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RUSKIN : ROSSETTI :  
PRERAPHAELITISM







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*D. G. Rossetti.*

*John Allen.*

*The Girlhood of Mary Virgin.*

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RUSKIN: ROSSETTI:  
PRERAPHAELITISM.

PAPERS 1854 TO 1862

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI ...

" Then by her summoning art  
Shall memory conjure back the sere  
Autumnal springs from many a dying year."

—D. G. R.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



NEW YORK: DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY ;  
LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN

1899

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DEDICATED

TO

*MARY DARMESTETER*

A TRUE POETESS

IN HER WRITINGS AND HER LIFE

W. M. R.





## P R E F A C E

IN the book which I published in 1895—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti, his Family-Letters, with a Memoir*—the last paragraph of the Preface contains the following words:—"In case the present book should find favour with the public, I should be disposed to rummage among my ample stock of materials, and produce a number of details relating not only to my brother, but also to other members or connections of the family."

That book did find moderate favour with the public, and some favour, as well as recently not a little disfavour, with critics in the press, who seem to consider that, if I had been less candid, and had painted the portrait of my brother with more varnish upon it, I should have been a less incompetent and more laudable biographer. That is not my own opinion. What I said of

Dante Rossetti was said with affection and admiration, if also with straightforwardness; and several truths were stated in a mild tone, not because I wished to force them upon public attention, but because they had previously been stated by other persons in an acrid tone. If I care myself to read anything at all about a man, I like to know what he really was, and, when I become the informant, I like my reader to do the same. An important personage does not in the long-run suffer by our understanding what were his faults, blemishes, or weaknesses; he thus becomes more human to us, and therefore more endeared. A photograph with the wrinkles burnished out is always a bad photograph, and a foolish-looking one. The readers (or critics) of my memoir of Dante Rossetti may be pretty sure that, if they feel concerned for his good name, I feel much more so.

Ever since the book in question was brought out, I have kept steadily in view the project of issuing some further instalments of biographical material, and have worked diligently upon it.



The present volume, which is to be regarded as complete in itself, is a sample of the work. It is not dependent upon anything which might possibly follow it, nor yet upon anything which preceded it, although of course a reader who has not already a tolerably clear notion of the life of Dante Rossetti would find advantage in consulting one of the existing biographies. The volume is restricted to that part of my brother's life which began with his personal acquaintance with Mr. Ruskin, 1854, and ended with the death of his wife, 1862. Either Mr. Ruskin in relation to my brother, or my brother in relation to Mr. Ruskin, counts as the principal figure in this compilation. There is also a good deal of matter regarding other persons, especially Ford Madox Brown. Christina Rossetti appears to some small extent; but it happens that, within that range of dates, I possess few things concerning her.

The present is a period of autobiographies; and I have more than once reflected that, having mixed in some interesting transactions, and known

a large number of highly noticeable persons, I might find it as possible as some other men to write a book of autobiography, or more strictly of reminiscences. But that is an enterprise for which I am not entirely inclined; my preference is for presenting, duly ordered and annotated, the solid documentary materials by which my reminiscences are confirmed, or on which they rest. This plan provides for more raciness of phrase, and certainly for more variation in tone and point of view.

In the arrangement of my items I adopt a strictly chronological order; but, if a diary is drawn upon, I allow it to run out consecutively to the end of a year. The order in question, I am aware, entails at times some clashing of subject-matter; but I have a strong impression that it is, on the whole, the best and most intelligible method. The reader can guide himself, whenever he may feel so disposed, by the table of contents and the index of names. If any items in the book are truly trivial or superfluous, I must bear the blame.

I have to thank several persons who have assented to my request to publish letters, or extracts from letters. Professor Norton (of Cambridge, Massachusetts) anticipated my request by placing at my disposal, of his own accord, the letters addressed to him by my brother.

The reader will observe that type-marks of omitted passages are frequent in my pages. Naturally there are instances where I purposely omit something which I consider unsuited for publication, though not in itself trivial; but the vast majority of the excised passages are left out simply because they amount to mere amplification of what appears here in print, or are essentially insignificant.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

LONDON, *February* 1898.

*P.S.* — While these sheets were passing through the press, the Publisher, Mr. Allen, was so good as to communicate to me an extract from a letter which had been addressed to him by Mr. Ruskin from Thun in Switzerland, on

August 9, 1859. It is well worth quoting, as one more indication of the potent sympathy and hopeful anticipation with which the renovator of our art-code viewed the Præraphaelite movement. I do not know what "Mr. Rossetti's Harp-sketch" may have been — possibly *The Return of Tibullus to Delia*. "I've lent Mr. Rossetti's Harp-sketch" (says Ruskin) "to somebody and forget whom. Tell Mr. Rossetti to mind and do the best he can; for he and the good P.R.B.'s may really have Europe for their field some day soon. The German art is wholly and everywhere imbecile to a degree quite unspeakable. The P.R.B.'s are the only living figure-painters of this age."

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\* This picture is by W. L. Windus, the others by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.





# RUSKIN: ROSSETTI: PRERAPHAELITISM

## 1.

### JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

I HAVE before now, in my Memoir of Dante Rossetti and elsewhere, written with some fullness about the relations between Mr. Ruskin and himself; and I shall here refer but very briefly to the matter. It seems to have been towards February 1853 that Ruskin first saw and admired something painted by Rossetti. Early in April 1854 he called upon my brother, and again saw him two or three times afterwards prior to the date of the ensuing letter—which must be the first which he wrote to the painter. His phrase “your late loss” refers to the death of our father, which had taken place on 26th April. “Mr. Boyce” was the water-colour painter George Price Boyce: he possessed at this time more than one water-colour by Rossetti, including the *Borgia* exhibited in London in 1898. By “your

pupil. Ruskin means Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, who was now engaged to Rossetti.

DENMARK HILL.

2 May 1854.

DEAR MR. ROSSETTI,

You must have been surprised and hurt at my not having written to you before—but you may perhaps already have heard, or at all events will soon hear, that I have had much upon my mind during the last week, and have been unable to attend to my daily duties—of which one of the most urgent would at another time have been that of expressing to you my sympathy with you on the occasion of your late loss.

I should be sincerely obliged to you if you would sometimes write to me (as I shall not, I fear, be able to see you before I leave town), telling me how you are, and what you are doing and thinking of. I am truly anxious that no sorrow—still less, undue distrust of yourself—may interfere with the exercise of your very noble powers, and I should deem it a great privilege if you would sometimes allow me to have fellowship in your thoughts and sympathy with your purposes.

I have ordered my bookseller to send you



copies of all that I have written (though I know not of what use it can possibly be to you); and if you will insist in having so great an advantage over me as to give me a little drawing of yours in exchange—as Glaucus gave his golden arms for Diomed's brazen ones—I shall hold it one of my most precious possessions—but *besides* this, please do a drawing for me as for Mr. Boyce, for fifteen guineas. Thus I shall have two drawings instead of one. And do them at your pleasure—of whatever subjects you like best.

I send the piece of opal of which I spoke, by parcels-delivery company, this afternoon. It is not a fine piece, but I think you will have pleasure in sometimes letting your eye rest upon it. I know no colours possessing its peculiar character, and a magnifying glass used to its purple extremity will show wonderful things in it. I hope to be back in London about the middle of August, and will immediately come to see your pupil's drawings. A letter directed here—Denmark Hill, Camberwell—with “to be forwarded” on it, will always find me. Meantime believe me always

Faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

## 2.

DANTE ROSSETTI to FRANCIS McCracken,  
Belfast.

Some years ago a friend favoured me with a copy of this letter. A part of it (relating to Titian, Hogarth, &c.) was published in my Memoir of my brother, and is therefore omitted here. In the phrase "Dr. Anthony, a brother of Mark," the powerful landscape-painter Mark Anthony is indicated. The Dante water-colour of which Rossetti speaks is that of *Dante drawing an Angel in memory of Beatrice*, which was purchased by Mr. McCracken, a merchant or ship-broker at Belfast. "Hunt's admirable picture" is *The Light of the World*.

5 HIGH STREET, HASTINGS.

*Sunday, 15 May 1854.*

MY DEAR MR. McCracken,

I send you back the letter with thanks. Is the writer a Dr. Anthony, a brother of Mark? If so I know him. He seems equally abroad as to the authorship and subject of the drawing, and cannot have much perception of variety in style, or he would not have taken my work for Millais'.

Thanks for the *Dublin University Magazine*.

Shall I return it? The article which mentions my father contains I see some notice of the *Vita Nuova* among Dante's other works. (That article quotes a good deal from Cayley's Dante: Cayley is a friend of mine, and his translation by far the most complete rendering of Dante that exists in English.) A better and full account you would find in an article in *Tait's Magazine* some years back, if the volumes are accessible anywhere in Belfast. The article is called, I think, *Dante and Beatrice*, and is by Theodore Martin, better known as Bon Gaultier. Rather oddly the subject of my drawing which you have is there suggested for painting. For my own part, I had long been familiar with the work and been in the habit of designing all its subjects in different ways before I met with that article. I made some years ago a translation of the entire *Vita Nuova*, which I have by me, and shall publish one day as soon as I have leisure to etch my designs from it. Thanks for the paper containing Ruskin's admirable letter on Hunt's admirable picture. I had already seen it. I had an idea of an intention of the possibility of a suggestion that the lady in my drawing should be Gemma Donati, whom Dante

## 6 ROSSETTI TO MADOX BROWN

married afterwards, and for that reason meant to have put the Donati arms on the dresses of the three visitors, but could not find a suitable way of doing so. The visitors are unnamed in the text. But I had an idea also of connecting the pitying lady with another part of the *Vita Nuova*, and in fact the sketch is full of notions of my own in this way which would only be cared about by one to whom Dante was a chief study. . . .

Yours always,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

### 3.

#### DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN, Finchley.

It will be understood that "Lizzy" here and elsewhere means Miss Siddal; the like is the case with the uneuphonious pet name "Guggum." Barbara Smith became Mrs. Bodichon, and distinguished herself, not only as an amateur landscape-painter of fine faculty, but as a leader in many important movements for the advancement of women. Miss Anna Mary Howitt, daughter of William and Mary Howitt, was also a painter of ability; later on she became Mrs. Howitt-Watts. The project of illustrating the old Scottish ballads came to nothing; there is, however, one pen-and-ink drawing by my brother which

must have been intended for the series. The last passage in this letter (preceding the P.S.) appears in the biographical work by Mr. Ford Hueffer, *Ford Madox Brown*.

5 HIGH STREET, HASTINGS.

23 May 1854.

MY DEAR BROWN,

This letter is partly the result of my having got up at half-past seven, partly of the inviting look of a clean sheet of paper, and partly of a limited degree of personal regard which I entertain for you./

Lizzy, poor dear, continues on the whole much the same. I have been here rather more than a fortnight, and shall now be returning for a short time to London, leaving her here till I can come again. She is looking lovelier than ever, but is very weak, though not so much as one might expect. She has walked a good deal till the last day or two, when we have been working. She has spent two very pleasant days at Barbara Smith's farm, some miles from here, and just while I write a letter reaches me asking us to go down again to-day, but I do not suppose we shall, as it is wet. Every one adores and reveres Lizzy. Barbara

Smith, Miss Howitt, and I, made sketches of her dear head with iris stuck in her dear hair the other day, and we all wrote up our monograms on the panel of the window, in memorial of the very pleasant day we had spent at the farm. There are most wonderful things to paint there, and here and everywhere; but I do not mean to paint a single one, as the pursuit of art is a bore, except when followed in the dozing style. That Guggum is in a state to begin her picture, but I do not think she can just yet. I think I told you that she and I are going to illustrate the old Scottish Ballads which Allingham is editing for Routledge. She has just done her first block (from *Clerk Saunders*) and it is lovely. Her power of designing even increases greatly, and her fecundity of invention and facility are quite wonderful, much greater than mine.

Ruskin, . . . I hear, . . . has something anent me in his *Lectures* just published. He . . . has written, as I suppose you know, to *The Times* in defence of Hunt's *Light of the World*. He is gone to Switzerland, and says he has ordered all his works to be sent to my crib.

. . . Millais has written to me that Gambart

wants me to paint him something, so I imagine Ruskin is beginning to bear fruit. . . . MacCrac has kindly asked me to accept £50 instead of 35 guineas for that water-colour.

Have you still any notion of coming here? The weather is generally splendid, though not so warm, at least indoors, as I had expected. / I lie often on the cliffs, which are lazy themselves, all grown with grass and herbage, not athletic as at Dover, not gaunt as at North Shields. Sometimes through the summer mists the sea and sky are one; and, if you half shut your eyes, as of course you do, there is no swearing to the distant sail as boat or bird, while just under one's feet the near boats stand together immovable, as if their shadows clogged them and they would not come in after all, but loved to see the land. So one may lie and symbolize till one goes to sleep, and that be a symbol too perhaps. ✓

Lizzy has just come in to breakfast (I did not tell you that we have cribs in the same house). She sends her kind regards to you, and love to Emma and Katey,<sup>1</sup> both of

<sup>1</sup> Emma was the second Mrs. Madox Brown; Katey (now Mrs. Hueffer), their infant daughter.

whom I hope are all *right*, as well as what is *left* of you, but the intensely misanthropical state in which I found you last leads me to suspect that you may have been abolished by a general vote of your species. If so, I drop a tear to your memory, though your faults were many, your virtues few; if not, I am still trying to be

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

*P.S.*—I may perhaps be in town again before an answer to this could reach. (Brown *log.*—As if he was going to get one!)

4.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

The letter from which I here give an extract is woefully torn. The first extracted portion evidently replies to something that Rossetti had written regarding Millais and Hunt; and regarding his own subject of modern life in the picture called *Found*, which work he was now inclined to lay aside on the ground that Hunt, in his picture *The Awakened Conscience* (begun and finished at a date later than the beginning of *Found*), had been treating a modern



subject of somewhat similar bearing. The "third subject," referred to by Ruskin, may perhaps have been from Dante's *Vita Nuova*, but of this I have no certainty. I remember a little anecdote connected with Ruskin's letters to my brother, to which I will give a place here. My brother was one day in a picture-gallery (perhaps the National Gallery), and he took out of his pocket, for perusal, a letter recently received from Ruskin. Some person (unknown to Rossetti) passed by, and gave a glance at the handwriting, and he then said to my brother: "Will you excuse me for saying that, in passing, my eye happened to fall upon that letter, and, being an expert in handwriting, I cannot resist the conviction that the writer must be one of the most remarkable men living: might I inquire who it is?"

GENEVA.

15 June 1854.

. . . I know that, so far from being envious of them, you are thoroughly happy in their success; but yet you feel that there is as much in you as in them, and you have a kind of gnawing pain at not standing side by side with them. You feel as if it were not worth while now to bring out your modern subjects, as Hunt has done his first. Now, as to the original suggestion of the power which there is in modern

life if honestly treated, I firmly believe that, to whomsoever it may belong in priority of time, it belongs to all three of you rightly in right of possession. I think that you, Hunt, and Millais, would, every one of you, have made the discovery, without assistance or suggestion from the other. One might make it quicker or slower than another, and I suppose that, actually, you were the first who did it. But it would have been impossible for men of such eyes and hearts as Millais and Hunt to walk the streets of London, or watch the things that pass each day, and not to discover also what there was in them to be shown and painted. . . .

Now for your subjects. I like the two first—the *Found*, and the *Mary Magdalene at the door of Simon's House*—exceedingly: the latter, however, much the best, partly because I have naturally a great dread of subjects altogether painful, and I can be happy in thinking of Mary Magdalene, but am merely in pain while I think of the other subject. This first also (the *Found*) is a *dreadfully* difficult one, and I can imagine your half-killing yourself in trying to get it what you want, in vain. There is one word I do

not understand in your description of your third subject—the most important word; referring, I suppose, to some piece of literature I do not know. But as to what you say of your wish to unite several scenes in it on an elevated (?) horizon, I most entirely agree with you. No pictures are so interesting [as those] which tell a story in this consecutive way; and it would [never have] been given up but for the ridiculous “unities” which the bad [critics of the] last two centuries insisted upon. The fact is—taking [the matter in the] most prosaic and severe way—you merely paint three [several pictures, and] unite them by *interlude* of background, instead [of painting them] separately. What possible objection can there be to [this]? . . .

Please send me some of your translations when you have time.

At present I am resting among the mountains, and trying to draw them a little. I do wish, when you find yourself in need of a little change of thought, you would run as far as Rouen, and look at the thirteenth-century sculptures, going fast to decay, at the bottom of the doors of the north and south transepts. I am thinking of

## 14 ROSSETTI TO MADOX BROWN

casting them; but they are so mouldered away or choked with dust [that I fear] the additional bluntness of the cast will set them off [to very poor] advantage. You would, I think, be infinitely touched [with these sculptures]. They are on a level with the eye—little panels . . . about 150 on each door; . . . the finest things I know in all the world. . . .

I sincerely trust that your best anticipations with regard to your pupil may be fulfilled.

Believe me always

Most faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

A letter sent to Billiter Street will always be forwarded.

### 5.

DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN, Finchley.

This doggrel may perhaps amuse one or two readers. White was a picture-dealer in Madox Street, who, though not a *liberal* customer to Brown, was of some degree of use to him in those years.

29 July 1854.

DEAR BROWN,

Are you never in town?  
I should have come down,  
But it costs half a crown—  
(At least if it don't  
The rhyme must account)—  
And not painting anything,  
My work don't a penny bring.  
I'm glad that old White  
Seems abating his spite;  
Perhaps he's not quite  
Such a "gory" old *wight*;  
So as yet let us hope  
That instead of a rope  
The worthy old scoundrel  
May retain his all-round gill.  
But as to his doings  
And jawings and jewings,  
William brought me the news,  
And he's far from diffuse.  
So I wish you'd look in  
When you come up for tin  
(Or with ticker to spout it),  
And tell us all about it.

And if from these cads  
 You've superfluous brads,  
 To my crib you may lug 'em  
 (*Dear Lizzy's a Guggum*),  
 Where limited bread  
 You shall find, and a bed,  
 Or for tea we will ring,  
 If to get it you'll bring  
 A bob or a tizzy.  
 (*What a Guggum is Lizzy!*)  
 If you come though, don't hollar  
 At my evident squalor,  
 Nor cut me and run  
 At the sight of the dun,  
 Nor make for the door  
 At the sound of the bore,  
 Nor suppose that the landlord  
 With lodging will stand board,  
 Nor as to my picture  
 Throw out any conjecture.  
 So now if you come  
 To where *ego sum*,  
 You know the condition  
 (*Dear Lizzy's a pigeon*)  
 And now don't be witty  
 Upon D. G. ROSSETTI.

## 6.

## MADOX BROWN'S DIARY.

After Mr. Ford Hueffer's biography, *Ford Madox Brown*, was all in print, and ready for the publication which ensued in 1896, I discovered myself to be in possession of some instalments (intrusted aforetime to my wife) of Brown's Diary: a fact whose late discovery I regretted, as I would not have failed, had I known myself to be the custodian of the MS., to impart it to Mr. Hueffer for use in his book. The diary contains some curious and interesting matter, especially as showing the low level at which the worldly fortunes of this very distinguished painter stood at the dates here in question. I shall not here, however, draw upon these details of the diary, but shall limit myself almost wholly to those portions of it which relate to Dante Rossetti or to Mr. Ruskin. I add brief notes wherever they seem to be required.

Diary resumed on the 16th August 1854. . . .

In the interval which this diary shows, to the best of my recollection, I painted in the year '50, still in Newman Street, first the remainder of the Shakespear portrait, for which I was paid sixty guineas.<sup>1</sup> . . . For the remainder of the

<sup>1</sup> An oil-picture, life-size, three-quarters length, representing Shakespear from a combined study of the various authorities.

year I worked at the large picture of Chaucer.<sup>1</sup> . . . Gabriel Rossetti sat for Chaucer, beginning at 11 at night, he sitting up beside me on the scaffolding sketching while I worked. We finished about four in the morning, and the head was never subsequently touched. His brother William was the troubadour. . . .

During the winter I painted the study from Emma, with the head back laughing, at night in Newman Street. All this while Rossetti was staying at Newman Street with me, keeping me up talking till 4 A.M., painting sometimes all night, making the whole place miserable, . . . translating sonnets at breakfast, working very hard and doing nothing.

In June I left Stockwell and Newman Street for Hampstead. . . .

1854, *September 5th.* — On Saturday . . . Rossetti came in the middle of the most broiling sun. I knew he must have come to get something. He wanted costumes to paint a water-colour of the Passover, this instead of setting to work on the picture for which he has

<sup>1</sup> *Chaucer reading the Legend of Custance at the Court of Edward III.* : a very large oil-picture, now in the Public Gallery at Sydney, Australia.



been commissioned by McCrack since twelve months. His aunt has, moreover, given him £30, so that it is not for want of money. However, whatever he does is sure to be beautiful. But the rage for strangeness disfigures his ideas. . . .

*October 6th.*—Called on Dante Rossetti. Saw Miss Siddal, looking thinner and more deathlike and more beautiful and more ragged than ever; a real artist, a woman without parallel for many a long year. Gabriel as usual diffuse and in-consequent in his work. Drawing wonderful and lovely Guggums one after another, each one a fresh charm, each one stamped with immortality, and his picture never advancing. However, he is at the wall,<sup>1</sup> and I am to get him a white calf and a cart to paint here; would he but study the *golden one* a little more. Poor Gabriello. . . .

*31st.*—At the portrait again. This evening Rossetti came.

*1st November.*—Up by 9. Sat up talking to Gabriel about poetry till 2 in the morning. He read me an imitation of an old Scottish ballad,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* he is engaged in painting the wall in the picture *Found*.

<sup>2</sup> *Stratton Water*.

which is extremely beautiful, with critiques of it done by Allingham, who cuts it up very neatly and cleverly, with some truth and error. This morning Gabriel was not down to breakfast till two hours after me; so, waiting for him, I read *The Angel in the House*, by Patmore, which is deplorably tame and tiring. Afterwards Master Gabriel came down, and we blustered at some length about Allingham, Patmore, Tennyson, &c., I maintaining that Longfellow and Smith<sup>1</sup> were incomparably the best men except for Tennyson. Gabriel says he has studied the matter all his life and should know best. I say that he belongs to a party and is prejudiced against all others. We went after his calf and succeeded to a miracle. He is gone to Ruskin for this evening. Tomorrow he returns. After he has talked as much as his strength will bear, he becomes spiteful and crusty, denying everything, and when chaffed he at length grows bitterly sarcastic in his way, but never quite unpleasant nor ever unbearable.

