262.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

FLORENCE, PONTE VECCHIO 2.

30 October 1869.

My dear Rossetti,—Trelawny might write a good book about Byron, but perhaps it would not be so favourable as what he knows of Shelley, to whom he was much more attached. Byron's temper did not quite suit him, he was too vain and capricious; but he knew the value of Trelawny, and his sincerity as a staunch friend, and as strong in mind as he was in body. The more you know of him, the more you will esteem him. . . .

I don't know much of Mrs Stowe or Lady Byron; but I believe they were both of them priest-ridden bigots and Tories, the latter certainly. . . .

I was 81 last May. . . . I have seen Lord Vernon's *Dante* at the Magliabecchian. . . . The prints are all mixed higgledy-piggledy, and some omitted, perhaps lost. I had designed one for the head of each Canto, and a vignette for the end of each, with thirty for the preface. One thing Lord Vernon was delighted with—the Zodiac. It should turn round the globe, which is fixed; instead of which, it is the globe which is made to turn round, contrary to Dante's opinion. You can correct it in your copy. . . .

Is Holman-Hunt in England? and his brother-in-law the sculptor, who seemed to me a hearty, good, sincere fellow—Woolner?

I hope Trelawny will take the advice of his publisher and give us a volume of anecdotes of Byron and many others. He has seen so much of the world at home and abroad, and he is a descriptive philosopher of great energy; and all agree that he is a *just* man, even those that one would not expect.

Write soon if I can be of any use.—Ever yours sincerely,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

263.—JOHN TUPPER to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The *North British Review*, here mentioned, contained a moderate-sized notice by me of Mr Tupper's book, *Hiatus, or the Void in Modern Education*.—I forget about Ruskin's dictum that Leonardo da Vinci was "a tenth-rate painter": one ought to look-up the passage in its context. I presume that Ruskin was referring simply or principally to Da Vinci's qualifications in the technique of *painting*—his attainment as a colourist and brushman: if so, of course no record of his cartoon, the *Fight for the Standard*, would be of any relevance, nor yet any evidence deducible from "engravings and reliefs."]

RUGBY.

30 October 1869.

My dear William,—There is a remembrance with me that you purposed sending your copy of *The North British* for my benefit. Do not, if you please, for I have one here on the table.

I like your article very much indeed; and am contrasting, with the production of another critic, the inherent evidence which your short criticism bears of your having fairly read the book you treat of.

Yes, I was too conscious that "the eminently emotional Mr Ruskin" started or championed that precious theory of Greek insensibility to landscape-beauty; and I was conscious while I wrote that, if it had not been beside my task to make psychological vivisections, there would have been found no better *subject* to exhibit the want of co-ordination of reason and emotion than Mr R[uskin]; more especially if a healthy, calm, deliberative rational faculty should have to be co-ordinated with emotion more sympathetic with the higher and deeper beauty of form than with the (comparatively) surface-beauty of colour (which, remember, scares and excites cattle not human).

Ruskin has no *form-faculty*. How long ago is it that

he told you he did not "understand or affect sculpture"? I remember this well, because it seemed a little surprising that such a state of humanity could well agree with art-criticism. This was when you took me to the Working Men's Col[lege], and in answer to some proposition that Mr R[uskin] should examine some sculptural work of your friend's. *Co-ordination* seems alien from Ruskin's nature both emotional and sciential. . . . He is pre-eminently insurgent, lawless, autocratic, in art. Whilst the many engravings and reliefs of *The Last Supper* and *The Fight for the Standard* exist, will not the ages laugh at the critic who thought Da Vinci a tenth-rate painter? . . . Beauty means law and obedience to law. . . .

Lastly, do we not call those we love most "Angels" and "Goddesses"? Does this show that our *wives* are "not intensely sympathetic objects to" us? . . .—Yours ever,

J. L. TUPPER.

264.—JAMES THURSFIELD TO DANTE ROSSETTI.

NORTH GROVE, OXFORD.

14 November 1869.

My dear Sir,—The Union on Thursday passed a resolution empowering the Fresco-Committee "to expend a sum not exceeding £100 on the completion of Mr Rossetti's fresco." We are now therefore in a position to ask you to make the arrangements you proposed. . . . Perhaps I may explain that our request that you would name the sum necessary to be expended did not spring from any desire on the part of the Committee to engage you in any responsibility, or to draw you into a contract with the Society: we are too sensible of the kindness and generosity with which you have placed your time and trouble at their disposal to think of anything of the kind. Our only wish was to obtain on competent authority an estimate which we were wholly unable to form for ourselves. The selec-

tion of the artist to be employed will, of course, rest with you: it will be for us, I presume, to arrange with him the remuneration he is to receive, and to contract with him for the execution of the work.—I am faithfully yours,

JAMES R. THURSFIELD.

265.—CONTE GIUSEPPE RICCIARDI to WILLIAM ROSSETTI
—(*Translation*).

NAPLES.

16 November 1869.

My dear William,—Welcome beyond what I can say did I find your valued letter of the 10th; and especially so for the adhesion to the Anti-Council signed by you and Mr S[winburne]. I hope to be able to have it printed in the English paper here, *The Observer*. . . . Would you believe it? The solitary adhesion which has come to me from your country is yours and Mr S[winburne]'s!—while I have had hundreds from all other lands. . . .—Always your most affectionate

G. RICCIARDI.

266.—By PONSONBY LYONS—LILITH.

[I found this curious writing among MSS. left by my Brother. It stands headed—"Thurs. 18 Nov. 1869—To the Editor of *The Athenæum*"; and is signed and addressed as here shown. I have looked into *The Athenæum* for some weeks about that date, but have not found there any trace of such a paper. I do not recognize the name of the writer. So far as I can guess, my Brother, having painted a picture named *Lady Lilith*, and having written the ballad of *Eden Bower* which also concerns this legendary personage, may have consulted an acquaintance of his as

to the particulars of the Lilith tradition; and this person must have composed the present writing, and been minded to get it printed in *The Athenæum*. It seems to me of [sufficient interest to be preserved.]

5 ROYAL AVENUE TERRACE, CHELSEA.
18 November 1869.

Lilith, about whom you ask for information, was evidently the first strong-minded woman and the original advocate of women's rights. At present she is a queen of the demons. When King Nebuchadnezzar, as we are told in the *Sepher ben Sira*, enquired why so many children died before the eighth day, and why it is proper to write and hang up on their rooms the words "Sannoï Sansennoï Samangeloph," Ben Sira in reply told him the history of Lilith. When Adam was created, God made a woman also out of the earth, for it is said, "Male and female created He them;" and, when He said "It is not good for man to dwell alone," he brought her to Adam. They at once began to dispute. Lilith refused to obey Adam, saying they were both quite equal, for they were made from the same earth; and she ended this jangling by pronouncing the secret name of God, and by virtue of it flew away through the air. Adam prayed to God, saying, "Lord of the world, the wife whom Thou hast given me has flown away, and I know not where she is." God sent after her three angels, Sannoï, Sansennoï, and Samangeloph, the three lords of healing. They overtook her in the sea, in the place where the Egyptians were afterwards drowned. It was very stormy, and they threatened to drown her. She said: "Let me go, for I have been created only that I may injure infants; for I have power over boys for eight days, and over girls for twenty days." The angels made her swear by the name of the living God that, wherever she found them or their names or likenesses written or painted, she would do no harm to the infants; and they told her that her punishment should be that one-hundred of her sons should die every day. This is the reason that one-hundred of the devils die daily. For in three things, as Moses Nachmâni tells us, they resemble angels; they have

wings, they fly about, and they foretell the future; and in three things they resemble men; they eat and drink, they propagate their race, and they die. Their bodies, being formed of two elements, fire and air (though not from all four, like men, animals, plants, and minerals), are capable of dissolution. Hence also it is that the Jews, especially those of Germany, write on the four walls of the room in which a woman is confined, "Adam Chava chutz Lilith"—that is, "Adam, Eve,—Lilith keep away":—"Stulte putantes," says Wierus, "*tale dæmonis terriculamentum et injuria eâ ratione arceri posse*;" and, on the inside of the door, the names of the three angels, Sannoï, Sansennoï, and Samangeloph. The Husband should say certain prayers for three days; and after three days cold water should be poured round the bed, with other ceremonies. And amulets are hung round the necks of the infants to keep away Lilith.

According to another account, Lilith remained with Adam until Eve was brought to him. She then fled to the sea, and was preparing to destroy the world when she was called away by God.

After the expulsion from Paradise, during the 130 years in which Adam was excommunicated and lived apart from Eve, Lilith lived with him against his will, and brought forth many devils. His stature had then been reduced to 100 ells; and we may suppose that Lilith treated him as arbitrarily as some dwarfs have been treated by their tall wives. These devils, according to the book *Emek Hamélek*, are always troubled and sigh, and there is no joy among them. During this 130 years, Adam, according to the Talmud (Eruvin) became the father of the spirits (Rukin), devils (Shedim), and Lilin (or female devils). Bartholocius objects that Adam and Lilith were both made of the earth: "*Quo modo igitur ex amborum conjunctione lemures et spiritûs gigni potuerint?*" But the book *Zohar Kadash* supplies a very simple answer: Lilith was made of the uncleanness and dregs of the earth, and not from flesh like Eve.

Lilith is one of the four wives of Samael (Satan) who are the mothers of the devils. According to Talkut Kadash,

Máchalath, another of his wives, has 487 troops of evil angels under her, and always skips and dances. Lilith has 480, and always howls. These two are constantly at war, except on the annual day of atonement. According to the Talmud (*Sabboth, Eruvin, Nidda*) Lilith has long hair, and wings, and leads a great army of devils, and has power to seize whoever sleeps alone in a house. Therefore Rabbi Chaninah said, "It is forbidden to sleep alone in a house." According to Emek Hamélek, Leviathan the bad serpent is Samael, and Leviathan the crooked serpent is Lilith; and, when infants laugh without any apparent cause, Lilith is playing with them, that she may please them and take them away. In this case you should strike the child on its nose, and say to Lilith, "Away, thou accursed, thou hast no abode here."

In conclusion: although the wise are agreed that devils can appear in the human form, and therefore you should not first salute any one you may meet suddenly in a dark passage lest he may be a devil, yet for sake of poetical and picturesque feeling I grieve to be obliged to record in your valuable columns, on the high authority of the book *Zohar*, that, when devils do appear to men in the human form, they have no hair on their heads.—I remain yours faithfully,

PONSONBY A. LYONS.

267.—WILLIAM GRAHAM to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[Mr Graham, who was then M.P. for Glasgow, appears to have commissioned ere now "the great picture"—*i.e.*, the *Dante's Dream* which is at present in the Walker Art-Gallery, Liverpool: probably the work had not as yet been begun on the canvas. He now commissions two water-colours: a *Pandora*, and a "*Blue Lady*," which I understand to be the same thing as *The Portrait of Mrs Morris*—*viz.*, a water-colour duplicate of that oil-picture which is now deposited in the National British Gallery. A third water-colour, a duplicate from the *Sibylla Palmifera* belonging to Mr George Rae,

seems to have been previously agreed upon: also "the Nightingale picture," comprising a portrait of William Graham Junior. This is, I think, the picture now named *Mariana*, from *Measure for Measure*.]

URRARD, PITLOCHRIE.
[1869—? November].

My dear Rossetti,—I have your note of yesterday, and need scarcely say I do wish the picture *Found* to be mine. I did not know what price you thought of charging for it; but I will ask you to put £800 on it instead of 800 guineas, as I have a Scotchman's dislike to the latter *pièce de monnaie*, and I think my *patience* is a legitimate claim for the *discount*! I shall send you a remittance from Glasgow, where I am going to-morrow for one day only.

Do however, like a kind friend, have a little compassion on me, and try and let me have something soon. Remember, except the crayon-drawings I have never had a single bit of Rossetti to put upon my walls; and, besides the great picture for which one may thankfully wait *ever so long* till the inspiration comes, I have been hoping for the *Palmifera* in water-colour, and my little son Willie in oil ere now (once called the "Nightingale" picture).

Thanks for the offer of the *Pandora* and the *Portrait of Mrs Morris*. I shall be very pleased if you will let me have *both*, if within my reach in price. 350 guineas is what you were to charge me for the *Palmifera*, and also I think for the *Blue Lady* when you first proposed to do it in water-colour for me. Of course I shall with pleasure make you what advance you care to have on these also; only do, like a good fellow, let me have my reward soon.—Ever, with kind regards, yours sincerely,

W. GRAHAM.

. . .

268.—DANTE ROSSETTI to WILLIAM GRAHAM.

[My Brother kept a copy of this letter—as he did with many of his business-letters. The copy is imperfect, closing in the middle of a sentence.]

[16 CHEYNE WALK.]
29 November 1869.

My dear Graham,—I waited to answer your kind letter till I could acknowledge the remittance which you proposed to send next day from Glasgow. As I have not yet received this, I write lest by possibility it should have miscarried.

When you first expressed a wish to have the *Found* picture, I named 800 guineas as its price, and you agreed thereto. I do not mention this because I hesitate to meet the wish you express in the matter, after all your friendly conduct, but merely because I remember mentioning the price in my last as “agreed on.” This, you will perceive, is the picture of all others of which I should not, *under ordinary circumstances*, abate the price, as it is of quite an exceptionally popular kind among my works; nor should I indeed have asked less than 1000 guineas at this moment of any one but yourself—not even of Agnew. It is now somewhat larger than before, as I have had the canvas increased to give more space. In now engaging it to you for £800, copyright, which I retain, will doubtless prove of value one day, and I make no doubt of selling a replica to great advantage. So be it as you wish. I know how well you deserve the best I can give you at the earliest date, and shall have quite as great pleasure as yourself in seeing that I am fairly represented among your pictures that you love and live with. I hope this may be the case ere long. . . .

269.—WILLIAM GRAHAM to DANTE ROSSETTI.

EDINBURGH.
1 December [1869].

My dear Rossetti,—I have been away travelling, and on my arrival here this evening find your kind note of 29th. . . .

As regards the *Found*, I can only say thanks very much for your acquiescence in my proposal as to price. Evidently however I was very stupidly mistaken in not having remembered that we had spoken of price before; and I could not of course for a moment think of availing of your good nature to alter what had been once settled. It must therefore, *as a matter of course*, remain as originally intended; and I need not say I have no doubt of its being well worth the value put upon it. . . .—Ever yours sincerely,

W. GRAHAM.

. . .

270.—WILLIAM DAVIES to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[Of my Brother's numerous friends and acquaintances, few entered more sensitively into his feelings, or showed a more constant wish to soothe them when perturbed, than Mr Davies—who must, I suppose, have been introduced into Rossetti's studio by Mr Smetham. Mr Davies was a writer and poet of various graceful gifts, and an adept at pen-and-ink drawing and etching on a small scale: his principal published work was *The Book of the Tiber*. Some little while after my Brother's death, Mr Davies very liberally presented me with the various letters which the former had written to him, bound up into a volume. Mr Davies himself, having for years been something of an invalid, died towards 1897.]

106 ALBION ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON.

2 December 1869.

My dear Rossetti,—I have copied you out two Italian sonnets of Matteo Frescobaldi on the other side, which I think you will not have seen. About the first there is a beautiful delicacy and simplicity, which gives freshness to a sentiment not new. The second seems to me to represent a class of composition—a large one—of which I do not recollect to have seen any sample in your book of translations. Stupidly enough, I have not taken any note of the date of this writer; but I fancy he lies within your circle or impinging upon it. . . .—Always yours faithfully and truly,

W. DAVIES.

I think, if you publish a second edition of your *Italian Poets*, you ought to give at least one of the parodies on the Months of Folgore da San Gemignano, by Cene della Chitarra. There is one, I recollect (given I think in Nannucci), wishing the guests old women instead of young, overdone meats, etc., which struck me as being excessively funny—if you do not think your book too serious for such “flouting.”

You of course know the little “diamond” volume of Cino da Pistoia and his circle published by Barbéra in Florence. It contains some exquisite things, some of which were new to me.

Sonetti di Matteo Frescobaldi: dalle sue Rime raccolte da Giosuè Carducci: Pistoia, 1866. . . .

Io veggio il tempo della primavera. . . .

Per riposarsi in su le calde piume. . . .

271.—DANTE ROSSETTI to WILLIAM DAVIES.

[The “little tale” which Rossetti sent to Mr Davies was *Hand and Soul*, first printed in *The Germ*, and afterwards

privately reprinted.—The “lovely sofa” had been a part of Mr Smetham’s household property, and was about the only article of a noticeably artistic character which he used. Finding that my Brother, then ardent in collecting furniture etc., particularly admired the sofa, he munificently presented it to him. It remained with Rossetti up to his death, and was sold among his other effects in July 1882. In the Sale-catalogue it was entered as—“A sofa or lounge with cane seat, the back artistically painted in figures and landscapes, the frame of the painted-furniture period; squab and two pillows, upholstered in stamped green velvet: a very rare and valuable specimen.” Mr Locker-Lampson bought this sofa for £34. 13s.: he made the bidding on behalf of some other person.]

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.
3 December 1869.

My dear Davies,—Many thanks for the two Frescobaldi sonnets—the first very pretty indeed. I know not Matteo—query, a Brother of Dino? They seem likely to belong to that time certainly.

I am not acquainted with the little Cino book you speak of, and should like to see it some day.

I considered the question as to translating Cene della Chitarra’s chaff, and have a note about it: but it seemed almost impracticable, as his sonnets are written to the same rhymes as Folgore’s, and this could hardly have been preserved.

By the by, if you look again at my book you will find that the large section of “moral injunction” poetry is pretty abundantly represented from Guinicelli and others.

I was interested in the two reviews you sent, and return *The Scotsman*. Certainly with such recognition your book ought to have been at least a tolerable commercial success. These two are amusingly contradictory on some points, as usual.

I send you with this a little tale written long ago. I had included it among the poems I am printing, as it is really

more a sort of poem than anything else: but, coming to the conclusion after all that it looked awkward there, I had a few copies struck off to give away. I send one for Smetham too when you see him.

Will you tell him that the lovely sofa he gave me has just come home from the restorer's, with every pattern made perfect again, and the tone of the whole most exquisite. It is a gem.—Ever yours sincerely,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

272.—W. J. STILLMAN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

WASHINGTON.

17 December 1869.

My dear Rossetti,—I have just seen Whitman—had a ride with him in the horse-car up Pennsylvania Avenue (if you are any wiser for that), and a long talk principally about you, whose history (as far as I know it) and that of your family I gave him. He is employed in the Attorney-General's Office, and seems more well-to-do than when I saw him before. He is certainly a man of remarkable personal qualities—full and harmonious life. . . . He is grey as a badger—white, I should say. . . .—Yours affectionately,

W. J. STILLMAN.

273.—DANTE ROSSETTI—NONSENSE VERSES.

[I here give twenty specimens of the "Nonsense Verses" at which Dante Rossetti was a "dab hand": so far as my knowledge goes, he surpassed all his competitors, of whom there were several. A passage from W. B. Scott's *Autobiographical Notes* may as well be extracted.—"The habit of making satirical rhymes like these [*i.e.*, like some of Franz Hueffer's writing, just quoted by Scott] was an outcome of

the appearance of Lear's *Book of Nonsense*. D. G. R. began the habit with us—the difficulty of finding a rhyme for the name being often the sole inducement. Swinburne assisted him, and all of us; and every day for a year or two they used to fly about. The dearest friends and most intimate acquaintances came in for the severest treatment; but, as truth was the last thing intended (though sometimes slyly implied), nobody minded.” The present specimens are all that I remember, written by my Brother (allowing for one other, on Oliver Brown, which appears in Mr Ford Hueffer's book); they are certainly a mere fraction of his full quota. They appear to me to date between some such years as 1860 and 1870: on this assumption I group them all here together as if proper to the close of 1869. Nos. 1 to 6 and 8 to 12 were written out from memory by my Wife at a comparatively recent time, say 1890, and are I think very nearly correct. No. 7 comes from Mr Harry Quilter's book *Preferences in Art* etc. (1892). Nos. 13 and 14 are supplied by my own recollection, and No. 19 from the memory of one of my daughters. Nos. 15 to 18, and No. 20, are given in Scott's book, and I have thought it, on the whole, as well to repeat them here. Mr Scott's memory for such things was anything but accurate: I have introduced a few corrections. It is certain, for instance, that Rossetti never composed such a miserably metreless line as that which Scott gives as the last line of No. 17—

“This stubborn donkey called Scotus,”

and I even doubt whether the diction here is at all correct. I have some suspicion to the same effect with regard to No. 20: in fact I have altered one word. In No. 18 Scott's book gives the meaningless word “checkboard” instead of “chess-board.”—I do not enter into further particulars in relation to any of these Nonsense Verses. Several people will understand who are the persons meant, and what reason (or unreason perchance) there was for referring to them in these burlesque terms: as regards Nos. 5, 6, and 7, there was *no* reason. Other people, who have no insight into the matter, can afford to remain unenlightened. Let me add that I don't

know of any Nonsense Verses regarding myself: that there were some such I have little doubt.]

1.

There is a big Artist named Val,
The roughs' and the prize-fighters' pal :
 The mind of a groom
 And the head of a broom
Were Nature's endowments to Val.

2.

There is a dull Painter named Wells
Who is duller than any one else :
 With a face like a horse
 He sits by you and snorts—
Which is very offensive in Wells.

3.

There's an infantine Artist named Hughes—
Him and his the R.A.'s did refuse :
 At length, though, among
 The lot, one was hung—
But it was himself in a noose.

4.

There's a babyish party named Burges
Who from infancy hardly emerges :
 If you had not been told
 He's disgracefully old,
You would offer a bull's-eye to Burges.

5.

There is a young person named Georgie
Who indulges each night in an orgy :
 Soda-water and brandy
 Are always kept handy
To efface the effects of that orgy.

6.

There is a young Artist named Jones
Whose conduct no genius atones :
 His behaviour in life
 Is a pang to the wife
And a plague to the neighbours of Jones,

7.

There is a young Painter called Jones
(A cheer here, and hisses, and groans):
 The state of his mind
 Is a shame to mankind,
But a matter of triumph to Jones.

8.

There's a Painter of Portraits named Chapman
Who in vain would catch woman or trap man
 To be painted life-size
 More preposterous guys
Than they care to be painted by Chapman.

9.

There's a combative Artist named Whistler
Who is, like his own hog-hairs, a bristler:
 A tube of white lead
 And a punch on the head
Offer varied attractions to Whistler.

10.

There's a publishing party named Ellis
Who's addicted to poets with bellies:
 He has at least two—
 One in fact, one in view—
And God knows what will happen to Ellis.

11.

There's a Portuguese person named Howell
Who lays-on his lies with a trowel:
 Should he give-over lying,
 'Twill be when he's done dying,
For living is lying with Howell.

12.

There is a mad Artist named Inchbold
With whom you must be at a pinch bold:
 Or else you may score
 The brass plate on your door
With the name of J. W. Inchbold.

13.

A Historical Painter named Brown
 Was in language and manners a clown :
 At epochs of victual
 Both *pudden* and *kittle*
 Were expressions familiar to Brown.

14.

There are dealers in pictures named Agnew
 Whose soft soap would make an old rag new :
 The Father of Lies
 With his tail to his eyes
 Cries—"Go it, Tom Agnew, Bill Agnew!"

15.

There's a solid fat German called Huffer,
 A hypochondriacal buffer :
 To declaim Schopenhauer
 From the top of a tower
 Is the highest ambition of Huffer.

16.

There's a Scotch correspondent named Scott
 Thinks a penny for postage a lot :
 Books, verses, and letters,
 Too good for his betters,
 Cannot screw out an answer from Scott.

17.

There's a foolish old Scotchman called Scotus,
 Most justly a Pictor Ignotus :
 For what he best knew
 He never would do,
 This stubborn [old] donkey called Scotus.

18.

There's the Irishman Arthur O'Shaughnessy—
 On the chessboard of poets a pawn is he :
 Though bishop or king
 Would be rather the thing
 To the fancy of Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

19.

There is a young Artist named Knewstub,
 Who for personal cleaning will use tub :
 But in matters of paint
 Not the holiest Saint
 Was ever so dirty as Knewstub.

20.

There is a poor sneak called Rossetti,
 As a painter with many kicks met he—
 With more as a man—
 But sometimes he ran,
 And that saved the rear of Rossetti.

274.—ANNE GILCHRIST to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

1 *January* 1870.

Will you please tell Mr Whitman that he could not have devised for me a more welcome pleasure than this letter of his to you (now mine, thanks to you and him), and the picture ; and that I feel grateful to you for having sent the extracts, since they have been a comfort to him.

I should like also to take this opportunity of saying (if you think I may) how much I wish, if Mr Whitman see no reason against it, that the new edition should be issued in two volumes ; not lettered Vols. I and II, but 1st Series and 2nd Series, so that they could be priced and sold separately when so desired. This simple expedient would, I think, overcome a serious difficulty. Those who are not able to receive aright all he has written might to their own infinite gain have what they *can* receive, and grow by means of that food to be capable of the whole perhaps : while Mr Whitman would stand as unflinchingly as hitherto by what he has written. I know I am glad that your Selections were put into my hands first, so that I was lifted up by them to stand firm on higher ground than I had ever stood on before, and furnished with a golden key before approaching the rest of the poems.

275.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI—DIARY.

1870. *Saturday, 1 January.*—Saw Gabriel's racoon—a nice and healthy-looking beast. One of his two kangaroos is just dead. . . .

Sunday, 20 February.—Wrote a number of letters to Shelley correspondents etc. One to Moxon, who now proposes to omit from the cheap Poets (at least for the present) Pope, Thomson, and four volumes of Selections. . . .

Monday, 21 February.—Christina has lately been discussing with Macmillan about the publication of a volume of Nursery-rhymes which she has written, and the republication of her two old volumes. M[acmillan]'s terms are obviously meagre: Gabriel has consulted Ellis about it, and writes this morning that E[llis] offers £100 for the old poems, and some proportional sum for the new—a great advance on M[acmillan]. This has determined C[hristina] to transfer the publication of her books from M[acmillan], and no doubt to E[llis].

Tuesday, 22 February.—Gabriel called in Euston Square. His racoon, which had been lost for a fortnight or more, was lately discovered living in a drawer of the large wardrobe which stands outside the studio-door: he was in excellent condition, having probably made a practice of prowling about the house at night, and eating up any broken victuals. The surviving kangaroo, a female, gives promise of a family. Two wood-owls were lately bought, apparently so tame that anything could be done with them: but one of them has now killed the other. G[abriel] showed me a letter he lately received from Swinburne, saying that V[ictor] Hugo has written to thank him for the vindication by S[winburne] (lately published in the *Telegraph*) of H[ugo]'s accuracy regarding the *peine forte et dure*, in *L'Homme qui Rit*: S[winburne]'s article has been translated into French. H[ugo] also lauds S[winburne]'s savage sonnets against L[ouis] Napoleon in the *Fortnightly*. Gabriel has now been re-reading Shelley a good deal—*Prometheus* and other poems; and has come to

much the same conclusion which I have expressed time out of mind—that Shelley is the greatest of modern English poets. *He* however inclines to set Byron above him. Hitherto he has also preferred Coleridge, Keats, and others. It is no longer ago than last Christmas day that he and I had a long battle over Shelley and Keats.

Wednesday, 23 February.—Visited the very fine Exhibition of Old Masters at the R.A.: met there Brown, who is very unfavourably impressed with the Leslie display—my own feeling being the other way.—Stillman, seeing in to-day's *Daily News* a notice (extremely handsome on the whole) of my *Shelley*, proposes to write (as he has some footing on that paper) setting in a clearer and more favourable light one or two points stated to my disadvantage. I told him that I should of course regard this as a friendly act, but don't personally much care either way. The chief point is about Shelley's separation from Harriet: on which point I might myself be minded to uphold the authenticity and newness of what I have said, were it not that to do this would be to run down Shelley *pro tanto*.

Thursday, 24 February.—The Brother of Warrington Taylor (lately deceased) called on me at Somerset House,—my functions as executor to Taylor's will, and trustee for his Wife, having now commenced. . . .

Monday, 28 February.—Called on Macmillan to talk over Christina's position with regard to him. . . . It is pretty clear that he would be ready to raise his offers heretofore made to C[hristina]. . . .

Wednesday, 2 March.—Presented Macmillan with a comparative statement of the offers made to Christina by himself and Ellis. . . . Mrs Bodichon offers through Stillman to place her house at Robert's Bridge, Sussex, with studio, at Gabriel's disposal for a while—or at Stillman's own disposal. This seems a very eligible offer; as G[abriel] wants to get out of town a little, with a view to health, and to quiet in writing poetry. I began reading through, for press-corrections, the new proofs of his volume. S[tillman] says that Mrs B[odichon] has no definite belief in or opinion about the existence of the

disembodied soul. Her husband, who remains in Algeria, is wholly given up now to spiritualism—which she flouts.

Thursday, 3 March.—Morris, Jones, Ellis, and others, at Chelsea. Saw for the first time some of Goya's etchings—Gabriel having purchased a volume. Pollen says there is an astonishingly fine Japanese painting of a tiger, about life-size, at South Kensington: must look it up. Gabriel is doing a crayon-head of Mrs Zambaco, very good. Jones has been, to his great comfort, incited by my re-edition to the re-reading of Shelley. . . .

Saturday, 5 March. . . .—Christina has about finished a longish prose-story named *Commonplace* (I have not as yet any very clear notion of its bearing): this, and other slighter stories of past time, she proposes to put together, and get published by Ellis—who seems quite ready to accept them. . . .

Wednesday, 9 March.— . . . I read the MS. of what Maria is writing as an incitement and introduction to the study of Dante by English people. . . .

Friday, 11 March.—Called on Trelawny: I think he looks a little older than he did last summer. He has been writing down some further reminiscences of Shelley, which I pressed him to publish. This he seems tolerably well inclined to do, but objects to the trouble of recopying. I offered to do it for him. Miss Clairmont has lately been writing to him at great length, also in the way of Shelley reminiscences; and it seems that Elise, the Swiss maid who attended to Allegra, is also still alive, and inclined to be reminiscent. T[relawny] says he feels hurt at the imputation upon Harriet's moral character contained (repeated from other writers) in my Memoir: it seems to be new to him, but I can't doubt its truth. He insists that Shelley would have separated from Mary, but for the unhappy result to Harriet: says M[ary] was excessively jealous of S[helley], both sexually and as regards the influence of other women over his mind. But he seems to think (as far as I can make out) that the sexual jealousy was baseless. S[helley] attempted suicide at Naples: had also done so in London, but the effects of the poison were

worked off by walking him about for some hours. T[relawny] is now reading with extreme delight Hogg's *Life of S[helley]* (hitherto unread by him), and considers H[ogg]'s view of S[helley] thoroughly consistent with T[relawny]'s own experience. "Shelley was more self-willed than myself:" with exquisite gentleness of manner, he would always do, and do on the instant, what he resolved on. I am to dine with T[relawny] next Tuesday, and may perhaps meet Mrs Hogg: she never professed to be in love with Hogg, but to have been passionately in love with Williams, and incapable of loving any one else. "I have kissed the shirt off his back." Williams was decidedly good-looking. . . .

Sunday, 13 March.—Wrote to Theodoric on various matters; partly to say that, if any effects belonging to Kirkup should in course of time be disposed of, I would like him to secure for me a sofa-bedstead which, as Trelawny tells me, was bought by Shelley at Leghorn for Leigh Hunt. I am not clear whether this is the sofa that K[irkup] ordinarily sits on, or some other sofa in his house.*

Monday, 14 March.— . . . Mamma, whose inconveniences from deafness appear to have been increasing of late, and to some extent affecting the right ear, hitherto free, made up her mind at last to consult a doctor (Hare)—as I have advised time out of mind. He prescribes injections of glycerine; and I am in hopes some degree of good, at any rate, will result.—Gabriel is now at Mrs Bodichon's house—Scaland's Gate, Robert's Bridge.

Tuesday, 15 March.—Dined with Trelawny: his house seems at present to be kept by a niece,† to whom I was introduced. I am not clear whether he has a Wife or Daughter living, but have heard him speak of a Daughter. He is and always has been an avowed atheist and materi-

* It was (I now find) the sofa which Kirkup ordinarily sat on. Eventually it came to Trelawny, and from him to me, and it remains one of my most valued possessions.

† Miss Emma Taylor. She was not really Trelawny's niece, nor in any way connected with him; but he spoke of her as his niece for convenience sake.

alist, and contemplates annihilation without any repugnance. Once, when living in Italy, he saw a little man come up to his house, and called through the wicket: "No admittance except for atheists and republicans." It was Roebuck. He is certain there was no intrigue between Shelley and Mrs Williams—"he might as well have wanted the Virgin Mary"; and seems to be also confident that there was no intrigue between S[helley] and Emilia Viviani, but in this case he seems rather to put it on the grounds of prudential considerations taken into account by S[helley]. He says S[helley] was quite incapable of gross amours with prostitutes etc.: with him love as a passion was never dissociated from sentiment, nor would even the sight of a beautiful woman have been likely to produce much impression upon him, without the interest excited by conversation. He read me an amusing anecdote of S[helley]'s entering the saloon at Casa Magni perfectly naked from the sea-beach, when Mary and Mrs Williams, with a lady-visitor from Genoa, were at dinner there. The horror which his apparition excited was calmly met by the matter-of-fact question: "What else do you expect me to do, when my clothes are left in the bedroom, and there is no way to the bedroom except through here?" Trelawny describes him as "stag-eyed"—as indicating the fixed, full, unblinking gaze which characterized him. His body, especially legs and thighs, was finely formed; and his powers of active exertion, as in climbing hills, distanced all the company. T[relawny] showed me a letter which he has just lately received from Miss Clairmont, now in Florence. There is not the least look of age in either its handwriting* or subject-matter: it speaks with considerable animus against Byron as contrasted with Shelley. . . .

Sunday, 20 March.—Called to see Nettleship's picture of a Lion and Lioness going out to prey by dawnlight. It is exceedingly fine in essentials, and has considerable value of execution too in some ways, though I fear it will not tell out solidly among the pictures at the R.A. Saw also some of his

* The handwriting (I have since understood) was that of Miss Paola Clairmont, a niece of Miss (Clare) Clairmont, living with her.

ideal and other designs: a very fine one embodies the idea of prostituted Genius returning to her first love for the Truth. . . .

Thursday, 24 March.—Called on Wallis, who had written to me that he possesses a head which, as Peacock had told him, gave the best obtainable idea of Shelley's face. It is an outline engraving from the head of Leismann in the Uffizi (mentioned in print by Peacock), and probably conveys a somewhat different impression from the picture itself, which I looked at purposely last year. W[allis] says positively that the Shelley portrait, nominally by Miss Curran, exhibited by Sir P[ercy] Shelley at Kensington in '68, is not Miss C[urran]'s own work; but is a copy from the portrait painted by Clint, which latter was done partly from Miss C[urran]'s. The genuine one by Miss C[urran] belongs, he says, to Mrs Hogg.* He has not yet seen it, but expects to do so, and might perhaps arrange for my accompanying him. He possesses a *Tacitus* which had been given by Shelley to Hogg. He was under the impression that one of S[helley]'s biographers, probably Hogg (he does not refer to Thornton Hunt's assertion), had stated in print that S[helley] was dissipated with women at some time of his life. On my telling him that Hogg decidedly does not say so, nor any other printed record written by a personal acquaintance of Shelley, he comes to the conclusion that he must have heard it from Peacock in conversation. I entertain some doubt as to the fact alleged. Wallis believes that Severn knew something about Shelley (as to this I have no distinct notion either way). The last time W[allis] was in Rome, he met at Severn's office Mrs Llanos, Keats's Sister: a large and (he says) apparently very ordinary old lady. She has children. . . .

* Was Mr Wallis right as to this matter? I question it; being still rather under the impression that one of the two portraits which used to belong to Sir Percy Shelley was the original by Miss Curran, while that which belonged to Mrs Hogg (and afterwards to her daughter Mrs Lonsdale) was the copy made by Clint. Both these works are now in the National Portrait Gallery.

Sunday, 27 March.—Called at Chelsea to learn about Gabriel's health, as a letter raising some anxiety reached me thence yesterday. He speaks (by letter to Dunn) of the bad state of his eyes, and possibility that he may have to leave-off work, and turn china etc. into money; but I doubt whether there is anything going on much different from what has been the state of things these many months.

Monday, 28 March.—Called to see the pictures which Lucy Brown etc. are sending in to the R.A. Cathy's portrait of her Mother, and Miss Spartali's *St Barbara*, remarkably good.

...
Tuesday, 5 April.—Gabriel, who has again of late been increasingly anxious about his eyes, consulted Dr Critchett to-day. Dr C[ritchett] (like all the others) insists that there is nothing substantial the matter with the eyes, but recommends rest, general reinvigoration, etc. He says the eyes are more than duly flat; that this defect used to be corrected by an unconscious exertion of muscular power; but that of late that power is not so readily brought into play, and hence the failure of sight. G[abriel] was with Swinburne (recently back from Holmwood) the better part of the day; and speaks in the very highest terms of what S[winburne] has been writing lately—*Hertha*, *The Litany of the Nations*, and the Proem to *Tristram and Yseult*. S[winburne] has finished, or all but, his notice of G[abriel]'s poems for *The Fortnightly Review*; and, spite of reiterated and strenuous protests from G[abriel], persists in retaining in it some passage exalting G[abriel] expressly above other contemporary poets. G[abriel]'s book is now finally made up, and preparing for publication; Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise* are also expected to be out in May. Marston (through Knight) saw lately something of G[abriel]'s poems, and admired them much, and proposes to review them in *The Athenæum*. Purnell, it seems, does most of the poetic reviewing there, but cedes this to M[arston]: he believes that it *was* Buchanan who criticized my Shelley. . . . I began the notice of Coleridge, and began reading up for that of Cowper—the last that remains to be done. After this, the three outstanding volumes of Selections have to be compiled,

Wednesday, 6 April.—Wrote to Moxon, naming the editions of Burns, Milton, Coleridge, and Keats, that should be sent to me for re-printing. In each of the last three it will be possible to introduce a new feature, rendering the forthcoming editions the completest in the market.

Thursday, 7 April.—Handed over £20, which Gabriel requested for current expenses at Chelsea—he having returned yesterday to Scalands. One item is £12. 15s. for fire-insurance: I find he is insured for £5100. . . .

Monday, 11 April.— . . . Payne tells me the *Shelley* has sold very fairly: the edition is 1000 copies. . . . I see it is actually true (as I had been told) that Payne has had the infernal impudence to affix a pair of ass's ears to the portrait of Tennyson hanging in his room at Moxon's. . . .

Monday, 18 April.— . . . Swinburne called, and read me *The Litany of the Nations* and *Hertha*, which are both very fine—though I rather question whether the best things of a like kind in *Atalanta* do not surpass even what is to be found in *Hertha*. He . . . has somewhat modified, at Gabriel's urgency, what he had said, in the review of G[abriel]'s poems, as to G[abriel]'s superiority to Tennyson etc. The poems for the volume of *Songs before Sunrise* are not yet entirely completed. . . .

Tuesday, 19 April.—Went to see at South Kensington the astonishing Japanese silk-painting of a tiger—done by a distinguished artist, Ganko, about 1700: it is a most admirable piece of work. So also is the Refreshment-room painted by Morris: I think it must be the best piece of room-decoration, or something very like it, of this century, whether in England or elsewhere. It is darker than I like—*i.e.*, the room admits less light: but I fancy this depends upon its position, not decoration. Saw the painted windows done by Scott in outline-grisaille: some of them are pleasing talented work, and sufficiently agreeable to the eye—as the subjects of Chinese Art-workmen, and of Orpheus: the last window, representing Raphael etc., appears to me not satisfactory, and the least approvable of all.—Read Swinburne's *Eve of Revolution* and other poems in MS.: most splendid work indeed, . . .

Friday, 22 April.—Stillman called, and says that Gabriel's poems have already been reviewed in *The Pall Mall Gazette* and *The Globe*; also that G[abriel] (who wrote us lately to say the Nortons had invited him to Florence, and to ask whether I would accompany him) is now almost minded to settle down for a while in Florence. I quite think it would be desirable for him to make the experiment. . . . I had in the morning written to G[abriel], to say that I will see about arranging for accompanying him to Florence if he wishes (though for more reasons than one it is the last place I should myself want to be going to this year). . . .

276.—DANTE ROSSETTI—PROPOSED RAFFLE, DEVERELL.

[I have found the following programme, roughly written out by my Brother, for a raffle on account of two pictures by his old friend Walter Howell Deverell: am not now able to say whether the programme was issued in these same terms, or whether the raffle was held. The date of writing should be 1870, as that was the sixteenth year following 1854, in which Deverell had died.]

[1870.]

It is projected to set on foot a raffle for the two following pictures by the late Walter H. Deverell, viz.—1. *The Banishment of Hamlet*—2. *Irish Beggars by the Roadside*. The death of this artist occurred sixteen years ago at the age of about twenty-five, and the promise he displayed remained unaccomplished. His works are the expression of original gifts, struggling with difficulties and not yet brought to maturity: but they have a true interest for those who can discover mental qualities in art; contributing as they do to illustrate the growth of English poetic painting in the circle of men among whom he worked, many of whom, more fortunate in longer life, have now arrived at eminence.

These two pictures display Deverell's qualities, especially

the *Hamlet*, a work which, when exhibited, met with appreciation for its colour and dramatic expression. The present raffle has for its important object the assistance of the late artist's sister, to whom the pictures belong. . . .

The shares in the raffle to be a guinea each; the holder of the first and second prizes will obtain respectively the pictures of *Hamlet* and the *Irish Beggars*. The drawing will take place three months from the present date, when the subscribers will receive notice of the precise day and place.

277.—ANNE GILCHRIST to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

20 THE TERRACE, GUNTER GROVE.

2 January 1870.

My dear Mr Rossetti,— . . . I happen to feel somewhat downcast and anxious. . . . I have been reading *The Saturday Review*, which always makes me supremely miserable, whatever it treats of. I take it a Saturday Reviewer must be the unhappiest man on the face of the earth, for he believes in nothing and admires nothing, not even himself. . . .—
Always yours gratefully,

ANNE GILCHRIST.

278.—ANNE GILCHRIST to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The passage here quoted, written by Whitman, must have occurred in a letter addressed to myself—the same letter which is spoken of in Mrs Gilchrist's of 1 January 1870, No 274.]

20 THE TERRACE, GUNTER GROVE.

3 January 1870.

My dear Mr Rossetti,—In regard to his new edition Mr Whitman says: "My new editions, considerably expanded, with what suggestions etc. I have to offer (presented, I hope,

in more definite graphic form), will probably get printed the coming Spring. I shall forward you early copies. I send my love to Moncure Conway, if you see him; I wish he would write to me soon and fully." I was going to copy the whole letter, and then could not make-up my mind to write out my own praises in such a cool way.— . . . Yours very truly,

ANNE GILCHRIST.

279.—EDWARD TRELAWNY to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

7 PELHAM CRESCENT, BROMPTON.
8 January 1870.

Dear Rossetti,—Thank you for the *Book of Courtesies*. A code of courtesy might be drawn from it, very useful in this present rude age. Has Moxon published his *Shelley*?—
Yours truly,

E. J. TRELAWNY.

280.—THOMAS DIXON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

15 SUNDERLAND STREET, SUNDERLAND.
9 January 1870.

Dear Sir,— . . . I enclose you a portrait of W. Whitman that has been copied by Tom Westness from a large portrait sent me by Whitman on Christmas week; and to get it done I ventured a journey to Morpeth in the snow-storm on the Christmas-day, for Tom was in a state of great anxiety to have it done, so soon as I sent him word I had got it. . . . Whitman sent with it Emerson's letter and some other trifles printed in a newspaper, also a very nice letter of sympathy for *Mother's death*, and of friendship to me, and a salutation for all his readers here. I intend to collect a few books amongst us here to send him in return for his kindness. Readers of his poems still keep

on the increase in our neighbourhood, and many now love him, and value his poems much and deeply too. The Co-operative Store bought your edition of his writings for the Library, and I learn there has been other buyers in the town. I find Burroughs' book very useful as a help to a proper understanding of the man and his poems to new readers. . . .—Yours respectfully,

THOMAS DIXON.

281.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

2 PONTE VECCHIO.
15 January 1870.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . Your kind dedication to me of your *Courtesy-book* came safe, and I am grateful. . . .

I had written thus far, and behold! your beautiful volume of the Text Society is brought me this moment. . . .

Wonders will never cease! The King has now given me the Order of the Corona d'Italia. It is the second order of the kingdom, civil and military, as the Bath is of England. The first is that of the Annunziata, for the Royal Family, foreign sovereigns, etc. I was recommended by the Prime Minister, Menabrea, whom I never saw; and to him by the M[inister] of Public Instruction, Bargoni, whom I likewise never saw. But the Secretary-General, Villari, is a very dear friend of mine of long standing, though he is a young man. He was one evening admiring the Arundel portrait of Dante at my house; and I gave it him, to induce him to get the fresco (Giotto's) restored by removing the horrid daub that covers it. I asked him to persuade the Minister of P[ublic] I[nstruction], whose department it is, and I gave him another print for *himself* to give him, as an inducement; and I suppose he gave it to him *in my name*. But, instead of reviving Dante, he obtained the cross for me, and sent it me with the diploma

and a very handsome letter, written entirely by his own hand; and a beautiful hand it is, much better than the Secretary's. It is a perfect surprise, and Dante seems to care more for me than for the portrait. He was with me a few days before, and we asked him to inspire the M[inister] to get the portrait restored. Bargoni is now out—and there is no further prospect at present (and so is Menabrea), unless Dante can stimulate the new Minister.

Holman-Hunt has not been here for a long time. I suppose he has some great qualities, perhaps expression, which is the greatest of all. . . . He is a good fellow anyhow—and so is Woolner. . . .

There are still some of the Polidoris in Florence. The Cancelliere is dead, but there is a Son of his whom I have seen in English society.—My dear friend, ever yours,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

. . . I will try and get you a photograph of the beautiful monument of Dante's General at Campaldino, which I drew for Lord V[ernon], and which is, I suppose, lost. The most important of all the illustrations.

282.—EDWARD TRELAWNY to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

7 PELHAM CRESCENT, BROMPTON.
17 *January* 1870.

Dear Rossetti,—You have verified your text that your editing our poet was a work of love. You are the first writer on Shelley that has done justice to him or his writings—all the previous writers are incompetent. Peacock had fancy and learning, Hogg the same; Leigh Hunt did not understand Shelley's poetry; Medwin, superficial; Mrs Shelley, fear of running counter to the cant of society restrained her. You alone have the qualities essential to the task, and have done it admirably.

The publishers have marred all. Under its present

hideous form the book can't float—the pale ink, the small type, and crowded text. Those that have opened it shut it with disgust. When you come this way, let's have a talk. Thanking you for your notices, and hoping I deserve them,—I am always your obliged

E. J. TRELAWNY.

The *Prometheus*, Shelley said, caused him the most labour; and, if that was a failure, he could never hope to succeed in being a poet; and, if not a poet, he was nothing.

283.—DANTE ROSSETTI to PROFESSOR NORTON, Florence.

16 CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

22 January 1870.

My dear Norton,—I am truly ashamed of the above date, and of all my sins of omission; including perhaps some omitted sins,—for these too strike one as mistakes occasionally as life wears on. However, at present such is not my remorse; for most certainly it would have been no sin, but a duty, to have written ere now to one who must think he remembers me much better than I do him—and to whom at any rate I am grateful for past friendship, and even for future instalments of the same, so sure I am of them, whatever my poor deserts may be.