2nd. . ./. Gabriel returned at half-past 12. Spent till half-past 3 getting him off and going to see him begin. Evening, jaw chiefly.

<sup>1</sup> Alexander Smith, a leader in the so-called "Spasmodic School."



*D. G. Rossetti.*

*W. L. Colls.*

*The Blessed Damozel.*  
*By permission of J. Caswall-Smith.*



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3rd, Friday.—Gabriel went off about 11 to his calf. . . .

12th. . . . Gabriel gone to town to see Miss Siddal. Getting on slowly with his calf. He paints it in all like Albert Durer, hair by hair, and seems incapable of any breadth; but this he will get by going over it from feeling at home. From want of habit, I see Nature bothers him, but it is sweetly drawn and felt. . . .

27th.—Out to buy pewter spoons in honour of William Rossetti coming to dinner; one being broken by Katey and two melted by Ruth,<sup>1</sup> so as to leave but one serviceable out of four. Saw Gabriel's calf; very beautiful but takes a long time. Endless emendations, no perceptible progress from day to day, and all the time he wearing my great-coat, which I want, and a pair of my breeches, besides food and an unlimited supply of turpentine. . . . Snow came on. Evening, William Rossetti. . . .

December 6th. . . . Evening, read and talked about W. B. Scott's beautiful poems with Gabriel. Then read his *Blessed Damozel*; pleasant evening.

<sup>1</sup> A servant.

7th.—To work about 11½ at shawl<sup>1</sup> (open air). Blanket round feet, two coats, shawl and gloves on, very cold in spite. Woolner came to see Gabriel about Ruskin, in hopes of his helping him towards the statue of Wentworth<sup>2</sup> the Lag: took him to see Rossetti where he paints in the farmyard. Saw what he is about, done calf and almost cart. Woolner back here, dined, and off with Gabriel. Writing this, and to W. B. Scott about his beauties of poetry. . . .

9th. . . . Yesterday Gabriel told me a story of Hunt, and one of himself, too good to be forgotten. Hunt when about 12 or 14 was placed in care of one of the "League" Bread-shops. Becoming acquainted with the topics then in vogue among those sort, he takes it in his head to write to one of the leading journals *his* views on the matter. The letter was printed and much discussed. *Cobden* called to see him at the shop, and, very much surprised, talked to him at great length to persuade him he was in error. *Hunt maintained he was in the right*, and still believes himself to be so. This is characteristic. I must

<sup>1</sup> The shawl in the picture named *The Last of England*.

<sup>2</sup> This statue was wanted for Australia. Mr. Woolner did not obtain the commission.

remember to ask Hunt when I see him again what the subject of his letter was. The other, of Rossetti, was that while he was painting the wall in his present picture in a lane at Chiswick in the open air, a low fellow came up, and after many apologies said that he took a great interest in art, and that the moss in the wall—nothing else was done—reminded him of a picture he used much to admire at Dantzic, when in Germany. He said it was a celebrated picture of the Last Judgment, painted by two brothers—their names he forgot—the female heads were very beautiful in it. Rossetti asked if the name was Van Eyck; he could not remember. Rossetti afterwards consulted a dictionary of art, and found that at Dantzic there is a celebrated *Last Judgment* by the brothers Van Eyck. . . .

13th. . . . / Talked about suicide and suicides afterwards with Rossetti. To bed at 5 A.M. /

This morning, 16th, Gabriel not yet having done his cart, and talking quite freely about *several days yet*, having been here since the 1st November, and not seeming to notice any hints, . . . Emma being within a week or two of her confinement, and he having had his bed made

on the floor in the parlour one week now, and not getting up till eleven, . . . besides my finances being reduced to £2. 12s. 6d. which must last till 20th January, I told him delicately he must go, or go home at night by the 'bus. This he said was too expensive. I told him he might ride to his work in the morning, and walk home at night. This he said he should never think of. . . . So he is gone for the present.

## 7.

## DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

The friends at Chiswick were Mr. Thomas Keightley and his family. Mr. Keightley (author of *The Fairy Mythology, Life of Milton, &c.*) had been an old and valued friend of our father; we were also very intimate with his nephew, Mr. Alfred Chaworth Lyster, who is still numbered among my affectionate friends.

[LONDON.

1854—? *September.*]

DEAR BROWN,

Will you oblige me with a few words as to the way you consider best for getting the colourmen to lay a *white ground* on canvas. . . .



I know you have told it me 100 times, but I never can remember that sort of thing.

My brick wall is "found" at last at *Chiswick*, which consists chiefly, as I ought to have remembered before, of that material. We have some friends there who offer a harbour of refuge for self and canvas, so I shall begin at once. I've been long "meaning" Finchley, and shall turn up there (in an increased ratio of seediness) one of these days, and make you crusty, and get crusty myself, about Art as usual. Meanwhile believe me

Your affectionate

D. G. ROSSETTI. \*

8.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[1854—? *September.*]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

. . . I congratulate you on the weather. When you have taken to your rooms again, please write me word, as I have a great deal to say to you about plans for teaching the workmen this winter.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.



## 9.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

Considering the acrimony with which Mr. Scott, in his *Autobiographical Notes*, spoke of Dante Rossetti for having (as he inaccurately phrased it) "got all his friends to prepare laudatory critical articles to fill all the leading journals" in 1870, it may be amusing to find Scott himself doing something in the same line at a much earlier date. His "book" here mentioned was the volume named *Poems*, published in 1854. I quite believe that I wrote the article wanted for *The Illustrated London News*, but have forgotten all details about it. Of course, the article already published in *The Spectator* was not mine, although I was at that date the regular art-critic of the paper. Munro, here named, was the sculptor Alexander Munro.

NEWCASTLE.

14 November 1854.

MY DEAR W. M. R.,

I have been looking for a letter from you for a long time—looking in vain. I sent you a copy of my book, and have not heard your opinion of it; and now I have a suggestion from Munro at Oxford, who says if you write a criticism he will get it into Mackay's *Illustrated News*. Munro

will be back in town in a day or two, he tells me by yesterday's post, and if such a notice of my book could appear—that is to say, as the paper's own notice (not with the words “from a correspondent” above it, which would nearly drive one mad), I wish you would do it. Not that I wish the thing mightily, but in an apathetic way. However, from your silence I begin to think you find me “a sour and gloomy nature,” as the *Spec.* says (he is a man of wonderful discrimination, though, who wrote that article), or “a man of little intellectual volition,” as the *Weekly News and Chronicle* has it. . . .

Yours,

W. B. SCOTT.

10.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

Mr. Ruskin's return from the Continent to London in 1854 seems to have taken place in the early autumn. The following letter appears to me to have been written soon after his return. Ruskin (as will be seen) speaks of “two sketches of the Passover”—one of them (I forget the other) was termed *The Passover in the Holy Family*, and is now in the

Public Gallery of Oxford. Ruskin also suggests to Rossetti six subjects from Dante's *Purgatorio*, and one from the *Paradiso*. No. 1 explains itself pretty well; the addition referred to would consist of figures of an angel and a devil. No. 2 is the Valley of the Kings, with the sword-armed angels. No. 3 is Dante set down by Lucia at the gate of Purgatory. No. 4, the angel guarding the same gate. No. 5, the vision of Leah. No. 6, Matilda in the Garden of Eden. Rossetti made water-colours of Nos. 5 and 6, but not of any of the other subjects indicated by his friend.

[DENMARK HILL, LONDON.

? *Autumn* 1854.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I have been writing to Miss Siddal to-day, chiefly to prevent her from writing to *me*; but there are various details suggested in the letter which you and she must consult over. I will come into town to see you on Tuesday next, and you can then tell me what conclusions you have come to. But don't write, on this subject at least; or, if you want to see me before, just write that you want to see me, and I will come.

Now about yourself and my drawings. / I am not more sure of anything in this world (and I am very positive about a great many things) than

that the *utmost* a man can do is that which he can do without effort. All beautiful work—singing, painting, dancing, speaking—is the *easy* result of long and painful practice. *Immediate* effort always leads to shrieking, blotching, posturing, mouthing.

If you send me a picture in which you try to do your best, you may depend upon it it will be beneath your proper mark of power, and will disappoint me. If you make a careless couple of sketches, with bright and full colour in them, you are sure to do what will please me. If you try to do more, you may depend upon it I shall say “Thank you for nothing,” very gruffly and sulkily.

I don't say this in the slightest degree out of delicacy, to keep you from giving me too much time. If I really liked the laboured sketch better, I would take it at once. I tell you the plain truth—and I always said the same to Turner—“If you will do me a drawing in three days, I shall be obliged to you; but if you take three months to it, you may put it behind the fire when it is done.” And I should have said precisely the same thing to Tintoret, or any other *very* great man.

I don't mean to say you oughtn't to do the

hard work. / But the laboured picture will always be in part an *exercise*—not a result. / You oughtn't to do many careless or slight works, but you ought to do them sometimes; and, depend upon it, the whole cream of you will be in them.

Well, the upshot of all this is, however, that I am very much struck by these two sketches of the *Passover*, and that I want you to work out the doorway one as soon as possible, with as much labour as you like; but no more rubbings out. And when it is done, I want you to give me the refusal of it—at the price at which you would sell it to any indifferent person. I shall be very grateful if you will do this, and if you will do it soon? But my two sketches are, please, to be done first and fast. It may perhaps rather help you than encumber you if I suggest to you some, for example:—

1. Buonconte of Montefeltro and Pia of Siena waiting behind him, Buonconte uttering the line, “Giovanna o altri,” &c., with any possible suggestion of line 102–105—in the distance.
2. Purgatory, canto 7, verse 72 to 78, combined with canto 8, verse 8 to 15, and 26 to 30; choosing whichever you think it was of the spirits that







sang "Te lucis," and one other as a type of the crowd.

3. Purgatory, canto 9, verses 60-66.
4. " " 9, " 96-116.
5. " " 27, " 97-108.
6. " " 28, " 52-55, combined with 68, 69. I merely name them by way of example of the sort of thing I should like—don't limit yourself to these if you have been thinking of any other.

Stay, I must make out a complete number—suppose for seventh Piccarda and Costanza in the moon.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

11.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

"That play" is clearly the *Joseph and his Brethren* by Charles Wells.

[DENMARK HILL.

? 1854.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I think you are mistaken respecting that play. I have read a great deal. Portions

are good descriptively, and some Potiphar's wife is good; but as a whole it is wrong. But can you dine with us on Thursday at 6? (and not be *too* P.R.B. as Stanfield is coming too!)—but I've no other time for a chat.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

12.

FORD MADDOX BROWN'S DIARY, *Jan. 25 to  
Dec. 31, 1855.*

. . . 1855, *25th January.* . . . Last night I was at Seddon's and there saw Mary Howitt; she is unaffected and dresses nicely, two rare qualities in a poetess. Seddon's sister very beautiful, only 15.<sup>1</sup> Tom in full Arabicals. Christina Rossetti put on a Syrian dress . . . Rossetti is teaching away at the Mechanics' College, Red Lion Square; makes the fellows draw each other. . . .

*28th, Sunday.* . . . Last night I dined at the Rossettis'. Gabriel, who invited me, never came home, of course. Woolner was there in fumes sulphureous about the ministry and aristocracy. . . .

*Thursday, 15th February.*—To London. . . .

<sup>1</sup> This I understand to be his sister Emily, now Mrs. Tebbs.

At the Gallery found Gabriel Rossetti and his sister looking at my picture. Went to Blackfriars with him; wasted my time, as is inevitable when I get some one to talk to. . . .

*March 10th.* . . . I had a letter from Rossetti, Thursday, saying that Ruskin had bought all Miss Siddal's ("Guggum's") drawings, and said they beat Rossetti's own. This is like Ruskin, the incarnation of exaggeration. However, he is right to admire them. She is a stunner and no mistake. Rossetti once told me that, when he first saw her, he felt his destiny was defined. Why does he not marry her? He once told me that Hannay, when he first knew him, used to be so hard up that he used never to be at home in the daytime because of his "rent." He used to go out before the people were up, and go home when they were in bed. This was constant with him, and he never apparently ate at all. When he had a little money, he used to go and get beer or grog with it. Rossetti and he, having been all the forenoon together, found about sixpence between them on which to refresh themselves. Rossetti proposed to go to some à-la-mode-beef place, and get as

much to eat as it would afford. Hannay quite stared; he expected it was to go for beer. However, Rossetti stuck out for food of a solid nature, and prevailed. Hannay now does well. . . . His *Satire and Satirists* is a delightful book, and will last. They say his wife and child are very beautiful. . . .

17th. . . . To Seddon's, to meet Millais, Rossetti, and Collins. Rossetti in joyful state about Miss Siddal, who has got lots to do, and Mrs. Tennyson insists upon her having a share of the illustrations to Tennyson.<sup>1</sup> Sooner than not, she writes to Moxon, "she will pay for them herself." Conversation between Seddon, Millais, and Collins, highly moral and religious; they of opinion that no really good man is ever unsuccessful in life. If he dies and leaves a wife and fifteen children, they are sure to be well provided for, and he not to bother about [it]; Millais citing as instances two examples to the contrary of irreligious men going to the dogs. Rossetti off early. . . .

21st.—Up at 9, to work by 10; boy's comforter; very cold. . . . Read *King Arthur*.<sup>2</sup> . . .

<sup>1</sup> This did not come to anything; I don't know the details.

<sup>2</sup> This may perhaps have been the beginning of the Arthurian furor in the circle of Brown, Rossetti, &c.



*J. Millais.*

*W. L. Colls.*

*The Loving Cup.*  
*By permission of J. Caswall-Smith.*



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31st.—Up by 9, to work by 10. Painted two cabbages. Rossetti came and bothered me just as I was engaged on the second. Worked till dark, and then tea and talk till 2 A.M., he doing water-colours for Ruskin and Miss Heaton.<sup>1</sup> The usual jargon about art; brought Crabbe with him.

April 1st. . . . Stopped at home to work, but through talk did not begin till near one. Talking about *King Arthur*, in praise of [it], and how it would illustrate . . .

6th, Good Friday.—Church. Seddon in the evening. Received a disagreeable intelligence. John P. Seddon is building a cathedral in Wales<sup>2</sup>; he has persuaded the Bishop to have a painting on the altar, and his brother asks if I think *Rossetti would undertake* it,—when he has bought my *King Lear* at an auction for £15, and knows I am on the point of being driven out of England through general neglect. It is to toady Ruskin. I do not grudge Rossetti the work, but in truth Seddon need not ask me my opinion about it. However, let it pass like others.

<sup>1</sup> A lady at Leeds known to Ruskin.

<sup>2</sup> He was *restoring* the cathedral of Llandaff.

8th. . . . William Rossetti dined with us. A walk at dusk and talk with him. Says Gabriel pitched into Wornum about Waagen at Lucy's supper, Wornum<sup>1</sup> having presumed to quote him. Miss Siddal going to Ruskin. . . .

13th. . . . This evening a letter from Gabriel saying Ruskin . . . had made two propositions to Miss Siddal; . . . one to buy all she does one by one, the other to give her £150 a year for all she does, and, if he sold them for more, the difference to be hers; if not, to keep them. D. G. R. in glee.

14th.—Out to the City to get £20 from the Bourn<sup>2</sup> to pay the rent; made him give it me. To Rossetti's, where came Miss Siddal, whom I accompanied to sundry colourmen; to the Pantheon to meet Gabriel, who of course was not to be found. Then to dine, having after much trouble found him; then to his mother's, where I slept. Miss Siddal's first interview with ditto. Late talk while Gabriel saw her home.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Wornum was (or became) Secretary to the National Gallery. Dante Rossetti must have "pitched into him about Waagen," on the ground that Dr. Waagen (a German connoisseur prominent in those days) had written in depreciation of the Præraphaelite movement, and Wornum (it may be supposed) cited Waagen as a good authority on some art-matter or other.

<sup>2</sup> Ravensbourn Wharf, Greenwich, owned in part by Brown.



15th, *Sunday*.—With Gabriel and William called to see Mary Howitt; she not up. . . .

21st. . . . Rossetti and Miss Sid came per 'bus to-night.

22nd.—Rossetti and Miss Sid here all day, one of perfect repose. Talk till 2 A.M.

23rd.—Do. and do. here still. . . .

May 20th.—To town to see if Rossetti would join in a newly projected exhibition, being of opinion that, unless he and Anthony would, it could have no chance. Of course he would not, being the incarnation of perverseness. Miss Siddal there, looking better. Rossetti, after much desultory conversation, began abusing Cave Thomas's picture.<sup>1</sup> . . . At last I lost my temper. . . . It ended in my telling him to keep to *his* friends, as, to me, his ways were disagreeable. So I went off, for the first time parting in dudgeon. He has left off abusing his enemies, that apparently having lost its zest from over-use, and now vituperates his friends,—or those of the person addressed, as more provoking.

21st.—To town to prevent Seddon from committing himself in any way. Stopped all day: in

<sup>1</sup> The picture was named *Rivalry*.

the evening the meeting. . . . Gabriel held out his hand as though nothing were ; so I said I had been too crusty, and it passed off. . . .

*July 13th.*—After dinner into London per 'bus, the heat intense, and I feeling apoplectic. . . . Rossetti's for the night ; never spent a pleasanter evening. Scott, Hannay, Paul,<sup>1</sup> Leifchild, brother of the sculptor, Munro, Hughes, Martineau,<sup>2</sup> and William Rossetti, all in charming humour till 1 A.M. Heat intense and lots of strawberries. I forgot Cayley, the translator of Dante, who looks mad, and is always in a rumpled shirt, without collar, and old tail-coat. Stopped up talking with Gabriel till 3, then talked in bed with him till 5. After breakfast concocted a letter with him for the Marchioness of Waterford, declining to give her lessons *à domicile* by my advice. Then took it to Mivart's and back to the studio. There, while I was smoking a pipe in shirt-sleeves, "enter to us" *Ruskin*. I smoke, he talks divers nonsense about art hurriedly in shrill flippant tones. I answer him civilly, then resume my coat and prepare to leave. Suddenly upon this he says, "Mr.

<sup>1</sup> A scientific chemist, intimate more particularly with Hannay.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur Hughes and Robert B. Martineau the painters.

Brown, will you tell me why you chose such a very ugly subject for your last picture?" I, dumb-founded at such a beginning from a stranger, look in his face expectant of some *qualification*, and ask "What picture?" To which he, looking defyingly, answers, "Your picture at the British Exhibition. What made you take such a very ugly subject? It was a pity, for there was some *nice* painting in it." I, from his manner, coupled with the knowledge of his having *praised* the subject to Gabriel a few days before, being satisfied that he intended impertinence, replied contemptuously, "Because it lay out of a back window," and, turning on my heel, took my hat and wished Gabriel good-bye. Ruskin seemed by this time in high dudgeon, and would not look at me as I left the room.<sup>1</sup> So much for my first interview. . . . It would appear that his vanity was hurt at my not hanging longer on his skirts, and vented itself in impertinence. . . .

15th.—Gabriel and Scott dined here. Emma enchanted with Scott, as all women are; a truly

<sup>1</sup> These little incidents (it may be inferred) were the immediate cause of the animosity which Madox Brown constantly expressed against Ruskin. He had, however, other and more solid motives, both personal and general.

nice fellow and an honour to know. Took him to the Brent, and he chaffed Gabriel about his religion,<sup>1</sup> which I, knowing he does not relish, gently averted. . . .

*August 6th.* . . . To Rossetti, to see and make part of a collection of fossils which he had dug up, namely, Cross,<sup>2</sup> Lucy, Anthony, Woolner, Munro, Seddon, and William Rossetti, and the young inductive parson.<sup>3</sup> These "Ancient Pistols" fired away in the style common to the species, with loud report and much smoke, till at last they all went off together about 12, and I remained talking to Rossetti till 3 A.M. He showed me a drawer full of "Guggums"; God knows how many, but not bad work, I should say, for the six years he has known her; it is like a monomania with him. Many of them are matchless in beauty, however, and one day will be worth large sums.

*7th.*—Slept at Blackfriars; out with D. G. R. to Stafford House to meet Munro and the parson; found Seddon and his wife there. The

<sup>1</sup> Dante Rossetti had not at this time (nor at others) much religion of a definable kind, but he had a certain propensity towards it, whereas W. B. Scott was an avowed disbeliever.

<sup>2</sup> John Cross, the historical painter.

<sup>3</sup> This was the Rev. Charles Anderson, who had been a school-fellow of mine.

magnificence of the place, such as I had never witnessed but in palaces, gave food for much reflection, and made the visit a very pleasant one and full of new emotions. Oh how strange a place is this world! Only those seem to possess power who don't know how to use it. What an accumulation of wealth and impotence! Is this what is gained by stability and old institutions? Is it for this that a people toils and wears out its myriad lives? For such heaping up of bad taste, for such gilding of hideousness, for such exposure of imbecility, as this sort of thing is! Oh how much more beautiful would six model labourers' cottages be, built by a man of skill for £100 each! As Carlyle says, "Enough to make not only the angels, but the very jackasses weep." Saw Miss Siddal, beautifully dressed for about £3, altogether looking like a queen. . . .

13th.—Rossetti and Miss Siddal here. . . .

15th.—Rossetti here still, painting at his drawing of *Rachel and Leah*.<sup>1</sup> I suggested his putting in Dante in the distance and sundry great improvements, and now he is in spirits with it and will ask £5 more for it. . . .

<sup>1</sup> *Dante's Vision of Rachel and Leah*, sold to Ruskin.