I duly got long ago the drawing of *Clerk Saunders*, and was truly pleased to see its face again. It even surprised me by its great merit of feeling and execution, and now takes its place among its fellows on my drawing-room walls. I have had the silver flat gilded; which makes a wonderful improvement in the tone, which the former leaden tint damaged terribly. Silver flats are one of the wilder experiments of our frame-making in those days.

I hope when I see you again you will be pleased with the drawing of Janey Morris destined for you, which is now being finished. If you like however (you know), I will send

it to you in Florence. But, before parting with it, I shall have to make a replica for my own keeping, as I like it on the whole the best of the drawings I have made of her, and never mean to let any more go out of my own possession. The chance of such a model is too precious for the ordinary market. You will be grieved to have heard (as you have doubtless done) how very ill she has been since you were in London; nor can I give a good account of her now, though she has been somewhat better just lately.

I have been thinking what there may be to tell you of my work, and am obliged to confess that it does not amount to much. I have been a good deal out of sorts, nor did I benefit much in the autumn by a trip to Scotland. However, poor health has not been the only cause of the little I have got done in painting, as I lost some time preparing a volume of poems for the press, which I hope to get out in the Spring. I have communicated with Mr Fields of Boston (whom you doubtless know) as to his undertaking an American reprint; since, when he called on me with Longfellow last summer, he expressed a wish to reprint some early poetry of mine he had seen somewhere. I have not as yet received his reply. My proposed publisher, Ellis, had received a request for sheets of the poems from Messrs Roberts the American publishers, but I thought after what Fields said it was best to write to him.

Of course you know how great a success Morris's new *Earthly Paradise* is; and no doubt you agree with all the most reliable opinions, that there is some real advance as to strength and human character in this volume even over the former one. The *Gudrun* is surely on the whole one of the finest poems in the English language. I believe you have been hearing from Ned Jones, so need not convey news of him and his.

What a delightful picture—indeed, a most precious one—your Giorgione turns out after passing through the hands of a skilful picture-cleaner! Why in the world the change in it had ever been made it is difficult to conceive; except indeed that it appears to have been part of a larger picture, the rest

of which may presumably have been lost, and an attempt then made to give the fragment the look of a whole at the expense of its beauty and real character. It seems, as now cleaned, to be in a quite perfect state, and needed I believe no retouching whatever. The colour is so golden that it gives an idea of being actually painted on a gold ground, though this does not seem on examination to be the case.

We have a very fine specimen of an American over here now in the person of Stillman, whom you know. I have known him in a fragmentary way for many years, but am seeing more of him now, and like him extremely.

I hope you are all enjoying yourselves in Florence, and above all that you have no ill-health to interfere with the fitness of things around you. Will you give my very best and truest remembrances to all yours, and accept them for yourself, believing me your sincere friend,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

284.—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The profile of Shelley in boyhood, done by the Duc de Montpensier, is known to many persons interested in the great poet. I can only say that I never perceived it to bear much resemblance to his face, such as we very imperfectly know it from other records; nor did I ever hear any details tending clearly to authenticate it.—In Allingham's P.S. the term "the engraving" means (as may readily be perceived) the engraved portrait of Shelley in my edition of his poems.—I will add here a few details about the Duc de Montpensier. He was born in 1775, a younger son of the Duc d'Orléans, Philippe Egalité, and was Brother to the Duc de Chartres, afterwards King Louis Philippe. Getting into serious trouble and danger in the course of the French Revolution, he embarked for America in 1796, and came to England in 1800, residing at Twickenham. Here the Duc de Montpensier died in 1807. The portrait said to be that of

Shelley (born in 1792) represents a boy seemingly aged about eleven (or, as Allingham says, ten). This will bring us to 1803, which is a date quite consistent with those which relate to the English sojourn of the Duc de Montpensier. Shelley, it would appear, was a pupil at Sion House Academy, Isleworth, from the autumn of 1802 to the summer of 1804.]

LYMINGTON.

23 January 1870.

Dear William,—Pray accept my best thanks, first for the curious *Italian Courtesy-books*, and secondly for the two valuable Shelley volumes. Both Life and Notes seem to me admirably done.

Last month (December 5 and 6) I was at Boscombe, and saw for the first time the Shelley relics which are there. The letters, scribbling-books, pocket-books, rough and fair copies of poems, I was allowed to turn over for an hour or so, with promise of leave to examine them carefully at another time. They are in a cabinet which stands in a large recess, sometimes hid by a curtain, in Lady Shelley's boudoir. At the end of the recess is a full-size cast of Christchurch monument (drowned figure etc.); on one side of this a bust of Mrs Shelley—on the other a bust of Mrs Godwin (a beautiful woman); and on the wall an idealized copy of Miss Curran's picture of P. B. S. (the original is in Sir Percy's room), and two glazed frames with locks of hair :

P. B. S.	. . .	1816	} both very dark brown.
Do.	. . .	1822	
Mary W. S.	. . .	1851	light and faded.
P. Florence S.	. . .	1821	very light.
Lord Byron	. . .	1822	turning grey.
C[ountess] Guiccioli	. . .		blonde.
L[eigh] Hunt	. . .	1817	} nearly black.
Tom Moore	. . .		
Ed. Trelawny	. . .	1822	
Ed. Williams	. . .	1821	

Item—portrait of William S[helley], child of about two; blue eyes, sea-shell pink cheeks, yellow hair; and pencil-

drawing (*i.e.*, copy or photograph of one) "drawn by the Duc de Montpensier, and presented by him to the Ladies of Langollen," representing in profile the head of a very beautiful boy of about ten, with curls to his shoulders, P. B. S. to wit. The poet's travelling knife and fork in a case are here, one of his gloves (found in a book), the plate he used to eat his raisins off at Marlow in 1817 (a rather pretty plate, white with pattern of strawberries), the volume of Æschylus (not "Sophocles") found in his pocket. The edition is a 12mo one in 2 volumes, and the companion-volume is also here.

I read the pamphlet—

"A Refutation of Deism, in a dialogue—ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ"—London, printed by Schultze and Dean, 13 Poland Street, 1814, 101 pages. 'Tis in ironical Voltairian manner: pretends to support Christianity—"no alternative between Atheism and Christianity"—while attacking both Christianity and Deism. The author's opinion is evidently given in these words: "It is easier to suppose that the Universe has existed from all eternity than to conceive an eternal being capable of creating it. . . . The system of the Universe is upheld solely by the physical powers." . . .—Yours always,

W. ALLINGHAM.

The engraving is a very unlucky version of Miss Curran's portrait, and likely to prepossess people against the book, I fear. I wish that drawing of the boy of ten were in stead of it.

285.—MRS LYNN LINTON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

28 GOWER STREET.

27 January 1870.

Dear Mr Rossetti,—Very many thanks for your Memoir. . . . All my life I have been ridiculed for my love of Shelley, and told how his poetry has been my ruin; and now you

come forward not only to defend but even to eulogize his lovers. . . .—Yours most faithfully,

E. LYNN LINTON.

286.—KENINGALE COOK to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

69 MANSFIELD ROAD, HIGHGATE ROAD.
27 January 1870.

Dear Mr Rossetti,— . . . It may or may not interest you to learn—if you are not already aware of it—that your edition of Whitman has called forth long notices in two periodicals of rather distinctive class :—*The Intellectual Repository* (organ of Swedenborgian spiritualism) of a few months ago; and *The Spiritual Magazine* (Christian branch of modern, or, if I may so speak, more *material* spiritualism) of this month. This latter article, though narrow in one or two points, is fine in its way: the author “W. H.”—William Howitt, I should imagine. The other paper wants a little straightening in its literary facts, which are set rather crookedly. . . .—Most truly yours,

KENINGALE R. COOK.

287.—WILLIAM ROSSETTI to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[In speaking of some portrait of Shelley “now lost,” I meant (but the sentence is rather ambiguous) that the water-colour by Lieutenant Williams is now lost—not the oil-painting by Clint. The jocular allusion to *The Athenæum* refers to the censorious review in that periodical of my edition of Shelley.]

56 EUSTON SQUARE.
30 January 1870.

Dear Allingham,— . . . The engraving to my *Shelley* is indeed worse than indifferent: it is the same that had

appeared in recent issues of Mrs Shelley's editions. It is not strictly from Miss Curran's portrait, but from the one used by Trelawny—*i.e.*, a water-colour by Lieut. Williams, from which (now lost) a portrait by Clint was painted. But no doubt Clint must have coached himself up from Miss Curran: but for this, one would have to say that the almost entire coincidence between the Curran and Williams portraits argues strongly in favour of the truthfulness of the now currently accepted Shelley face.—Yours as long as *The Athenæum* leaves me crawling,

W. M. ROSSETTI.

288.—PROFR. DOWDEN TO WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

61 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN.

1 February 1870.

Dear Sir,—I write to know whether you are sufficiently disengaged to be able, or to care, to read an Essay of mine called *The Poetry of Democracy: Walt Whitman*. It came to be written at the request of the Editor of *Macmillan* that I should contribute something to his magazine; but, on finding my paper was concerned with Whitman, he could have nothing to do with it. The MS. went the round of several Reviews; or rather I consulted the Editor beforehand as to whether an article on such a subject would be acceptable; but the *Fortnightly* had had its article on Whitman already, and from other quarters I got such answers as "God save us from Whitmanism"—"Whitman's monstrous system," etc. etc. At last, in the least likely quarter, it was accepted—for *The Contemporary Review*. . . . But, after being put into print, Dean Alford and Mr Strahan found its tone "too alarming" to permit of its being published.

I have the proof-sheet by me, and I should like you (if it does not trouble you) to read my essay; partly because I can acknowledge thereby, beside other debts, especially

the debt you have laid me under in making me acquainted with Whitman's writings; partly because, as I suppose no English review will accept my article (which I believe you will find very innocent and *un*-"alarming"), I should be glad to learn from you if you think there is a chance of its being accepted by any American Review of merit, and if so—*which*.

In any case I wish Whitman himself to see it, and shall thank you if you can let me know his address. . . .

I am connected with the University of Dublin as Professor of English Literature. . . .—Very faithfully yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

289.—DANTE ROSSETTI to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[I think it as well to give this extract; as it has often been said, spitefully or ignorantly or with much exaggeration, that Dante Rossetti prompted some of his friends to write reviews of his *Poems*. The extract strongly suggests that both Mr William Morris (Top) and Mr Swinburne acted spontaneously. Mr Morris's review appeared in *The Academy*. The sequel to the present letter comes in letter 294, 11 February 1870.]

[16 CHEYNE WALK.
3 February 1870.]

Dear William,—I am always forgetting to ask you as follows. Top wants to do a notice of my book. He proposed *Fortnightly*; but there I believe Swinburne proposes to do so, and had long ago started the idea. Do you think *The Academy* would be available? And, if so, could you propose the thing to the Editor? Top's name would be useful perhaps to him, as well as to my book. . . .—Your

D. G. R.

. . . .

290.—PROFR. DOWDEN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

61 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN.

5 February 1870.

Dear Sir,—I post to you to-day my article. . . . I ought to have made it clearer that I view Whitman's work by no means as supply to answer such demand as the American people makes, or is likely for some time to make; but as the utterances of a man of genius standing in the presence of a great democracy, and delivering himself with no concern for his hearers' tastes or wishes. Whitman's want of popularity therefore in his own country affords no argument against the statement that he is the poet of democracy. The Hebrew prophets, in the same way, were unpopular, yet were no less on that account the truest interpreters of the Hebrew spirit. . . .—Very truly yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

. . . .

291.—F. T. PALGRAVE to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

5 YORK GATE, REGENT'S PARK.

7 February 1870.

Dear Rossetti,— . . . I am in the thick of your Shelleyan labours, and admire the reverential reserve with which you have altered the text. I have long since surrendered all my attempts at correction: except the *dome* for *doom* in the *West Wind*, in which I dare say I have been anticipated by others. . . .—Ever truly yours,

F. T. PALGRAVE.

292.—PROFR. DOWDEN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

61 WELLINGTON ROAD, DUBLIN.

10 February 1870.

My dear Sir,— . . . What you say of Whitman's being a "dæmonic man" (Goethe's phrase—is it not?) and therefore only to be expected to utter his own vision of truth, not that of the side remote from him, is most true. I do not think of *blaming*, any more than I could think of blaming J. H. Newman, say, for being at the extreme other pole of truth. But in such a criticism as mine it seemed in keeping with the rest to note the limitations or even the error of his thinking, as well as the chief objects within its range. That error, as it presents itself to me, is an exclusion of self-consciousness from Nature, and all that proceeds from self-consciousness; whereas Nature really includes self-consciousness. Whitman, in his feeling that men would become more a part of Nature, and so live a freer larger life, by utterly losing sight of themselves, is really tending towards asceticism of a peculiar kind,—self-mutilation, putting-out of the inward eye of self-observation for the sake of getting into his Kingdom of Heaven. His doctrine seems to me, by an immeasurable amount, more fruitful than its opposite—that which devotes itself to inculcating self-superintendence without caring to develop that which is to be superintended. But the *whole* truth on this matter is what I would grow passionate for, which I find nowhere better put than in the words of Schelling, whose philosophy too was a *Natur-philosophie*:—"It has long been perceived that in art [and life and all things] everything is not performed with a full consciousness; that with the conscious activity an unconscious energy must unite itself; that the perfect union and reciprocal interpenetration of the two is that which accomplishes the highest in art" [and in life]. . . .—Very truly yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

293.—JOHN TUPPER to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[The book sent along with this note is evidently the one entitled *Hiatus, or the Void in Modern Education*. As Mr Tupper was an excellent Art-teacher, and the main thesis of his book is to some extent well summarized in this note—the book itself being far less widely known than it deserves to be—I think it desirable to insert the letter.]

RUGBY.

11 February 1870.

My dear Rossetti,—I have ordered a copy of my Book to be sent you. You will (if you read) differ gravely on some points, but I hope I shall have your sanction on some. I am not, you mind, writing about art as poetry; though I contend that, if art is only taught grammatically, and learned so, there will be some emotional, some poetic outcome. I only say that we cannot *teach* poetry nor the poetic constituent of Art; and that is just what we are for ever pretending to do, in schools, to the exclusion of the possible teaching.

I am entrancedly gloating over these wonderful things in Turner's *Liber Studiorum*; but I do not show them to my boys till they are well advanced, for we can't get so far. Boys could not see them as anything but a sanction for scribble. If we root-out the sham, and get-in a little truth in the way of drawing, we do much—eh?—Yours always,

J. L. TUPPER.

294.—DANTE ROSSETTI to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[16 CHEYNE WALK.

11 February 1870.]

Dear W.,—Top thinks the best plan would be as you suggest—*i.e.*, for you to tell the Editor of *Academy* that he is

willing to write on his own subjects, and notify any book he wishes for review. I suppose that plan is likely to suit Editor.—Your

D. G. R.

295.—JOHN PICKFORD to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The statement that Shelley entered Eton School "at the age of thirteen" is not quite accurate. He was there before he was fully twelve.]

BOLTON PERCY, near TADCASTER.

15 February [1870].

My dear Sir,— . . . On the enclosed paper I have jotted down a few bits concerning Shelley which have fallen under my notice in my reading, though perhaps they may not be new to you, and may have been anticipated in your Memoir.—Believe me yours faithfully,

JOHN PICKFORD.

It is owing to your remarks on Shelley in the last No. of *Notes and Queries* that I have sent the paper to you.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was born in 1792, and at the age of thirteen, after being at School at Sion House, Brentford, was sent to Eton. Joseph Goodall, D.D., was then *Head Master* (1801 to 1809, when he was elected Provost of the College). Dr Keate was most probably at the time of Shelley's entrance *Master of the Lower School*, in which he was placed. A reference to *Etoniana* or the *Registrum Regale* could at once show whether I am correct in my assertion concerning Dr Keate having once been Lower Master. The power of flogging would belong to him, as well as to the Head Master.

In 1809 Keate became Head Master, and held that post for a great number of years.

In 1811 Shelley was expelled from University College,

Oxford, at the age of eighteen.—Query, in what year did he enter Oxford?—University College at that time had chiefly as its undergraduate members young men of family and fortune from Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire,—in fact, was peopled by a set of hard-living north-countrymen; and why selected as a college for Shelley it is difficult to say. The Master was James Griffith, D.D. (1808 to 1821). To Mr Faber belongs the merit in the first instance of raising University to its present high rank in Oxford, and also to Arthur Stanley, the Dean of Westminster, both of whom were Tutors.

In *The New Monthly Magazine* for 1833 may be found an account of Shelley's expulsion, written by a contemporary, which is well worth reading. . . .

Mention is made, in the *N[ew] M[onthly] M[agazine]* article above alluded to, of Shelley's quickness in making Latin verses; and of his once having shown up a *Latin prose* theme to Keate in which he wrote some verses, and which Keate as he read the theme scanned. This was most likely when Keate was Lower Master; unless, as is scarcely probable, Shelley, during the latter part of his stay at Eton, was in the Sixth Form.

296.—MRS LEWES to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[My Brother's acquaintance with the self-styled "George Eliot" was not at any time very close: it was (as we see) at this date sufficient to warrant him in sending her, or to warrant her in asking for and accepting, some photographs from his works of art. The "head marked June 1861" must have been a pencil-head of his Wife—one of very few which he drew from her, as actual portrait-studies, after the date of their marriage. The chief subject in the letter here extracted from is the photograph from the pen-and-ink drawing of *Hamlet and Ophelia*. That passage was reproduced in Miss Mathilde Blind's volume *George Eliot*: so I omit it here.]

21 NORTH BANK.
17 February 1870.

Dear Mr Rossetti,—I have had time now to dwell on the photographs. I am especially grateful to you for giving me the head marked June 1861: it is exquisite. But I am glad to possess every one of them. The subject of *The Magdalene* rises in interest for me the more I look at it. I hope you will keep, in the picture, an equally passionate type for her. Perhaps you will indulge me with a little talk about the modifications you intend to introduce. . . .

I thank you sincerely, and I feel it a privilege to have learned something of your mind's work.—Yours always truly,

M. E. LEWES.

297.—DANTE ROSSETTI to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[The chief interest of this note is the evidence it affords that my Brother, even before his volume *Poems* was actually published, had confidently forecast that it would be attacked by Mr Robert Buchanan. I omit, for a sufficient reason, the close of his sentence about Mr Buchanan: the reader will understand that what he means is that this author, when about to write a hostile review, would find himself more or less hampered through laudatory reviews already written and published by authors as distinguished as himself—or shall I say *more* distinguished?]

[16 CHEYNE WALK.
23 February 1870.]

Dear W.,—I have sent my proofs for correction and resetting (as I mean now to have only 24 lines in a page, instead of 29), and have told them to send a set (when done) to you at once. I suppose this will not be done for some days, but write now lest I forget; as I want to ask whether you could greatly oblige me by reading them carefully through again with a view to punctuation when you receive them, as I am

sure stops etc. will be sure to drop out in the resetting, and you must have a good habit of spotting these things, besides better eyes than I have.

Swinburne's article will be in the May *Fortnightly*, one by Skelton in May *Fraser*, and Top (I trust) in May *Academy*. So Buchanan may, let us hope, be caught just in the act. . . .—Your

D. G. R.

. . .

298.—JOHN RUSKIN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[I have forgotten what was "that help" which I had just been affording to Mr Ruskin: it must apparently have been in the nature of translating some passage from the writings of Leonardo da Vinci on pictorial art.]

OXFORD.

10 March 1870.

Dear Rossetti,—I am so very much obliged to you for that help. There is a great deal in Leonardo which I used to think commonplace, but now find—examining the expressions closely—of highest value. That *Imperatore* bit is very puzzling however at best.

Thank you for the book on mediæval etiquette—it is greatly amusing.—Ever believe me, dear Rossetti, yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

299.—MORRIS & COMPANY—A BILL.

[As everything connected with the firm of Morris & Company has become of interest to many, I give here a copy of a bill of theirs. I don't know who did the "device": it is not exactly a masterpiece. The bill relates to the stained-

glass window commissioned by Charlotte Polidori in memory of her deceased sister Margaret, and set up in Christ Church, Albany Street: it was designed by Dante Rossetti, and executed by the Morris Firm. The subject is here called "Sermon on the Mount": but this is not correct, as the designer intended the Sermon on the Plain—as set forth in [Luke, chap. 6.]

26 QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.
March 19th 1870.

To MISS POLIDORI.

Device

Dr. to MORRIS & COMPANY,

*Fine Art Workmen, in Painting, Carving, Stained Glass,
Furniture, and the Metals.*

The terms are strictly for cash: five per cent. charged after three months.

1870.

Janry. 15.	To Brass Plate for Window-sill with inscription.	£1 19 8
Mar. 18.	To Stained Glass, Sermon on the Mount	35 0 0
	„ Fixing	0 16 4
		£37 16 0

March 21. Received with thanks, Morris & Company.

300.—DANTE ROSSETTI to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[I don't now remember—and I suppose that I never knew—anything about this matter of *The North British Review*. It appears that Mr W. B. Scott co-operated (at least in intention) in the plan, which he afterwards vigorously denounced, of the reviewing, by personal friends and acquaintances, of the *Poems* of Dante Rossetti. Also I do not recollect what poem or passage written by my Brother

appeared to me to resemble the first sonnet of Petrarch—one of the most perfect pieces of verse-writing in any language.]

[SCALANDS.
25 *March* 1870.]

Dear W.,—Do you know if Simcox is on the *North British*? It seems some one secured my book there before Scott asked for it, but I don't know who it was. Or is there any one else likely? Do you know the names?

I've been rather worried by your discovery about the resemblance to Petrarch's first sonnet, which I verily believe I never read. Would you mind copying it for me?

I have written just a sheet of new matter which is in print now, and shall do no more but a sonnet or two perhaps. I'm not in trim, and time wears too short.—Your

GABRIEL.

I finished *The Stream's Secret* (begun at Penkill) which makes 12 pages. The rest are sonnets.

301.—DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

SCALANDS.
[*April* 1870.]

Dear Brown,—I write to Dunn with this about the studies. I should be much obliged to you to look in again. I do not think you or any one understands the extent to which my eyesight now interferes with work. Every moment is an effort. The chalks are a little less painful, so I am apt to do them. I have fortunately several commissions for chalk-portraits which I may get done on reaching London unless my eyes become worse.

No matter about the trifle of tin. There will be moments more convenient for you, and more desperate for me, yet. . . .—Your

D. G. R.

. . .

302.—DANTE ROSSETTI to PROFR. NORTON, Florence.

SCALANDS, ROBERTSBRIDGE, SUSSEX.

11 April 1870.

My dear Norton,—What very, very kind letters from yourself and Mrs Norton! May I mass the answers I owe into one? It seems natural, when the unity of kindness is so complete in both.

I have been here for a month or rather more now, having left London in very poor health, and not having much to boast of at this writing. There is everything to tempt me in your invitation, I need hardly say; but the weakness I have long been experiencing in my eyes forbids sight-seeing, and to enter Florence under such a prohibition for the first time would be, I fear, too tantalizing. Better dulness and commonplace at home than such a change so circumscribed. Besides, if work may be, work I must for many reasons, and the day has arrived to try again. So I fear there is little likelihood (though not perhaps quite none) of my seeing you in Florence. Meanwhile, I may say truly that no distant place or persons seem to me so pleasantly inviting, but for dismal drawbacks.

I hope you will soon get my volume of poems. It shall reach you as soon as it is out, which will I believe be for certain before the end of this month. Some friendly hands are already at work on reviews of it: Morris for *The Academy*—Swinburne for the *Fortnightly*—Stillman for an American paper—and others.

Stillman is my companion in these solitudes, and a very good, helpful, friendly companion he is, as you will judge from your knowledge of him. The house (which has a good studio in it) has been lent us by an old friend, Mrs Bodichon, an excellent landscape-painter herself, as you perhaps know. I think you have heard from Stillman that he has . . . got himself engaged. . . . He has gone up to town to-day, . . . and I am left to lonely letter-writing.

She is a noble girl—in beauty, in sweetness, and in artistic gifts; and the sky should seem very warm and calm above, and the road in front bright and clear, and all ill things left behind for ever, to him who starts anew on his life-journey, foot to foot and hand in hand with her. . . . I warmly hope that happiness is in store for them both. She is a pearl among women, and there are points in Stillman's character of the manliest and truest I know. His prospects are at present however very uncertain. . . .

I hope that when you get my book you will agree with me as to the justness of my including all it contains. I say this because there are a few things—and notably a poem called *Jenny*—which will raise objections in some quarters. I only know that they have been written neither recklessly nor aggressively (moods which I think are sure to result in the ruin of Art), but from a true impulse to deal with subjects which seem to me capable of being brought rightly within Art's province. Of my own position I feel sure, and so wait the final result without apprehension.

Our friends are all well, with the exception, I most deeply grieve to say, of Mrs Morris, who is still in a very delicate state. She and Morris have been in this neighbourhood lately, and are coming again; and I trust the change may prove eventually of some decided benefit to her, as signs of this have already become apparent.

Good-bye, my dear Norton. I am going for my walk now in a pleasing but not very sympathetic *entourage* of leafless woods and English associations which I have grown old in, but am never perhaps quite at home with. I envy you your Italian ones, and shall be very glad to hear more of the study you propose to undertake of Michelangelo's unpublished letters. I hope the fit of queer health which baulked you at the outset is over now, and that you and yours are all well. To all of you my best love, and the assurance that I am ever yours and theirs,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

303.—BARONE KIRKUP to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

[Pietrocola here mentioned was (as in previous instances) my Cousin Teodorico Pietrocola-Rossetti. As to "Shelley's bed," or sofa, which is now my property, I may give its history in brief, supplementing the few remarks made in my Diary for 13 March 1870. Shelley bought this sofa in Pisa, when he was furnishing there. I believe the statement made by Trelawny, that it was bought in Leghorn and for Leigh Hunt, was not strictly accurate. I always used to hear its material called "Italian walnut-wood"; but was of late credibly informed that it is beech-wood. It is very roomy and fully sufficient to serve as a bed, and Trelawny told me that Shelley often used it thus. If Shelley left it in Pisa in 1822, instead of sending it off to Casa Magni near Lerici (a point as to which I am not certain), he must apparently have slept upon it the last night of his life: for that night was spent in Pisa, and on the following morning he went to Leghorn, and embarked on the fatal boat. After the poet's death the sofa remained of course the property of Mrs Shelley. She, on leaving Italy, gave it to Leigh Hunt, who was still sojourning there. He, on leaving, gave it to Charles Armitage Brown, the friend of Keats. From him (without, I think, any intermediate owner) it came to Kirkup. He, as he was nearing his death, at an age exceeding ninety, was solicited by Trelawny to send the sofa over to *him*, who would value it, instead of leaving it to take, on Kirkup's decease, its chance as so much ramshackle furniture. The Barone assented, and dispatched the precious relic to Trelawny. He, with his wonted and abnormal generosity, abstained from housing it in his own residence, and forthwith consigned it to me; he remaining the legal but only the nominal owner up to his death in 1881, when I, by his gift, entered upon full rights of possession.—Towards the close of his letter, Kirkup speaks of the pomegranates represented in Giotto's portrait of Dante, and he seems to be about to offer an explanation of them:

but the explanation does not come—owing, I take it, to lapse of memory on his part.]

2 PONTE VECCHIO.

24 April 1870.

My dear Rossetti,— . . . I have just been to Pietrocola. He is looking thinner, but is perfectly recovered except a little weakness in his legs, which will soon get their strength again. I think his house is too close and confined. . . . Dark, low rooms on a ground-floor. The proverb says,

Erba cruda,
Donna gnuda,
O stanza terrena,
A corta vita mena. . . .

You mention Shelley's bed. It was that sofa on which you sat with me in this room. I have slept for months on it in hopes of seeing Shelley's ghost. I have had so many here in my presence, and have seen them four times only in their person, but innumerable exploits performed by them absolutely impossible by human agency. . . .

Did I tell you I have found out the meaning of the three pomegranates in the hand of Giotto's portrait? Your Father with his intuitive sagacity, guessed that they related to the three poems (*cantiche*), and he was right; but why *that* fruit in particular? . . .

Remember me to Trelawny, my best and oldest friend. He is a younger man than me; but we must of course soon meet, for I have great faith in another world—not that of the impostor Alain Kardec.—Believe me, with true affection, yours ever,

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

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INDEX OF NAMES

A

- AALI PACHA, 412
 Academy, The (Journal), 412, 518, 521,
 525, 528
 Acropolis, Athens, 419
 Adelphi Terrace, London, 407
 Adourne, Count, 38
 Adriatic Sea, the, 204
 Æschylus, 515
 Agen, 262
 Agnew, Messrs, 268, 403, 479, 488, 496
 Agnew, Miss (*see* Severn, Mrs Arthur)
 Ailsa Crag, 202
 Airolo, 110
 Alban Hills, the, 212
 Albany Street, 166, London, 197, 224
 Albergo dell' Angelo, Bellinzona, 110
 Albergo d'Italia, Arona, 316
 Albergo d'Italia, Brescia, 118
 Albergo d'Italia, Como, 111
 Albertis, De, 187, 188
 Alessandria, 217
 Alfieri, Count, 239, 468
 Alford, Dean, 517
 Algeria, 500
 Alighieri, Jacopo, 249
 Alighieri, Pietro, 216
 Allan, Mr, 243
 Allingham, Wm., x., xi., 240, 274, 337,
 338
 Fifty Modern Poems by, 90
 Nightingale Valley, collected by, 402
 Alps, the, 108, 114
 Ambler, 301
 Ambrosian Library, Milan, 115
 America, 177, 196, 235, 240, 300, 303,
 320, 380, 411, 412, 440, 513
 Ancona, 387
 Ancona, Alessandro d', 343
 Andermatt, 109, 110
 Andersonville, 235
 Anfiteatro Virgiliano, Mantua, 312
 Angelico, Fra, 118, 134
 Annunciation by, 118
 533
 Anne (servant), 395
 Annunziata, 451, 452
 Ansanti, 390
 Anthony, W. Mark, 29, 66
 Harvest-Field at Sunset, by, 66
 Anthropological Society, The, 303
 Antonelli, Cardinal, 11
 Antonello da Messina, 105
 Portrait by, 105
 Antwerp, 33, 35, 36, 37
 Antwerp Cathedral, 34
 Antwerp Museum, 33, 35
 Aquila, 425
 Aquila d'Oro Hotel, Mantua, 311
 Arabian Nights, The, 369
 Arcivescovado, Milan, 115
 Arena, the, Verona, 121, 313
 Arenberg, Duc d', 32
 Armellini, 225
 Arnold, Matthew, 233
 Arona, 316, 317
 Aroux, E., 182, 209, 288, 427
 Dante Hérétique etc. by, 184
 Dante translated by, 184
 Francesca da Rimini etc. by, 182,
 184
 Arrichetti (Venice), 56
 Art-Journal, The, 436
 Arundel Club, the, London, 175
 Arundel Society, the, 344, 408
 Ashburnham, Lord, 271
 Aspromonte, 118, 192
 Assisi, 434
 Athenæum, The, 193, 258, 356, 382,
 398, 483, 484, 504, 516
 Athens, 378, 412
 Atlantic Monthly, The, 162, 235
 Atrium Vestæ, Rome, 261
 Attenborough, 300
 Australia, 166, 194, 325
 Austria, 186, 204, 207, 213
 Avignon, 259
 Ayr, 453
 Ayrshire, 478

B

- BADEN, Grand Duchy of, 126
 Bader, Dr, 322, 370
 Baines, 325, 326
 Bâle, 59, 106, 107, 108, 308
 Bâle Cathedral, 107, 108
 Bâle Museum, 108
 Balliol College, Oxford, 302, 378
 Bandello, 367
 Novelle by, 367
 Bandiera, Fratelli, 207, 208, 314
 Barbéra, 490
 Barcelona, 319, 330
 Barge Yard, London, 435
 Bargoni, 509, 510
 Barlow, Dr, 86, 87
 Barnet Market-Place (picture), 46,
 47
 Bartholoccius, 483
 Bassi, Ugo, 225
 Batines, De, 366
 Bayonne, 302
 Bear-Garden, Southwark, 261
 Beckford, Wm., 369
 Vathek by, 369
 Bedini, 225
 Belgium, viii., 31, 35, 38
 Bella Giulietta, La, di Mantova (play),
 311
 Bellini, Giovanni, 114, 138
 Pietà by, 114
 Madonna and Child (S. Giovanni e
 Paolo) by, 315
 Bellinzona, 110, 111
 Belloc, Madame, 87, 88, 383
 Belvedere, Kent, 165
 Bendyshe, 380
 Benedict, Pope, 259
 Bergamo, viii., 58, 118, 120, 121
 Bergamo Baptistery, 122
 Berlin, 37
 Bertini, 111
 Bewick, Thomas, 179, 246
 Life of, 179
 Bexley, 167
 Bianchi, Bruno, 209
 Bianchi (Venice), 56
 Bible, The, 18, 36, 77
 Biche au Bois, La (play), 184
 Billot, Dr, 177
 Recherches Psychologiques by, 177
 Bingley, 60
 Birmingham Art Gallery, 133
 Bishopgate, Berks, 380
 Black Forest, the, 126
 Blackmore, Mrs, 261
 Blake, Mrs, 19, 41
 Blake, Wm., viii., 6, 15, 16, 17, 19 to 22,
 25, 40, 41, 42, 171, 172, 177, 178,
 180, 181, 182, 221, 229
 Blake, Wm. *Works by*—
 Africa, 6
 Ahania, 6
 Ancient Britons, 170, 172, 178
 Ancient of Days, 19, 41
 Asia, 6
 Blair's Grave, Designs, 24, 171
 Canterbury Pilgrimage, 23
 Dante Designs, 17, 18
 Daughters of Albion, 19
 Descriptive Catalogue, 24
 Elijah's Chariot, 17
 Eve and Serpent, 17
 French Revolution, 27, 41, 42
 Jerusalem, 42, 43, 234
 Last Judgment, 24
 Marriage of Heaven and Hell, 6
 Mental Traveller, The, 19
 Nebuchadnezzar, 17
 Newton, 17
 Philips's Pastoral Designs, 20
 Pity like a Newborn Babe, 17
 Prophetic Books, 27, 169
 Satan in Hell, 23, 24
 Saviour, The, 17
 Song of Los, 6
 Spenser Characters, 23, 24
 Tiriell, 27, 42
 Urizen, 24
 Visionary Heads, 20
 Blamire, 40
 Blind, Karl, 230
 Blind, Mathilde, 261, 402, 447
 George Eliot, by, 523
 Blumenthal, 313, 316
 Boccaccio, 321
 Filostrato by, 321, 326, 332
 Teseide by, 339, 380
 Bodichon, Dr, 500
 Bodichon, Mrs, 81, 383, 499, 500, 501,
 528
 Bodley, G. F., 221
 Bognor, 320
 Bologna, 120
 Bolsover Street, London, 396
 Bonaparte, Cardinal, 388
 Bonaparte, King Joseph, 262
 Bonaparte, King Louis, 219
 Bonaparte, Niccolò, 218
 La Vedova by, 218
 Bond, 229
 Bonham, 190
 Bonifazio Veneziano, 117
 Bonnat, 185
 St Vincent de Paul by, 185

- Bonvicino da Riva, Fra, 307
 Cortesia della Tavola by, 307
 Borgo Ticino Church, Pavia, 117
 Borgognone, 116
 St Syrus Enthroned by, 116
 Boscombe, 375, 474, 514
 Botticelli, Sandro, 8, 10, 228
 Female Portrait by, 228
 Boulevard des Capucines, Paris, 130
 Boulevard Hausmann, Paris, 105
 Boulogne-sur-Mer, 318, 322, 360
 Bowman, Sir Wm., 241, 329, 369, 418
 Boyce, G. P., 54, 55, 66, 174, 231, 232, 330
 Boyd, Alice, 157, 158, 202, 237, 324, 370, 412, 415, 452, 457
 Boyd, Spencer, 157, 158
 Boyd, Zachary, 237
 Dramas by, 237
 Boydell's Shakespear Gallery, 363
 Boyle, Hon. Mrs, 199
 Bracknell, 447
 Braila, Sir Peter, 226
 Brera Gallery, Milan, 114, 246
 Brescia, 117, 119
 Brescia Campo Santo, 120
 Brescia Cathedral, 118, 119
 Bressant, 238
 Brett, John, 46, 142, 318, 380, 396
 Chepstow Castle by, 139
 Bright, John, 208, 394
 Brighton, 62, 156, 415
 Briguiboul, 32
 Castor and Pollux by, 184
 Robespierre Wounded by, 32
 Brisbane, 412
 Early Years of Alex. Smith by, 412
 Bristol Gardens, 7, London, 154
 British Museum, 170, 176, 178, 193, 219, 221, 229, 318, 319, 386, 392, 400, 421, 432
 Broadway, The (magazine), 242, 243, 245, 284, 296, 379
 Brockbank, 464
 Broletto, Brescia, 118
 Broletto, Como, 112
 Brontë, Emily, 369
 Wuthering Heights by, 369
 Brookbank, Shottermill, 37, 417
 Brookes, Warwick, 298, 300, 301, 345
 Brougham, Miss, 462
 Brown, Charles Armitage, 182, 183, 366, 530
 Brown, Dr Samuel, 210, 211
 Brown, Emma, 49, 139, 173, 203, 268, 328, 463, 465
 Brown, Ford Madox, viii., ix., 22, 46, 65, 70, 78, 89, 139, 173, 197, 198, 199, 203, 226, 233, 234, 239, 246, 253, 256, 257, 272, 296, 304, 320, 326, 327, 328, 330, 334, 335, 339, 379, 383 to 386, 394, 396, 397, 402, 403, 406, 414, 415, 428, 440, 450, 452, 457, 464, 478, 479, 496, 499
 Brown, Ford Madox. *Works by*—
 At the Opera, 139, 141
 Byron Designs, 386
 Catalogue of his Exhibited Works, 87
 Chaucer at Court of Edward III., 132, 239
 Cordelia's Portion, 197, 224, 371, 415
 Don Juan and Haidee, 415
 Elijah and the Widow, 46, 139, 266, 379
 Entombment, The, 415, 464
 Head of Miss Spartali, 402
 Head of Mrs Brown, 402
 Infant's Repast, The, 131, 132
 Jacob and Joseph's Coat, 266, 371, 464
 Last (The) of England, 199, 371
 Old Toothless, 46
 Romeo and Juliet, 226, 379
 Sardanapalus, 402
 Work (picture), 97, 138, 139, 371
 Brown, Lucy (*see* Rossetti, Lucy)
 Brown, Oliver Madox, ix., x., 28, 29, 199, 234, 256, 327, 329, 330, 362, 396, 414, 464, 465, 493
 Exercise by, 464
 Infant Jason and the Centaur by, x., 327, 361, 362, 379
 Obstinacy by, 397
 Queen Margaret and the Robber by, 234, 256, 257
 Browning, Elizabeth B., 81
 My Heart and I, by, 81
 Browning, Miss, 299, 306
 Browning, Robert, 29, 44, 179, 202, 233, 243, 298, 299, 302, 306, 307, 319, 339, 368, 378, 392, 400, 401, 427, 429, 447, 449
 Bishop's Tomb at St Praxed's by, 388
 Men and Women by, 349
 Paracelsus by, 393
 Pauline by, 299
 Ring (The) and the Book by, x., 299, 302, 380, 401
 Sordello by, 313
 Browning, Robert Barrett, 302, 378
 Bruges, 38
 Bruges Academy, 37
 Bruges Townhall, 38
 Brussels, 31, 32, 33, 36

Brussels Cathedral, 33
 Brussels Museum of Paintings, 32, 33
 Brussoni, Count, 120
 Bryant, 413
 Bryant, W. Cullen, 224
 Buchanan, Robert, xi., 365, 504, 524, 525
 Buffalmacco, 11
 Bulgaris, 377
 Bunyan, 71
 Burci, Dr., 389, 390, 436
 Burdon, Miss, 404, 449
 Burges, Wm., 494
 Burlington Club, London, ix., 222, 226,
 230, 234, 235, 245, 338
 Burmister, Rev. Mr., 337
 Burne-Jones, Lady, 13, 98, 231, 493,
 494
 Burne-Jones, Sir Edward, 13, 29, 65,
 138, 142, 157, 196, 221, 224, 230 to
 233, 246, 276, 277, 279, 280, 297,
 301, 303, 320, 347, 380, 383, 384,
 408, 493, 494, 495, 500, 512
 Adoration of the Kings by, 221
 Buondelmonte by, 227
 Circe by, 395
 Cupid and Psyche by, 197
 Laus Veneris by, 227
 St George and the Dragon by, 395
 Tannhäuser Designs by, 197
 Burns, Robert, 505
 Burnside, General, 28
 Burritt, Elihu, 241
 Burroughs, John, 230, 240, 283
 Notes on Walt Whitman by, 230,
 283, 284, 365, 509
 Burton Crescent, London, 412
 Burton, Sir Frederick, 368
 Burton, Sir Richard, 394, 407
 Butterworth, 132, 133
 Butts, Thomas, 178
 Buxton, Mrs., 404, 405
 Byron, Lady, 401, 411, 467, 480
 Byron, Lord, x., 159, 183, 381, 383, 385,
 386, 400, 401, 406, 411, 426, 460,
 463, 465, 466, 467, 480, 499, 502,
 514
 Byron, Mr., 406, 467

C

CADORE, 363
 Caffè del Greco, Siena, 10
 Caffè Sordello, Mantua, 313
 Cagnotte, La (play), 54
 Calais, 31, 38, 104, 267, 268
 Calais Museum, 31
 Calanda Mountain, 124

Calderon, P. H., 306
 Call, Mrs., 501
 Calvert, 297, 302
 Camerlata, 112
 Cameron, Consul, 394
 Cameron, Julia M., 4, 201, 202, 336
 Camillus, 260
 Campaldino, 510
 Can Grande della Scala, 348
 Canaletto, 438
 Cancellieri, 258
 Originalità di Dante by, 258
 Canova, 115
 Bust of Napoleon by, 115
 Canzio, 192
 Canzio, Signora, 192
 Caprera, 187, 352, 354
 Carlisle, Earl of, 272
 Carlyle, Mrs., 97
 Carlyle, Thomas, ix., 30, 39, 40, 41, 97,
 225, 260, 263, 264, 355, 356
 Carmarthen, Lady, 406, 467
 Carmine Church, Pavia, 117
 Caroline, Queen, 112
 Cartledge, 194
 Cartledge's Temperance Hotel, Mat-
 lock, 193
 Carwardine, Major, 28
 Casa Magni, Lericci, 502, 530
 Casa, Monsignor della, 367
 Galateo by, 367
 Casentino, 344
 Castel Gandolfo, 11
 Catty, Colonel, 415, 416
 Catty, Mr., 414, 415
 Catty, Mrs., 414, 415, 416
 Caulah, 260
 Cavendish Square, 27, London, 438
 Cavour, 73, 74, 113, 114, 117, 225
 Cayley, C. B., 83, 84, 86, 102, 240, 318
 Cene della Chitarra, 490, 491
 Cerrigceinwen, 160
 Certosa, Pavia, 115, 116
 Cervoles, Arnauld de, 259
 Chaillu, P. J. du, 326
 Châlons-sur-Marne, 129
 Cathedral, 129
 Châlons-sur-Saône, 317
 Museum, 317
 Chambord, Comte de, 316, 438
 Champagne, 130
 Champagne, Philippe de, 33
 Chaninah, Rabbi, 486
 Chapman, George W., 195, 227, 228,
 329, 495
 Chapman and Hall, 299
 Chappell, 220
 Chardin, 55

- Charles le Téméraire, Monument to, 38
 Chatham Place, 14, London, viii., 222, 330
 Chaucer, 258, 339
 Knight's Tale by, 380
 Troilus by, 321, 326, 332
 Chaucer Society, 321
 Chelsea, 14
 Cheltenham, 374
 Chesneau, Ernest, 334
 Cheyne Walk, 16, Chelsea, viii., 2, 12, 13, 15, 202, 221, 224, 232, 233, 234, 240, 243, 246, 301, 302, 308, 319, 321, 326, 329, 331, 334, 335, 383, 386, 400, 407, 410, 415, 418, 439, 441, 452, 500, 504, 505
 Chiavenna, 122, 123
 Chiesa della Morte, Civita Vecchia, 387
 Chinon, 259
 Chivers, Dr, 180, 181
 Lost Pleiad etc. by, 180
 Christ Church, Albany Street, London, 526
 Christ Church College, Oxford, 378
 Christchurch (Hants), 514
 Christen, 109
 Christie and Co., 40, 41, 227, 228, 298, 302
 Chronicle, The, 231, 237, 240, 270, 285
 Church, Mr, 270
 Cima da Conegliano, 389
 St Jerome in Desert by, 389
 Cino da Pistoia, 490, 491
 Citizen, The (newspaper), 270
 Ciullo d'Alcamo, 3
 Civita Vecchia, 289, 387, 388
 Clabburn, Mr, 66, 67
 Clabburn, Mrs, 67
 Clairmont, Allegra, 500
 Clairmont, Clare, 399, 500, 502
 Clairmont, Paola, 502
 Clare Market, London, 425
 Clarendon Press, Oxford, 7
 Clarges Street, London, 226
 Clark (builder), 301
 Clarke, Sir James, 255, 256
 Cleef, Nicholas van, 35
 Pictures of Antwerp by, 35
 Clint, George, 503, 516, 517
 Coblenz, 327
 Coire, 123, 125
 Coire Cathedral, 123
 Cole, Mrs Lionel, 390, 397, 406, 435, 448
 Coleridge, S. T., 296, 305, 333, 499, 504, 505
 Christabel by, 296, 454
 Colet-Michel, Pérot, 129
 Christ as Man of Sorrows by, 129
 Colico, 123
 Colleoni Chapel, Bergamo, 58
 Collingwood, W. G., 303
 Life of Ruskin by, 303
 Colnaghi, 228, 229
 Cologne, 404, 450
 Colonna, Francesco, 176
 Hypnerotomachia by, 176, 179
 Como, 111, 112, 186
 Como Cathedral, 111, 112
 Como, Lake of, 112, 122
 Constable, John, 325
 Constance, 109, 308
 Constant, 261, 262
 Mémoires sur Napoléon by, 261, 262
 Contemporary Review, The, 517
 Contrada del Gambero, Brescia, 118
 Contrada Sordello, Mantua, 313
 Conway, Moncure, 230, 240, 243, 244, 274, 283, 285, 286, 287, 297, 342, 356, 413, 508
 Cook, Eliza, 87, 88
 Cook, Keningale, 406
 Purpose and Passion by, 406
 Cooper, T. Sidney, 306
 Coppin, Captain, 243
 Cornelia, 260
 Cornhill Magazine, The, 443
 Coroneos, 331, 333, 337, 338, 340, 377, 419
 Correggio, 31, 135, 136, 138, 317
 Madonna and Child by, 31
 Corso di Porta Nuova, Milan, 114
 Corso Vittorio Emanuele, Milan, 113
 Cosenza, 314
 Cotman, J. S., 325
 Cotton, Alderman, 336
 Courbet, Gustave, 105, 184, 238
 Femme au Perroquet by, 238
 Fawns by a Stream by, 238
 Hallali au Cerf by, 238
 Proudhon and Family by, 105
 Courtenay, Catherine, 158
 Cowper, Wm., 504
 Cox, David, 140, 233
 Coxie, Michael, 37
 Adoration of the Spotless Lamb, by, 37
 Cranach, 392
 Fall of Man by, 392
 Cranbrook, 201
 Craven, Frederick, 71, 90, 140, 197, 391, 457, 458, 478
 Creswick, Thomas, 4, 232
 Crete, x., 222, 226, 274, 299, 333, 412, 414, 419