16th.—Emma went into town with Miss Siddal before Rossetti was come in from his room at the Queen's Head, so that when he did come his rage knew no bounds at being done out of the society of Guggum, and vented itself in abuse of Emma, who "was always trying to persuade Miss Sid that he was plaguing her," &c. &c., whereas of course Miss Sid liked it as much as he did, &c. &c. . . . I did not know whether to laugh most or to be angry, so did both, laughed at him and damned him, and at length thought it best to tell him where he could find them, as Betsy was to follow them as soon as she could dress Nolly<sup>1</sup> and join them in Kentish Town. This appeased him, and presently off he started. I took a shower-bath, not having had one since Miss Sid came, she having my room. After this, much pleased to be at peace once again, I set to work at the portion of ship's netting that covers the piece added to the side of the panel. Went and cut a cabbage in the garden, placed it, and worked well from about half-past 11 till half-past 4, when back came Betsy with a note from Rossetti to say I must be at Chatham Place by 5, as they were all going

<sup>1</sup> Oliver Madox Brown, then an infant.

to the play. This just as I was getting in cue for work. In much dudgeon I dined and dressed and off to Hampstead, getting to Blackfriars in time to find a note saying [I] was to follow them, to Astley's of all places in the world. . . . Then to Astley's to inquire when the performance ended. Walked over as the crowd came out, but they were gone. So in a cheerful temper I off to Blackfriars, and there found Gabriel gone and Miss Siddal in bed; so backed out of it, and past 12 went and got a bed, Emma being gone to sleep at her mother's. . . .

*September 15th.*—All this week I have only worked one day, Tuesday. . . . Wednesday I packed up the picture carefully in a sheet, and took it to old White in a cab at his request. . . . Then to Rossetti's, where Emma was to meet me, to dine and go with him and Miss Sid to Drury Lane by orders. When we got there, he had forgotten that after a certain hour we could not get in, so Emma and I paid 5s. and he and Guggum went home. We were late and ill-pleased, discomfort and heat fierce and intolerable, acting (English operatics) do.; altogether before it was over I felt ill, and by next morning, Thursday, was quite so,

being still at Rossetti's. Stopped in bed all day in a raging fever in the midst of all manner of squalor and discomfort, Emma having to nurse Nolly, who did not seem to relish the change. Ruskin came meanwhile and Rossetti ignored us, the baby giving an occasional squall from the next room. Rather better towards night, dear Emma doing all she could for me. Passed a second sleepless night there with an intense feeling of nausea. Next day, yesterday, felt somewhat better and got up to breakfast. Poor Stephens<sup>1</sup> came in, and Rossetti (not liking him of late, I believe owing to his speaking irreverentially on the subject of Guggum) told him *Mrs. Brown* was in the next room ill, and that *I* therefore would not come in. I did come, however, but Stephens seemed at a loss and soon left. Altogether it was a scene of the strangest physical and moral confusion, . . . and feeling of reckless extravagance, for altogether this going to the play *by orders* cost me £2. 10s. Gabriel being scant of tin, we had to pay for all we had, and his laundress charges hotel-prices, I do believe. However,

<sup>1</sup> Frederic George Stephens, the art-critic, who had been a member of the P.R.B.



except that I was ill we were merry enough, although, as Gabriel says, Ruskin had been sticking pins into him, as was his wont for a couple of hours every three days. Got back here by 6, ill but rejoicing, quite determined never again to go to the play by Rossetti's *orders*. This morning I am still in bed at 2 P.M., but feeling well again, and I hope I am so, as there is but two weeks now to get a house in. In bed till 3; then dressed, and walked into the neighbourhood of the Swiss Tavern to look for houses. Emma was done up, having walked full five miles; so I put her in a cab and sent her to see a family reported to be in great distress, and, as we had met Thomas Woolner, I walked with him; he can get nothing to do whatever. Met Emma at the Rossettis'. Bill just back from Paris; now thinks the French<sup>1</sup> the only art-nation in the world; so men change. Back per 'bus with bad cold. . . .

23rd.—I was in bed Monday and Tuesday with a cold. Christina Rossetti came here from Tuesday even till Saturday. There is coldness between her and Gabriel because she and

<sup>1</sup> I don't think I regarded (or professed to regard) the French as "the only art-nation in the world," but as decidedly at the head of European art.

Guggum do not agree.<sup>1</sup> She works at worsted ever, and talks sparingly. . . .

*22nd October.*—This month has passed without entries. . . . I have lent £15 to Gabriel. . . . Guggum . . . was to have gone to France. . . . She is gone, and I hope Gabriel will work all the better for it. He has finished his *Rachel and Leah*, for which Ruskin gave him 30 guineas instead of 20 asked; and since has finished another of Launcelot offering to kiss Queen Guinever at the tomb of King Arthur, for which he had 20, having asked 15. Also Ruskin.

*2nd December.*—I have delayed all this time filling in because I had made a breach, which to fill up was a trouble. . . . Miss Siddal has gone to Nice with a cousin of Rossetti's, Mrs. Kincaid. After she had been gone six weeks or so, letter came to Gabriel saying she had spent all his money at Paris. Gabriel, who saw that none of the drawings on the easel could be completed before long, began a fresh one, *Francesca di*

<sup>1</sup> I do not remember that there was ever anything in the nature of a "disagreement" between Miss Siddal and Christina. Dante Rossetti had recently brought the two together, and his ardour for Miss Siddal made him think that Christina was not adequately impressed by her. This seems to me to have been the whole matter.

*Rimini*, in *three compartments*; worked day and night, finished it in a week, got 35 guineas for it from Ruskin, and started off to relieve them. Saw her off by rail for Nice, and came back in another week. This is how Gabriel can work on a pinch. I must say, however, that as yet my £15 are in abeyance, but I live in hope. Ruskin sold his *Rachel* to Miss Heaton for 40 guineas; I suppose he [Rossetti] had the difference. He will grow rich at this rate, perhaps pay his debts. He says there was nothing at all comparable to Ingres and Delacroix at the Beaux Arts; Delacroix specially he now thinks the greatest painter of modern times. I have always stuck up for Delacroix, although seeing but few of his works. . . .

31st. . . . Last night our chimney took fire. Emma saw *one spark* fall; laziness itself could make nothing out of it but the chimney on fire; so we looked and it was so; water and wet blanket seemed ineffectual; in the street passers talked of "smell of soot." Sparks seen from chimney: so I had to put down my cigar and go right at it—up the trap and on to the slates, and stuff a blanket down the aperture,

there waiting one quarter. Complete success resulted from these bold and vigorous measures. In the meantime Gabriel had also made himself useful. Emma found him raking the live coals out *all over the room*; large holes in our new Kidderminster of claret powdered with chocolate *fleurs de lis*. Described to him my new subject of Christmas<sup>1</sup>; he approves. Gabriel was such a swell as I never saw before, but looking really splendid, everything about him in perfect taste except his *shoes*; it will be some time before he goes that length. Otherwise his brown suit was most in the fashion; he looked handsome and a gentleman, talking of buying a “ticker,” but not of paying me back my £15, alas! However, he has sent Miss Sid in all £55 since her departure. . . .

## 13.

## NOTE BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI—A DREAM.

I cannot say what is the real date of this note, but put it in as if proper to 1855. The last paragraph, “This *real* dream,” &c., is evidently of much later date—say 1880.

<sup>1</sup> This subject was not painted; it was to be a family-group.

Night, but clear with grey light. Part of church in the background with the clock-side towards the spectator. In the churchyard many sheep with good innocent expressions; one especially heavenly. Amid them with full face a Satan-like goat lying, with a kingly look and horns. Three white longish-haired dogs in front, confused with the sheep though somewhat smaller than they: one with a flattering face, a second with head almost entirely turned away, but what one sees of the face sensual and abominable.—

*My dream, C. G. R.*

This *real* dream left me with an impression it was my duty to paint the above subject as a picture—contingent duty, perhaps. Of course I never became competent.

14.

DANTE ROSSETTI to JOHN TUPPER.

This letter, it will be seen, refers principally to some writings by Tupper, with the details of which I am not familiar. The first writing spoken of, of which the rather scanty incidents are detailed, was, I presume, in prose. *The Crayon* was an American magazine, dealing chiefly with matters of fine art.

I need scarcely add that the person addressed is the John Lucas Tupper some of whose poems were edited and published by me in 1897.

14 CHATHAM PLACE, BLACKFRIARS.

DEAR JACK,

*Thursday night 17 Jan. 1855.*

A party being ill is taken to Florence, where he gets well. Then takes a walk in the Campo Santo. Then fumbles in a cupboard, and then is going to meet with an adventure. Is that it? If not, I give it up. But if it is, I don't see the difficulty—that is, beyond the usual 19th-century fog, which one feels swindled without by this time.

If you don't know, I do, that you are a genuine poet; but I'm sure we both know that there are a good many such nowadays—a conviction which results with me, when a poem begins buzzing in my head, in an utter inadequacy to the job of writing it down. But I believe the other view is the rational one; and that one ought no more to do as I do than, on the death of one's father the nabob, to kick one's cheque-book into the grate because all one's fourteen brothers and sisters had volumes of the same work.

Both the poems seem to me excellent. I think I prefer the one in blank verse, but fancy the first spondee marked were better away,—the second seems harmless. I really suspect that, if I had by me a mass of poems in as good condition as I fancy yours to be in, I should nerve myself up to begin thinking of taking into serious consideration the propriety of perhaps entertaining an idea of eventual print and paper. In serious earnest, so far as I can judge for you, I believe it might be your best plan to publish. I must also really thank you for your friendly way of asking my advice, and surprising me with the discovery that any one cares to have it on any human matter,—also for sight of poems. I read some time back, and liked much, the one on Hunt's picture in *The Crayon*.

If ever you've a leisure evening to be forlorn in, and are not too far away to look in for my help to that end, can such a shocking bad visitor as I am venture to hope you'll do so? Or better, would you write me word *what* evening?

Yours very sincerely,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

Kind regards to all at home.

## 15.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[? 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

If you can come to the meeting specified in enclosed ticket it would be very nice. I shall be there D.V. But *not* at college on Thursday—session is over. There is no fear about teaching. All that the men want is to *see* a few touches done, and to be told where and why they are wrong in their own work, in the simplest possible way.

Faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

## 16.

JOHN RUSKIN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

This letter begins by referring to the American art-paper *The Crayon*. Its editor Mr. Stillman (then a landscape-painter and writer, lately the correspondent in Rome for *The Times*, and well known as an author), had asked Mr. Ruskin to name some person who could write for *The Crayon* a monthly



summary of art-matters in England. Mr. Ruskin was so good as to name me, and I did the work for a couple of years or so. The letter afterwards refers to a London publication named *The Artist*, and to a letter I had got published there refuting some mis-statements as to Ruskin's utterances on various questions of fine art.

DENMARK HILL.

13 *February* 1855.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was much gratified by receiving your letter, as it assured me of being able to send a satisfactory reply to Mr. Stillman, and, which is a matter of somewhat more importance, assured me of the American public being well and faithfully guided in matters of art, so far as they trust to the London correspondent of *The Crayon*.

I will not *thank* you for your letter in *The Artist*; for I believe that you are one of the few who understand the real rank of a critic, and who do not think that the assertion of truth ought to be considered as a personal favour. But I may perhaps express to you the pleasure I felt (and it is the very rarest of all the pleasures I have) in meeting with some one who can understand, or who will take the pains to understand, what I have written, *reasonably*. I know plenty of people

who can be tickled by fine words, or moved by the expression of a sentiment they like. But of people who can see the four sides of a square at once, or follow the steps of an argument for ten minutes, I do not, among all my acquaintance, know half-a-dozen. I have written to Mr. Stillman, and hope you will soon hear from him.

Believe me, with many thanks,

Very faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

17.

DANTE ROSSETTI—A VALENTINE.

I don't know which year this belongs to. It speaks of Miss Siddal as being absent, but (seemingly) as if she could enter at any moment. This would exclude from count the year 1856, when she was away at Nice. The verses are amusing, and, though they were not suited for *The Collected Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, they may come in here.

[15 February 1855.]

Yesterday was St. Valentine.  
Thought you at all, dear dove divine,  
Upon the beard in sorry trim  
And rueful countenance of him,  
That Orson who's your Valentine?

He daubed, you know, as usual.  
The stick would slip, the brush would  
fall:

Yet daubed he till the lamplighter  
Set those two seedy flames astir;  
But growled all day at slow St. Paul.

The bore was heard ere noon; the dun  
Was at the door by half-past one:  
At least 'tis thought so, but the clock—  
No Lizzy there to help its stroke—  
Struck work before the day begun.

At length he saw St. Paul's bright orb  
Flash back—the serried tide absorb  
That burning West which it sucked up  
Like wine poured in a water-cup;  
And one more twilight toned his daub.

Some time over the fire he sat,  
So lonely that he missed his cat;  
Then wildly rushed to dine on tick—  
Nine minutes swearing for his stick,  
And thirteen minutes for his hat.

And now another day is gone :  
 Once more that intellectual one  
 Desists from high-minded pursuits,  
 And hungry, staring at his boots,  
 Has not the strength to pull them on.

Come back, dear Liz, and, looking wise  
 In that arm-chair which suits your size,  
 Through some fresh drawing scrape a hole.  
 Your Valentine and Orson's soul  
 Is sad for those two friendly eyes.

## 18.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

DEAR ROSSETTI,

[? *February* 1855.]

Will you thank Mr. Cayley exceedingly for his kind present? I deeply regret that I cannot give him and you the pleasure which I am conceited enough to think you would both feel in my concurrence in your estimate of this translation. I think Mr. Cayley has failed simply by endeavouring the impossible. No poem *can* be translated in rhyme, for the simple reason that in composition a poet arranges his thoughts somewhat with respect to the rhyme. The translator

cannot do this, and therefore must sacrifice all grace and flow to his rhyme, and often truth also. You call this a literal translation. I open it at random, and I come upon the reading of the exquisite *Come i gru, &c.* Now observe—

“And as the cranes, chanting their lays, *do* fly.”

This “*do* fly” is bad English—that is to say, useless double wording for the sake of the rhyme. But also Dante doesn’t say “fly.” He says “go.” The “fly” is for the sake of the rhyme, and substitutes insipidity for simplicity. But further—“chanting their *lays*.” *Lai* is not *lays*. A lay may be a merry song. *Lai* are *lamentations*—as accurately as possible translated by Cary “dolorous notes.” Here the *apparent* literalness of the new translation is *actual* infidelity. Further—

“In one long line upon the air *outspread*.”

“Outspread” is for the rhyme. It is not in Dante, and it is nonsense. A line cannot be spread. It can only be extended or continued. Cary is accurate—“Stretched out in long array,” only using “sky” for “air” in the line before.

And so I could go on. I write this for *you* only, because I think your taste is as yet unformed in verse, and, so that the thought be good, you have not enough studied modes of expression. Would you kindly thank Mr. Cayley simply for me? if he wants to know my opinion, telling him as gently as possible. I am particularly sulky at his retaining that old blunder about Semiramis—*succe* instead of *sugge*—making milk and water of the sting of the whole passage.

Please give the enclosed to your brother. I was utterly astonished the other day by finding it in my letter-drawer. You see by the date how long it has been there. I have written to your pupil; there is some treason in the letter about you; ask her to show it you.

I am afraid I must put off the pleasure of seeing you and your brother on Tuesday, because I want you both to come and dine with us, and I am in arrears of work and it is tumbling on my head, and I can't get *two* evenings this week. I will write again to-night to tell you which day I want you to come if you can; but it will be after Tuesday.

Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

## 19.

## JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

The details indicated in this letter and in the succeeding one were more or less as follows:—Miss Heaton, acting through Ruskin, was to have bought a water-colour by Rossetti, perhaps *Dante's Dream of the Death of Beatrice*. Ruskin, liking the beginning of this work, retained it for himself. Then Rossetti had to offer Miss Heaton her choice between two other water-colours, a *Paolo and Francesca* and the *Leah and Rachel*. The phrase "I will send my dolls" is not clear: but I understand it to mean that Mr. Ruskin would send to Miss Heaton the latter painting (jocularly termed "The dolls" by himself and Rossetti), while Rossetti was to send the former one.

[? 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

You are quite right in all you say, only I extend my notions of my deservings to such a conceited extent as to plead not only for myself but for my *friends*. That is to say, Miss Heaton and other people, when they put themselves into my hands and say "What pictures shall I buy?" ought, I think, not to be treated as strangers, but as in a sort my clients and

protégés. And although Miss Heaton never *heard* of the *Beatrice*, remember, it was begun for her, and, when I saw it was to be good, I took it for myself. Unless I had told her plainly this trick of mine, I could not have slept with a peaceful conscience; and, having played her this trick, I am bound not to let her pay as much for a drawing she will not like so well, which I think I do in fairness to you by raising my own payment. Indeed, I think your drawings worth *twenty* times what you ask for them, and yet you must consider market value in all things, and a painful and sad-coloured subject never fetches so much, on the average, as a pleasant and gay one.

I forgot; remember, in *market*, oil fetches always about six or seven times as much as water-colour. Very foolish it is, but so it is.

I have just got enclosed from Miss H[eaton]. You see how kind she is to us both.

Now I really *must* have both the drawings sent down to her for her to choose. This is not on refusal. For, first, consider *both* mine. Now I have certainly a right to sell them again, and to offer whom I choose choice of them.



So I write to Miss H[eaton] she shall see both, and before *I* see the new one; so please send it down to her, 31 Park Square, Leeds, immediately, and I will send my dolls.

Ever most affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

You must not be vexed if she chooses the new one. It may do you credit at Leeds. . . .

20.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[? 1855.

DEAR R.,

I have written to Miss H[eaton] giving accurate account of all our proceedings, and how I have pounced upon the *Beatrice*, which *should* have been hers, offering her either *Rachel* at 25, or *Francesca* at 35 guineas. You must not make her pay more than I do. If she does not take it, I will give 35 for it. So instead of *chance* between 40 and 30, you have *sure* 35.

Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

## 21.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* MISS SIDDAL.

This must have been a long letter. I only find the second sheet of it.

[DENMARK HILL.

? *April* 1855.]

. . . would not receive such a present from me, though you knew that it was as much my duty to give it as yours to take it.

The world is an odd world. People think nothing of taking my *time* from me every day of my life (which is to me life, money, power, all in all). They take that, without thanks, for no need, for the most trivial purposes, and would have me lose a whole day to leave a card with their footmen; and *you*, for life's sake, will not take that for which I have no use—you are too proud. You would not be too proud to let a nurse or friend give up some of her time, if you needed it, to watch by you and take care of you. What is the difference between their giving time and watchfulness and my giving such help as I can?

Perhaps I have said too much of my wish to do this for Rossetti's sake. But, if you do not choose to be helped for his sake, consider also that the plain *hard fact* is that I think you have genius; that I don't think there is much genius in the world; and I want to keep what there is, in it, heaven having, I suppose, enough for all its purposes. Utterly irrespective of Rossetti's feelings or my own, I should simply do what I do, if I could, as I should try to save a beautiful tree from being cut down, or a bit of a Gothic cathedral whose strength was failing. If you would be so good as to consider yourself as a piece of wood or Gothic for a few months, I should be grateful to you. If you will not, I shall not be.

I don't see what more of objection there is. I have tried to fancy myself in your place, and I believe, though certainly sorry I could not work, I should not torment myself about it. All I have to say is, finally, that I don't expect you to be able to work at all for about four months yet; that by that time I believe you may have gained strength enough to do a little water-colour drawing, and next year to begin the oil; and that if I hear of your being any more

restive I shall be very seriously saddened and hurt—and there an end.

Believe me affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

If you would send me a little signed promise—“I will be good”—by Rossetti, I should be grateful; you can't possibly oblige me in any other way at present; you would only vex me if you sent me the best drawing that ever was seen.

22.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* MISS SIDDAL.

This letter again is imperfect.

[DENMARK HILL.

? *April* 1855.]

DEAR MISS SIDDAL,

I merely write this line to prevent your having any hesitation, or feeling any discomfort, in accepting the offer I asked Rossetti to convey to you. It is very possible you may feel as if it involved a sort of pledge on your part to do a certain quantity of work, and that, if you could not do as much as you thought you should, you might get unhappy.

Now, I believe you have imagination enough to put yourself in other people's places (even *I* have imagination enough sometimes to do this), and if you will put yourself in my place, and ask yourself what you would like any other person to do who was in yours, I believe you will answer rightly, and save both me and yourself much discomfort. For I think you will then see that the best way of obliging me will be to get well as fast as possible; not drawing one stroke more than you like.

I should like you to go to the country immediately. The physician whom you consult will probably give you some suggestions, but doctors nearly always have some favourite watering-place. He may, however, recommend south of France or Italy. I shall be most happy to meet the expense (which will not be great) of your journey to any point recommended to you, but I *strongly* would oppose your thinking of *Italy*, which would be so fearfully exciting to you that I believe you would be thrown into a fever in a week. South of France might perhaps be well; but, if you were my own sister, I should plead hard for a little cottage in some sheltered

Welsh valley. My own belief is that you want calm, sweet, but *bracing* air, rather than hot, relaxing air. Of this we can talk afterwards.

Once established with some one to take care of you in a cottage—if possible near a cattle shed—you must try and make yourself as simple a milkmaid as you can, and only draw when you can't help it. One thing remember, that if ever you try to do anything particularly well, to please me or any one else, you are *sure to fail*. Nothing is ever done well but what is done easily. You must never draw but at an easel so placed as that you need not stoop. You ought to have a little one to screw to your chair.

What you do you are to send me, whether you think it bad or good, nothing or something, except what you like to give Rossetti or to keep yourself. As for Rossetti, I will sometimes give him some of mine if he begs very hard.

Work as much as possible in colour. I do not care whether they be separate drawings or illuminations, but try always to sketch with colour rather than with pencil only—I mean so far as is agreeable to you. The slightest blot

of blue and green is pleasanter to me than a month's work with chalk or ink.

Be sure to travel *comfortably*, and not too far at once. Of this, however . . .

## 23.

DANTE ROSSETTI *to* MADOX BROWN.

13 *April* 1855.

DEAR BROWN,

Would you have leisure to go some day with Guggum to Robertson's, and superintend the purchase of oil colours and all needfuls for her, as they would probably be overcharging her if she went by herself, and I have a feud with the wretches and cannot go near them, but for *oil* colours they are the only eligible demons. . . .