- Critchett, Dr, 328, 329, 504
 Croce Bianca Hotel, Pavia, 116
 Croce di Malta Hotel, Lecco, 122
 Crome, John, 305
 Moonrise, by, 325
 Cromwell, Oliver, 260, 261, 425
 Cross, John, 154, 155, 156
 Cœur de Lion by, 154, 155
 Cruikshank, George, 198, 232, 300
 Worship of Bacchus by, 300
 Cruikshank, Mrs, 300
 Curran, Miss, 399
 Portrait of Miss Clairmont by, 399
 Portrait of Mrs Shelley by, 399, 408
 Portrait of Shelley by, 399, 474, 503, 514, 515, 517
 Custozza, 309, 387
- D
- DACHSEN, 124
 Dailly, 237
 Daily News, The, 499
 Daily Telegraph, The, 226, 235, 393, 398, 498
 Dallas, E. S., 417
 The Gay Science by, 417
 Dalrymple, Lady, 105, 202
 Damascus, 246, 259
 Dance of Death, Lucerne, 108
 Dannreuther, Mrs, 229
 Dante, ix., 10, 18, 80, 132, 170, 183, 209, 215, 219, 226, 236, 247 to 250, 254, 343, 348, 351, 352, 397, 398
 Convito by, 344
 De Monarchiâ by, 351
 Divine Comedy by, 74, 80, 85, 86, 90, 216, 344, 351
 Lord Vernon's Edition of, 448, 480
 Vita Nuova by, 80, 291
 Daphne, Mr, 425, 426
 Davenport Brothers, the, 68, 69, 168, 177
 David, Gerard, 38
 Cambyses and Unjust Judge by, 38
 David, J. L., 55, 179, 232, 427
 Madame Récamier by, 55
 David, King, 260
 Davies, Wm., 163
 Pilgrimage of the Tiber by, 163
 Day and Son, 227
 Dazeglio, 308
 De Hooghe, 35
 Deacon, 390, 435
 Deagostini, 411
 Decamps, 232
 Delacroix, Eugène, 54, 232
 Education of Achilles by, 55
 Heliodorus by, 54
 Herodotus and Magi by, 55
 Hesiod and Pythoness by, 55
 Jacob wrestling with the Angel by, 54
 Michael and Satan by, 54
 Delaroche, Paul, 427
 Delaunay, 238
 Delli, Dello, 308
 Derar, 260
 Derby, Earl of, 204
 Dessoye, Madame, 55, 105, 130, 238
 Deverell, Miss, 507
 Deverell, Walter H., 68, 70, 210, 212, 506
 Banishment of Hamlet by, 506, 507
 Irish Beggars by, 506, 507
 Devil's Bidge, St Gothard, 109
 Devil's Punch-bowl, Girvan, 238
 Devonshire, 273
 Devonshire, Duke of, 272
 Dickins, Mrs, 336
 Dieppe, 54, 59, 131
 Dilberoglu, Stauros, ix., 222, 252, 296, 331, 333, 336, 337, 338, 340, 378, 390, 413
 Dixon, J. H., 418
 Dixon, Mrs, 340, 341
 Dixon, Thomas, 179, 180, 263, 340
 Dixon, W. Hepworth, 327
 Dodgson, Rev. C. L., 236
 Doeg, 408
 Doellinger and Klee, 416
 Janus by, 416
 Dolby, Miss, 384
 Domnewa, 261
 Don Saltero's Tavern, Chelsea, 301
 Donatello, 190
 Virgin and Child by, 391
 Donders, 369
 Donne, John, 378
 Metempsychosis by, 378
 Donnet, 321
 Doré, Gustave, 242, 319
 Dover, 31
 Dover Street, London, 412
 Dowden, Prof., xi., 517
 Essay on Whitman by, xi., 517, 519
 Downey, 136, 137, 138
 Dreux, 259
 Dublin, 90
 Dublin University, 518
 Ducal Palace, Venice, 315
 Dudley Gallery, London, 224, 329, 361, 379, 440
 Due Macelli, Via de', Rome, 388

Duffy, Dr, 389, 390, 391, 435, 436
 Dumas, Alexandre, 190
 Dumas Fils, 104
 Dunlop, Walter, viii., ix., 60, 61, 144 to
 147, 150, 151
 Dunn, H. Treffry, 233, 272, 321, 322,
 326, 329, 407, 504, 527
 Duomo Nuovo, Brescia, 118
 Durer, Albert, 138, 353
 Durham, Arthur, 323
 Durham (County), 523

E

EARLY English Text Society, 199
 Eastlake, Sir C. L., 178, 179, 288,
 427
 Eastwood, 7
 Eckley, Mrs, 392
 Eco di Savonarola (magazine), 118
 Edinburgh, 198
 Egbright, King, 261
 Egham, 380
 Egypt, 128, 259
 Elgin Road, London, 157, 158
 Elise, 500
 Elliot and Fry, 227
 Ellis, F. S., 297, 383, 408, 495, 498,
 499, 500, 512
 Emek Hamélek, 485, 486
 Emerson, R. W., 240, 296, 386, 508
 Lecture on Plato by, 296
 Emma (servant), 467, 468
 Ems, 403, 458, 463
 Encyclopædia Britannica, 261
 Endsleigh Gardens, 5, London, ix., 231,
 236, 240, 241, 246, 298, 305, 320,
 326, 327, 328, 330, 334, 338, 339,
 378, 384, 408, 414, 498
 England, 27, 46, 52, 177, 227, 232,
 483, 513
 English Dictionary (Oxford), 6
 Enson, 46
 Ertborn (Van) Collection, Antwerp,
 34
 Esdaile, Mrs, 374
 Eton School, 522, 523
 Etoniana, 522
 Etretat, 335
 Euston Square, 56 (*see* Endsleigh
 Gardens, 5)
 Evans, 16
 Examiner, The, 179, 193
 Exposition, Paris, 104, 105, 184, 228,
 232
 Eyre, Edw. J., 225

F

FABER, 523
 Faenza, 354
 Faido, 110
 Faithfull, Emily, 82
 Falerii, 260
 Famiglia (La) del Condannato (play),
 56
 Family Herald, The, 160
 Faruffini, 184
 Machiavel and Cæsar Borgia by, 184
 Favart, Madame, 104, 238
 Felix (Hermit), 259
 Fenice Theatre, Venice, 57
 Ferdinand I. (Naples), 204
 Ferdinand II. (Do.), 317
 Ferguson, 16
 Ferney, 317
 Ferrari, Gaudentio, 111
 Ancona by, 317
 Ferretti, Salvatore, 118
 Fiamma, 372
 Life of Tasso, by, 372
 Ficino, Marsilio, 258
 Field Place, Sussex, 375
 Fields, 180, 181, 512
 Fiesole, 256
 Fighisino, 118, 120
 Fine Arts Quarterly Review, 44, 48,
 227
 Flaxman, John, 178, 448
 Fleet Street, London, 258
 Floral Hall, London, 227
 Florence, 85, 91, 170, 177, 182, 183,
 187, 200, 208, 212, 216, 217, 225,
 241, 250, 254, 305, 321, 327, 343,
 368, 378, 382, 388, 393, 397, 434,
 502, 506, 510, 512, 513, 528
 Florence Cathedral, 308
 Fluellen, 109
 Folgore da San Gemignano, 491
 Sonnets on the Months by, 491
 Foligno, 434
 Ford, Mr, 379
 Ford, Prebendary, 102, 378
 Dante's Comedia translated by, 378,
 379
 Foreign Office (England), 326
 Forlì, Melozzo da, 111
 Forman, H. Buxton, 378
 Shelley, edited by, 416, 432
 The Rossettis by, 404, 458
 Forster, John, 368, 401, 427, 449
 Life of Landor by, 401, 446
 Fortnightly Review, The, 226, 233, 301,
 305, 336, 380, 413, 430, 504, 517,
 518, 525, 528
 Foster, Birket, 222, 233

- Fox, Charles J., 271, 272
 Fraissinet, 387
 France, 177, 204, 215, 227, 232, 310, 426
 Francis, J. Deffett, 404, 405
 Francis II. (Naples), 11, 317
 Franciscan Church, Freiburg, 127
 Franklin, Admiral Sir John, 243
 Franklin, Lady, 243
 Fraser's Magazine, viii., 15, 26, 39, 63, 197, 214, 365, 377, 392, 525
 Freckelton, 402
 Freiburg (Baden), 125, 126
 Freiburg Cathedral, 126, 127
 Freiburg Townhall, 126
 Frere, J. Hookham, 182, 183
 Frescobaldi, Dino, 491
 Frescobaldi, Matteo, 490, 491
 Freshwater Bay, 202
 Frith, W. P., 101, 268
 Charles II.'s Last Sunday by, 268, 269
 Froude, J. A., viii., 15, 39, 63, 377
 Fulham Road, London, 231
 Furnivall, Dr, 304, 307, 308, 321, 327, 339, 380
 Furnivall, Mr, 380
 Fuseli, Henry, 24, 178
 Lycidas by, 300
 Nightmare (The) by, 300
- G
- G., 141, 144
 Gabriel, Virginia, 340
 Gainsborough, Thomas, 138, 239, 305
 Portrait of Lady Ligonier by, 239
 Galaxy, The (magazine), 270
 Galileo, 448
 Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, Milan, 316
 Gamba, 372
 Testi di Lingua by, 372
 Gamba, Count Pietro, 355
 Gambart, Ernest, 2, 46, 47, 60, 61, 101, 139, 164, 271
 Ganko, 500, 505
 Gardener, Colonel, 72
 Gardiner, S. R., 260
 Oliver Cromwell by, 260, 261
 Garibaldi, Giuseppe, 10, 11, 56, 111, 117, 118, 122, 123, 187, 192, 196, 208, 216, 230, 231, 248, 250, 254, 272, 289, 310, 316, 317, 352, 371
 Garibaldi, Menotti, 316
 Garibaldi, Ricciotti, 316
 Garnett, Dr Richard, x., 332, 333, 382, 385, 386, 392, 397, 399, 400, 410, 429, 430, 431
 Garrick Club, London, 87, 89, 100, 101
 Gavazzi, 225
 General Abbatucci (ship), 186
 Genoa, 187, 190, 191, 192
 Gentleman's Magazine, The, 425
 George III., 425
 George IV., 337
 George, King of Greece, 377, 419
 Georgia, U.S.A., 180
 Gérard, 427
 Germ, The (magazine), 490
 Germany, 310, 485
 Ghent, 31, 36, 37, 450
 Ghent Academy, 37
 Ghent Museum, 37
 Giardino Pubblico, Brescia, 120
 Giardino Pubblico, Milan, 112, 115
 Giardino Pubblico, Venice, 438
 Gilbert, W. S., 267
 Bab Ballads by, 267
 Gilchrist, Alexander, 5, 19, 20, 21, 41
 Life of Blake by, viii., 5, 6, 16, 21, 25, 40, 41, 43, 169, 170, 171, 182, 362
 Gilchrist, Herbert, 6
 Anne Gilchrist, Life etc. by, 6
 Gilchrist, Mrs, viii., x., 5, 6, 16, 40, 42, 384, 403, 404, 411, 417, 418, 459, 460
 Letters on Walt Whitman by, 408 411, 415
 Ginnasi, Count Ladislav, 354, 355
 Gioia, 367
 Galateo by, 367
 Giorgione, 33, 512, 513
 Malatesta and Pilgrim by, 389
 Giotto, 11
 Pisa Frescoes by, 11, 12
 Portrait of Dante by, 92, 249, 343, 509, 531
 Giraldi, 367
 Girardin, Emile de, 104
 Supplice d'une Femme by, 104
 Girodet, 427
 Girolamo dai Libri, 119
 Girtin, Thomas, 325
 Gisborne, Maria, 386, 432, 450, 451
 Gisborne, Mr, 432
 Giudecca, La, 56
 Giulio Romano, 311
 Giuseppe, 451, 452
 Giusti, Giuseppe, 8, 215, 216
 Gladstone, W. E., 17, 332
 Glasgow, 210, 414, 487, 488
 Globe, The (newspaper), 506
 Gloucester, 340
 Godefroi, Bishop of Amiens, 259
 Godfrey, Dan, 220
 Godiva, 341
 Gonthier, Père, 263

Godwin, Mrs (Clairmont), 447
 Godwin, Mrs (Wollstonecraft), 514
 Godwin, Wm., 447
 Goethe, 520
 Good Words (magazine), 302
 Goodall, Dr Joseph, 522
 Goodwin, Albert, 415
 Gordon (Jamaica), 225
 Gordon (senior), 225
 Goss, Captain, 22
 Goya, 500
 Etchings by, 500
 Gozzoli, 11
 Annunciation (Pisa) by, 12
 Graham, Edward, 392
 Graham, Lorimer, 200
 Graham, Sir James, 207, 208
 Graham, Wm., x., 304, 327, 350, 472,
 478, 479, 486
 Grand Canal, Venice, 56
 Grande Place, Brussels, 32
 Grange (The), North End, Fulham,
 301
 Grant, General, 53
 Greece, 227, 252
 Grey, Mr, 196
 Grey, Mrs, 196
 Griffith, Dr, 523
 Griset, Ernest, 67, 68, 69, 72
 Gros, Baron, 427
 Grove, Harriet, 474
 Grove, Rev. Charles, 474
 Guasti, 397
 Gubbio, 344
 Guérin, 427
 Guiccioli, Countess, 355, 514
 Guinicelli, Guido, 491
 Gull, Sir Wm., 322, 324
 Guppy, Mrs, 298, 304
 Gutenberg Statue, Strasburg, 127

H

H., 464, 465
 H. (G.), 464, 465
 Haden, Sir Seymour, 234, 235
 Haines, Wm., viii., 20, 21
 Hake, Dr, x., 410, 418, 470
 Madeline by, 417, 418
 Vates by, 410, 470
 World's Epitaph by, 410
 Hallam, Arthur, 392
 Remarks on Gabriele Rossetti by,
 392
 Halliday, Michael, 293, 295, 296, 297,
 331, 395, 396, 444
 Hamel, Ernest, 258
 Histoire de Robespierre by, 258

Hamerton, P. G., 44, 70, 306
 Isles of Loch Awe by, 44, 70
 Reaction from Præraphælitism by,
 48
 River Yonne by, 49
 Sens from the Vineyards by, 49
 Théories Artistiques en Angleterre
 by, 45, 48
 Hamilton, Mr, 302, 303, 350
 Hammersmith Terrace, 10, 198
 Hannay, James, 319, 330
 Hannay, Mrs, 330
 Hannay, Mrs Margaret, 168
 Hapsburg, Countess of, 108
 Harding, J. D., 263, 264
 Hare, Dr, 501
 Harlan, 243
 Harrison, 198
 Harrow School, 297
 Harvard, 181
 Haslemere, 385
 Hastings, 72, 81
 Hastings, Warren, 272
 Hatfield Park, 327
 Havelock, General, 72
 Havering, 293
 Haydon, B. R., 173, 179
 Haynes, Mrs, 399
 Heaton, J. Aldam, 5, 60, 61, 144, 146,
 150
 Heaton, Miss, 295
 Heimann, Charles, 324
 Heimann, Dr, 72, 87, 324
 Heimann, Misses, 105
 Heimann, Mrs, 72, 73
 Helps, Sir Arthur, 200
 Essays in Intervals of Business by,
 200
 Henri III., 260
 Henri IV., 262, 263
 Henry V., 259
 Herod, King, 260
 Heugh, John, ix., 144, 147, 152
 Hewi, 159
 Highgate Cemetery, 168
 Hilliard, Miss, 196, 198
 Hine, Henry, 173, 174, 175
 Hiogo, 324
 Hirsch, 191
 Hirsch, Madame, 191
 Hitchener, Miss, 404, 405
 Hogarth, Wm., 239, 393
 Portrait of Thornhill by, 307
 Hogarth Club, 441
 Hogarth's Gate, Calais, 31
 Hogg, Mr, 382
 Hogg, Mrs, 373, 382, 398, 399, 402,
 501, 502, 503

- Hogg, T. Jefferson, 332, 405, 501, 503,
510
Life of Shelley, by, 332, 334, 375,
382, 405, 409, 447, 501
- Hokusai, 105, 130, 339
- Holbein, 108, 135, 393, 423
Works at Bâle by, 108
- Holiday, Henry, 277
- Holland, James, 253
- Holman-Hunt, Cyril, 225, 298, 301
- Holman-Hunt, Mrs, 199, 200, 212, 225,
382
- Holman-Hunt, Wm., 30, 44, 46, 101,
189, 200, 203, 212, 225, 241, 246,
254, 255, 296, 298, 301, 303, 321,
325, 328, 382, 389, 390, 391, 434,
435, 480, 510
Afterglow in Egypt by, 269
Bianca (Taming of the Shrew) by,
391
Christ in the Temple by, 396
Designs for Tennyson by, 30
Isabella and the Pot of Basil by,
241, 246, 298, 304
London Bridge by, 305
Moonlight at Salerno by, 395
Portrait of Edith Waugh by, 305
Portrait of Himself by, 298
Portrait of Mrs Holman-Hunt by,
305
Portrait of Mrs Waugh by, 298, 305
- Holmwood, Shiplake, 220, 221, 335,
407, 410, 504
- Holst, Mrs, 404
- Holy Sepulchre Church, Bruges, 38
- Home, Mr, 177, 179, 251, 255, 353,
355
- Homer, 229, 476
Iliad by, 229, 332
Odyssey by, 258
- Hood, Thomas, 76
- Hooghe, De, 35
- Hook, W. C., 297
- Hookham, 401, 447
- Hooper, Mrs, 261
- Horace, 218
Ars Poetica by, 218
- Horne, R. H., 261
Life of Napoleon by, 261
- Horsham, 393, 447
- Hospital of St John, Bruges, 37
- Hôtel Cavour, Milan, 112, 316
- Hôtel d'Italia, Bergamo, 122
- Hôtel Danieli, Venice, 313
- Hôtel de Choiseul, Paris, 54
- Hôtel de Cluny, Paris, 131
- Hôtel de Flandres, Brussels, 31
- Hôtel de l'Europe, Langres, 106
- Hôtel de la Cloche d'Or, Châlons,
129
- Hôtel de la Couronne, Schaffhausen,
125
- Hôtel de la Maison Rouge, Strasburg,
127
- Hôtel de Normandie, Paris, 104, 130
- Hôtel de Russie, Naples, 187
- Hôtel de Ville, Antwerp, 34, 35
- Hôtel de Ville, Brussels, 32
- Hôtel de Ville, Paris, 54
- Hôtel Dessin, Calais, 31, 38
- Hôtel du Commerce, Bruges, 37
- Hôtel du Cygne, Martigny, 317
- Hôtel du Grand Laboureur, Antwerp,
35
- Hôtel du Sauvage, Bâle, 107, 109
- Hôtel Due Torri, Verona, 121
- Hôtel Garni Sandwich, Venice, 313
- Hôtel Lukmanier, Coire, 123
- Hotten, J. Camden, 192 to 195, 197,
199, 200, 206, 224, 234, 239, 240,
242, 243, 244, 274, 286, 287, 297,
305, 306, 308, 320, 342, 380
- Houghton, A. Boyd, 195, 196, 223, 242,
243, 244, 284, 380, 381
Arabian Nights Designs by, 196
- Houghton, Lord, 171, 230
- Howard, Lady Isabella, 98
- Howell, Charles A., 101, 195, 196, 198,
222, 225, 227, 230 to 233, 236, 238,
240, 246, 267, 297, 300, 302, 303,
320, 321, 322, 328, 334, 339, 360,
361, 380, 383, 394, 407, 495
- Howell, Mrs, 236
- Howitt, Wm., 516
- Howitt-Watts, Anna Mary, 218, 219
- Hueffer, Catherine, 199, 362
At the Opera by, 393
Portrait of Madox Brown by, 463,
464
Portrait of Miss Epps by, 379
Portrait of Mrs Madox Brown by,
464, 504
- Hueffer, Ford M., 173
Cinque Ports (The) by, 261
F. M. Brown by, 173, 253, 493
- Hueffer, Franz, 492, 496
- Hughes, Arthur, 139, 223, 494
Belle Dame sans Merci by, 139
Enoch Arden Designs by, 381
- Hugo, Victor, 226, 335, 402, 407, 498
Hernani by, 238
L'Homme qui Rit by, 395
- Hullah, John, 337
- Humbert, King, 114, 115, 310
- Humphrey, Ozias, 24
- Hunt, Alfred W., 232

Hunt, Leigh, 179, 183, 336, 373, 399,
402, 474, 501, 510, 514, 530
Correspondence of, 392
Hunt, Mrs Alfred W., 232, 233
Hunt, Mrs Leigh, 402
Hunt, Thornton, 235, 399, 503
Hunt, Wm. Henry, 140
Hunter Street, London, 240
Huth, 338

I

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, THE,
55
Inchbold, J. W., 8, 9, 64, 65, 380, 396,
495
Porto del Mare, Venice, by, 438
Stonehenge by, 438, 439
Venice by, 439
Ind, Coope, & Co., 280
Indépendance Belge, La, 12
Index Librorum Prohibitorum, 351
India, 196, 239
Ingelow, Jean, 70, 81, 82, 84, 88, 95,
227, 247, 379
Ingelow, Mr, 95
Ingres, 232, 427
Inland Revenue Office, London, 165
Intellectual Repository, The, 516
International Exhibition, 1862, 3, 5,
54
Ionides, Alecco, 226
Ionides, Constantine, 318
Ionides, Miss (*see* Dannreuther, Mrs)
Ionides (Senior), 229
Ireland, 334
Isle of Wight, 326, 385
Italy, viii., ix., x., 11, 13, 95, 127, 208,
215, 216, 218, 225, 231, 246, 289,
310, 360

J

JAMAICA, 225
James I. of Scotland, 237
The King's Quair by, 237
James II., 71
James, Sir Walter, 346
Jamson, Mrs, 401
Jamrach, 242, 407
Japan, 130, 138, 400
Jardin de Zoologie, Antwerp, 36
Jardin des Plantes, Paris, 130
Jardin Zoologique, Marseilles, 185
Jarves, J. J., 389

Jarves, Mrs, 389
Jeckyll, 245
Jeffery, 210, 213
Jena, 261
Jenner (Edinburgh), 324
Jenner, Sir Wm., 96, 297, 324, 410,
417
Jerusalem, 189, 225, 241, 389
Johnson (Manchester), 300
Johnson, President, 419
Jolly (Actor), 32
Jones, Ebenezer, 323
Studies of Sensation and Event by,
323
Jopling, Joseph, 224
Lady Maggie by, 224
Jordaens, 32
Josephine, Empress, 262
Josephus, 260
Antiquities of the Jews by, 260
Jungfrau, The, 125

K

KALED, 260
Kardec, Alain, 531
Keate, Dr, 522, 523
Keats, John, 30, 182, 366, 381, 402,
499, 505
Isabella by, 99
Keeling, 337
Keightley, Misses, 166
Keightley, Mrs Wm. S., 166
Keightley, Thomas, 79, 165, 170, 171,
172
Milton, edited by, 80
Shakespear Expositor by, 79, 80
Keightley, Wm. S., 166
Kent, Charles, 351
Review of Whitman by, 351
Kilkerran Castle, 238
Kilmarnock, 453
King's College, London, 183
Kipling, Mrs, 98, 99
Kipling, Rudyard, 98
Kirke, Colonel, 71, 72
Kirkup, Barone, ix., 170, 176, 215, 218,
226, 236, 313, 326, 367, 388, 391,
435, 501, 530
Portrait of Lady Jane Swinburne by,
221
Kirkup, Miss, 183, 248, 249, 252, 352
to 353
Kleber Statue, Strasburg, 127
Knewstub, W. J., 14, 15, 223, 497
Knight, Joseph, 228, 415, 504
Knight, Mrs, 228

L

- LA FARGE, JOHN, 304
 Browning's Men and Women,
 Designs by, 349
 Enoch Arden, Designs by, 349
 Pied Piper of Hamelin by, 304, 306,
 349
 Wolf-charmer (The), by, 349
 Lago di Garda, 120
 Lago Maggiore, III, 317
 Lamb, Charles, 258
 Lambton, 105
 Virgin and Child by, 105
 Landor, Walter S., 183, 368, 449
 Langres, 106
 Langres Cathedral, 106, 107
 Langres Museum, 107
 Lannes, Marshal, 261
 Lansdowne, Marquis of, 204
 Lasinio, Paolo, 449
 Latini, Brunetto, 3
 Lauffenburg, 126
 Lavers and Barraud, 277
 Layard, A. H., 336
 Leader, J. Temple, 288, 353, 398
 Lear, Edward, 493
 Book of Nonsense by, 493
 Leathart, James, ix., 14, 66, 265
 Leatherhead, 336
 Lecco, 122, 123, 309, 311
 Ledru-Rollin, 402
 Lee, General, 358
 Leeds, 329
 Leeds Exhibition, 295, 296, 371
 Leghorn, 11, 187, 204, 501, 530
 Legros, Alphonse, 67, 227, 232, 318
 Amende Honorable by, 318
 Ex Voto by, 318
 Martyrdom of St Sebastian by, 318
 Portrait of Burne-Jones by, 318
 St Stephen by, 318
 Legros, Mrs, 82
 Leifchild, Franklin, 240
 Leigh, Hon. Mr, 411
 Leigh, Hon. Mrs, 406, 411, 465,
 467
 Leigh, Medora, 411
 Leighton, Lord, 222, 230
 Leismann, 503
 Portrait of Himself by, 503
 Lemprière's Classical Dictionary, 456
 Leonardo Aretino, 215, 254
 Life of Dante by, 251
 Leopold, Grand Duke, 204, 208
 Lerici, 240
 Leslie, C. R., 242, 499
 Autobiography of, 242
 Lesueur, 33
 St Bruno by, 33
 Lewes, G. H., 336, 372, 373, 382, 383
 Lewes, Mrs, 382, 383, 523
 Lewis, J. F., 325
 Lion and Lioness by, 325
 Lewis, Mrs, 390, 435
 Leyland, F. R., 224, 239, 243, 244,
 266, 271, 302, 307, 308, 320, 321,
 350, 407
 Leys, Baron, 5, 32, 34, 463, 464
 Lido, The (Venice), 438
 Liège, Bishop of, 259
 Lille, 38
 Lima, 196
 Limerick, 57
 Lincoln, President, 181, 240, 319
 Lincoln's Inn Fields, viii.
 Lindsey Row, Chelsea, 222
 Linnell, John (Junior), viii., 17
 Linnell, John (Senior), 17, 20, 21, 27,
 43
 Linton, W. J., 196, 240, 241, 391, 440
 History of Wood-engraving by, 240,
 246
 Lippi, Lippo, 10, 105
 Virgin and Child by, 105
 Liston, 210
 Literary Gazette, The, 400
 Little Holland House, London, 201, 202
 Littledale, Dr, 239, 416
 Liverati, C. E., 176, 205
 Portrait of Gabriele Rossetti by, 176,
 178, 205, 353
 Liverpool, 2, 304
 Livingstone, Dr, 325, 326
 Livingstone, Mr, 326
 Livy, 260
 Llandaff Cathedral, 50, 209
 Llangollen, 515
 Llanos, Mrs, 503
 Lloyd's Newspaper, 351
 Loader, 223
 Locker-Lampson, Frederick, 392, 411,
 412, 413, 491
 Lodovico il Moro, 116
 Lombardi, 120
 Lombardy, 122
 London, 5, 39, 59, 68, 189, 192, 238,
 319, 340, 391, 412, 450, 479, 500
 Longfellow, H. W., 91, 102, 319, 381,
 385, 386, 402, 512
 Dante translated by, 91, 237, 258
 Lonsdale, Mrs, 503
 Losh, Miss, 452, 455, 457
 Louis, St, 259
 Louis XI., 259
 Louis XIV., 262

Louis XVI., 109, 130, 258, 271, 272
 Louis XVIII., 31
 Louis Philippe, King, 123, 513
 Louvre, The, 55, 105
 Lowe, Sir Hudson, 221
 Lowell, J. Russell, 168, 169, 180, 181,
 459
 Lucas, Samuel, 87, 88
 Lucerne, 106, 108, 109
 Lucerne Cathedral, 108
 Lucerne, Lake of, 411
 Ludlow, Mrs, 81, 82
 Ludwigshöhe, Freiburg, 127
 Ludwigskirche, Freiburg, 127
 Lugano, 111
 Lugano Cathedral, 111
 Lugano, Lake of, 111
 Luini, Bernardino, 111, 316
 Christ in the Desert by, 115
 Egyptians in Red Sea by, 115
 Padre Eterno by, 115
 Virgin and Child and St Jerome by,
 111
 Virgin, Child, and Saints, by, 114
 Vulcan's Forge by, 115
 Women Bathing by, 115
 Lupi, Sancio, 259
 Lush, Mr, 193
 Luxembourg Gallery, 318
 Lyell, Charles, 176, 178
 Lymouth, 261
 Lyon, Mrs, 255, 353
 Lyra Mystica, 76, 84
 Lyster, A. C., 165, 166, 167, 303
 Lyster, Misses, 166, 167
 Lyster, Mrs, 166
 Lytton, Lord, 462

M

MACCLINTOCK, Admiral, 243
 MacConnel, 345
 Macfarren, G. A., 338
 Songs in a Cornfield, Sonata by,
 338, 384, 423
 Machiavelli, 368, 448
 Maclellan, General, 28
 MacLennan, J. F., 229
 Primitive Marriage by, 229
 Maclise, Daniel, 306
 Macmillan, Alexander, 50, 82, 88, 94,
 99, 199, 222, 224, 242, 245, 498,
 499
 Macmillan's Magazine, 44, 68, 69, 96,
 99, 377, 517
 Mâcon, 12
 MacShane, 280

Madonna del Carmelo (Church), Milan,
 114
 Madonna di Monte Berico (Church),
 Vicenza, 57
 Maenza, C. P., 322
 Maenza, Ma'ame, 322, 360
 Magenta, 316
 Maggi, Prof., 182, 183, 343
 Magliabecchian Library, Florence, 397,
 449, 480
 Máhabhârata, The, 380
 Maitland, J. Fuller, 43
 Malespini, 367
 Malory, Sir Thomas, 341
 Mort Arthur by, 341
 Manchester, 244, 472
 Manet, Edouard, 105
 Olympie by, 105
 Manso, 371, 372
 Mantegna, Andrea, 311, 312
 Mantua, 311, 313, 314
 Mantua Cathedral, 311
 Marie Antoinette, 258
 Marietta, 250, 251
 Marini, 344
 Marks, Murray, 195, 222, 233, 234,
 339
 Marlow, Great, 261, 380, 515
 Marochetti, Baron, 321
 Emanuel Philibert Monument by,
 321
 Marseilles, 185, 387
 Marshall, John, 201, 230, 327, 329, 414
 Marshall, Mr, 154, 155, 157, 210, 213
 Marshall, Mrs, 154 to 158, 160, 161,
 210, 213
 Marshall, Mrs (Junior), 154 to 158,
 160, 161, 210, 211
 Marshall, Mrs Peter P., 379
 Marshall, Peter P., 14, 22, 47, 203,
 379
 Marston, Dr Westland, 504
 Martigny, 317
 Martin, Eliza, 224
 Life is not good, by, 224
 Martineau, R. B., 200, 384, 395
 Mary (of Naples), 189
 Mary, Queen of Scots, 35
 Masini, 10
 Mason, George, 297, 402, 439
 View of Keats's Tomb by, 402
 Massey, Gerald, 218, 219
 On Shakespear's Sonnets by, 219
 Masson, Mrs, 200
 Matha, Jean de, 259
 Matthews, C. P., 268, 269, 280, 295,
 296, 308, 350
 Mauban, 238

- Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, 112
 Mayer, 303, 304
 Mazzini, 196, 208, 215, 226, 230, 231,
 245, 248, 319, 330, 335, 336, 371,
 394, 402, 407
 Meaux, 130, 250
 Medici, Alessandro de', 247
 Medici, Catherine de', 260
 Medici, Lorenzino de', 226, 247, 252
 Mediterranean Sea, 466
 Medwin, Captain, 183, 393, 510
 Memling, Hans, 34
 Châsse de Ste. Ursule by, 37
 Madonna and Child by, 38
 Marriage of St Catharine by, 37
 St Hubert by, 34
 Menabrea, General, 509, 510
 Mentone, 225
 Meo, Gaetano, 175
 Mercati, Michele, 258
 Meredith, George, 64
 Meuse, The, 259
 Mexico, 289
 Mexico, Gulf of, 357
 Mézerai, 259
 Histoire de France by, 259
 Michelangelo, 38, 252, 392, 393, 529
 Brutus, Head of, by, 252
 Virgin and Child (Bruges) by, 38
 Michelet, 258
 Jeanne d'Arc by, 258
 Michelozzo, 190
 Middleton, C. S., 474
 Milan, 8, 55, 112, 113, 122, 183, 310,
 316
 Milan Cathedral, 112, 114, 316
 Mill, J. Stuart, 193, 335
 Millais, Lady, 9, 226
 Millais, Sir Everett, 297
 Millais, Sir John E., 46, 100, 296, 297,
 306, 331, 396, 408
 Huguenot (The) by, 144
 Jephtha's Daughter by, 231
 Lorenzo and Isabella by, 298, 300,
 321
 Mariana by, 144
 Pilgrims to St Paul's by, 322
 Ransom (The) by, 269
 Romans leaving Britain by, 134
 Vanessa by, 393
 Wandering Thoughts by, 300
 Miller, John, 2, 232, 233
 Miller, Miss, 379
 Millet, J. F., 318
 Milton, John, 80, 319, 320, 505
 Minerva, Church of the, Rome, 388
 Minerva Hotel, Rome, 388
 Minto, Jarvis, 156
 Minto, Mrs, 156
 Mississippi, The, 357
 Mitchell (Bradford), 132, 407
 Mitchell, W. C., 323, 324
 Modena, Duke of, 371
 Moehrer, 327
 Molo, The, Naples, 188
 Monmouth, Duke of, 72
 Mont Blanc, 114
 Montagna, B., 57
 Pietà by, 57
 Montagu, Basil, 401, 446
 Monte Cenere, 111
 Monte Oliveto Church, Naples, 189
 Monte Rosa, 114
 Montorsoli, 187
 Madonna with dead Christ by, 187
 Montpensier, Duc de, 513
 Head of Shelley by, 513, 514, 515
 Montreuil (Boulogne), 334
 Moore, Albert, 64, 65, 384
 Azaleas by, 322
 Moore, Thomas, 385, 386, 402, 409,
 514
 Moretto, Il, 118, 119
 St Ursula by, 120
 Supper at Emmaus by, 119
 Virgin and Child with Saints by, 120
 Morland, George, 47
 Morley, Henry, 193
 Morley, John, 193, 197, 336, 430
 Morning Post, The, 307
 Morning Star, The, 244
 Moro, 314
 Morone, 122
 Morpeth, 508
 Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, & Co., ix.,
 5, 14, 65, 219, 276, 280, 339, 525, 526
 Morris, Mrs, 296, 302, 304, 384, 391,
 403, 404, 437, 449, 450, 458, 463,
 512, 529
 Morris, Wm., 66, 167, 203, 246, 276
 to 280, 302, 303, 330, 332, 346, 347,
 383, 402, 403, 449, 450, 464, 500,
 505, 518, 521, 525, 528, 529
 Defence of Guenevere etc., by, 66
 Earthly Paradise by, 330, 383, 512
 Grettir the Strong, translated by,
 330
 Life and Death of Jason by, 199, 233,
 236, 273, 299
 Morse, 448
 Morten, Mrs, 195, 381
 Morten, Thomas, 195, 210
 Council before Eve of St Bartholo-
 mew by, 195
 Moscow, 413
 Moses Nachmâni, 484

- Mostaert, Jean, 38
 Mater Dolorosa by, 38
 Mount St Gothard, 110, 114, 123
 Moxon, Edward, 423
 Moxon & Co., 197, 199, 200, 206, 224,
 307, 333, 378, 401, 403, 409, 410,
 414, 416, 417, 418, 428, 498, 505,
 508
 Moxon's Popular Poets, x., 381, 383 to
 386, 401, 410, 412, 420, 421, 465,
 498
 Munro, Alexander, 396
 Muntham Court, 298
 Murano, 9, 438
 Murray, C. Fairfax, 407, 433
 Murray, John, 229
 Murray's Handbook, Italy, 112, 113,
 116, 118, 119, 188, 312, 389
 Musée Campana, Paris, 105
 Museo Antiquario, Mantua, 312
 Museo Civico, Brescia, 119
 Museo Civico, Milan, 113
 Museo Patrio, Brescia, 118
 Musset, Alfred de, 247
 Lorenzaccio by, 247
- N
- NANNUCCI, 3, 490
 Manuale della Letteratura by, 3
 Naples, ix., 115, 178, 186 to 189, 191,
 204, 209, 213, 225, 328, 387, 390,
 393, 500
 Naples Museum, 187
 Napoleon I., 221, 261, 262, 438
 Napoleon III., 12, 115, 116, 117, 125,
 208, 248, 272, 288, 289
 Nation, The (Review), 270
 National British Gallery, 199, 203,
 486
 National Gallery, 11, 21, 222, 235,
 318, 383
 National Portrait Gallery, 503
 Natoli, 249
 Nazareth, 465
 Nebuchadnezzar, 484
 Neeve, Miss, 190
 Nelson, Lord, 271
 Nemi, 11
 Nettleship, J. T., 339, 384, 410, 416
 God creating Evil by, 339
 Lion and Lioness by, 502
 Neuhausen, 126
 New Monthly Magazine, 523
 New Testament, 161
 New York, 357
 New York Times, 270
- New York Tribune, 355
 Newcastle-on-Tyne, 28, 159, 210, 212,
 323
 Newhaven, 54, 59, 131, 184
 Newman, Cardinal, 520
 Nibelungenlied, 330
 Nice, 192, 256
 Nicholson, Baron, 337
 Nicholson, Margaret, 425
 Niepce de St Victor, 318
 Nimmo, 381
 Nineveh, 455
 Noé, Vicomte de, 105
 North American Review, 162, 168, 193,
 206
 North British Review, 481, 526
 North End, Fulham, 320
 North Parish Magazine, Greenock, 65
 Northern Daily Express, 207
 Northiam House, 201
 Northumberland, 523
 Norton, Mrs, 29, 169, 433, 437, 528
 Norton, Prof., ix., 12, 13, 91, 162, 206,
 386, 506
 On Portraits of Dante by, 92
 Not, Dr, 288
 Notes and Queries, x., 80, 299, 301,
 307, 415, 418, 461, 462, 522
 Notre Dame, Bruges, 38
 Notre Dame des Sablons, Brussels, 32
 Notre Dame, Paris, 106, 131, 185
- O
- O'Brien, Lucius, 57
 O'Brien, W. Smith, 57
 Observer, The, 483
 Ockley, Simon, 260
 History of the Saracens by, 260
 O'Connor, W. D., x., 180, 244, 270,
 403, 404, 411, 415
 Good Grey Poet (The) by, 180, 181,
 285, 287
 Harrington by, 181
 Odo delle Colonne, 461
 Old West Kirk, Greenock, 65
 Olimpia, 248, 249, 250, 254, 352, 353
 Oliphant, Francis, 210, 211
 Once a Week (magazine), 87, 88, 302
 O'Neil, Henry, 242
 Ongar, 362
 Opie, John, 363
 Death of Rizzio by, 363
 Orcagna, 11
 Ascension by, 11
 Last Judgment by, 11
 Triumph of Death by, 11

- Orley, Bernard van, 33
 Last Judgment by, 34
 Pietà, by 33
- Orme, Mrs, 200
- Orsini, Assunta, 176, 177
- Orsini, Felice, 312
- O'Shaughnessy, Arthur, 496
- Ospedale Maggiore, Milan, 115
- Otley, 425, 426
- Outis (*see* Tupper, J. L.)
- Oxford, 25, 403, 407
- P
- P. R. B., 30, 468
- Pacini, 55
 Saffo, Opera by, 55
- Padua, 117
- Palace Yard, Westminster, 321
- Palais Royal Theatre, Paris, 54
- Palazzo Brignole-Sale, Genoa, 187
- Palazzo Carignano, 74
- Palazzo del T., Mantua, 311
- Palazzo Doria, Genoa, 187
- Palazzo Durazzo, Genoa, 187
- Palazzo Municipale, Brescia, 118
- Palazzo Reale, Milan, 115
- Palermo, 186
- Palgrave, F. T., 43, 92, 101, 234, 242,
 332, 423
 Golden Treasury, edited by, 424
- Palgrave, Gwenllian, 423
 Memorial of F. T. Palgrave by, 423
- Pall Mall Gazette, 63, 92, 393, 506
- Pallavicini, Marquis, 192
- Palmer, Samuel, 41, 42
- Palmerston, Lord, 161, 205
- Palustre de Montifaut, 425
 De Paris à Sybaris by, 425
- Panizzi, Sir Anthonv, 176, 178
- Paolo Veronese, 32, 117, 315
 Adoration of Magi by, 32
 Cena di San Gregorio by, 57
 Holy Family and St Catharine by,
 32
 Martyrdom of St Afra by, 118
- Paris, 8, 54, 59, 104, 130, 177, 184, 212,
 213, 238, 258, 259, 288, 308, 317,
 318, 387, 427
- Paris International Exhibition, 1867,
 228
- Parke, Louisa, 166, 167
- Parker, 392
- Parks, Mrs, 355
- Parma Cathedral, 138
- Parsons, J. R., 339
- Patay, 258
- Patmore, Coventry, 296
- Patmore, Mrs Coventry, 200
- Paul, Benjamin H., 330
- Pavia, 116, 117
- Pavia Cathedral, 116, 117
- Payne, J. Bertrand, 200, 206, 207, 307,
 331 to 335, 381, 382, 384, 385, 386,
 395, 397, 409, 411, 412, 420 to 423,
 505
- Payne, J. Burnell, 306, 307, 462,
 463
- Peacock, T. L., 392, 407, 503, 510
- Pedrocchi, 8
- Peel, Sir Robert, 41
- Pelham-Maitland, 190
- Pelli, 216
- Penkill Castle, x., 158, 237, 238, 324,
 325, 326, 329, 330, 332, 369, 372,
 396, 404, 412, 417, 464, 473
- Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, 492
- Pepper, Prof., 54
- Peschiera, 120, 311
- Peter (of Damascus), 260
- Petrarca, 527
 First Sonnet of, 527
- Petrella, Castle of, 425
- Petropoulaki, 419
- Petworth, 23
- Phidias, 179
- Philippe Egalité, 513
- Phillips, Thomas, 42
 Portrait of Blake by, 42
- Philological Society, 6
- Photographic Exhibition, London, 103
- Piani, Andrea, 317
 Adoration of Shepherds by, 317
- Piazza d'Armi, Milan, 113, 114
- Piazza del Popolo, Rome, 10
- Piazza del Popolo, Siena, 10
- Piazza dell' Erbe, Verona, 121
- Piazza San Martino, Florence, 249
- Piazza Santo Spirito, Florence, 388
- Piccadilly, 44, 49, 70, 78, 89, 132
- Piccole (Le) Miserie (play), 311
- Pierre à Voire, Martigny, 317
- Pietro Aretino, 367, 368
 Dialogue on Cards by, 367
 Ragionamenti by, 367
- Pietrocola, 190
- Pietrocola-Rossetti, Mrs (*see* Cole,
 Mrs Lionel)
- Pietrocola-Rossetti, Teodorico, ix., 8, 84,
 118, 190, 217, 388, 389, 390, 397,
 426, 435, 436, 448, 469, 501, 530,
 531
 Memoir of Gabriele Rossetti by, 8
 Mercato de' Folletti, translation by,
 217