She is likely very soon to be going into the country to sketch for some time—Wales perhaps. I have reason to be most thankful to Ruskin for his great kindness to her. She and I spent Wednesday there, and all the R[uskin]s were most delighted with Guggum. J[ohn] R[uskin] said she was a noble, glorious creature, and his father said that by her look and manner she

might have been born a countess; to all of which and much more I replied mentally, *Yes, George 4th!!* His mother, who he tells me has much medical knowledge, was closeted with her awhile, and says she thinks her illness principally weakness, but needing the very greatest care. God send it may be only this; and at any rate the cure will now I hope be possible. You will be glad to hear that R[uskin] called on me yesterday to propose two plans for her:—one, that he should take whatever she did henceforward and pay for them one by one: the other, that he should settle on her £150 a year forthwith, and that then she should send him all she did—he to sell them at a higher price (if possible) to her advantage, and if not, to keep them himself at the above yearly rate. I think myself the second plan the best, considering that there may be goodish intervals when she cannot work and might run short of money: but she, to whom I spoke of it yesterday evening, does not seem to like so much obligation and inclines to the first plan. However, she will be sternly coerced if necessary. Meanwhile I love him and her and everybody, and feel happier than I have felt for



a long while. He has sent her a quantity of ivory-dust to be made into jelly, which it seems is an excellent thing. Lizzy will take tea, perhaps dinner, at my mother's to-morrow. . . .

Yours affectionately,

D. G. R.

24.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

24 *April* 1855.

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I am so thoroughly unwell with cough and feverishness that I fear I shall scarcely be able to come to school on Thursday, nor to see you on Friday. I will write again if I am.

Meantime, I should be very grateful if you thought it right to take me entirely into your confidence, and to tell me whether you have any plans or wishes respecting Miss S[iddal] which you are prevented from carrying out by want of a certain income, and if so what certain income would enable you to carry them out.

In case I should be run over, or anything else happen to me, I have written to my lawyer to-day, so that the plan we have arranged at present

cannot be disturbed by any such accident. It may be as well that you should keep this letter (if you *can* keep anything safe in that disreputable litter of yours), in order to identify yourself as the Mr. D. Gabriel Rossetti named in my letter.

Believe me always

Respectfully and affectionately yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

25.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

[? *April* 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I daresay you do not quite like to answer my somewhat blunt question in my last letter; I was somewhat too brief in putting it; I was unwell, and could not write at length. My motive in asking you was simply that I did not know how best to act for you, and what to propose about sending Miss S[iddal] to Wales or Jersey, or anywhere else that might not in some way be disagreeable to you; and also because I thought that the whole thing might perhaps be much better managed in another way, and your

own powers of art more healthily developed, and your own life made happier.

I daresay our letters may now cross; but it does not matter, for, whatever may be the contents of yours, I am sure there will be one feeling apparent in it, and that will be a dislike of putting yourself under obligation to any one in carrying out any main purpose of your life.

I think it well, therefore, to tell you something about myself, and what you really ought to feel about me in this matter.

You constantly hear a great many people saying I am very bad, and perhaps you have been yourself disposed lately to think me very good. I am neither the one nor the other. I am very self-indulgent, very proud, very obstinate, and *very* resentful; on the other side, I am very upright—nearly as just as I suppose it is possible for man to be in this world—exceedingly fond of making people happy, and devotedly reverent to all true mental or moral power. I never betrayed a trust—never wilfully did an unkind thing—and never, in little or large matters, depreciated another that I might raise myself. I believe I once had affections as warm as most

people; but partly from evil chance, and partly from foolish misplacing of them, they have got tumbled down and broken to pieces. It is a very great, in the long-run the greatest, misfortune of my life that, on the whole, my relations, cousins and so forth, are persons with whom I can have no sympathy, and that circumstances have always somehow or another kept me out of the way of the people of whom I could have made friends. So that I have no friendships, and no loves.

Now you know the best and worst of me; and you may rely upon it it is the truth. If you hear people say I am utterly hard and cold, depend upon it it is untrue. Though I have no friendships and no loves, I cannot read the epitaph of the Spartans at Thermopylæ with a steady voice to the end; and there is an old glove in one of my drawers that has lain there these eighteen years, which is worth something to me yet. If, on the other hand, you ever feel disposed to think me particularly good, you will be just as wrong as most people are on the other side. My pleasures are in seeing, thinking, reading, and making people happy (if I can, consistently with my own comfort). And I *take* these pleasures.

And I suppose, if my pleasures were in smoking, betting, dicing, and giving pain, I should take *those* pleasures. It seems to me that one man is made one way, and one another—the measure of effort and self-denial can never be known, except by each conscience to itself. Mine is small enough.

But, besides taking pleasure thus where I happen to find it, I have a theory of life which it seems to me impossible as a rational being to be altogether without—namely, that we are all sent into the world to be of such use to each other as we can, and also that my particular use is likely to be in the things that I know something about—that is to say, in matters connected with painting.

Thus then it stands. It seems to me that, amongst all the painters I know, you on the whole have the greatest genius, and you appear to me also to be—as far as I can make out—a very good sort of person. I see that you are unhappy, and that you can't bring out your genius as you should. It seems to me then the proper and *necessary* thing, if I can, to make you more happy, and that I should be more really useful

in enabling you to paint properly and keep your room in order than in any other way.

If it were necessary for me to deny myself, or to make any mighty exertion to do this, of course it might to you be a subject of gratitude, or a question if you should accept it or not. But, as I don't happen to have any other objects in life, and as I have a comfortable room and all I want in it (and more), it seems to me just as natural I should try to be of use to you as that I should offer you a cup of tea if I saw you were thirsty, and there was plenty in the teapot, and I had got all I wanted.

I am not going to make you any offer till you tell me, if you are willing to do so, what your wishes and circumstances really are. What I meant was to ask if an agreement to paint for me regularly, up to a certain value, would put you more at your ease; but I will not enter into more particulars at present, for I hardly know, till I have settled some business with my father, what my circumstances really are. It provokingly happens that, although I have three times as much as is really necessary to enable me to carry out any purposes, I have all this winter

been launching out in a very heedless way, buying missals and Albert Durers—not expecting any call upon me—so that it may be a month or two yet before I can send you what I should like; but after that all will go on quite smoothly. Meantime I hope this letter will put you more at your ease, and that you will believe me

Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

One thing, by-the-bye, I hope you will not permit even for a moment to slide into your head. That anything I am doing for workmen, or for anybody, is in any wise an endeavour to *regain* position in public opinion. I *am* what I always was; I am doing what I always proposed to do, and what I have been hindered by untoward circumstances from doing hitherto; and the only temptation which is brought upon me by calumny is, not to fawn for public favour, but to give up trying to do the public any good, and enjoy myself misanthropically.

I forgot to say also that I really do *covet* your drawings as much as I covet Turner's; only it is useless self-indulgence to buy Turner's, and useful self-indulgence to buy yours. Only I won't have

them after they have been more than nine times rubbed entirely out, remember that.

26.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

30 *April* [1855]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I shall try to get this letter posted early to-morrow, to wish you a happy month of May. If you would kindly stay in in the afternoon, my assistant, Mr. Laing, will bring you a note, which I shall tell him to give into your own hands, with our beginnings in it. I am much better, but can't speak yet clearly, nor hardly think, and I have had no time yet to think over your letter; but my feeling at the first reading is that it would be best for you to marry, for the sake of giving Miss Siddal complete protection and care, and putting an end to the peculiar sadness, and want of you hardly know what, that there is in both of you.

I shall be able to send you before the end of the week as much as will secure her comfort, with a companion, for a week or two at Jersey. Then, if she could make up her mind to take you,



and go quietly away together to Vevay for the summer?

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I write this more hastily than I ought, because I think you will be anxious to know what I think. I will write at length to-morrow, or the day after. Don't bring Munro yet. I want to see him, but I can't see; and to speak to him, but I can't speak.

27.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

[*May 1855.*]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

How you must wonder what I am about! I am a little tired and shaky—have been going to grass, and filing my teeth for a snarl at Academy. I want you to do me a troublesomish favour. To come out next Saturday, and sit down, and make out for me as well as you can what certain colours are that Turner uses, and how they have been laid on. Come out as early as you can, and lunch.

Meantime, the following is the list of my colours:—could you kindly write those you find useful besides, on another sheet of paper, and tell bearer where to get violet carmine? The others you name he can get at Winsor & Newton's, as their half cakes fit my box.

Emerald-green, cobalt, smalt, Prussian blue, indigo, pink madder, carmine, Venetian red, light red, vermilion, blue black, burnt sienna, madder brown, burnt umber, Roman ochre, brown ochre, yellow ochre, gamboge, yellow lake, cadmium yellow, lemon yellow, chrome yellow, orange chrome.

Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

28.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

I do not know about "our chapel" and Mr. Moore. "How much I like the Witch" must relate to the drawing by Miss Siddal which in a later letter is again spoken of as "The Witch." It is there coupled with mention of *Sister Helen*, and I suppose it may have been an illustration to that poem. She certainly did make such an illustration.

[DENMARK HILL.

? *May* 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I am very sorry I could not answer as you bid me, but I did not know till to-day how my week would be cut out. I am afraid I cannot come this week, for Inchbold<sup>1</sup> is going to leave town and I want to see his things, and I can't pay more than one exploring visit in a week. It is inconceivable how one's time slides away, and I am afraid I must go down to examine the choir of our chapel with its newly-painted windows some day soon. Mr. Moore wanted you very much to come too, but I suppose you cannot leave your work in the daytime?—at least, for so long.

I forgot to say to you when I saw you that, if you think there is anything in which I can be of any use to Miss Siddal, you have only to tell me. I mean, she might be able and like, as the weather comes finer, to come out here sometimes and take a walk in the garden, and feel the quiet fresh air, and look at a missal or two, and she shall have the run of the house;

<sup>1</sup> A young landscape-painter of Præraphaelite affinities. He accomplished something, and at this date more was expected from him.

and, if you think she would like an Albert Durer or a photograph for her own room, merely tell me, and I will get them for her. And I want to talk to you about her, because you seem to me to let her wear herself out with fancies, and she really ought to be made to draw in a dull way sometimes from dull things. I have written to her to tell her how much I like the Witch; but I don't tell her what I think about her drawing, until you give me leave. I shall try to find you to-morrow about one, but, as I see you have scratched out Tuesday, I daresay you may be out. Never mind.

Always yours,

J. R.

29.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* MISS SIDDAL.

DEAR MISS SIDDAL,

[? *May* 1855.]

Forgive me for pressing you to do anything you do not like, but I do so only because you do not know my friends and I do. I hold it of the very highest importance that you should let Dr. Acland see you, because he will take that thoughtful and tender care in thinking of your case which only a good and very unusually

sympathetic man is capable of. You shall be *quite* independent. You shall see no one. You shall have your little room all to yourself. Only once put your tongue out and let him feel your pulse. Mrs. Acland may perhaps trespass on you for a quarter of an hour. As for children, when I tell you they never brought them into *my* way, you may be sure they will not into yours. In fact, I have explained to Acland all about it, and I am so certain it is the best and happiest thing for you that I have taken upon me even to tell him to get your lodgings for you at £1 a week as you desire, until he has ascertained where you should go in Devonshire. Please therefore pardon me, and get ready to go to Oxford, for every day lost is of importance. Could you get one of your sisters to go with you on Monday? I have told Dr. Acland to write to you when the rooms will be ready—I hope on Monday. Please do excuse my pressing you in this way,

And believe me

Most respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

If one of your sisters cannot go, Rossetti says he will take charge of you to Oxford.

30.

JOHN RUSKIN to MISS SIDDAL.

The opening sentence seems to refer to some design of a spectral subject that Miss Siddal was making: perhaps *The Haunted Tree*, a good water-colour now in my possession.

[DENMARK HILL.

? May 1855.]

DEAR MISS SIDDAL,

You are a very good girl to say you will break off those disagreeable ghostly connections of yours. I do hope you will be able to go to Oxford on Saturday. I have asked Rossetti to write and tell Dr. Acland if you will. The Doctor will let you see a little sea, if you tell him you like it, and you will see rocks too and heather, and what not, down in Devonshire. But I know it is difficult to be cheerful when one is ill. I could sit down to-day and cry very heartily. Only keep your mind easy about work, and all will I trust be well.

Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

31.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[DENMARK HILL.]

11 May 1855.

DEAR ROSSETTI,

The enclosed note, posted, will, I doubt not, bring you the £35 by return of post. But, unless it is really a question of sheriff's officers, I would *rather* you would make an effort to finish the picture and send it here to me, and let me remit you the money in a business-like way; for the fact is, I have not the sum by me, and cannot ask my father for it *in advance* without ruining you in his mercantile opinion, which I don't choose to do; so my only other resource is to state the facts, which I have done in the enclosed note, to my publisher, who will remit you the sum instantly. But I do not quite like his knowing that I do anything of this kind without my father's knowledge. Do not put yourself to inconvenience, but, if you can keep the wolf from the door without using the note, I would rather.

When you send the drawing down, send a note with it merely saying: "Dear R.—I promised

you the refusal of this, and I must part with it immediately; let me know as soon as you can if you would like to have it."

You may be pretty sure I shall "like to have it"; but I wish you to put it in this way, as I shall state my arrangement with you to my father on these terms—that I am to have the drawings I like best. Besides, I am sure you would like me to have this choice.

I am very sorry to hear what you tell me from Oxford. But I can write no more to-night. Forgive my long explanations and the trouble I give you, and

Believe me

Most affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

32.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

This note is a good deal torn. The concluding sentence indicates that it was written in reply to a letter from Rossetti, saying that he was then just twenty-seven years of age, which occurred on 12th May 1855. Another letter of my brother's, published elsewhere, shows that Ruskin wrote about



this time to William Allingham concerning a volume of poems by the latter.

[DENMARK HILL.

12 May 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I wrote in great haste and considerable puzzlement, merely glancing your letter through yesterday. By all means, make use of the note. I did not then see how much you wanted the money. I write chiefly to tell you that I have a *quite* favourable opinion from Acland of Miss Siddal, only saying she *must* be absolutely idle, but he thinks there is no really unarrestable or even infixed disease as *yet*. I am very glad you saw and liked him.

I have written to Allingham. I quite forgot to answer about your brother's wish to show the Turners. They shall always be open to him and to his friends when the covers are off again; but you see what a state the house is in.

Now, have done talking about efforts (?), and get up instead of down. I only wish it were *my* 27th birthday.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. R.

33.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

DEAR ROSSETTI,

[? *May* 1855.]

I hope to come and work with you, according to your kind wish, sometimes during the summer, when our house here will be turned inside out by French people.

I should like to consult with you and hear your reasons about *oil*-painting. I don't think that this form of study is quite necessary, and it will involve much trouble and expense. For one thing, I cannot have any oil-painting whatsoever in the room in which my class works, otherwise I could not leave my books and prints about. Please don't go into this further till I see you. The worst of it is I am so shaky that I must put off again your promised visit on Wednesday, my cough being still violent, and I may perhaps have to lay up altogether. There is—as far as I know, and I know pretty well—no danger in it, but merely that which would become dangerous if I were careless with it.

Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Best regards to your brother.

The cheque is all right. You have only to present it and be paid in cash.

## 34.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

“The book” mentioned at the beginning of these extracts is Allingham’s *Day and Night Songs*. One of the illustrations was that of Dante Rossetti to *The Maids of Elfin Mere*. He thought it very badly cut on the wood: I side with Allingham in holding that this was an extreme opinion. The new building in Trinity College, Dublin, was the work, I believe, of Benjamin Woodward. My old review of Allingham’s Poems had been published in *The Critic*, which again accepted from me a notice of the fresh volume.

NEW ROSS.

28 May 1855.

DEAR WILLIAM ROSSETTI,

. . . The book is very soon to appear. What think you of the woodcuts, if you have seen them? I am on the whole delighted with them, and I unaffectedly think a great deal of Gabriel’s, and see no evidence, at all events none of the *primâ facie* sort, that could in the least justify the hanging of the engraver, a step which the painter seems to think desirable.

Yesterday in Dublin I saw, but hastily, the part-finished building in Trinity College, which

is after Ruskin's heart. Style, early Venetian (I suppose), with numberless capitals delicately carved over with holly-leaves, shamrocks, various flowers, birds, and so on. There are also circular frames here and there in the wall, at present empty, to be filled no doubt with eyes of coloured stone. Ruskin has written to the architect, a young man, expressing his high approval of the plans, so by-and-by all you cognoscenti will be rushing over to examine the Stones of Dublin.

Always yours truly,

W. ALLINGHAM.

I take another bit of paper to ask this question, which I hope is not an impudent one. You were *the* Reviewer *par excellence* of my volume of 1850. Could you possibly be persuaded to review that of 1855 in *The Critic*? If so, I believe I can easily get them to send it you.

35.

JOHN RUSKIN to MISS SIDDAL, Oxford.

Ruskin was wont to bestow the fancy name *Ida* upon Miss Siddal—taking the name, I suppose, from Tennyson's *Princess*.

[DENMARK HILL,  
May 1855.]

MY DEAR IDA,

I shall be anxious to see Dr. Acland's answer, or at least to hear the substance of it. I should *think* there was no *necessity* for your going south for two months yet. My principal theory about you is that you want to be kept quiet and idle, in good and pure—not over warm—air. The difficulty is to keep you quiet, and yet to give you means of passing the time with some degree of pleasure to yourself. You inventive people pay very dearly for your powers—there is no knowing how to manage you. One thing is very certain, that Rossetti will never be happy or truly powerful till he gets over that habit of his of doing nothing but what “interests him,”—and you also must try and read the books I am going to send you, which you know are to be chosen from among the most *uninteresting* I can find. I will write more when I send them.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

36.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[? July 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I am truly sorry to hear of your illness and all your vexations. *Nothing* would give me more pleasure than to take a little holiday with you, and ramble about sketching and talking. You know I do not say this—or anything else—without meaning it. But this pleasure I must at present deny myself. I am deep in difficult chapters of *Modern Painters*. I cannot be disturbed even by my best friends or greatest pleasures. When I have to work out a chapter on a difficult subject, it is precisely the same to me as a mathematical calculation—to break into it is to throw it all down back to the beginning. I do as much in dreamy and solitary walks through lanes as I do at home. I could not have a companion.

I want you *next year* to take a little run to Switzerland. I will either go with you or meet you, if our times should not suit for starting. And then we will do some Alpine roses and

other things which the world has no notion of. Will you come? Meantime, as soon as you get this, pack up your drawing, finished or not, in the following manner:—

1. Sheet of *smoothest* possible drawing-paper laid over the face, and folded sharply at the edges over to the back, to keep drawing from possibility of friction.

2. Two sheets of pasteboard, same size as drawing, one on face, the other behind.

3. Sheet of not too coarse brown paper, entirely and firmly enclosing drawing and pasteboards.

4. Wooden board, a quarter of an inch thick, exact size of drawing, to be applied to the parcel—drawing to have its face to board.

5. Thickest possible brown paper firmly enclosing board, parcel, and all, lightly corded, sealed, and addressed to me,

Calverley Hotel,  
Tunbridge Wells.

*Paid, per fast train.*

Take it to London Bridge station yourself, and be sure to say it is to go by fast train. And there is no fear.

I have told my assistant to bring you this morning four pounds which he happens to have of mine (they may be of some little use, as you have been longer than you expected in finishing this), and will send you cheque the moment drawing arrives.

Acland continues to give a hopeful opinion of Miss Siddal.

Ever in haste most affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The £4 will be in part advance for the *Passover*—I shall send you fifteen. I wish you could take £4 worth of fresh air and rest.

37.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

I presume this letter was written towards July 1855, during the course of the Academy Exhibition containing Leighton's picture of *Cimabue*. "The Elephants" may have been in the Zoological Gardens. "The Ladies in Purgatory" must mean the water-colour of *Leah and Rachel*, from Dante's *Purgatorio*; and I think "the Buttercups" refers to the same water-colour. By "your sister," Ruskin



meant Maria. I do not think Christina was ever in his house.

[DENMARK HILL.

? July 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

The enclosed note puts me in a fix. It is dated Tuesday, but I did not get it till late last night. I had given Mr. Browning leave to bring Leighton "any day next week," but I understood Leighton was going away before Friday. I cannot put them off now, and the question is—

Can Ida and you come on *Saturday* or *Monday* instead?

If Saturday is fine, seize it; I will send for you early, we will have pleasant forenoon here. I will leave you for a couple of hours for my men, and come back to you to tea. If Saturday is wet, then Monday. But, if neither Saturday nor Monday will do, come to-morrow, and never mind Leighton—though you will find them rather too noisy, I am afraid, for Ida.

I send in this for answer, that I may make sure of you one of the days.

How did the elephants behave?

How is Ida after her dissipation?

How are the ladies in Purgatory?  
And how are the Buttercups?

Always yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

The carriage will be at your door at half-past twelve on whichever day you choose; so mind you get up in time. Leighton and Browning come to lunch at two.

Just received your note. I shall be of course delighted to see your sister.

Please bring out my pencil *Passover*. You don't want it while you are at work on the others.

38.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[? Summer 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

In your growling letter you are Grief, and I am Patience on the monument.

Nothing but Patience *in propria personâ* could stand it. If the drawing is sent on Monday, my address is Ship Hotel, Dover. If Tuesday, ditto.

If the week after next, Denmark Hill. If next year, I don't exactly know where.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

39.

DANTE ROSSETTI *to* MADOX BROWN.

By "Maggie" our Sister Maria is meant.

[14 CHATHAM PLACE.

[? 20 *July* 1855.]

DEAR BROWN,

. . . I have been spending a few days at Clevedon a fortnight ago, and enjoying myself immensely. Lizzy, whom I went to see there, returned with me to London, and is rather better, certainly. She will leave town again immediately; and, before the cold comes on again, is to go and settle for the winter in the south of France, probably. She and I and Maggie are going to dine at Ruskin's to-day.

Your affectionate

D. G. R.

40.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

The drawing termed "end of Blackfriars Bridge" must have been a preparatory drawing for the picture *Found*.

[DENMARK HILL.

? 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I expect Kingsley, the *Alton Locke*, to come out here on Monday in order to be converted to Præraphaelitism. I have borrowed one of Inchbold's pictures, but I can't show him anything with feeling in it. Could you lend me that end of Blackfriars Bridge—the black drawing, I mean—till Tuesday; and, if you have any other ideas by you that you could spare for me to talk over with him, it would be, I think, a thoroughly proper thing to send them for him to see—I mean by "proper" it would be wrong not. For he ought to understand what sort of work you and all of us are about. I can show him Miss Siddal's, but he *may* think them morbid. Please don't be ridiculous and say you've nothing fit to be seen. I will bring what you send back with me on Tuesday,



Russell

John Allen

*Found.*

*By permission of F. Hollyer.*



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and have sent a folio in case you have not one at hand.

My best regards to your brother. I have a letter from America, saying he was just going to be written to. I suppose he has heard by this time.

Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

41.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

Mr. Benjamin Woodward was the architect of the Oxford University Museum, a building with which Mr. Ruskin was much connected. It was, I believe, in July 1855 that Mr. Woodward asked Rossetti to undertake some designing work for the decorations of the Museum, and the present letter seems to show that Miss Siddal was joined in the invitation; neither of them, however, assented. The view which Ruskin here expresses about Beatrice is one that has obtained no little currency of late years, viz., that there really was a Beatrice whom Dante loved, but that she was not the same person as Beatrice Portinari, who eventually married Simon de' Bardi. The translation mentioned in the P.S. seems to be Rossetti's version of Dante's *Vita Nuova*.

[DENMARK HILL.

? *Summer* 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I think you and your pupil have judged very wisely in this matter, and I will so arrange it with Woodward, and let you know his ideas as soon as may be. I am delighted with the sketch. Many thanks for explanation about Dante and Beatrice. Is it not very curious that there should be no mention of her marriage in the *Vita*? Do you know, I cannot help suspecting the antiquaries are wrong in her identification, and that she never was married. I understand every feeling expressed in the *Vita Nuova* but this calmness of silence on the supposition of her marriage, nor do I quite understand his continued worship being so absolute—the image of her being in no wise *dethroned* by her marriage, but put in heaven as high as ever. What do you feel about this?

Always yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I like the translation exceedingly. I come on Tuesday if fine.

Best regards to your brother.





*D. G. Rossetti.*

*W. L. Child.*

*Salutatio Beatrix. In Eden.*

another (*Launcelot and Guinever*) also destined for the *Initials*. . . .

Your affectionate

D. G. R.

. . . I don't know about bringing Christina, as . . . I don't encourage her.

## 43.

DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN, Finchley.

[September 1855.]

DEAR BRUNO,

I'm going to do a bit of cheek, with an obvious view. Please cast your gimlet eye over the following items.

1. I owe Guggum £20.
2. That drawing of *Launcelot* is all but finished.
3. When done, I shall have to give £12. 10s. of the proceeds to landlord.

4. I am about to do immediately another small drawing for Ruskin, the proceeds of which will be rigorously appropriated to Guggum. It cannot take *very* long, being only a single figure with background, and will bring, I have no doubt, £15 at least.

5. It is very desirable I should let Gug have £10 before she leaves London, as it will set her dear mind more at ease as to her finances, and will save dangerous transmission.

6. Can you, under these circumstances, very greatly oblige me with the loan of £10 (or £15, if at all practicable)? I shall *without doubt* be able to pay you in a few weeks, and you might quite depend on my doing so, as the tin destined for Gug would then go to you. Pray, if you can't do this conveniently, burn the present scrawl and forget all about it. . . .

Your affectionate

D. G. R.

44.

DANTE ROSSETTI *to* MADOX BROWN.

The handwriting on the first page of this letter shows through to the second page, and, after getting to the words "sheer extortions," Rossetti had to go on at once to the third page, with a sequel which the letter expounds. He finished off upon the "blue post." "*Lizzy's Pippa Passes*" was a pen-and-ink drawing—one of her completest—from that scene in Browning's drama where Pippa, in her ramble, sees the group of women of loose life. This drawing

was reproduced in 1897 as an illustration to the *Letters of Rossetti to Allingham*.

[CHATHAM PLACE.

September 1855.]

DEAR BROWN,

Many sincere thanks for a real relief to my mind in the shape of that tin. I had no idea you were so monumental a character as to have a banker—a dangerous discovery, Brown! I am glad to find the price of your picture was not quite an unfair one; and do not feel altogether sure, nor shall till I get them myself, that the very high prices are not sheer extortions—like the price of this infamous note-paper, 6d. a quire. I'll take it out of the wretches this very day.

(The writing the above sentence so fired my imagination that I was wafted to the beasts instantly on a whirlwind of rage, and have reduced them to reason and blue post.) . . .

Lizzy goes on Sunday morning at 7. Mrs. Kincaid will sleep here overnight, so they'll get off, I hope, pretty comfortably. She'll start now with nearly £40 (thanks to you), and will have another £40 on 1st of November, so I hope she'll be all right. She certainly would do well enough, no

doubt, if it were not for travelling expenses till she gets to the south, which she must try and do before the cold quite sets in. Last evening I spent with her and one of her sisters at her native crib, which I was glad to find comfortable. On Sunday I called on the Brownings, as I want to be able to give Lizzy an introduction to them if she goes to Florence. What do you think? Browning quoted to me some of that ere blessed *Damozel*. He's coming to see me, and I have borrowed Lizzy's *Pippa Passes* to show him.

Your affectionate

D. G. R.

With kindest remembrances to Emma and kids.

45.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[DENMARK HILL.

1855—? *October.*]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

If I were to find funds, could you be ready on Wednesday morning to take a run into Wales, and make me a sketch of some rocks in the bed of a stream, with trees above, mountain

ashes, and so on, scarlet in autumn tints? If you are later than Wednesday, you will be too late; but if you can go on Wednesday, let me know by return of post, or by bearer. I will send funds. I want you to go to Pont-y-Monach, near Aberystwith, and choose a subject thereabouts. I shall be very much obliged to you if you will do this for me.

Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

46.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I never should think of your sitting out to paint from Nature. Merely look at the place; make memoranda fast, work at home at the inn, and *walk* among the hills. Take the *Passover* with you, and finish it there—you would do it better and quicker—and leave the *Dante* with me till you come back. If you can do this, I think your health will be bettered, and I shall be bettered by having the drawing; but if you would not like to do it, do not do it for fear of *hurting*

me, as I don't set my heart on this. Do it, if you can pleasantly to yourself—not otherwise. I think you would win time and health by it.

Yours always,

J. R.

Living will be cheap at hotel, Pont-y-Monach, at present. If you can do it, be ready, at any rate, by Thursday—a bit of paper fastened on a board is all you can possibly want. Send me word to-morrow if you go, and I will send funds for Thursday.

47.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

[1855—? *October.*]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

You are a *very* odd creature, that's a fact. I said I would find funds for you to go into Wales to draw something I wanted. I never said I would for you to go to Paris, to disturb yourself and other people, and I won't.

To-morrow D.V. I will bring you Ida's money, about half-past two to four; please therefore be in;

and meantime you can ask at some of the money-changers' in Leicester Square what is the best form to send money in. I always do it through bankers—and I can't do this so, for I don't choose to be heard of as sending to Paris in the matter, and I won't write to Browning about it—for my entire approval of the journey to Paris was because I thought she was to make friends of the Brownings directly. What the — had she to do in Paris but for that?

If you like to write to Browning and to manage it, you can—but I won't. I am ill-tempered to-day—you are such absurd creatures both of you. I don't say you do wrong, because you don't seem to know what *is* wrong, but just to do whatever you like as far as possible—as puppies and tomtits do. However, as it is so, I must think for you—and first, I can't have you going to Paris, nor going near Ida, till you have finished those drawings, and Miss Heaton's too. You can't do anything now but indoors, and the less you excite Ida the better. Positively if you go to Paris I will. But you won't go, I am sure, when you know I seriously don't think it right. I will advance you



what you want on this drawing, but only on condition it goes straight on.

Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

You can get French *notes* for small sums at the money-changers', and send one at a time to be sure they go safe—it is the best way—and tell Ida she must go south directly. Paris will kill her, or ruin her like Sir J. Paul's Bank.

48.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

“The Monk Illuminating” is, I think, the water-colour which bears the name of *Fra Pace*.

[DENMARK HILL.

? October 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I have been mighty poorly. Nothing serious—but bed, feverish nights, toast and water, and physic. Coming to scratch again gradually. Please oblige me in two matters or you will make me ill again. Take all the pure green out of the flesh in the *Nativity* I send, and try to

get it a little less like worsted-work by Wednesday, when I will send for it. I want the Archdeacon of Salop, who is coming for some practical talk over religious art for the multitude, to see it; and with it I want the *Passover* in such state as it may be in, and the sketch of *Passover*. These two last I wish you could let me have either by bearer to-day or to-morrow, as I want to be sure of them; the other I will send for early on Wednesday morning.

I send half of Ida's money, and the other half on Wednesday. I daresay you want some yourself, poor fellow, but I can't help you just now for a little bit. I have much on my hands. If you would but do the things I *want* it would be much easier: that *Matilda* I commissioned ages ago I could buy, because I have a reason to give, but the Monk illuminating I can't. But I hope I shall be of use to you if you let me have those things.

Nice letter from Ida at last.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

## 49.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

The reference to Ida and Rossetti's "fine feeling" suggests that Miss Siddal, seconded by my brother, had made some move towards relieving Ruskin from the payment of his allowance to her, now that her ill-health and absence from England prevented her giving any equivalent for it.

[DENMARK HILL.

? October 1855.]

DEAR R.,

I have had a sharp relapse, though I am downstairs at last, and was too late up, after a feverish night, to send for drawing as I intended; and the *Passover* does me so much good that—especially as the Archdeacon hasn't come yet—I am going to keep it till I am better, and so you needn't send for it nor come, for I am just able to hold pen, and that's all, and I won't hear reason. You can make your study from model separate. I send a tracing of figure and the Monk back: very ingenious and wonderful, but not my sort of drawing.

You and Ida are a couple of——never mind——but you know it's all *your own pride*——not a bit of

fine feeling, so don't think it. If you wanted to oblige *me*, you would keep your room in order and go to bed at night. All your fine speeches go for nothing till you do that.

Archdeacon just come.

J. R.

50.

MISS SIDDAL *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

Except some verses, scarcely a scrap of Miss Siddal's writing is extant in my hands. The following rather amusing account of passport experiences at Nice (which was then Piedmontese, not French) formed part of a letter addressed to Dante Rossetti; the remainder of the letter has disappeared. "Alice Gray" was a good-looking woman of swindling proclivities, who had for years victimized people in various parts of the United Kingdom, as notified in newspapers. She was more particularly addicted to bringing forward false charges of robbery committed to her detriment.

[NICE.

*Christmas-time 1855.]*

On your leaving the boat, your passport is taken from you to the Police Station, and there taken charge of till you leave Nice. If a letter

is sent to you containing money, the letter is detained at the Post Office, and another written to you by the postmaster ordering you to present yourself and passport for his inspection. You have then to go to the Police Station and beg the loan of your passport for half-an-hour, and are again looked upon as a felon of the first order before passport is returned to you. Looking very much like a transport, you make your way to the Post Office, and there present yourself before a grating, which makes the man behind it look like an overdone mutton-chop sticking to a gridiron. On asking for a letter containing money, Mutton-chop sees at once that you are a murderer, and makes up its mind not to let you off alive; and, treating you as Cain and Alice Gray in one, demands your passport. After glaring at this and your face (which has by this time become scarlet, and is taken at once as a token of guilt), a book is pushed through the bars of gridiron, and you are expected to sign your death-warrant by writing something which does not answer to the writing on the passport. Meanwhile Mutton-chop has been looking as much like doom as overdone mutton can look, and fizzing in French,

not one word of which is understood by Alice Gray. But now comes the reward of merit. Mutton sees at once that no two people living and at large could write so badly as the writing on the passport and that in the book; so takes me for Alice, but gives me the money, and wonders whether I shall be let off from hard labour the next time I am taken, on account of my thinness. When you enter Police Station to return the passport, you are glared at through *wooden* bars with marked surprise at not returning in company of two cocked-hats, and your fainting look is put down to your having been found out in something. They are forced, however, to content themselves by expecting to have a job in a day or so. This is really what one has to put up with, and it is not at all comic when one is ill. I will write again when boil is better, or tell you about lodgings if we are able to get any.

There was an English dinner here on Christmas Day, ending with plum-pudding, which was really very *good* indeed, and an honour to the country. I dined up in my room, where I have dined for the last three weeks on account of bores. First class, one can get to the end of the

world ; but one can never be let alone or left at rest.

But believe me

Yours most affectionately,

LIZZY.

51.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[DENMARK HILL.

? January 1856.]

DEAR R.,

I return you Ida—which is excellent, and too true, poor thing. Many a boil-over have I had *by myself* at the passport system, the most absurd and wicked of all Continental ways of squeezing a franc or two out of strangers. If they only would take it at once—and be done with it!

I rejoice in Hunt's return—hope to see him soon.

*Nativity* is much mended ; many thanks.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. R.

I sincerely beg your pardon, my dear fellow, for letting you come on Saturday ; but I was in bed when your note came, and I missed the bit at bottom.

H



52.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

I am not sure which of Rossetti's drawings is spoken of as "that duet between Ida and you." The "man with boots and lady with golden hair" is a *Belle Dame sans Merci*. All the other observations relate to the water-colour *Beatrice at a Marriage Feast denies Dante her Salutation*.

DEAR R.,

I think I like that duet between Ida and you better than anything you have done for me yet, for it has *no* faults and is full of power,—except and always that man with boots and lady with golden hair. I have sent your *Beatrice* to-day to somebody who will like to look at it; it will be sent or brought to you on Monday. Please leave word about reception of it, if you must go out. Please put a dab of Chinese white into the hole in the cheek and paint it over. People will say that *Beatrice* has been giving the other bridesmaids a "predestinate scratched face"; also, a whitefaced bridesmaid in mist behind is very ugly to look at—like a skull or a body in corruption.





*D. G. Rossetti.*

*Beatrice at a Marriage - feast dante's Dante her salvation.*

*By permission of H. T. Wells. R.A.*

*John Allen.*



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Also please ask Hunt about young fool who wants grapes, and his colour of sleeve. Then—I will tell you where this drawing is to be sent next to be lectured upon, and am always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

53.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

I conjecture that the facts referred to in this letter were nearly as follows. As Ruskin had objected (see No. 52) to a head in the water-colour of *Beatrice at a Marriage Feast*, on the ground that it was "white-faced and like a skull," Rossetti had taken the head entirely out, as a preparation for painting a new one. Ruskin called at Rossetti's chambers during the latter's absence, and was dismayed at finding how thoroughly he had been taken at his word.

[DENMARK HILL.

? 1856.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I suppose that the girl who let me in was up to telling you what I had said, and to show you what I had done. I had told her to tell you that I was in such a passion that I was like to tear everything in the room to pieces at

your daubing over the head in that picture; and that it was no use to me now till you had painted it in again. And I told her to *show* you that I had carried off the *Passover* instead. However, I think it may be well for you to have that picture out of your sight a little before you begin to work on it again; so please send it me by bearer.

Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

How you could think I could look at it with any pleasure in that mess, I can't think. *Before*, the whole thing was explained—there was only a white respirator before the mouth. You have deprived me of a great pleasure by your absurdity. I never, so long as I live, will trust you to do anything again, out of my sight.

54.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

“The Zacharias” must be one of the figures in Rossetti's *Passover in the Holy Family*.

[DENMARK HILL.

? 1856.]

DEAR R.,

You must have thought I had quite forgotten you. I have had serious thoughts of refusing to *give up* the picture now returned, lest you should spoil the Zacharias; but it would be a pity not to finish it.

Hunt is coming to-morrow; but you mustn't come. I want to talk over all your bad ways and scratchings-out with him. Could you and your brother (if he likes) take early dinner or lunch (I dine) on Saturday at half-past one? I want you to show me some things in colour, and your brother would or might like looking round the pictures meanwhile.

Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

55.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[DENMARK HILL.

? 1856.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

Don't come on Saturday—any day next week will do quite as well for me.

I have written to Miss Heaton that *Beatrice* (sulky) and *Francesca* are to be exhibited on 19th instant somewhere when there is lecture on Dante.

She knows all about it. I shall send the drawings to you nicely framed. *You* are to send them to the place merely as "*sold.*" You may receive letters about it now soon, and will know what to say.

Hunt saw the drawings last night—admired them so much that I couldn't abuse you as much as I intended.

Always yours affectionately,

J. R.

56.

JOHN RUSKIN to MISS SIDDAL, Hôtel des  
Princes, Nice.

DENMARK HILL.

27 January 1856.

DEAR IDA,

I was heartily glad to hear from you, though I am never angry when people don't write, for I know what a troublesome thing it is to do; one can never do it but when one is

tolerably well, and then one always wants to be doing something else. I am particularly pleased by hearing of your walks "over the mountains," as the mountains near Nice are real ones, and not to be walked over without some strength. I trust now you will do well. I am rejoiced also at your entirely agreeing with me about the vapid colour of that Southern scenery. I hate it myself. The whole coast of Genoa, with its blue sea, hills, and white houses, looks to me like a bunch of blue ribands dipped in mud and then splashed all over with lime. I except always Mentone, which has fine green and purple, and has a unique kind of glen behind it among the lemons. But as soon as spring comes you must get up among the Alps; it will brace you and revive you; and *there* the colour is insuperable. Even very early in the season I think you might go to Genoa, thence to Turin and Susa at the foot of Mont Cenis; where, if with red campaniles, green and white torrents, purple-grey and russet rocks, deep green pines, white snows, and blue valley distance, you can't make up a sauce to your satisfaction, I shan't pity you.

*April 6th.*—Certainly, Ida, you and Rossetti

have infected me with your ways of going on. Never did I leave a letter so long in hand before. One would think I had had to scratch out every word and put it in again, as Rossetti always does when he is in any special hurry.

However, I must dispatch this, and that in all haste—for I had no notion how far the year was advanced, and the peach-buds took me by surprise the other day; and the main purport of this letter is only to tell you that I think you should go up into Switzerland for the summer, not come home. It is as different from Nice as possible, and that is already saying much for it. I *hate* Nice myself as much as I can hate any place within sight of any sort of hill, but I didn't know what you would or wouldn't like, when you went off to Paris instead of Normandy. Switzerland is all soft and pure air, clear water, mossy rock, and infinite flowers—I suppose you like that? If you do, write me word directly, and I will without fail in answer send you a letter of accurate advice; but it's no use my tiring myself if you are going to come home as fast as you can. If you want to leave Nice directly, and yet [not] to go to Switzerland, get (either over Corniche



or by sea) to Genoa, and so to Susa. It is quite mild there (Italy, only in the Alps), and must be cheap living. *Don't go* north from Nice into Dauphiné; it is a diabolical country, all pebbles and thunder. If you write to me, it is better to address your letter enclosed to Rossetti, as I may be going down to Oxford and might miss it at home. He will have my address. Now do be a good girl and try Switzerland, and believe me always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

57.

DANTE ROSSETTI *to* EDWARD MOXON.

It will be perceived that this letter relates to the designs for the Illustrated Tennyson. Madox Brown did not furnish any of the designs, though he was eventually invited to do so; neither did Rossetti produce a "*second Sir Galahad*," nor a drawing for the *Two Voices*.

[14 CHATHAM PLACE.

? *February* 1856.]

MY DEAR SIR,

I have just heard from Holman Hunt. The *Lady of Shalott* will, in spite of the week's further delay, be ready in a day or two now. I have drawn it twice over for the sake of an

alteration, so you see I do not spare trouble. This has caused the delay, for which I am very sorry. The second *Sir Galahad* I shall do immediately afterwards. Mr. Linton's proof of the first needs a good deal of lightening, though excellent generally. I should like to send him the *Lady of Shalott*, as he says he would be able to do it. Nothing would please me better than that Mr. Madox Brown should do the *Vision of Sin*, as I hear Hunt proposed to you. His name ought by all means to be in the work. Should time serve, I should like much to do the *Two Voices* after the *Sir Galahad*.

Yours faithfully,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

58.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

The "man and his blue wife" is one of Ruskin's not easily identified terms for a water-colour. The "reredos" must certainly have been intended for Llandaff Cathedral. This note seems to imply that Rossetti expected to design a flower-border for the reredos, or for the framework connected with his picture *The Seed of David*: I do not at all think that he ever did design any such matter.

[DENMARK HILL.

March 1856?]

DEAR R.,

Your letter reached me to-day *between one and two*.

I send only the *Francesca*. The Man and his Blue Wife I won't part with; nothing else that I have would do you credit with ordinary people. The *Passover* will explain well enough without the sketch now, and I mean to keep the sketch in case anybody should come to see me whom I want to talk about you to. I shall rejoice in, and subscribe largely to, rererdos and flower-border, *provided proper studies are made first*.

Always yours,

J. R.

I only underline the last sentence in play, for I know you will not go into a work of this kind carelessly.

59.

DANTE ROSSETTI to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

“The Llandaff picture” is, of course the triptych for Llandaff Cathedral, *The Seed of David*. “The Member” (of Parliament) was Mr. Henry Austin Bruce, who became Lord Aberdare.

[CHATHAM PLACE.

DEAR W.,

5 March 1856.]

I've written to Ruskin to send Miss H[eaton] *his* drawing from Dante, and take this when done. . . . I'm quite run dry, and have, besides this drawing, which needs constant work, to think about the Llandaff picture; so have no time to think of other means of getting tin till the drawing is done, even were there any. . . . In any case I'd be much obliged if you'd come down to-morrow evening and read me some Gospel, as I want to look up the subject for that altar-piece, and have not absolutely time to read for myself. The Member was here yesterday, and tells me not to stint myself in price, and all goes well; but there is a great hurry about writing him some account of probable subject and expense.

Your

D. G.

60.

DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

DEAR BROWN,

[6 March 1856.]

I've got by me the drawings of *Dante* and *Francesca* belonging to Ruskin, for some

days, probably till the 15th; also have in hand a large drawing of Dante's vision of dead Beatrice, as well as Passover and Monk. Perhaps now would be the time for White, if there is nothing happening just now to turn his human milk to curds and whey. . . . Tom Seddon has been behaving like a brick in bringing a Welsh M.P. down here yesterday about the Llandaff picture; I think that promises to turn up trumps. I want you much to see what I'm about, as it has got to the precise stage for hints. Would there be any chance of you to-morrow or Friday morning or evening? I'm always in, but a line might be as well *if evening*. Saturday I'm engaged all day with William to Ruskin's.