Pille, 184

Duke of Saxony at Chess by, 184

Pim, Captain, 414

Pisa, 10, 11, 256, 530

Pisa Baptistery, 11

Pisa Campo Santo, 11

Pius IX., 11, 208, 209, 388

Plato, 70

Plint, E. T., 2, 139

Pliny, 478

Plymouth, 432

Poe, Edgar A., 303

Polidori, Argia, 217

Polidori, Charlotte, 223, 224, 298, 340,
411, 526

Polidori, Dr John, 159, 340

The Vampyre by, 159

Polidori, Eliza, 224, 334

Polidori, Filippo, 217, 218, 510

Polidori, Luigi, 217, 510

Polidori, Margaret, 222, 223, 224, 526

Poliziano, Angelo, 236

Pollen, J. Hungerford, 299, 500

Catalogue of Books on Art by, 299

Polydore, Henrietta (Junr.), 72, 89

Polydore, Henrietta (Senr.), 303, 304

Polydore, Henry, 73, 303, 340, 409

Poniatowski, Joseph, 208

Pont de l'Alma, Paris, 238

Ponte Nuovo, Verona, 121

Poole, P. F., 269

Pope, Alexander, 498

Porta Nuova, Arch of, Milan, 114

Porta Romana, Milan, 115

Portfolio, The (magazine), 415, 431

Posilipo, Grotto of, 188

Potter, Cipriani, 379

Poussin, Nicholas, 13, 232

Infant Moses by, 13

Powell, 335

Præraphaelite Exhibition, 1857, 30

Preston, 232

Preti Calabrese, 33

Pride, General, 261

Prince Imperial (France), 262

Prinsep, Mrs, 201, 403

Prinsep, Valentine C., 101, 201, 202,
494

Printemps, 262

Priory, The, North Bank, London, 373

Pritchard, Dr, 210, 213

Procaccini, 114

Procter, Bryan W., 221

Prudhon, 427

Prussia, 186, 208, 289

Purchase, Rev. Mr, 335

Purnell, Thomas, 504

Pyne, Miss, 220

Q

QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, 167,
278

Queen's Messenger, The (magazine),
412

Quillac's Hotel, Calais, 31

Quilter, Harry, 493

Preferences in Art by, 493

R

RADCLIFFE, DR, 438

Radetsky, Count, 112

Radicofani, 10

Rae, George, 486

Ralston, Wm., 193, 194

Raphael, 35, 119, 197

La Vierge au Lange by, 35

Rattazzi, Urbano, 272, 289

Reade, Winwood, 176, 177

Martyrdom of Man by, 176

Reader, The (review), 91, 380

Red Hill, 17

Red Lion Square, 8, London, 65

Redentore Church, Venice, 56

Redgrave, Richard, 4

Gulliver by, 4

Ophelia by, 4

The Widow by, 4

Regina, 177, 183, 248, 249, 250,
355

Registrum Regale, 522

Reichenau, 123

Reid, 229

Reid, Rev. Mr, 412

Rembrandt, 32, 307

Portrait by (Brussels), 32

Renouard, Veuve, 184

Restaurant Bertrand, Antwerp, 36

Reuss, The, 109

Reveley, Henry, 402, 432, 433

Reveley, Mrs, 402

Revue des Deux Mondes, 44, 45, 48

Reynolds, Dr, 438

Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 239

Portrait of Mrs Abington by, 239

Rhine, The, 123, 124, 125, 204

Rhine Bridge, Bâle, 107

Ribot, 185

Christ among the Doctors by, 185

Ricasoli, Baron, 208

Riccìa, La, 10, 11

Ricciardi, Conte Giuseppe, 390, 393,
410, 413, 416

Richards, Colonel, 232

Richmond, Virginia, 53, 358

- Richmond, George, 41, 217, 234
 Portraits of William and Catherine
 Blake by, 41, 43
 Richmond Park, 329, 330
 Riddell, Mrs, 227
 Rietti (Venice), 56
 Rintoul, R. S., 337
 Ritchie, 260
 Letters of Jane Carlyle, edited by,
 260
 Riva degli Schiavoni, Venice, 8, 55, 314
 Riva delle Zattere, Venice, 56
 Riviera di Chiaja, Naples, 188
 Rivière, 25
 Rivington, 236
 Robert, King of Naples, Monument to,
 189
 Robert's Bridge, Sussex, 499
 Roberts Brothers, 223, 234, 512
 Roberts, Captain, 182, 183
 Robertson, John Forbes, 304
 Robertson, Johnstone, 304
 Robertson, T. W., 227
 Caste by, 227
 Robinson, Mr, 393
 The Troubadours by, 393
 Robinson, Sir Charles, 393
 Roebuck, A. J., 502
 Roland, 302
 Romanino and Gambara, 118
 Story of Lucretia by, 118
 Rome, viii., 10, 11, 12, 51, 52, 116, 177,
 192, 225, 231, 241, 272, 289, 310,
 319, 321, 351, 367, 378, 387, 390,
 434, 503
 Rome, King of, 262
 Ronchi (Hills), 119
 Roose, Nicholas, 36
 Coronation of the Virgin by, 36
 Rose, J. Anderson, 14, 225, 227, 333
 Rose and Rosemary (poem), 96
 Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle (magazine), 87, 88
 Rosenhügel, Coire, 124
 Rossetti, Christina G., viii., ix., 4, 13, 50,
 67, 72, 85, 86, 96, 104, 105, 107,
 108, 111, 112, 115, 122, 124, 168,
 188, 197, 199, 202, 205, 214, 223,
 227, 229, 234, 236, 241, 247, 255,
 271, 297, 298, 321, 337, 338, 341,
 392, 396, 404, 410, 462, 470, 475,
 479, 498, 499
 Rossetti, Christina G. *Works by*—
 After this the Judgment, 82, 83, 84,
 479
 Amor Mundi, 87, 88, 95
 Amore e Dovero, 98, 100
 At Home, 68, 69
 Rossetti, Christina G.—*Continued*
 Bird or Beast, 93
 Bird's-eye View, 99
 Birthday, A, 197
 Bourne, The, 98, 99
 By the Sea, 98, 99
 By the Waters of Babylon, 81, 82,
 84
 Come and See, 99
 Commonplace, 500
 Consider, 68
 Dead City, The, 98, 100
 Despised and Rejected, 479
 Dost Thou not care?, 74, 479
 Easter Even, 98, 99
 Echo Song, 340
 Eve, 74
 From House to Home, 72
 Ghost's Petition, The, 93, 94
 Goblin Market, 83, 217
 Goblin Market, and other Poems, 4,
 5, 6, 26, 50, 53, 72, 73, 81, 82,
 88, 93
 Gone for Ever, 99
 Grown and Flown, 74
 I will lift up mine Eyes etc., 98
 Iniquity of the Fathers, 83, 84, 93
 Jessie Cameron, 93
 L. E. L., 82, 97, 99
 Last Night, 68, 98
 Maiden-Song, 97
 Margery, 98, 99
 Martyrs' Song, 82, 83, 84, 479
 Maude Clare, 87
 My Dream, 68
 New Poems (1896), 98
 Old and New Year's Ditties, 236
 Poems in Macmillan's Magazine, 68,
 69
 Portrait, A., 98, 99
 Prince's (The) Progress, viii., 68, 69,
 72 to 75, 77, 78, 83, 87, 96
 Prince's (The) Progress, and Other
 Poems, viii., 50, 81, 193, 202
 Royal Princess, A., 87, 88, 97, 99
 Singsong, 498
 Sleep at Sea, 72
 Songs in a Cornfield, 88, 93, 94
 Spring Fancies, 68, 93, 94
 Three Nuns, 99
 To-morrow, 80, 81
 Triad (A), 329
 Twilight Night, 80, 93
 Vanity of Vanities, 99
 Verses, 1847, 98, 99
 Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, vii. to xi., 1, 3, 5,
 12, 14, 15, 30, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41
 to 47, 49, 50, 62, 64, 67, 68, 77, 80,

- 85, 87, 93, 97, 98, 133, 136, 141, 145, 162, 167, 169, 170, 173, 180, 193, 194, 195, 198, 199, 201, 203, 207, 209, 219, 222, 227, 228, 230, 235, 236, 239 to 246, 256, 263, 264, 265, 267, 272, 295, 296, 297, 301, 303 to 306, 308, 316, 318, 320 to 334, 336 to 339, 350, 362, 368, 372, 373, 376, 379, 380, 381, 384, 385, 393 to 396, 400, 403, 405 to 408, 410 to 418, 420, 428, 433, 439, 441, 447, 457, 461, 464, 470, 472, 483, 488, 489, 491, 493, 497 to 501, 504, 505, 506, 518
- Rossetti, Dante Gabriel. *Works by—*
Aspecta Medusa, ix., 244, 268, 280, 281, 282, 290 to 294, 308
Aurora, 139, 140
Autumn Idleness, 468
Ave, 454, 465
Beata Beatrix, 199, 233, 304
Beauty and the Bird, 455, 456
Before the Battle, 12, 13, 14
Belcolore, 164
Beloved, The, 175
Bionda (La) del Balcone, 329
Blake (William), Writings on, 18, 19, 170, 171
Blessed Damozel, 466
Blue Bower, The, 101, 164, 165
Boat of Love, 132, 133, 141, 151, 153
Bride's Prelude, The, 413
Burd Alane, 139
Burden of Nineveh, 453, 454
Card-dealer, The, 468
Cassandra, 233, 436
Choice, The, 454, 455
Christmas Carol, 224
Collected Works, 236, 417
Dante in Verona, 413, 415
Dante's Dream, x., 290, 292, 293, 350, 486, 487
Death (sonnet), 339
Doom of the Sirens, 417
Early Italian Poets translated, 3, 437, 471, 490, 491
Eden Bower, 408, 415, 470, 483
Found, viii., ix., x., 66, 265, 487, 488, 489
Gabriele Rossetti, Portraits of, 353
Ghirlandata, La, 95
Girlhood of Mary Virgin (picture), 67, 68, 175
Do. (Sonnet), 455, 456, 468
Giorgione's Pastoral (sonnet), 455, 456
Goblin Market Designs, 77, 78
Golden Water, 133
Gretchen with the Jewels, 230
- Rossetti, Dante Gabriel—*Continued*
Hamlet and Ophelia, 436, 523
Hand and Soul, 455, 456, 457, 490, 491
Helen of Troy, 442
Hesterna Rosa, 70, 71, 139, 140
How they met themselves, 227
Jenny, 413, 472, 529
Joan of Arc, 14, 227
King René's Honeymoon, 62, 63
Lady Lilith, 47, 226, 297, 407, 483
Last Confession, 413, 415, 454, 469
Launcelot and Guenevere, 133
Love-Lily, 396
Love's Nocturn, 462, 466, 467, 468
Loving-cup, The, 230
Lucrezia Borgia, 298, 299, 301, 442, 443
Magdalene at the House of Simon, 144, 442, 524
Mariana, 327, 486, 487
Mary in Summer, To, 453, 454
Match with the Moon, 468
Monna Vanna, 164
Mrs Dante Rossetti, Head of, 523, 524
Mrs Leyland, Portrait of, 233, 236
Mrs Morris (Oil-picture), 203, 319, 486
Mrs Rossetti (Oil-picture), 297
Mrs Wetherall, Head of, 193
Mrs Zambaco, Head of, 500
My Sister's Sleep, 458, 462
Nuptial Sleep, 453, 455, 456
Orchard-pit, The, 417, 467
Pandora (picture), 337, 384, 391, 403, 486, 487
Do. (Sonnet), 386
Paolo and Francesca, 14, 133, 229
Parable of the Vineyard, 300
Passover in the Holy Family, 133
Penelope, 403
Pia, La, 296, 302
Plighted Promise, 454
Poems, 1870, vii., x., xi., 453, 499, 504, 506, 512, 518, 524, 526, 528, 529
Portrait, The (poem), 413
Prince's Progress Designs, 83, 84, 95
Regina Cordium, 2, 132, 133
Retro me Sathana, 455
Rose, The, 234
Sea-Limits, The, 469, 470
Seed (The) of David, 50, 51, 209
Sermon (The) on the Plain, 526
Sibylla Palmifera, 95, 407, 486, 487
Sister Helen, 461, 462, 466
Socrates and Aspasia, 147, 148, 152
Song and Music, 462

- Rossetti, Dante Gabriel—*Continued*
 Sonnets in *Fortnightly Review*, 430
 Staff and Scrip, 453
 Stream's (The) Secret, 527
 Superscription, A, 380
 Tennyson Designs, 30
 Tibullus and Delia, 268
 Tristram and Yseult, 242, 345
 Troy Town, 408, 477
 Union Hall, Oxford, Paintings in, 477, 482
 Vain Virtues, 386
 Venus Verticordia (picture), 60, 61, 62, 132, 134, 136, 137, 227, 303, 308, 406
 Do. (Sonnet), 296, 456
 Veronica Veronese, 95
 Washing Hands, 139, 140, 146
 Willow-wood, 339
- Rossetti, Elizabeth E., vii., viii., x., 1, 75, 76, 167, 194, 212, 406
 Clerk Saunders, painting by, 433, 437, 511
 Pippa Passes, design by, 437
 Poems by, 75 to 78
- Rossetti, Frances, ix., 74 to 77, 84, 104, 105, 107, 108, 112, 115, 122, 124, 125, 202, 217, 225, 231, 246, 334, 336, 384, 411, 412, 457, 501
- Rossetti, Gabriele, ix., 3, 79, 80, 170, 173, 176, 178, 183, 187, 208, 209, 216, 231, 254, 288, 343, 344, 348, 352, 398, 426, 427, 448, 531
 Amor Platonic by, 80, 182, 183, 208, 238, 418
 Arpa Evangelica by, 190
 Beatrice di Dante by, 179, 183, 208, 288, 289, 343, 344, 427
 Dante's Purgatory, Comment on, by, 176, 179
 Poems by, prefaced by G. di Stefano, 73, 74, 188
 Poems by, selected by Carducci, 8, 187
 Poems by, selected by Wm. Rossetti, 411, 414
 Poesie Inedite by, 188
 Roma, Secolo 19, by, 188
 Salterio (11) by, 469
 Sei pur Bella, Ode by, 198
 Veggente in Solitudine by, 191
- Rossetti, Helen, 372, 414, 493
 Dante Gabriel Rossetti by, 436
- Rossetti, Lucy, 49, 199, 203, 330, 404, 449, 464, 493, 504
 Painting, picture by, 379
- Rossetti, Maria F., 12, 13, 14, 72, 202, 329, 341, 384, 410, 470
- Rossetti, Maria F.—*Continued*
 Italian Exercises etc. by, 72, 73, 329
 Shadow of Dante, by, 500
- Rossetti, Wm. M., 2, 5, 6, 7, 13, 15, 17, 43, 44, 69, 79, 180, 263, 275, 458
- Rossetti, Wm. M. *Works by*—
 American Poems (edited), 403
 Arthur Hughes and other Painters, Article on, 415
 Artists' Dicta, compilation, 234, 245, 296
 Blake, Catalogue of Works by, 16
 Boccaccio's *Filostrato* translated, x., 326, 327, 333, 417
 Christianity of Christ, 323
 Chronicle, Articles in The, 270
 Dante's Hell translated, ix., 74, 79, 85, 89, 91, 102, 176, 196, 199, 246, 378
 English Opinion on the American War, ix., 162, 168
 Fine Art, chiefly Contemporary, 222, 224, 234, 246, 267
 Humorous Poems (edited), 403
 Italian Courtesy-books, x., 304, 308, 326, 327, 367, 448, 508, 509, 514, 525
 Memoir of D. G. Rossetti, 76, 334, 355, 453
 Mrs Holmes Grey, 243, 284, 296, 297, 408, 409
 Præraphælite Diaries and Letters (edited), vii.
 Ruskin, Article on, 245, 379, 408
 Ruskin, Rossetti, etc. (edited), vii., 12, 76
 Shelley, Emendations to, x., 299, 301, 307, 352, 420
 Shelley's Poems (edited), x., 338, 381, 384, 385, 391, 392, 397, 398, 400, 401, 405, 406, 409, 410, 418, 423, 424, 429, 445, 499, 500, 504, 505, 510, 513 to 516, 519
 Stations of Rome (edited), 199
 Swinburne's Poems and Ballads, a Criticism, ix., 193, 194, 195, 197, 199, 206, 216, 246, 299
 Talks with Trelawny, 398
 Tupper's Hiatus, Review of, 481
- Rossi, Dario, 411, 414
 Rossini, Gioacchino, 449
 Rothschild, 120
 Round Table (magazine), 270
 Roustan, 262
 Routledge, Edmund, 242, 243, 244
 Royal Academy, 228, 231, 232, 233, 269, 296, 306, 322, 329, 393, 396, 494, 499, 502, 504

- Rubens, 32, 34, 35
 Adoration of Magi (Antwerp) by, 33
 Adoration of Magi (Brussels) by, 32
 Assumption of the Virgin by, 34
 Crucifixion (Antwerp) by, 33
 Descent from Cross by, 34
 Elevation of Cross by, 34
 Family Group by, 34
 Female Martyrdom by, 32
 Flagellation, The, by, 35
 Jerome's Last Communion by, 33
 Marriage of St Catharine by, 35
 Portraits (Brussels) by, 32
 St Bavon renouncing the World by, 36
 Visitation, The, by, 34
 Rue de la Cloche, Calais, 450
 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, 55
 Rue Dyck, Antwerp, 35
 Rue Lepelletier, Paris, 55
 Rue Vivienne, Paris, 59
 Rugby, 236, 387, 393
 Rugby School, 445
 Rumble, Miss, 402, 431, 432, 447, 450, 451, 452
 Ruskin, John, ix., 9, 12, 25, 26, 30, 46, 58, 80, 86, 92, 133, 134, 136, 141, 163, 164, 165, 195 to 199, 225, 226, 238, 263, 297, 300, 302, 303, 305, 320, 334, 351, 360, 361, 383, 407, 408, 437, 481, 482
 Selection from Works of, 198
 Stones of Venice by, 195
 Time and Tide by, 263, 340
 Ruskin, John J., 198
 Ruskin, Mrs John (*see* Millais, Lady)
 Ruskin, Mrs (Senr.), 198
 Russia, 227, 413
 Ruxton, Captain, 154, 155, 156
 Ruxton, Mrs, 156
 Rye, 201
- S
- SACCHETTI, FRANCO, 367
 Saffi, Aurelio, 224, 225
 Saint Alpin Church, Châlons, 129
 Saint André Church, Antwerp, 35
 Saint Augustine Church, Antwerp, 35
 Saint Augustine's Tomb, Pavia, 117
 Saint Bavon Cathedral, Ghent, 36
 Saint Cloud, Palace of, 262
 Saint Eustache Church, Paris, 130
 Saint Gervais Church, Paris, 262
 Saint Helena, Isle of, 261
 Saint Helena, Venice, Island, 438
 Saint James's Hall, London, 298, 384
 Saint Jâques Church, Antwerp, 34
 Saint Jâques Church, Ghent, 36
 Saint Mark's, Venice, 189
 Saint Merri Church, Paris, 131
 Saint Nicholas Church, Ghent, 36
 Saint Nicolas aux Champs Church, Paris, 131
 Saint Paul Church, Antwerp, 35
 Saint Paul's, London, 128, 272
 Saint Sulpice Church, Paris, 54
 Saint Theresa, 457
 Sainte Beuve, 209, 427
 Sala, George A., 308, 319, 320
 Salt Lake City, 304
 San Bartolomeo Church, Milan, 113
 San Bernardino Church, Verona, 121
 San Clemente Church, Brescia, 120
 San Domenico Church, Naples, 188
 San Domenico Convent, Naples, 190
 San Fedele Church, Como, 112
 San Fermo, 112
 San Fermo Church, Verona, 121
 San Francesco Church, Pavia, 117, 120
 San Giovanni e Paolo Church, Venice, 314
 San Graziano Church, Arona, 317
 San Lorenzo Church, Milan, 115
 San Marco Church, Milan, 113, 114
 San Marino Church, Pavia, 117
 San Matteo Church, Genoa, 187
 San Maurizio, Milan, 115
 San Mi hele Church, Pavia, 117
 San Miniato, 258
 San Nazaro Church, Brescia, 120
 San Pietro in Oliveto, Brescia, 119
 San Satiro Church, Milan, 113
 San Teodoro Church, Pavia, 117
 San Vittore Church, Milan, 115
 San Zenone Church, Verona, 57, 120
 Sandys, Frederick A., x., 66, 87, 88, 95, 194, 197, 201, 225, 306, 307, 308, 381, 385, 394, 395, 396, 441
 Helen by, 442
 Lucretia Borgia by, 394, 442
 Medea by, 224, 306, 307
 Mrs Bairstow, portrait, by, 385
 The Valkyrie by, 307
 Sanson & Co., 410
 Sant' Abondio Church, Como, 112
 Sant' Afra Church, Brescia, 118
 Sant' Agata, near Naples, 190
 Sant' Alessandro Church, Brescia, 118
 Sant' Ambrogio Church, Milan, 114, 115
 Sant' Anastasia Church, Verona, 120
 Sant Andrea Church, Mantua, 312
 Sant' Angelo a Ni o, Naples, 190
 Santa Chiara Church, Naples, 189
 Santa Croce Church, Florence, 352

- Santa Giustina Church, Padua, 8
 Santa Maria Antica Church, Verona, 120
 Santa Maria dei Miracoli, Brescia, 118
 Santa Maria degl' Innocenti, Arona, 317
 Santa Maria della Scala, Verona, 120
 Santa Maria delle Grazie, Milan, 115
 Santa Prassede Church, Rome, 388
 Santa Rosora, 352, 353, 354
 Santo Spirito Church, Florence, 389
 Sardinia, Kingdom of, 204, 208
 Sarrebourg, 129
 Saturday Review, The, 92, 193, 197, 231, 356, 507
 Sauval, 262
 Scala Monuments, Verona, 121
 Scaland's Gate, x., 501, 505
 Schaffhausen, 125
 Schaffhausen, Falls of, 124, 125, 126
 Scheffer, Ary, 427
 Schelling, 520
 Schiller, 247
 Schmidt, 314, 315
 Schmidt, Madame, 314
 Schmidt's Prussian Menagerie, 314
 Schopenhauer, 496
 Schweizerhof, Lucerne, 108
 Science and Art Department, 299
 Scotland, 512
 Scotsman, The (newspaper), 491
 Scott, David, 3, 4, 158
 Achilles and Patroclus by, 323
 Emerson, Portrait of, by, 391, 439, 440
 Orestes and the Furies by, 323
 Scott, Mrs, 99, 320
 Scott, Sir Walter, 381, 385, 386, 402
 Scott, Wm. Bell, viii., 1, 7 to 10, 22, 98, 100, 157, 158, 160, 161, 189, 194, 196, 210, 211, 213, 225, 226, 230, 232, 237, 239, 240, 245, 246, 297, 298, 320, 323, 324, 329, 331, 332, 335, 336, 338 to 341, 372, 380, 382, 384, 391, 394, 396, 410, 412, 416, 439, 440, 458, 462, 473, 478, 493, 496, 526, 527
 Autobiographical Notes by, 412, 492, 493
 Burns Designs by, 458
 Durer's Diary translated by, 332, 383, 409, 458, 465, 466, 471
 Glass designs at South Kensington by, 505
 King's Quair, Paintings by, 237, 332, 370
 Prodigal, The, by, 336
 Scudder, Horace, 169, 180, 304
 Scuola di San Rocco, Venice, 9, 56
 Seaton, 211
 Sellier, 105
 Leander in Death by, 105
 Sepher ben Sira, 484
 Serassi, 371
 Life of Tasso by, 371
 Serena, 261
 Sergia, 260
 Seven Dials, London, 319
 Severn, Joseph, 183, 503
 Severn, Mrs Arthur, 198
 Seward, W. T., 419
 Shakespear, 55, 342, 476
 Hamlet by, 342
 Midsummer Night's Dream by, 55
 Sharpe, J. Kirkpatrick, 474
 Shelley, Harriet, 261, 332, 373, 386, 400, 401, 405, 446, 447, 474, 499, 500
 Shelley, Hellen, 374, 399
 Shelley, John, 337
 Shelley, Lady, 374, 375, 399, 400, 514
 Shelley Memorials by, 399, 400
 Shelley, Margaret, 374, 399
 Shelley, Mary W., 332, 380, 398, 399, 402, 415, 424, 429, 432, 446, 447, 451, 452, 500, 502, 510, 514, 517, 530
 Shelley, Percy B., 181, 182, 183, 240, 254, 261, 331, 332, 337, 340, 353, 360, 373, 374, 376, 378, 379, 380, 382, 383, 386, 392, 397 to 402, 404, 405, 407, 411, 413, 414, 415, 418, 420, 426, 427, 430, 432, 446, 447, 450, 451, 452, 474, 480, 499, 500 to 503, 514, 515, 522, 523, 530, 531
 Shelley, Percy B. *Works by*—
 Alastor, 421
 Cenci (The), 375, 376, 382, 386
 Charles I., 385, 429
 Dead Violet, Lines on, 416
 Dæmon of the World, 335, 421
 Epipsychidion, 379, 429
 Essay on Prophecy, 474
 Faust translated, 385
 Indian Serenade, 392, 416
 Julian and Maddalo, 429
 Letter to Maria Gisborne, 432
 Marenghi, 400
 Margaret Nicholson, 335, 424
 Miss Stacey, Poems to, 415, 416
 Mrs Williams, Poems to, 398
 Ode to the West Wind, 519
 Poetical Works, 333, 335, 336, 381, 385, 412
 Posthumous Poems, 378

- Shelley, Percy B.—*Continued*
 Prometheus Unbound, 339, 382, 383,
 499, 511
 Queen Mab, 335, 386
 Refutation of Deism, 515
 Relics of, 421, 474
 Revolt of Islam, 372, 373, 379, 394,
 395
 Saint Irvyne, 377
 Swellfoot the Tyrant, 400
 Triumph of Life, 429
 Unfinished Drama, 400
 Virgil's Gallus translated, 400
 Zastrozzi, 377
 Shelley, Sir Percy F., 332, 374, 375,
 382, 385, 392, 399, 402, 430, 432,
 503, 514
 Shelley, Sir Timothy, 392
 Shelley, William, 514
 Shepherd, R. Herne, 299
 Shields, F. J., 71, 269, 300, 381, 384,
 472
 Pilgrim's Progress Designs by, 71
 Shields, North and South, 28
 Shilling Magazine, The, 87, 88, 95
 Shipley, Rev. Orby, 75, 76, 88, 99, 100
 Sibson, Thomas, 157, 158
 Etchings to Dickens by, 157
 Siddal, Henry, 270
 Siena, 10
 Sim, Dr, 189, 190
 Simcox, 393, 527
 Poems by, 393
 Prometheus Unbound by, 393
 Sion House, Brentford, 514, 522
 Skelton, Sir John, 525
 Skinner, Hilary, 413
 Slack, J. H., 404, 405, 406
 Slack, Mrs, 404
 Smalley, G. W., 355
 Smetham, James, 162, 163, 267, 362,
 383, 384, 385, 428, 489, 491, 492
 Letters of, 163
 Smith (Family Herald), 160
 Smith, John T., 20
 Smith and Elder, 17, 299
 Società Belle Arti, Naples, 190
 Société d'Acclimatation, Paris, 59
 Society for Promoting Christian Know-
 ledge, 77, 78
 Solferino, 115, 119, 289
 Solomon, King, 260
 Solomon, Simeon, 269
 Habet by, 269
 Somerset House, 242, 243, 307, 318,
 321, 323, 330, 331, 337, 339, 411,
 499
 Sophocles, 515
 Sorel, Agnes, 259
 Sotheby, Mrs, 475
 Sotio-piombi, Venice, 315
 South America, 196
 Southampton, 156, 227
 Spain, 213, 330
 Spartali, Michael, 252, 413
 Spartali, Marie (*see* Stillman, Mrs)
 Spartali, Misses, 229
 Spectator, The (newspaper), 199, 337
 Speke Hall, 321
 Spello, 434
 Spencer, Herbert, 200
 Spinoza, 474
 Tractatus Theologico-Politicus by,
 474
 Spiritual Magazine, The, 368, 516
 Splügen, The, 123, 124
 Spottiswoode, 469
 Standard, The (newspaper), 325
 Stanhope, J. R. Spencer, 477
 Stanley, Dean, 523
 Stansted Hall, Essex, 43
 Star, The (newspaper), 197
 Statius, 380
 The Thebaid by, 380
 Steele, Dr, 406
 Stennett, J. H., 325
 Stephens, Frederic G., 198, 296, 306,
 332
 Stephens, Holman, 332
 Stephens, Mrs, 198
 Stevens, Alfred, 239
 Stillman, Mrs (Laura), 299
 Stillman, Mrs (Marie), 336, 413, 415,
 464, 465, 529
 St Barbara by, 504
 The Lagoon by, 413
 Stillman, W. J., viii., x., xi., 10, 11, 51, 214,
 222, 226, 235, 252, 274, 299, 306,
 331, 333, 337, 338, 340, 359, 412,
 413, 415, 499, 506, 513, 528, 529
 Cretan Days by, 235, 277
 Stisted, Miss, 392
 Stokes, Whitley, 239
 Story Junior, 306
 Story, W. W., 306
 Stothard, Thomas, 178
 Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn by,
 363
 Stowe, Mrs Beecher, 411, 460, 467, 480
 Strada di Toledo, Naples, 191
 Strahan, 517
 Strasburg, 127
 Strasburg Cathedral, 127, 128
 Stratford-on-Avon, 194, 195, 325, 326
 Strathmore, Lord, 255
 Street, G. E., 199, 308