Did Dalziel call on you about some woodcuts, and are you willing?

Your

D. G. R.

61.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[DENMARK HILL.

DEAR ROSSETTI,

1856—? *March.*]

You shall have thirty pounds to-morrow, and I will ask Miss Heaton to lend the twenty-five

in a way which will leave it quite in her power to refuse comfortably; if she does, I will immediately supply the rest. I am not at all put out; only I want Ida to stay in Switzerland. Don't be jealous—I shall not be near her, for I want her to be on Italian side of Alps at Susa, and I shall be all summer *north* of them; but she must stay, as she is getting better. We must get her out of that hole, Nice, however.

I shall write what little scolding I have—which is for her *companion*—to you to-morrow.

Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Please send me by bearer a little crumb of violet carmine, and any *black* that you find vigorous—not lamp-black—if you have it. Don't send the carmine if you are using it.

62.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

[1856—? *March.*]

DEAR R.,

You asked me if you might duplicate that sketch for Boyce. Does Boyce pay you for these

drawings? If he does, offer him the sketch at the price I gave you for it. That will always be something in hand. But, if it is only friendship in which you paint for him, see if you can sell that drawing, or the *Francesca*, elsewhere; it will always be a help, and I will *wait* for other drawings when you have time to do them. I am almost certain Ida, or Ida's travelling incubus of a companion, will have more debts than they say. People are always afraid to say all at once. Hence it is best to be prepared for the worst.

I have changed my mind about Italy, but let Ida, if she really likes scenery at all, try Savoy, near the Grande Chartreuse, as she comes home. If she *wants* to come home, by all means she should; but if she would like to see some Alps and gentians, I think she should. . . .

Affectionately yours,

J. R.

If any of the dealers would give you a good price for even the *Dante* one (mine), you might take it at this pinch. I could not send money to-day, it was so wet. Be in, please, to-morrow afternoon.

63.

DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

“That scheme for Manchester” must, I suppose, have had some relation to the great Art Treasures Exhibition there in 1857. How this was expected to affect my brother I cannot now recollect.

[14 CHATHAM PLACE.

? *March* 1856.]

DEAR BROWN,

. . . I saw Hunt's *Scapegoat* and other works the other night. The two for this year admirable, but not calculated, I fear, for full public impression. He was talking a great deal to Woodward and me about his lasting views of an exhibition *next* year, and says still he will not put his name down for A.R.A. Under these circumstances, it struck me I ought to write him my sincere impression about his pictures this year, and how much better it would be to begin now if at all. I suppose, though, he'll stick to the R.A. this year; but felt at liberty to speak about it, feeling quite convinced of his best course, and not having any work to join with his in such a scheme—nor shall I even next year probably, if, as seems



likely hitherto, that scheme for Manchester proceeds.

I've written to Llandaff—£400 for the three pictures, £200 for centre one. I suppose this settles the business as impracticable; but I felt, with my fidgety habits of work, no smaller amount would be safe to undertake it. Will you tell Seddon if you see him? I've written both to J. P. Seddon and to Bruce.

Your

D. G. R.

64.

J. F. M'LENNAN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

This is the Mr. M'Lennan who at a later date wrote the celebrated book *Primitive Marriage*. It may have been in 1853 that I first knew him, through his fellow Inverness-man, Alexander Munro. M'Lennan had lately introduced to me by letter Mr. E. S. Dallas, who, besides writing in *The Times*, became the author of an uncompleted work on criticism, *The Gay Science*. I do not accurately remember what was the Professorship for which M'Lennan was now (unsuccessfully) competing.

3 HUNTLY PLACE, INVERNESS.

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,

13 March 1856.

. . . To begin with your last observation,—will you believe me when I say I had

forgotten that I had a "mucous membrane"? The change in philosophy and attitude towards the world implied in that admission need not be indicated. Happy the man who eats, sleeps, wakes, and works, without noticing it. There is now a long time since I had an "introversion," and I am not now going to have one. Next to not-being, I put being-without-reflection. . . .

I am very glad that Dante is at work ; long may he be so, and all success to his labours. I should much like to shake his hand again. Hasn't he been prevailed on to exhibit? 'Twill do him endless good. It isn't enough to live for one's self or art alone, neither is oneself nor art the better of such devotion. I used to fear for Gabriel, with his lying on his back tossing his legs in the air and Mon-Dieu-ing. That sort of thing I knew wouldn't last, and I am sure, if one loved and respected the Mon-Dieu-er, in a greater degree would one respect and admire the worker. My love to him, and say I trust soon to shake his hand. . . .

*Next*, Dallas. I think you should look him up. He is a jolly good fellow. He tells me he is now regularly on the *Times* staff as a writer of leading

articles. *Last*—the professorship. I am told on good authority that I am to get it. But many a slip, &c. Fortunately I am not over-anxious about it. . . . Your testimonial came too late for me, and so is not printed. I have been so highly flattered in those I have printed I do not like to give them more publicity than the mere fact of the application for the chair requires. . . . Of course you are aware that the competition is between the political friends of the candidates, and not between themselves. The use of testimonials is to give colour to the representations of friends. . .

Most sincerely your friend,

J. F. M'LENNAN.

*P.S.* . . . There is no man in London with whom I would more gladly correspond than yourself, so write. . . .

65.

DANTE ROSSETTI to JOHN TUPPER.

In consequence of this invitation, Mr. Tupper undertook one of the statues in the Oxford University Museum—that of Linnæus.

[14 CHATHAM PLACE.]

*Easter Sunday* [1856].

MY DEAR TUPPER,

Have you heard that a Museum is building at Oxford in connection with the University? The architect, Mr. Woodward, is a friend of mine, and a thorough thirteenth-century Gothic man. Among the features of the interior decoration are a goodish number of statues of celebrated men. Woolner is to do Bacon—Munro is doing Galileo. Woodward was asking me whether I knew any one else likely to undertake one, and I told him I would mention it, if he liked, to you, which he asked me to do at once. I must tell you at the outset that this, like other affairs of the kind, does not seem chiefly promising on the money side. I am not quite certain about the price at which Woolner and Munro have consented to do these figures (in stone I suppose of some sort, but perhaps this would be furnished), but I believe it is about £70 each. On the score of connection and repute it struck me you might be willing to think about a commission not certainly very promising on other grounds. The Museum is

attracting the greatest attention among excellent circles in Oxford I know, as indeed must necessarily be the case, and Ruskin takes the greatest interest in it. One thing I can assure you of is that Woodward is a man of perfect honour and good faith, with whom one would be quite safe; but you know in these cases the funds are always limited, and indeed, except for the bare walls, I believe all interior decoration has to be provided by special subscription, various people having come forward with these sums of £70 for the statues. Munro has done his Galileo very rapidly. Woolner sees no prospect of getting through his Bacon in anything like the same time, but does not like to throw over the chance of collateral benefit. I expect myself to have to do in some way with the decorations as the building goes on. The sculptor of one statue would probably I suppose, if he pleased, have subsequent opportunities of doing others, as subscriptions of others come in. I think there are to be twenty or thirty. If you think you could entertain the idea, will you meet Woodward one evening at my rooms? He is an extremely nice fellow, whom you'd like much—is a great enthusiast, and as

far as his power goes will, I know, do the utmost to promote the interest of all concerned with him.

Yours very truly,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

66.

W. B. SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

NEWCASTLE.

22 May 1856.

MY DEAR W. M. R.,

. . . Browning's volumes are all you say of them. *Blougram's Apology* and the Syrian Doctor's Letter are beyond all inventions he has yet done. Since reading these volumes I have got an American book called *Leaves of Grass*, equally extraordinary, if not so perfect art. It is written in long unrestricted lanky lines, or rather measured prose sentences, instead of hexameters, and on the whole is somewhat like a revelation, although an ungainly and not a little repulsive one. |

I have just read your review of Ruskin's third volume, and in the same paper is a little hit at his pamphlet, which pamphlet is the most

absurd thing I have read for a long while. He appears to be now for the first time examining English artists' works (except merely as seeking for foils to Turner), and finds them all to take his breath away. Faed, Le Jeune, old Witherington, anybody, one learns they are all painting great works. I hope you take your magnifying-glass with you. Poetic insight and expression, tragic and dramatic vigour and truth, don't need a magnifying-glass, however. . . .

Yours,

W. B. SCOTT.

67.

DANTE ROSSETTI to JOHN TUPPER.

Here we come to the first mention of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, in connection with *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* (which Rossetti terms "The Oxford and Cambridge *Germ*," as meaning that it held some affinity with the old *Germ* magazine of 1850). I cannot say what was the poem by Mr. John Tupper which Rossetti sent to that serial, nor yet whether it was published. No prose story by Rossetti himself appeared there.

[14 CHATHAM PLACE.

[1856—? *June.*]

DEAR JACK,

I think your poem admirable, far finer than either of the former ones, and am sending it on to the only man I have formed any acquaintance with on the Oxford and Cambridge Germ—one Jones, of Exeter, Oxon—who no doubt will forward it to the Editor, and if they don't print it they're greater fools than I take them for.

Your D. G. R.

I fear tin is out of question, as I think *all* contributors write for love, or spooniness. I've promised them a story.

I wish you'd give me the chance of seeing all your poems in a lump. Fix some evening to bring them: won't you?

68.

W. L. WINDUS to DANTE ROSSETTI.

Mr. Windus was a painter in Liverpool, who exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1856 a picture entitled *Burd Helen*, which Rossetti admired much, and induced Ruskin to write about.





*L. Windus.*

*John Allen.*

*Burd Helen.*

*By permission of J. Caswall-Smith.*



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198 NETHERFIELD ROAD NORTH,  
LIVERPOOL.

30 July 1856.

DEAR SIR,

Although I am personally unknown to you, the knowledge of the kindness you have done me leads me to think that you will not consider me impertinent in asking a favour from you. I have been solicited by Mr. Saunders and Mr. Marston to allow an engraving on wood of my picture of *Burd Helen* to be made for a work, *The National Magazine*, which those gentlemen are about to publish. As there is an objection to sending "the wood" travelling, they request me to name some person in London to whom they can show the drawing on the wood before it goes into the hands of the engraver. Will you look at it for me and tell them if anything is wrong? . . .

Yours sincerely,

W. L. WINDUS.

69.

W. L. WINDUS to DANTE ROSSETTI.

198 NETHERFIELD ROAD NORTH,  
LIVERPOOL.

3 August 1856.

DEAR SIR,

I can only thank you for your great kindness, and hope you will not give yourself any unnecessary trouble in the matter. It will be very easy for them to put the picture in a cab and drive to your residence. . . . I should be very sorry indeed if your generous notice of my picture in your letter to Mr. MacCracken should be attended by any unpleasantness to yourself. . . . I assure you that you and Mr. Ruskin were the two persons in the world whose approbation I most ardently wished and scarcely dared to hope for, and that I felt the most inexpressible delight when the extract from your letter was read to me, being at the time in a wretched state of despondency. . . .

Yours sincerely,

W. L. WINDUS.

## 70.

COVENTRY PATMORE to DANTE ROSSETTI.

The water-colour which Patmore termed *Dante and Beatrice* must be the *Marriage-Feast* subject. The other is *The Passover in the Holy Family*.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

[? 1856.]

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,

After a capital night's rest and a comfortable breakfast, I contemplated your *Dante and Beatrice* with greater delight and profit than I ever received from any other picture without exception. For the time, it has put me quite out of conceit with my own work, and I must forget the severe and heavenly sweetness of that group of Bridesmaids before I shall be able to go on contentedly in my less exalted strain. The other drawing, at its present stage, does not affect me nearly so powerfully, though I feel the soft and burning glow of colour. The symbolism is too remote and unobvious to strike *me* as effective; but I do not pretend to set any value by my own opinion on such matters. I read all your copied-out translations after you left with pleasure

scarcely less than that with which I looked upon your picture. I long to be able to read the whole of them quietly at home. I can fancy the stare of the *Athenæum* and other critics on opening this book of translations when you publish it. . . .

Yours faithfully,

COVENTRY PATMORE.

## 71.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

DEAR R.,

[? 1856.]

To-morrow at about half-past one I bring, I hope, translations &c. Patmore is very nice; but what the mischief does he mean by Symbolism? I call that Passover plain prosy Fact. No Symbolism at all.

Ever yours,

J. R.

## 72.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

DEAR ROSSETTI,

CHAMOUNI, 14 August [1856].

You would have heard from me before now, but I did not know if you were in town, and

whether I could safely send a cheque to Ch[atham] Place. Luckily, Miss Heaton has just paid us a visit here, and I have begged her to take charge of a letter to you, which contains Ida's August money, with my love to you both. You will get it, I hope, about 3rd or 4th September.

I am very anxious to hear how you are getting on. I suppose it is my own fault that I have not; but I thought I had said in my last that any letters directed to me at 7 Billiter Street, with "to be forwarded" on cover, will reach me in due course. If you like to send one now, directed Hôtel de Zähringen, Fribourg, *Suisse*, it will reach me quickly; but you must not dispatch it before the 24th August, nor after the 30th, or it may miss me. Tell me all about your pictures, and yourself and Ida; I don't care to hear about anything else. Have you got my Dante picture and the *Francesca*? I ordered them to be sent to you soon after I went away.

I found soon after I wrote to you, on trying to draw a little, that I was really exhausted, and I have been so idle ever since that now it is quite a trouble to me to take up a pen from the table. I do nothing but walk and eat and sleep, and get

stupider and lazier every hour. You see I write even worse than usual, and I haven't a single idea in my head on any subject. There is the most exquisite view of Alps from my window at this moment under morning sunshine, but I am so stupid that I don't much care about it. I wanted to find out a few simple geological facts when I came here, but I am so stupid that I can't. I had promised a friend to draw him a bit of snow and a pine or two, and I have just sense enough left to see that it is no use trying. I slept from half-past nine last night to six this morning, and am half-asleep now—nothing but breakfast will in the least brighten me.

We are all pretty well; my mother much better; my father a little oppressed by the heat (for, though not what it is in the plains, the summer sunshine is glowing enough even here), and I, as above described. I daresay I am pretty well, but am not clear about it.

We have been staying at different places in Switzerland, whose names are of no consequence to you, and doing nothing at them, which it is no use telling you about.

All goes on in Switzerland just as usual; they



make large quantities of cheese and cherry-brandy, and a great many of them are born idiots.

20th August (Geneva).

The above interesting communication having been interrupted by breakfast, I kept it three days by me in hopes of getting an idea about something; but I haven't got one. It is nine o'clock, and I am very sleepy. So good-bye.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

73.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

Miss Siddal's drawing, which Ruskin calls *The Witch*, has been referred to in a previous letter of his, No. 27. As to Rossetti's small oil-picture of *St. Catharine* (which was painted in or about 1857), and Ruskin's reference to "old debts," it will be understood that Ruskin from time to time advanced money for paintings which were not always forthcoming at the stipulated time, and Ruskin *might* have claimed the *St. Catharine* as an equivalent for some such money—but here he waives his claim.

[DENMARK HILL.

DEAR ROSSETTI,

? 1856.]

I always intended to mount in frame Ida's drawings, but only proceeded so far as to

cut off the edges of thin mounts which I didn't like, preparatory to full bevelled mounts for them, but time has always failed me.

Sister Helen is *glorious*, and I keep the witch drawing. Therefore, you shan't have it.

Yours affectionately,

J. R.

Remember, I am to see the oil-picture the moment it is done, *St. Catharine*. I hope to take it at once for *money*, leaving old debts to stand as long as you like.

74.

DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

I understand this note to relate to an article on Brown's pictures, written by Rossetti for *The Daily News*. The Rev. Mr. Elliott promoted its insertion. "The large landscape" must be the *English Autumn Afternoon*.

[14 CHATHAM PLACE.

6 September 1856.]

DEAR BROWN,

The article is to be written to-day (chiefly about the Liverpool pictures), and will, no doubt, be in in a day or two—perhaps on

Monday. I write you word of this in case of any possible steps about the large landscape, which ought to be made at once.

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

. . . . .

75.

J. W. FINLAY to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

Mr. Finlay became the editor of a very short-lived serial named *The Edinburgh Weekly Review*, to which I contributed two or three articles. The reader will probably say that my only motive for quoting from this letter is self-conceit.

EDINBURGH: 52 BROUGHTON STREET.

25 October 1856.

DEAR SIR,

. . . I shall be glad if you will contribute the different kind of articles you propose, not excepting the Gossip. . . .

Yours sincerely,

J. W. FINLAY.

Mr. Ruskin, by the way, compliments me highly in a letter to a friend of mine, in which [he]

mentions you as the most suitable writer on art subjects he can think of for the *Review*, and says you are "all but infallible as a critic."

76.

DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

MRS. GREEN'S,  
17 ORANGE GROVE, BATH.

DEAR BROWN,

[10 December 1856.]

I forget Dalziel's address. Would you send this on; or, if you have a half-hour to spare, would you take it to him, and see my *St. Cecily* block, which he is cutting, I find? Perhaps you might save it a dig or two. Pray impress on him that none of the work is to be left out. The note is to ask him to send me the proof *here*.

Bath has been a mud-bath ever since I came. Will you write me any London news of note, if you have any, and time to write it in? Lizzy, you will be glad to hear, is rather better than when last in London, and not quite so thin. She joins with me in kindest remembrances to all at F[ortess] Terrace.

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

. . . . .

77.

W. B. SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

NEWCASTLE.

22 December 1856.

MY DEAR W. M. R.,

I send you by Woolner a copy of the *Leaves of Grass*, which pray accept as a Xmas box. It is the queerest, the most startling, and in some sense the most catholic, of new oracles. I hope the author will shut up and write no more. If he does try again, most likely he will produce some rubbish (ten times worse than the author of *Festus* publishing the *Angel-World*), proving that the one idea had inspired him, and at first sight invalidating what he has already done. . . . We are reading *Aurora Leigh*. Mrs. Browning comes out in a manly manner, not over-scrupulous. Perhaps never before were seen so much riches of poetic eloquence in one work. But it is only a novel, à la *Jane Eyre*, a little tainted by Sand. . . .

Yours,

W. B. S.

78.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

John (F.) Lewis was the renowned painter of elaborate Oriental and other subjects. At this date he must already, I think, have been President of the Water-colour Society. "Hunt" does not here mean Holman Hunt, but William Henry Hunt, of the same Society. "Morris" must be William Morris. I suppose that my brother declined to stand for election into the Society; certainly he never was elected.

[DENMARK HILL.

*circa Christmas 1856.]*

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I enclose a letter from John Lewis, and we must now have your *final* answer. I object, myself, to the whole system of candidateship, but, as it is established, neither you nor I can at present overthrow it. I don't believe there is the least risk of your rejection, because Lewis is wholly for you, and the others know that you are a friend of mine and that I am going to write a "notice" in 1857 as well as 1856. I don't say that, if they rejected you, I might perhaps feel disposed to go into further analysis of some of their



*G. Kosselle.*

*W. L. Bell.*

*Proserpine.*



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own works than might be altogether pleasant. But don't you think *they* will suppose so, and that your election is therefore rather safe?

But suppose the reverse. All that could be said was that they rejected—not Rossetti but *Pre-Raphaelitism*. Which people knew pretty well before. But it would give me a hold on them if they did, which would be useful in after attacks on this modern system, so that, whether they took you or not, you would be helping forward the good cause. But all the chances are that you get in, and if you do, consider what good you may effect by the influence of your work and votes in that society, allied with Lewis and Hunt!

So *pray* do this. Write to Lewis instantly, saying you accept. I will write to Oxford for *Dante*. Morris will, I am sure, lend his, and I will lend my *Beatrice*, and there we are, all right.

Yours affectionately,

J. R.

I will send Ida's drawings by first hand coming into town. Send me a line saying what you do.

## 79.

## MISS SIDDAL'S POETRY.

I present here seven specimens of Miss Siddal's verse; an eighth was given in my *Memoir of Dante Rossetti*. She used to take a great deal of pains, and I fancy was seldom or never satisfied with her productions. One can find a dozen scribblings of the same stanza here and there, modified and corrected. As to the date of these poems I am not certain, but should suppose that her most productive years were from 1855 to 1857.

## I

## TRUE LOVE

Farewell, Earl Richard,  
Tender and brave;  
Kneeling I kiss  
The dust from thy grave.

Pray for me, Richard,  
Lying alone,  
With hands pleading earnestly,  
All in white stone.

Soon must I leave thee  
This sweet summer tide ;  
That other is waiting  
To claim his pale bride.

Soon I'll return to thee,  
Hopeful and brave,  
When the dead leaves  
Blow over thy grave.

Then shall they find me  
Close at thy head,  
Watching or fainting,  
Sleeping or dead.

## II

## DEAD LOVE

Oh never weep for love that's dead,  
Since love is seldom true,  
But changes his fashion from blue to red,  
From brightest red to blue,  
And love was born to an early death  
And is so seldom true.

Then harbour no smile on your loving face  
To win the deepest sigh ;  
The fairest words on truest lips  
Pass off and surely die ;  
And you will stand alone, my dear,  
When wintry winds draw nigh.

Sweet, never weep for what cannot be,  
For this God has not given :  
If the merest dream of love were true,  
Then, sweet, we should be in heaven ;  
And this is only earth, my dear,  
Where true love is not given.

## III

## SHEPHERD TURNED SAILOR

Now Christ thee save, thou bonny Shepherd,  
Sailing on the sea ;  
Ten thousand souls are sailing there  
But I belong to thee.  
If thou art lost then all is lost  
And all is dead to me.

My love should have a grey head-stone  
And green moss at his feet,  
And clinging grass above his breast  
Whereon his lambs could bleat ;  
And I should know the span of earth  
Where one day I might sleep.

## IV

## G O N E

To touch the glove upon her tender hand,  
To watch the jewel sparkle in her ring,  
Lifted my heart into a sudden song,  
As when the wild birds sing.

To track her shadow on the sunny grass,  
To break her pathway through the darkened  
wood,  
Filled all my life with trembling and tears  
And silence where I stood.

I watch the shadows gather round my heart,  
I live to know that she is gone—  
Gone, gone for ever, like the tender dove  
That left the ark alone.