- Stromboli (ship), 191
 Stuerbout, 32
 Sudbury, Derbyshire, 3
 Sully, Duc de, 262
 Mémoires de, 262
 Sun, The (newspaper), 351
 Sunderland Coöperative Store, 509
 Supplementary Exhibition, London,
 396
 Sussex, 173, 405
 Swinburne, Admiral, 220, 221, 271
 Swinburne, Algernon C., ix., 27, 42, 64,
 88, 168, 169, 172, 177, 193, 194, 197,
 200, 219, 220, 221, 226, 228, 230,
 231, 233, 242, 244, 245, 255, 271,
 297, 301, 302, 303, 305 to 308, 318,
 319, 320, 330, 335, 338, 344, 351,
 376, 379, 386, 394, 395, 400, 401,
 402, 407, 409, 410, 413, 416, 427,
 446, 447, 483, 493, 498, 504, 505,
 518
 Swinburne, Algernon C. *Works by*—
 Atalanta in Calydon, 63, 64, 87, 89,
 95, 247, 505
 Baudelaire, 301
 Blake, Study on, 63, 168, 221, 224,
 234, 344
 Coleridge Selection, 305
 Crete, 226
 Diræ, 411, 413, 498
 Eve of Revolution, 505
 Florence, Drawings in, Paper on,
 305
 Halt before Rome, 301, 305
 Hertha, 504, 505
 Hymn to Proserpine, 247
 L'Homme qui Rit (review), 395, 407,
 498
 Litany of the Nations, 504, 505
 Mary Stuart Trilogy, 242, 319
 Monna Lisa, 245
 Novel in form of Letters, 380
 Pamphlet on Poems and Ballads, ix.,
 192, 193, 194, 197
 Poems and Ballads, 193, 197, 199,
 200, 206, 207, 224, 307, 335
 Rossetti's Poems, Review, 504, 505,
 525, 528
 Royal Academy Pamphlet, x., 305,
 306, 308, 319, 320, 351
 Song of Italy, 221, 240
 Songs before Sunrise, x., 504, 505
 Tristram and Yseult, 242, 319,
 504
 Swinburne, Lady Jane, 220
 Swinburne, Miles, 220
 Switzerland, ix., 104, 107, 120, 310, 411
 Symonds, J. Addington, x., 363
- T
- TABRETT, 201
 Tacitus, 503
 Talkut Kadash, 485
 Talmud, The, 485, 486
 Tam O' Shanter Inn, Ayr, 453
 Tasso, 367, 368
 Tatham, Frederick, viii., 16, 20, 21, 41
 Epic Theory in Art by, 16, 17
 Memoir of William Blake by, 43
 Taylor, Captain, 499
 Taylor, Emma, 501
 Taylor, Gilbert, 363
 Dolomite Mountains by, 363
 Taylor, Isaac, 362
 Engravings for the Bible by, 362
 Natural History of Enthusiasm by,
 362
 Taylor, Isaac (Senr.), 363
 Portraits of Jane and Anne Taylor
 by, 363
 Taylor, Mrs Warington, 320, 499
 Taylor, Sir Henry, 4, 5
 Philip van Artevelde by, 4, 71
 Taylor, Tom, 178, 307, 427
 Memoir of Haydon by, 178, 179, 258,
 427
 Taylor, Warington, ix., 203, 219, 276,
 320, 322, 323, 325, 499
 Teatro della Canobbiana, Milan, 55
 Teatro Malibrán, Venice, 56, 57
 Tebbs, H. Virtue, 47, 48, 245, 298,
 304, 338, 386, 406, 473, 477, 478
 Temple Bar (magazine), 401
 Tennyson, Frederick, 289
 Tennyson, Laely, 103
 Tennyson, Lord (Alfred), 6, 103, 202,
 226, 233, 273, 302, 333, 341, 364,
 385, 411, 412, 417, 505
 Idylls of the King by, 77
 Illustrated Edition of, 422, 423
 Lady of Shalott by, 341
 Tenterden, 201
 Terra-cotta Edifices, Italy (book), 205,
 214, 229
 Thames, The, 192, 318
 Théâtre de la Porte St Martin, Paris,
 184
 Théâtre Déjazet, Paris, 54
 Théâtre du Parc, Brussels, 32
 Théâtre Français, Paris, 104, 238
 Théâtre Lyrique, Brussels, 33
 Theodore, King, 394
 Thomas, Mrs Edward, 88
 Thomas, W. Cave, 232
 Thomson, James, 381, 498
 Thoreau, 181
 Thornton, 20

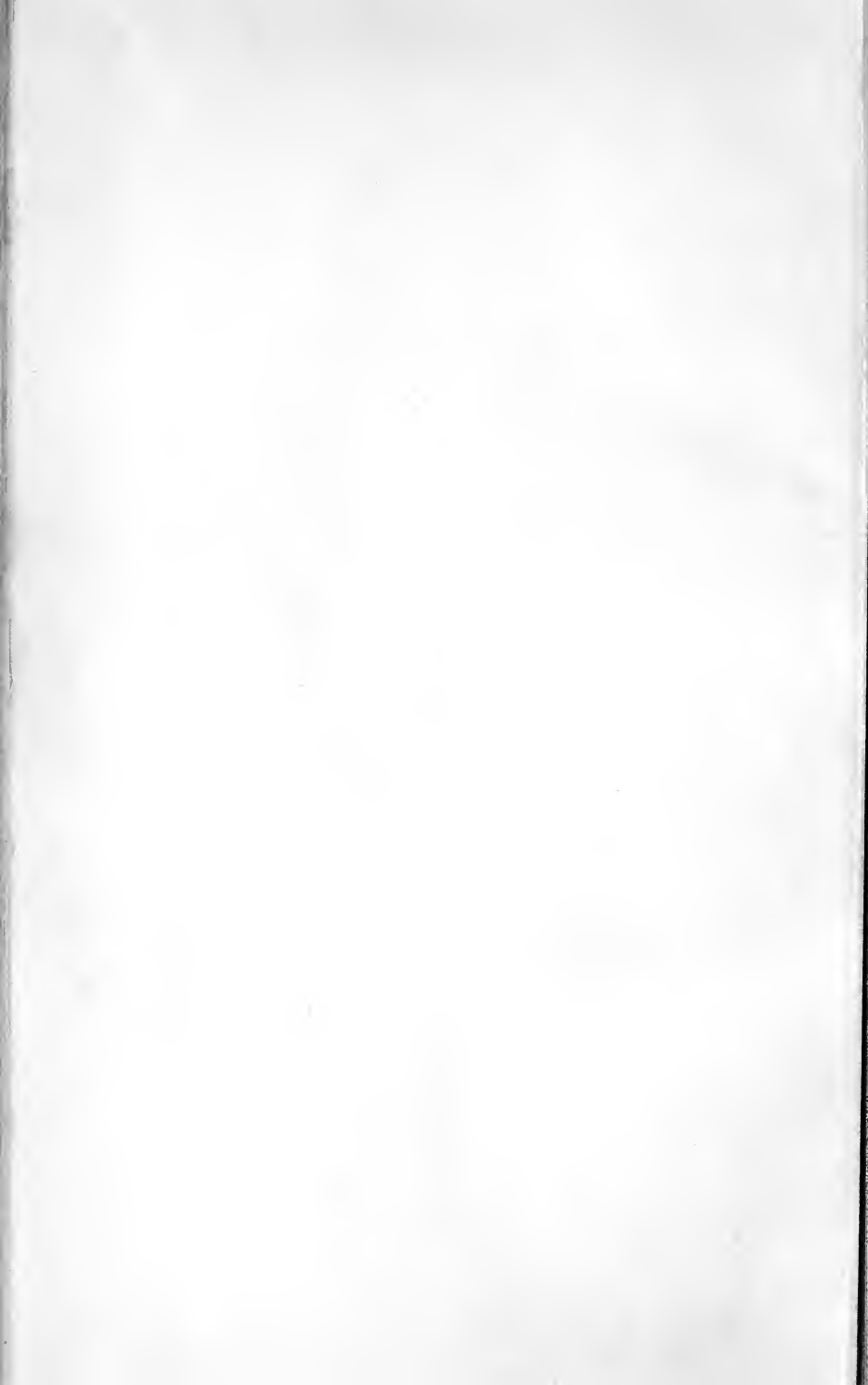
- Thorold (family), 341
 Thorwaldsen, 109
 Lion at Lucerne by, 109
 Tiberias, Lake of, 466
 Tiberius, 337
 Ticino, The, 110, 117
 Ticknor and Fields, 349
 Times, The, 73, 204, 205, 355, 467
 Tinsley's Magazine, 404, 458, 479
 Tintoret, 9, 32, 56, 113, 134, 198, 325, 438
 Anticollegio Paintings by, 315
 Invention of the Cross by, 114
 Miracles of St Roch by, 391
 Paradise by, 315
 Pietà (Brera) by, 114
 St George and the Dragon by, 443
 Transfiguration by, 118
 Tissot, James, 105, 130, 239
 L'Enlèvement by, 105
 Le Printemps by, 105
 Titian, 34, 134, 135, 137, 138, 198, 325, 363, 392, 438
 Alexander VI. and Sforza by, 34
 Peter Martyr by, 315
 Portrait of Young Man (Bâle) by, 108
 St Jerome (Brera) by, 246
 Woman taken in Adultery by, 118
 Tong, 46, 47
 Torcello, 438
 Touchett, 399, 400
 Traventi, 197, 198
 Trelawny, Edward J., x., 182, 183, 215, 218, 248, 254, 288, 366, 391, 392, 398 to 402, 426, 427, 449, 480, 500, 501, 502, 514, 517, 530, 531
 Records of Shelley etc. by, 254, 426, 451
 Younger Son by, 254, 426
 Trelawny, Miss (*see* Call, Mrs)
 Trent, 208
 Trevelyan, Lady, 210, 211, 212
 Trevelyan, Sir Walter, 207
 Trianon, 262
 Trieste, 208
 Trinity College, Dublin, 57
 Trist, 62, 63
 Troy, De, 55
 Tudor House, Chelsea, 2 (*see also* Cheyne Walk)
 Tuileries Palace, 262
 Tupper, Alexander, 475
 Tupper, George, 393, 435
 Tupper, John, x., 236, 237, 321, 337, 339, 379, 387 to 391, 393, 434, 435, 445, 521
 Hiatus by, 445, 475, 521
 True Story of Mrs Stowe by, 475
 Tupper, Martin F., 203, 204
 Proverbial Philosophy by, 203
 Turin, 73, 74, 216, 217, 321, 391
 Turkey, 227
 Turner, J. M. W., 21, 29, 233, 234, 305, 325, 383, 438
 Hesperides by, 21
 Jason by, 21
 Liber Studiorum by, 521
 Martigny by, 325
 Tuscany, 217
 Twickenham, 513
 Tyne, The, 28
 Tynemouth, 16, 28
- U
- UBERTI, FAZIO DEGLI, 3
 Uffizi Gallery, Florence, 389, 503
 Union Debating-hall, Oxford, 477
 Union Society, Oxford, 477, 482
 United States, 53, 161, 263, 303
 University College, London, 72, 324
 University College, Oxford, 522, 523
 University College Hospital, London, 438
 Upton, 167
- V
- VACCÀ, Dr, 399
 Valéry, 387
 Valparaiso, 196
 Valpy, R. L., 267, 268
 Van Eyck, John, 36, 135
 Adoration of the Spotless Lamb by, 36
 Arnolfini Portraits by, 135
 Head of Christ by, 38
 Portrait of his Wife by, 38
 Virgin and Child, with Sts. George and Donatian by, 37
 Vandyck, 35, 325
 Dama e due Putti by, 187
 Repose in Egypt by, 37
 Varchi, 368
 Varennes, 130
 Varese, 112
 Varley, John, 43
 Vasto, 176
 Vauxhall Concert, Brussels, 33
 Velasquez, 35, 198
 A Saint in Torment by, 391
 Prometheus by, 35
 Venetia, 116, 186
 Venice, viii., x., 8, 9, 13, 55, 57, 196, 204, 208, 213, 216, 305, 308, 313, 314, 359, 389, 434

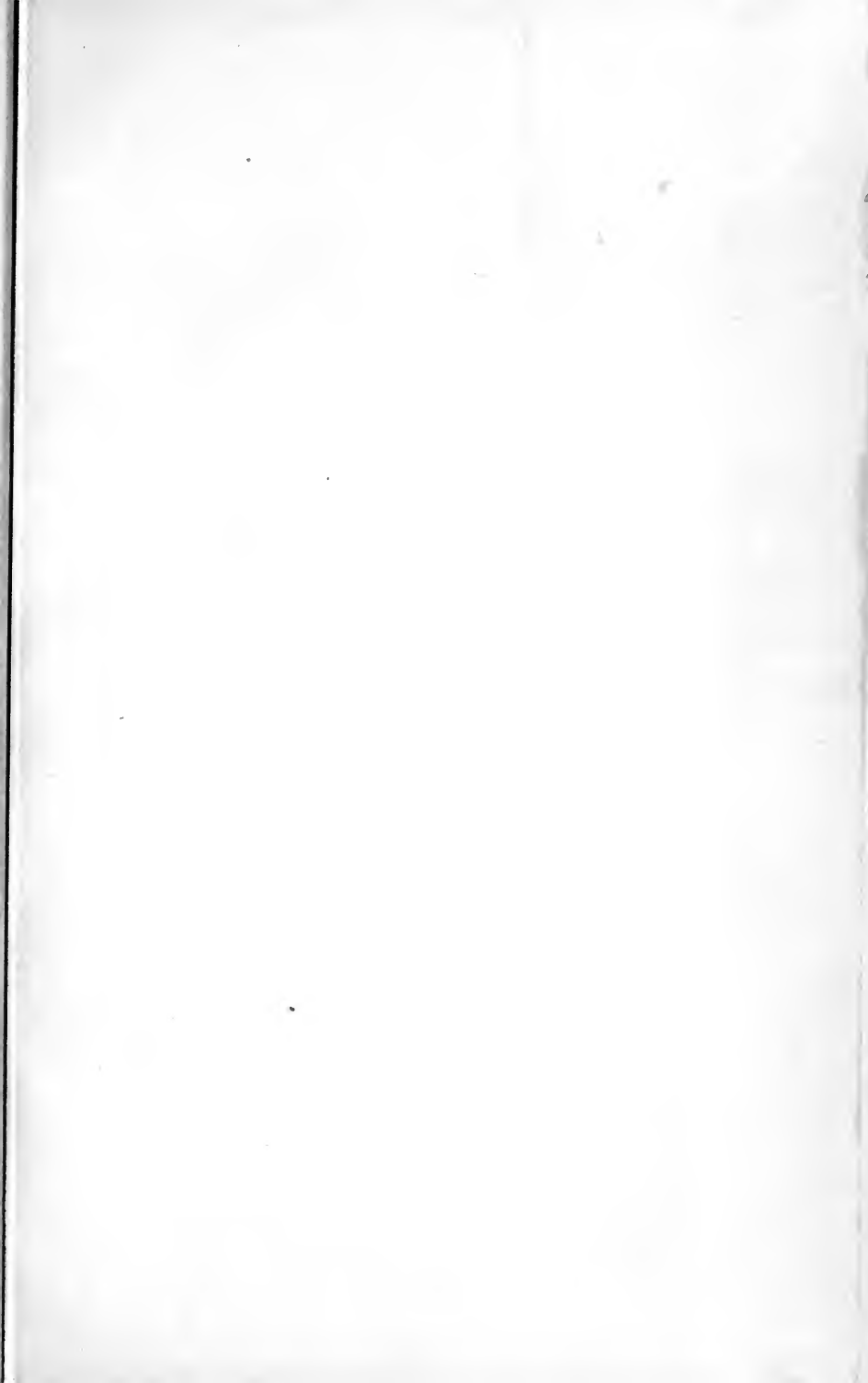
- Venice Accademia, 315
 Vernet, Horace, 427
 Verneuil, Marquise de, 262, 263
 Vernon, Lord, 3, 178, 183, 288, 448, 449, 480, 510
 Verona, 57, 58, 120, 122, 216, 308, 313, 314, 438
 Vespasian, 199
 Via dell' Ascensione, Naples, 190
 Vicenza, 57
 Vichy, 407
 Victor Emanuel II., 56, 115, 116, 117, 189, 199, 208, 249, 289, 310, 311, 509
 Victoria and Albert Museum, 4, 8, 139, 239, 276, 277, 278, 318, 346, 347, 363, 408, 458, 500, 503, 505
 Victory (Grecian Bronze), 119
 Vie dei Fiori Chiari ed Oscuri, Milan, 114
 Viuesseux, 182, 183
 Villa Franca, 204, 208
 Villa Pallavicini, Genoa, 192
 Villa Reale, Naples, 188
 Villari, Pasquale, 343, 509
 Vinci, Leonardo da, 316, 392, 481, 525
 Fight for the Standard by, 481, 482
 Last Supper by, 482
 Virgin and Child by, 389
 Violet (Romance), 461, 462
 Virgil, 258
 The *Æneid* by, 258
 Virgil (Thornton's), 20
 Virgili, Pasquale de', 217, 218
 Niccolò de' Rienzi by, 218
 Viviani, Emilia, 402, 447, 452, 502
 Vokins, 47, 59, 60
 Voltaire, 317, 337
- W
- WAINWRIGHT, 221
 Walker Art-Gallery, Liverpool, 486
 Wallenstädt, Lake of, 124
 Waller (Fleet St.), 411, 413
 Wallington, Northumberland, 207
 Wallis, Henry, 407, 503
 Return from Marston Moor by, 139
 Wallisellen, 124
 Wansbeck (steamer), 28
 Ward, Artemus, 227
 Ward, Harry, 339, 380
 Warden, The (house), 237
 Warwick, 326
 Washington (D. C.), 180, 358, 403
 Washington Star, The, 355
 Water-colour Society, 224, 253, 395
 Waterford, Lady, 199
 Watson, J. D., 243
 Watt, 448
 Watteau, 232, 392
 Wedding Procession by, 392
 Watts, George F., 202, 224
 Clytie by, 322, 403
 Daphne by, 403
 Endymion by, 403
 Millais, portrait, by, 403
 Watts, T. E., 325
 Waugh, Gledstones, 261
 Waugh, Mr, 301
 Waugh, Mrs, 225
 Webb, Philip, 5, 231, 246, 276, 277, 278, 280, 346, 347
 Webster's English Dictionary, 275
 Weekes, 514
 Shelley Monument by, 514
 Wellington, The (Club), 243
 Wells, H. T., 494
 Westness, Thomas, 508
 Whistler, J. M., ix., 14, 130, 196, 222, 228, 229, 233, 234, 235, 245, 246, 257, 303, 306, 319, 320, 495
 Portrait of himself by, 222
 Princesse du Palais de Porcelaine by, 105
 Symphony in White, No. 3, by, 228
 Whistler, Mrs, 320
 Whistler, Wm., 235, 245
 Whitman, Walt, ix., x., 181, 231, 240, 243, 244, 245, 270, 283, 297, 320, 342, 351, 355, 357, 358, 359, 366, 386, 403, 404, 418, 459, 460, 492, 497, 507, 508, 519, 520
 Carol of Harvest by, 270
 Democracy by, 284, 287
 Drum-taps by, 181, 357
 Leaves of Grass by, ix., x., 181, 230, 275, 283, 284, 286, 287, 340, 343, 356, 357, 363, 364, 365, 403, 459, 476, 497, 507, 509
 Lincoln's Funeral-hymn by, 284
 O Captain, my Captain, by, 181
 Selection from, by W. M. Rossetti, ix., 239, 240, 241, 243 to 246, 274, 283, 285, 297, 306, 320, 351, 356, 363, 497, 509, 516, 518
 Walt Whitman by, 343
 Wicklow, Earl of, 98
 Wierus, 485
 Wigand, 223
 Wilberforce, 80
 Wilding, Alexa, 95, 244
 Wilding, Mrs, 95
 Wilkinson, Dr, 170, 368, 369
 Improvisations of the Spirit by, 170

- Williams, Lieutenant, 399, 501, 514,
 516, 517
 Williams, Miss, 402
 Williams, Richard, 159
 Williams, Roland, 160
 Williams, W. Smith, 17, 437
 Williamson, Dr, 472, 475
 Wilson, John, 393
 Wilson, Dr, 389
 Winchelsea, 194, 201
 Windus, B. W., 298, 299
 Windus, Miss, 232
 Windus, Mrs, 232
 Windus, W. L., 232
 Burd Helen by, 232
 Winsor, Charlotte, 157, 161
 Winterthur, 124
 Wood Vale, Cowes, 374
 Woodward, B. B., 227
 Woolner, Mrs, 199
 Woolner, Thomas, 39, 46, 101, 156,
 207, 225, 241, 273, 305, 321, 324,
 325, 328, 332, 391, 480, 510
 Browning, Medallion by, 306
 Elaine by, 324
 Iliad, Medallions from, by, 242
 Lord Palmerston, statue by, 321, 324,
 328
 My Beautiful Lady by, 39, 40
 Ophelia by, 321, 324
 Saassoon, Statue by, 324
 Virgilia by, 242, 324
 Wordaworth, Wm., 385, 386, 402
 Working Men's College, London,
 482
 Wornum, R. N., 235, 245, 383
 Wright (of Derby), 307
 Browning's Grandmother, portrait, by,
 307
 Wuits, De, 35
 Wyatt, Sir Digby, 400
- Y
- YARMOUTH ROADS, 39
 York, 405
 Yorkshire, 5, 523
- Z
- ZAEHRINGER Hof, Pisching, 126
 Zohar Kadash, 485, 486
 Zoological Gardens, Antwerp, 26
 Zoological Gardens, Brussels, 23
 Zoological Gardens, London, 185, 224,
 310
 Zum Goldenen Ochsen (house in
 Schaffhausen), 125
 Zum Ritter (house in Schaffhausen),
 125
 Zurich, 58

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