## V

## SPEECHLESS

Many a mile o'er land and sea  
Unsummoned my Love returned to me ;  
I remember not the words he said,  
But only the trees mourning overhead.  
And he came ready to take and bear  
The cross I had carried for many a year :  
But my words came slowly one by one  
From frozen lips that were still and dumb.  
How sounded my words so still and slow  
To the great strong heart that loved me so ?  
Ah I remember, my God, so well,  
How my brain lay dumb in a frozen spell ;  
And I leaned away from my lover's face  
To watch the dead leaves that were running  
a race.

I felt the spell that held my breath,  
Bending me down to a living death—  
As if hope lay buried when he had come  
Who knew my sorrows all and some.

## VI

## THE LUST OF THE EYES

I care not for my Lady's soul,  
    Though I worship before her smile :  
I care not where be my Lady's goal  
    When her beauty shall lose its wile.

Low sit I down at my Lady's feet,  
    Gazing through her wild eyes,  
Smiling to think how my love will fleet  
    When their starlike beauty dies.

I care not if my Lady pray  
    To our Father which is in Heaven ;  
But for joy my heart's quick pulses play,  
    For to me her love is given.

Then who shall close my Lady's eyes,  
    And who shall fold her hands ?  
Will any hearken if she cries  
    Up to the unknown lands ?

## VII

## WORN OUT

Thy strong arms are around me, love,  
My head is on thy breast :  
Though words of comfort come from thee,  
My soul is not at rest :

For I am but a startled thing,  
Nor can I ever be  
Aught save a bird whose broken wing  
Must fly away from thee.

I cannot give to thee the love  
I gave so long ago—  
The love that turned and struck me down  
Amid the blinding snow.

I can but give a sinking heart  
And weary eyes of pain,  
A faded mouth that cannot smile  
And may not laugh again.

Yet keep thine arms around me, love,  
Until I drop to sleep :  
Then leave me—saying no good-bye,  
Lest I might fall and weep.



80.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

Being quite uncertain as to the date of this note, I am also unable to say what is the water-colour of which Ruskin is speaking.

[DENMARK HILL.  
? 1857.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I have the drawing safe, and enclose cheque, which you have nothing to do but to present at Union Bank (close to Royal Exchange). Please send me word you have received the cheque, as anybody might present it if it were lost.

I see that you are unwell, and must rest. You shall make me a sketch instead of this some day; and just remember, as a general principle, never put raw green into *light* flesh. No great colourists ever did, or ever wisely will. This drawing by candlelight is all over black spots in the high lights. The thought is very beautiful—the colour and male heads by no means up to your mark. I will write more to-morrow.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

## 81.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

The opening of this letter refers to the meetings &c. which were being held with a view to purchasing for the National Gallery Thomas Seddon's picture of *Jerusalem with the Valley of Jehoshaphat*. Ruskin acted as treasurer, and the picture was accepted for the Gallery. "Miss Rossetti" means Maria.

[DENMARK HILL.

4 February 1857.]

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I shall be very happy if I can be of use in this matter; but I don't quite see of what use I could be at this first meeting. I think that, if the points I spoke of on Monday are those which the Committee think it would be well to mark in the prospectus, I could set down for you quite as much as I said about them at last meeting; but I couldn't do this *at* a meeting, but in a quiet evening at home. If you want me at the next meeting, however, make said meeting here, and I will make you all as comfortable as I can. At half-past seven, you shall have tea and muffins—and ink. I can't come out on Friday night; I'm

always tired and apt to catch cold after the college night.

I am very sorry I have seen so little of you lately; it is not my fault. I can't work hard at present, and can't keep up with my correspondence and casual demands on time but by staying at home like a dormouse. But I have sincere regard for you, and your brother, and Miss Rossetti—just as much as ever—and am heartily sorry to see so little of you.

Yours always faithfully,

J. RUSKIN.

82.

W. B. SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

Mr. Budden, here mentioned, was an employé in the office of Mr. Robert Stephenson, and was a man of some literary taste and aptitude. Wallington was the Northumbrian seat of Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan; a marble group, by Woolner, had been commissioned for the entrance-hall.

NEWCASTLE.

14 February 1857.

MY DEAR W. M. R.,

. . . It struck me you were the man to like the *Leaves of Grass*. Obliterate utterly

with the blackest ink half-a-dozen lines and half-a-dozen words, ignore the author altogether, and read as one does the books that express human life like the Bible—books that have aggregated rather than been written—and one finds these *Leaves of Grass* grow up in a wonderful manner. The book is very like an opening into a quite new poetic condition. . . .

Budden has just been here, and tells me he saw you and Woolner, and Woolner's bust of Tennyson, which he thinks very splendid. Some time or other it will be finished, and one will see it. Woolner seems to think the head of a great man should take a long time to do, and this according [to] a certain ratio: a few months more are no doubt necessary to realize the effigy of the "stupendous giant of the modern ages," as he calls the author of *Maud*, looking ferociously at his audience, as much as to say, "Differ with me if you dare, you parcel of maggots!" He is a very fine fellow, though, in spite of his fits, and will no doubt do something very good for Wallington. . . .

Yours,

W. B. SCOTT.

83.

JOHN TUPPER *to* WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

This translation of the famous lines by the Emperor Hadrian is a good one. It ought to have figured in a curious collection of the renderings which was privately printed by Mr. David Johnston in 1876. I could have got it in, and would not have failed to do so had I recollected it at the proper time.

MILTON COTTAGE, SOUTH LAMBETH, S.

[18 *February* 1857].

DEAR ROSSETTI,

. . . The other night we, *i.e.*, my cousin Earnshaw, George, and myself, were discussing the Adrian death-bed verses, and remarking the difficulty of rendering into English the diminutives therein, when I suggested "Spiritling" for "animula;" so they advised me to try it in that fashion. I send you the audacious attempt:—

Flittering flattering Spiritling,  
 This body's wayfarer and guest,  
 Of what rooms, now, wilt be in quest?  
 Pallor-dimmed frozen, nakedling!  
 Not, as you used to, will you jest?

You'll grin at "rooms," but I think "loca"

means lodgings, and "comes" means wayfarer (the strict translation of the word too, I believe); the statement being: "Spirit, you have hitherto travelled with, and lodged in, the body—*now*, how will you be lodged? *Now*, out of colour—hard as with cold, and naked or so—(query) will you be likely to play at the old game?" . . .

Yours ever,

J. L. TUPPER.

84.

DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

I have briefly referred to this matter in my *Memoir of Dante Rossetti*, p. 201. The initial which I give, G., is not the correct one.

[14 CHATHAM PLACE.

26 February 1857.]

MY DEAR BROWN,

Last night a misunderstanding occurred between Lizzy and me about what passed, when you were there, concerning the scheme of a college. She seems under the impression that you came there in great surprise at hearing that I had not consulted her on the matter, and with the wish to

speak to her yourself. Though I should be grateful to you for anything done in friendship to her, I cannot but imagine that, as my friend, you would have preferred first asking me what had passed between us, before speaking to her; especially as you could have been under no impression that I was acting in this without reference to her as well as myself; seeing that on the night when Morris, Jones, and I, came to you, and were discussing the scheme, I expressly said that I should be married by the time it came into operation, and require space accordingly in the building. When you first spoke on Tuesday evening of two married couples as beginning the scheme, I thought you meant Lizzy and me for the second; and, on finding that you did not, I refrained from saying anything, simply because Lizzy has sometimes lately shown so much displeasure on my mentioning our engagement (which I have hoped was attributable to illness) that I could not tell how far her mother was aware of it, or how Lizzy would take my mentioning it before her.

I *had* spoken of the scheme to her some days ago, but she seemed to take little interest in it, and I did not say much. She now says that she

understood only a range of studios, and would strongly object to the idea of living where G. was, of which objection of hers I had no idea to any such extent. I have myself wished to keep him and her apart hitherto, as I do not think he has acted lately as a friend towards me in her regard, but that feeling would have left me when once we were married. However, my wishes as to this scheme would entirely depend on hers, supposing that it would really affect her happiness ; in which case I should cease to care for it or think of it. As it is, she seemed last night quite embittered and estranged from me on this account, whether for the moment or permanently I cannot yet tell, and it has made me most unhappy ever since, more so than anything else could make me. I am going there to-day now, and shall probably be there in the evening. After to-day she talks of going to stay for a week at her sister's.

Yours ever sincerely,

D. G. ROSSETTI.



85.

DANTE ROSSETTI *to* MADOX BROWN.[? 28 *February* 1857.]

MY DEAR BROWN,

Thanks for your friendly letter. I must not show it, however, to Lizzy, as her health will not bear any excitement. . . . She does not better in health, never eating anything to speak of, and I am most wretched about her. What to do I know not. I have been with her these two days, but shall not see her again I believe till Monday. . . . I cannot trouble her about it or feel any anger at her, only constant pain at her sufferings. Kind and patient she has been with me many and many times, more than I have deserved; and I trust this trouble is over. It is but too natural that her mind should be anxious and disturbed. . . .

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

86.

MADOX BROWN *to* WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

13 FORTRESS TERRACE, N.W.

[28 *February* 1857.]

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

As I suppose it would look too pointed were I to hold off from going to the meetings at Ruskin's any longer, I will go to that on Monday and be with you in conveyance by 6 P.M., which I suppose will be in time, and shall consider myself in the light of a martyr to duty thenceforth and for ever ; and if he insults me, as I know he cannot well avoid from his nature, I shall visit it upon you, and abuse you behind your back for the next three months, and say subtle spiteful things in your presence which you will not be able to notice.

Meanwhile believe me

Ever yours sincerely,

FORD MADOX BROWN.

87.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

It would appear that, by the time when this letter was written, the arrangement for a continuous

payment by Ruskin to Miss Siddal had come to an end by Miss Siddal's resolve, and doubtless by Rossetti's concurrence as well. I do not know the details.

[DENMARK HILL.

? June 1857.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I don't know when I have been more vexed at being out of town, as I have been since Saturday; as Ida's mind and yours must have been somewhat ill at ease *thinking* I was vexed, or something of that kind.

I shall rejoice in Ida's success with her picture, as I shall in every opportunity of being useful either to you or her. The only feeling I have about the matter is of some shame at having allowed the arrangement between us to end as it did, and the chief pleasure I could have about it now would be her simply accepting it as she would have accepted a glass of water when she was thirsty, and never thinking of it any more.

As for Thursday, just do as you and your sister and she feel it pleasant or find it convenient. . . . I hope to see you and arrange to-morrow, if you can be at home about four o'clock. If I don't see you or hear from you I shall expect you to dinner

at two if it be fine. If Ida can't come, it's no reason why Miss Rossetti shouldn't.

Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

If it would be more convenient to you to put it off a week, or even till full strawberry time, do. The garden is duller than I expected just now. I shall be at home these three weeks yet. . . .

88.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* WILLIAM DAVIS, Liverpool.

This letter remains in my hands, along with a stamped envelope addressed by Mr. Ruskin to Mr. Davis; the envelope, however, bears no postmark. I presume that the addressed letter was confided by Mr. Ruskin to my brother; and that he, thinking its contents would prove discouraging rather than otherwise to Davis, obtained the writer's authority not to send it on. Davis was an Irish landscape painter, settled in Liverpool, a modest hard-working man, and an artist of uncommon gifts; he was, and still is, greatly admired in a circle too strictly limited. He had a large family, and always found difficulty in "making the two ends meet." His death took place in 1872. Mr. Davis had sent up to London six

pictures for the "Præraphaelite Exhibition" (see No. 89); they must, prior to the opening of the exhibition, have been in the hands of my brother, who showed them to Ruskin. The one which Ruskin terms a "ditch and wheatfield" was, I suppose, that which stands catalogued as *A Study in Summer*; another was *A Study of Dogs*.

[DENMARK HILL.

1857.]

MY DEAR SIR,

I had much pleasure in examining the pictures of yours which Mr. Rossetti showed me this afternoon: they show an exquisite sense of colour, and much tender feeling of the expression of the scenes. Rossetti is himself so much delighted with them that I do not doubt their possessing qualities of peculiar interest to an artist, in the conquering of various technical difficulties. Your work, however, cannot become popular unless you choose subjects of greater interest: nor can I in the least direct you how to choose them—for there seems to me hardly a single point of communion or understanding between you and me as to the meaning of the word "Subject." It seems to *me* that you might have sought over most landscapes for miles

together, and not stumbled over anything so *little* rewarding your pains and skill as that “ditch and wheatfield.”

Probably your modes of selection and habits of execution are now so determined that it would be mere impertinence in me to suggest others. I may however note one thing—namely, what seems to me your too great trust to the liquidity of the vehicle in blending your colours. Good use has been made of this quality by the masters of the Pre-Raphaelite school, but it is a dangerous temptation: the highest results in oil-painting depend on judicious and powerful use of dryer, in no wise *floating* colour.

I liked the two dogs the best of all I saw—the couchant winking one is delicious; and there is more sense of real *form* in this than in the other pictures.

If you by chance should come to London this season, I think we might come to some understanding in a chat, if you would give me the pleasure of seeing you.

Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

89.

THE “PRÆRAPHAELITE EXHIBITION,” Russell  
Place.

A semi-public collection was got together in the summer of 1857 by Madox Brown and some of his friends, in Russell Place, Fitzroy Square (now merged, I think, in Charlotte Street). The exhibitors did not bestow any particular name upon their collection, but people then and since were wont to term it “The Præraphaelite Exhibition.” A printed list of the contributions, seventy-one in number, is now before me. Brown sent *The Last of England*, *The English Autumn Afternoon*, *Windermere*, *The Brent*, *Carrying Corn*, *King Lear* (the tent-scene with Cordelia), *Shorn Ridgway*, *Study of an Infant*, *Beauty before she became acquainted with the Beast*, *The Prisoners of Chillon*, a Portrait of myself, and *The Parting of Cordelia and her Sisters*. Holman Hunt sent *The Haunted Manor*, *Sketch from a House in New Cairo*, *The Great Sphinx*, and the *Tennyson Designs* photographed. Millais sent *The Wedding Cards*, *The Foxglove*, and *Portraits of Wilkie Collins and Holman Hunt*. Miss Siddal sent *Clerk Saunders*, *Sketches from Browning and Tennyson*, *We are Seven*, *The Haunted Tree*, and a *Study of a Head*. Rossetti sent *Dante’s Dream of the Death of Beatrice*, *The Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice* (Dante drawing an Angel), *Mary Nazarene*, *Mary Magdalene*, *The Blue Closet*,

*Hesterna Rosa*, and the *Tennyson Designs* photographed. The remaining exhibitors were Bond, Boyce, Brett, Campbell, Collins, Davis, Dickinson, Halliday, Hughes, Inchbold, Arthur Lewis, Martineau, Seddon (the late), Scott, Windus, J. D. Watson, and Wolf. Brown's Portrait of myself and (as I have before said) Miss Siddal's *Haunted Tree* remain in my possession.

I give here an extract from a paragraph which I find among my scraps—*Athenæum*, 11 July 1857. It may be of some interest, as showing what outsiders thought or supposed about Rossetti in these early years. I take it that the writer was Mr. Walter Thornbury (but cannot positively assert this). It will be observed that he attributes to Hunt the picture by Brown of *The Last of England*. This may be the merest casual inadvertence; or it may tend to indicate how very little attention had as yet been paid to the personality and the performances of Brown.

A Præraphaelite Exhibition, perhaps the germ of more important self-assertions and reprisals, has lately been held privately in Russell Place, Fitzroy Square. If the Academy will not do justice, they will not be shown justice. Præraphaelitism has taught us all to be exact and thorough, that everything is still unpainted, and that there is no finality in Art. Its errors, eccentricities, and



wilful aberrations, are fast modifying and softening. . . . The exhibitors were Mr. Collins; . . . Mr. Millais, the chief of the sect; Mr. H. Hunt, the apostle of the order; and Mr. D. Rossetti, the original founder of the three-lettered race, who is generally spoken of by them in a low voice, and is supposed from the fertility of his allegorical sketches to be capable of doing anything, though he does not and will not exhibit in public. His designs in this exhibition are mystic ones, full of thought and imagination, and called *Hesterna Rosa*, *Dante's Dream*, and *The Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice*. The first represents a revel of lovers and their mistresses. The one, abandoned and exulting, crowns her lover with flowers, the other is lost in remorse. A baboon, grinning as it scratches itself, typifies the lost sensuality of the first. Mr. Rossetti's other sketches, *The Blue Closet* and *Mary Magdalene*, attracted much attention. That he is a poet and thinker we are the last to doubt; but sketching is deceptive and dangerous. It is the day-dream of painting. . . . Perhaps next to Mr. D. Rossetti's thoughtful sketches the most interesting thing was Mr. H. Hunt's *Last Look at*

*England*, a fine picture of departing emigrants. The mother weeping, the spendthrift shaking his fist at the rascally old place that has stripped him of everything—a Hogarth fertility of thought pervades the picture.

## 90.

## DANTE ROSSETTI to PROFESSOR NORTON.

If I am not mistaken, Mr. (or Professor) Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was before this date a friend of Ruskin's, and was led by Ruskin to examine the Præraphaelite Exhibition, which proved very congenial to Mr. Norton's sympathies in art; and, in the same connexion, he got to know my brother (and also myself) personally. My brother, about this time, in writing to Madox Brown, called Mr. Norton "a very influential man there [*i.e.* in the United States], and a particularly nice fellow." Mr. Norton invited Rossetti to contribute something to *The Atlantic Monthly*, then just starting under the editorship of Mr. Lowell. Rossetti, as we here see, sent a poem—possibly *Love's Nocturn*. Somehow it got lost on the way, and, though it turned up afterwards (see No. 105), it never appeared in that magazine. What Rossetti terms "another long tale unfinished" is clearly the *St. Agnes of Intercession*. Miss Siddal's drawing,

one of those which figured in the Exhibition, must be the *Clerk Saunders*, of which Mr. Norton became the purchaser. "Ruskin's portrait" was not as yet begun by my brother; it seems to have gone into the hands of Professor Norton, who, I presume, still retains it. The drawing mentioned at the close of the letter must be the water-colour named *Before the Battle*, of which more anon.

14 CHATHAM PLACE,  
BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

22 July 1857.

MY DEAR NORTON,

Here is what I can send you for No. 1—that is always, if it will suit. Like all my things, it was written some years ago, but has not been printed before. I would prefer it should appear with the initial *R* only, as I have signed it; supposing there is no objection.

Morris will not be able to send any tale for the first number, not having one by him; but will send one later, I make no doubt. I have not yet written to W. B. Scott, it having been put out of my head by other things—but I will write immediately. A very first-rate man who would probably contribute were you to apply to him is William Allingham, author of *The Music-Master*,

*Day and Night Songs*, &c. His address is *Lane, Ballyshannon, Ireland*. I suppose his poems are known in America. They ought to be.

I have no copy by me of a tale I wrote long ago about Art, called *Hand and Soul*, which it strikes me might suit you, as its circulation (in a sort of magazine which some of us then began) amounted to nothing at the time. My brother has copies, I believe. I will ask him to send you one. I have another longer tale unfinished.

Many thanks for what you so kindly say of Miss Siddal's drawing. I am sure it will give her an additional pleasure to hear it. She begged me to thank you from her.

By-the-bye, if there is one thing about which I am thoroughly squeamish, it is the correct printing of anything I print. Might I beg you, as a great favour, to look carefully through the proofs of any contribution of mine for me, as I suppose it is impossible to get a proof in London.

And now, my dear Norton, farewell for the present. Few things would give me more pleasure than that we should know each other better some day. I trust we shall yet, in England or elsewhere. You shall hear before long something

about Ruskin's portrait, and about a drawing too, which I mean shall be a good one.

Very sincerely yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

91.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM *to* WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

LANE, BALLYSHANNON.

17 August 1857.

DEAR WILLIAM,

. . . I spent three days at the Manchester Exhibition; one with Clough, near Ambleside; and two or three with Tennyson, at Coniston, who is cheerful. His chief affliction now is the bad poetry which keeps showering on his head every post. He ought to put up the umbrella of utter neglect, and talks of doing so. He praised the P.R.B. designs to his poems in a general way, but cares nothing about the whole affair. . . .

Yours,

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

92.

## JOHN RUSKIN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

Curiously enough, I cannot now recollect who it was that had given me some information about Turner, which I imparted to Ruskin: possibly Mr. F. O. Finch, the water-colour painter, whom I met two or three times about this date. I met him in connexion with the American Exhibition, alluded to in the letter—*i.e.* an Exhibition in America of various pictures of the British School, with a certain bias towards Præraphaelitism. This was a scheme for which I had been engaged as Secretary, and which figures more at large in some ensuing letters.

[MANCHESTER.

23 September 1857.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I have a confused notion of having intended to thank you particularly for those recollections of Turner which you got from your friend for me, and of having never done it, but I was very glad of them. It is excessively difficult to get any statement of that kind fairly put down on paper with a name to it; pray thank your friend for it very heartily for me, and get me any more such things you can. You must

have thought me very hard not to help you with American Exhibition; but I have no knowledge of America, and do not choose to write one word about things which I know nothing of.

I am anxious to hear of Gabriel's doings. I heard a malicious report the other day from an envious person that "he was going to Florence and we should hear no more of him." Please write me word to Post Office, Manchester, what he is about.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Do you know, my bankers say the account for Mrs. Seddon is only about £380, or *was* only, about three weeks ago. There was £60 in three 20 subscriptions unpaid, I observed.

93.

CAPTAIN RUXTON *to* WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

Captain Ruxton, a young officer retired from the army, was the initiator of the project for an Exhibition of British Art in America. He had no particular technical knowledge of Art matters, but he had a certain sympathy with them, and had of his own

accord addressed me, and engaged me as Secretary. Before the collection got completed in London for transmission to New York, Mr. Gambart, the picture-dealer, coalesced with Captain Ruxton for the purpose of carrying out the scheme.

[NEW YORK.

29 September 1857.]

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,

. . . Instead of the four sources of returns which the interchange of the exhibitions between Philadelphia and New York would have yielded, we fall back upon the one chance alone; that chance is weakened, unfortunately, by the position of the rooms, and the sudden panic in the money market. The wisest heads are affrighted at the state of commercial affairs in the country. Every day brings some startling crash, and literally, money is not to be had. It may appear absurd, but I could not get a sovereign changed yesterday. . . . I saw a wretched animal yesterday, who has been obliged to vacate a palace in 5th Avenue, without so much as enough to pay for a bed elsewhere. We could not have undertaken our enterprise at a more unfortunate, I may say disastrous, time. . . . I am happy to say I have not miscalculated the feeling towards the



English Exhibition. The Commissioner of the Customs has not only given authority to pass the frames as well as the pictures free of duty, but allows them to be handed over to my agent from the ship without examination. . . .

Ever yours faithfully,

A. A. RUXTON.

94.

CAPTAIN RUXTON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

Mr. Holman Hunt's *Light of the World*, sent to America, was not the painting which now belongs to Keble College, Oxford, but a smaller replica of the same composition. I have not a good recollection of the pictures named *The Sailor Boy*, *Try and Remember*, and *Innocence*. Mr Arthur Hughes was, I fancy, the author of the first and third.

[NEW YORK,

About 10 October 1857.]

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,

. . . I have filled six galleries, and each room is well covered, the pictures being all closely jammed together. . . .

. . . Durand (of *The Crayon*) mildly requests me to apply to your brother for a portfolio of his

drawings. I promised to make the request, but I did *not* answer for its fulfilment. Your brother will not be displeased to hear that great interest is felt here in his works.

I will attend to all Mr. Hunt's suggestions about *The Light of the World*. Please to report to him that a man said, "Never mind the gas, that picture will light us up." A fine fellow, who has made to himself a fortune of over 150,000 or more of dollars by the sweat of his brow, said, "I'd rather have that picture than any other you've got, for there's something in it that's different to any other picture I ever saw." P. R. Bism takes with the working men—they look, and they look, and they look, and they say something that the author of the picture would be pleased to hear. *The Sailor Boy, Try and Remember, King Lear*—above all, *The Light of the World—Innocence, April Love*, are immensely popular among my *hangers*. . . .

Ever yours very truly,

AUGUSTUS RUXTON.

## 95.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

The picture of which Ruskin speaks in such uncomplimentary terms must be the *St. Catharine*.

[DENMARK HILL.

? 1857.]

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,

I was put out to-day, as you must have seen, for I can't hide it when I am vexed. I don't at all like my picture now; the alteration of the head from the stoop forward to the throw back makes the whole figure quite stiff and stupid; besides, the off cheek is a quarter of a yard too thin.

If there is any one else who would like the picture, let them have it, and let the debt stand over; but if you would like to have it off your mind, you must take out the head and put it in as it was at first, or I never could look at it.

That *Magdalene* is magnificent to my mind, in every possible way: it stays by me.

I must see Ida; I want to tell her one or two things about her way of study. I can't bear to

see her missing her mark only by a few inches, which she might as easily win as not.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

96.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

[DENMARK HILL.

? 1857.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

All's quite right. I don't want the money a bit, and I think your note reads rather sulky in talking about wanting to send it back. "Stays by me" meant stays in my eyes and head. But I do wish you could get the *Magdalene* for me. I would give that oil picture for it willingly, at 50 guineas.

You are a conceited monkey, thinking your pictures right when I tell you positively they are wrong. What do *you* know about the matter, I should like to know?

You'll find out in six months what an absurdity that *St. Catharine* is.

Yours affectionately,

J. R.

97.

CAPTAIN RUXTON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

There had been a project, which at one time seemed not far from realization, that Mr. Madox Brown should accompany Captain Ruxton to America as art-superintendent of the Exhibition: the two men met through my introduction. Mr. Miller, here mentioned as the owner of Turner's *Whalers*, was Mr. John Miller of Liverpool, a man deservedly beloved by all who knew him.

[NEW YORK.

20 October 1857.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I have to announce a most successful opening of the Exhibition at the private view last night. All the leading people of the city were present—indeed the rooms were crammed, and the most cordial and kindly feeling was manifested. . . . *The Light of the World* creates a great sensation; but Madox Brown's *King Lear* seems to be the most popular picture of the Exhibition. . . . I much regret that Madox Brown did not come out with me, but I have had the assistance of Mr. Durand, the President of the Academy, and of Stillman. . . . I hope Mr.

Miller will allow Turner's *Whalers* to come—Mr. Mulready may obtain two of his—and something must come from Millais. . . .

Yours very truly,

AUGUSTUS RUXTON.

98.

JOHN RUSKIN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

About this time I had a fancy for studying drawing according to the methods enforced by Ruskin in the Working Men's College; and for two or three months I attended his class there. To Ruskin's very pertinent inquiry, why I should not join my brother's class instead, I hardly know the exact answer now; except that my idea was to do some rudimentary work from casts of leaves, or from flowers &c., rather than attempt human forms and faces. The "glorious work" at Oxford was the tempera-painting, now perished, in the Union Debating Hall.

[DENMARK HILL.

27 October 1857.]

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,

I should be delighted to have you for a pupil; but I don't understand at all. Why in the world shouldn't you work under your



*My. Rosette.*

*W. L. Colls.*

*Fiammetta.*



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brother? and what will people say about your being in my class instead of his? I shall be at the tea to-morrow, and at my class on Thursday at one, and, to whichever you can come, you will be able to tell me all about it. What glorious work Dante is doing at Oxford!

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

99.

WILLIAM STILLMAN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

Some of the pictures singled out by Mr. Stillman for censure have passed out of my recollection. I cannot say who painted *The Invasion of the Saxons*, or *The London Magdalene*. The context rather suggests that this latter was the performance of Miss Siddal, but I do not remember any such fact.

[NEW YORK.

15 November 1857.]

MY DEAR MR. ROSSETTI,

I have been some time intending to write you with regard to the Exhibition. . . . The Committee seem to have thought that things which were second-rate at home were fit to represent English art here, while our *amateurs* are

in the main as well acquainted with English art as the English public itself. The feeling here was that the Exhibition was intended as an exposition of the attainment of English art; yet there are many pictures which the public feel were sent here in presumption of ignorance or bad taste on our part, and we are a sensitive people on such points. . . . The preraphaelite pictures have saved the Exhibition so far as oil pictures are concerned, but even they should have been culled more carefully. You should have thought that the eccentricities of the school were new to us, and left out such things as Hughes's *Fair Rosamond* and *April Love*, *The Invasion of the Saxons*, with Miss Siddal's *Clerk Saunders*, and *The London Magdalene*; all which may have their value to the initiated, but to us generally are childish and trifling. Then you have too much neglected landscape, which to us is far more interesting than your history painting. . . . There must be something vital and earnest in a picture to make it interesting to our public,—and any picture which has not that had better stay in England. The P.R.B. pictures have, I venture to say, attracted more admirers than all the others for this reason,

and at the same time been more fully appreciated than they are *at this day* in England.

. . . In spite of all these drawbacks and the straitness of the times, the Exhibition holds its own and grows into wider favour every day. And something of this, I must say, is owing to Mr. Ruxton, whose management has been most admirable, and whose excellent address and personal influence has won him friends and favour with all classes and parties. . . . Ruxton captivates all who come near him, and what personal influence can do for such an undertaking, *his* will have done. The artists unite with him, and the club welcomes him, and the ladies especially become workers for the success of the gallery. . . .

One thing might as well be said to the artists contributors. Our picture-buyers rarely buy from the exhibitions,—they prefer pictures that have not been exhibited: and the true policy for them is to send out such pictures as will provoke commissions.

Yours sincerely,

W. J. STILLMAN.

100.

## DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

By "Topsy" (sometimes "Top") my brother meant the illustrious William Morris: the origin of the misnomer (which was, I believe, invented by some one else) does not deserve discussion. Pollen was (or is) Mr. J. Hungerford Pollen, a clergyman of the Church of England who became a Roman Catholic either before or soon after the date of this letter. He had already done some decorative work in Oxford, which excited a good deal of notice. Rossetti's "biography" of Brown is the short account which appeared in *Men of the Time*.

[87 HIGH STREET, OXFORD.

? 1857.]

MY DEAR BROWN,

I trust fully to send £10 to-morrow, and more as soon as ever I can. I am most sorry and ashamed about it: but find myself sorely in the mire (of course) about this work—which I ought not to have undertaken at all, knowing myself. Not that it goes slowly for the way we do it, but we are doing it much more carefully than we meant. However it will soon be done for all that, I am sure. It is very

jolly work in itself, but really one is mad to do such things. I suppose my debt on Russell Place nears £10, and then I owe you £40, do I not? or is it more? I shall do my utmost regularly now, and am disgusted at myself to think of your needing to ask for it after all your kindness.

Jones, Topsy, Pollen, and I, are all at work here now. I hope you will see our work when done somehow.

That man has been writing to me again for your biography, which I thought I was too late for. So to-day I immortalize you.

Yours affectionately,

D. G. R.

101.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

[DENMARK HILL.

? 1857.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

You must not take that Turner—it has been hawking about in London this 18 months—it is the worst drawing Turner ever made. I would not give £20 for it, suspecting

it even of being retouched. MacCracken ought not to have tried to fasten it on you. It was quite fair two years ago—but not after he had tried to sell it everywhere and failed.

Don't annoy yourself about anything you owe me—but do your commissions for other people and Llandaff as fast as you can.

Or if you like to do another side of the Union I will consider that as 70 guineas off my debt: provided there's no absolute nonsense in it, and the trees are like trees, and the stones like stones.

I hope to see you to-morrow, but write this in case of missing you.

Yours always affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

102.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

“The roof” means the roof of the Union Hall in Oxford.

[DENMARK HILL.

29 December 1857.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I'll look to the accounts directly.

Miss Swale and Miss Heaton I have down as

received. Marshall I have not; which surprises and vexes me, as I thought I had been perfectly methodical in the whole affair. I remember Gabriel's giving me something—and my giving him a receipt—so I have no doubt your account is right. Would Mrs. Seddon kindly take the trouble to come to the bank herself? I would meet her there—and the whole sum might be at once transferred into her name.

Any day at three o'clock would do for me.

The roof *is* and is *not* satisfactory—clever, but not right.

You know the fact is they're all the least bit crazy, and it's very difficult to manage them.

Yours always truly,

J. RUSKIN.

If you use enclosed card you'll hear me go over a good deal I've said before, but I hope more clearly.

103.

DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

Mr. Plint was a stockbroker in Leeds, who became towards 1858 a very liberal purchaser of paintings of

the Præraphaelite order. He died in 1861. "Topsy's picture" was a *Tristram and Yseult*.

[14 CHATHAM PLACE.

? January 1858.]

DEAR BROWN,

. . . Plint was here on Tuesday evening and wants me to tell you that he wishes you to do as you wish about the sleeve in *Christ and Peter*. He would evidently prefer to have it done. He had given Jones a £350 commission, and bought that pen and ink drawing for £25. He wants something of Martineau and Collins, to whom I have spoken. He has bought Topsy's picture for 75 guineas.

Yours,

D. G. R.

*P.S.*—Ruskin has offered to remit my debt to him of £70 if I will paint a second picture at Union, so I think I shall.

104.

CAPTAIN RUXTON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

This letter, though a long one, is incomplete. "Horsley's *Prince Harry*" is a large picture which had been at the Westminster Hall competition of



1847—the scene from Shakespear's *Henry IV.* (or indeed from history) where Prince Henry, supposing his father to be dead, puts on the crown. Madox Brown's *Cordelia at the Bedside of Lear* did not sell in America.

[PHILADELPHIA.

11 February 1858.]

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,

I have accepted an offer, conditionally upon Mr. Hunt's approval, of £300 for *The Light of the World*. It is from a gentleman, Mr. Wolf, who has the finest collection of pictures in New York, and who apologizes for making an offer below the sum named, but pleads the pressure of the times, and inability to pay more just now. As far as the times go it is a very good offer, and I hope Mr. Hunt will be inclined to accept it, for his picture will go into good company. . . .

I have sold Leighton's *Romeo and Juliet* for £400 sterling, and Lucy's *Lord and Lady William Russell* for £400. . . .

You must consider what has been already done as great success, considering all things. There is some talk of a subscription to buy Horsley's *Prince Harry* for the large saloon of the

Philadelphian Opera House, a scheme which shall not die out from any lack of spurring from me. Had not the *Romeo and Juliet* been bought by a private gentleman, Mr. Harrison, a public subscription would have been raised to secure it for the Academy. Oakes's two landscapes are reserved for the Academy if there are funds to buy them at the close of the Exhibition. I am nearly certain they will be bought. No picture has met with such *even* approbation as Brown's *King Lear*. Admirers and abusers of P.R. Bism alike join in its praise. I am determined to find a purchaser for it, although I have not yet had any offer.

It will be well for all the artists who have sold pictures to replace them by new ones for Boston. . . .

105.

DANTE ROSSETTI to PROFESSOR NORTON,  
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The "single figure of Mary [Magdalene] leaving the house of feasting" was, I suppose, the *Mary Magdalene* contributed to the Præraphaelite Exhibition. In the volume of *The Early Italian Poets*,

the poem No. 28 is one by Cavalcanti, to which Rossetti supplied the heading, "He laments the presumption and incontinence of his youth." The poem "about the brute of a skipper," which Rossetti surmised to be by Lowell, is really by Whittier, *Old Flud Ireson*. Holman Hunt's picture, mentioned towards the close of the letter, must be *The Finding of Christ in the Temple*. Morris's volume of poems is his first, *The Defence of Guenevere*, &c.

14 CHATHAM PLACE, BLACKFRIARS.

July 1858.

MY DEAR NORTON,

What a criminal I feel in writing your kind name at last I cannot tell you. Too surely did I get your first letter so long ago, and ever since have meant answering it; but, though I do not disguise from myself that the failure of such intention has been caused partly by laziness, I am also conscious that one reason has been my wish to be ready with a drawing which I could offer you when I should write, for the commission you gave me. Such a drawing I recently finished, and since then had been more than once meaning to write, when your last letter comes, and shreds away from me at once the last remnant of the merit of spontaneity in answering. So I must feel like a sneak, and e'en go on.

Business first. The drawing which I have for you is called *Before the Battle*, and represents a castlefull of ladies who have been embroidering banners which are now being fastened to the spears by the Lady of the castle. There are a good many figures and half figures large and small in it; and I hope that in colour it is one of the best things I have done. I do not send it you at the same time with this letter (though it is quite finished), partly because, with your permission, I should like to keep it a little to show; and partly also that I do not quite like selling you such a decided "pig in a poke" as this would be if I packed it off before knowing whether the subject of it pleased your fancy beforehand. These chivalric Froissartian themes are quite a passion of mine, but whether of yours also I do not know. If you decidedly felt unkindly towards it, I dare say I might be able, by the time I got your answer, to offer you instead a finished drawing of a different class of subject. Meanwhile (to be thoroughly impudent, all things considered) may I beg your answer at once, that I may know how to act in the matter? and (worst of all, to be thoroughly

sordid) may I beg, without mincing, that you will consider this drawing or another as ready to be delivered at once on your decision, and that you will let me have with your answer to this letter, by return of post if possible, the amount of the commission (50 guineas if I am not mistaken)? for, to tell you the truth, my Oxford labours of love have resulted in leaving me a little aground. As soon as I hear that you wish your drawing forwarded, you shall have it.

I may now go on to tell you something about the Oxford pictures. I dare say that you know that the building is one by Woodward—the Debating Room of the Union Society. Its beauty and simple character seemed to make it a delightful receptacle for wall paintings, and accordingly a few of us thought we would decorate it, as an experiment in a style to which I, for one, should like to devote the whole of my time better than to any other branch of the art. With the exception of Arthur Hughes and myself, those engaged upon it have made there almost their *début* as painters; they are Edward Jones, W. Morris (of whom you saw some stories in *Oxford* and *Cambridge Magazine*), and

who, I think, must have sent you his volume of poems), Spencer Stanhope, Pollen, and V. C. Prinsep. Jones's picture is a perfect masterpiece, as is all he does. His subject in the series (which you know is from the *Mort Arthur*), represents Merlin being imprisoned beneath a stone by the Damsel of the Lake.

My own subject (for each of us has as yet done only one) is Sir Launcelot prevented by his sin from entering the chapel of the San Grail. He has fallen asleep before the shrine full of angels, and, between him and it, rises in his dream the image of Queen Guenevere, the cause of all. She stands gazing at him with her arms extended in the branches of an apple-tree. As a companion to this I shall paint a design, which I have made for the purpose, of the attainment of the San Grail by Launcelot's son Galahad, together with Bors and Percival.

The series commences with Pollen's picture, *King Arthur obtaining the Sword Excalibur from the Damsel of the Lake*, and ends with Hughes's *Arthur carried away to Avalon and the Sword thrown back into the Lake*. The other pictures painted are, first, by Morris, *Sir Palomides'*

*Jealousy of Sir Tristram*; second, by Prinsep, *Sir Pellias leaving the Lady Ettarde*; and third, by Stanhope, *Sir Gawaine meeting Three Ladies at a Well*. Several spaces still remain to be filled, and will be so gradually as time allows. Something more, if not all, will be done this long vacation. I shall be going down there myself almost immediately. The works you know are all very large,—the figures considerably above life size, though at their height from the ground they hardly look so. I trust, when the work is finished, you will see it some day. There is no work like it for delightfulness in the doing, and none I believe in which one might hope to delight others more according to his powers.

I forgot to say that over the porch of the building we have, carved in stone, the Round Table, with Arthur and the Knights. This Munro has done from a design of mine. I might tell you of other things I have been engaged on, but they are all small things. I am now, I hope, likely to be wholly occupied, or almost wholly, for some time, on two works of a larger size than any pictures—*i.e.* easel pictures—I have done for some time. One of them is the triptych for

Llandaff Cathedral, which I am beginning at last,—the centre-piece being from a design which you saw and mentioned so kindly in your article in the first *Atlantic*, for which I have never yet thanked you. It is that of the Nativity; for the side pieces to which I have figures of David as a shepherd and David as a king—the ancestor of Christ, embodying in his own person the shepherd and king who are seen worshipping in the Nativity. The other picture I am doing is Mary Magdalene entering the house where Christ is, with her wicked companions trying “to chaff her out of it.” This has many figures. You will remember a single figure of Mary leaving the house of feasting, for you mentioned it too I know.

Another of my occupations (but at leisure moments) is the getting through the press at last my volume of *Early Italian Poets*. Of these I send you some proofs herewith—being the poems of Guido Cavalcanti, whom Dante styles the “first of his friends.” The whole of this book of mine will be, strictly speaking, the first public appearance of the poems in any language; for no Italian has ever edited them so that they can be in the least read or understood; not



even putting question and answer together in such poems as are written in correspondence, of which there are instances among those I send. I have had to find out all that is to be found for myself in the course of a good many years during which they have occupied me; and I really feel it to be worth doing, as they are an immense accession even to one's means of understanding Dante's early life, apart from their own poetical interest. I need not remind you, I am sure, that, as these poems will be (at least in part) the property of a publisher, they could not yet be to any extent reprinted from the proof sheets. The book will be a rather big one, and will include such biographical matter as is necessary,—for instance, a notice of Cavalcanti, but this I have not yet written. Many thanks for the photograph from your Giorgione, which I should at once pronounce as genuine as one can ever say such things are, particularly considering where you got it, which certainly gives it a fair right to be believed. Of itself one can hardly judge without the colour, no doubt; but, with that, I can understand its being a thing to dream before.

I do not know whether I am glad you have

recovered those verses of mine; since, if they turn out so foggy, not only to you but to Mr. Lowell also, I have no doubt they really are so, and it is not much use extending their sphere of perplexity. But let them be in your hands to use as you like. By-the-bye, I must assure you, in self-defence, that all obscurities in my translations are a thousand times more murky in the originals. One poem—No. 28—I have endeavoured to seem knowing about in the headings I have put, but must confess in private that I do not half understand it. And this applies to some others.

I saw lately a friend of yours—Mr. H. Bright, who was introduced to me kindly by Mrs. Gaskell, and who by-the-bye saw and liked the drawing *Before the Battle*. Of Ruskin I have no news lately. He has been some time out of England, in Switzerland and elsewhere. We have spoken more than once of his portrait, and he is ready, I believe, whenever I am, and he is in town. I trust it will not be long before I begin. In the numbers of the *Atlantic* which I saw, I remember—besides my thankfulness for your friendly notice—several poems by Emerson in

his grand vein, and one or two striking tales, better sometimes I thought in idea than in execution—one of these was *The Queen of the Red Chessmen*. Who wrote this? There seemed a wild appropriateness in much of it, but it struck me that the human and superhuman were not quite comfortably grafted on to each other. Had I the numbers by me, I should find more to speak of, I doubt not. Was there anything of yours besides the Manchester paper? And of Mr. Lowell's? By-the-bye I should suspect him of a forcible piece about a brute of a skipper being tarred and feathered.

Your "Shady Hill" is a tempting address, where one would wish to be. It reminds one somehow of the *Pilgrim's Progress* where the pleasant names of heavenly places really make you feel as if you could get there if the journey could only be made in that very way,—the pitfalls plain to the eye and all the wicked people with wicked names. I find no shady hill or vale, though, in these places and pursuits which I have to do with. It seems all glare and change, and nothing well done. Another man might do better, no doubt, and find the shade that he

could work in. But I see it is always to be thus with me. You do not tell me of everything<sup>1</sup> you are doing on your Shady Hill or elsewhere.

I fear you will find this letter to be all *I's* (except the *hook* for the money), so let me try if I can tell you anything of any one else. Hunt has not yet finished his picture, which will be a wonder when it is done at last. Madox Brown is still working at his *Work*, which I fancy you saw,—a large modern picture. My brother has been largely occupied with duties in your neighbourhood, and I suppose the English Exhibition may be considered *un fait accompli*.

All send you their kind regards. My impression is that Morris must have sent you his volume of poems, which I am sure you would like greatly. I am afraid, from your not telling me, that no one has much liked *Clerk Saunders*. All I can say is, if they don't, they're wrong.

The Brownings are not to be in England this year. They talk of Egypt for the winter.

Believe me, dear Norton,

ever yours sincerely,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

<sup>1</sup> Query—anything.

106.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI to WILLIAM ROSSETTI,  
Freshwater.

45 UPPER ALBANY STREET,  
LONDON, N.W.

18 August 1858.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

Your letters, showing that you are enjoying yourself, cheer us like sunbeams and produce in us a moon-like content. . . .

We have revisited the Zoological Gardens. Lizards are in strong force, tortoises active, alligators looking up. The weasel-headed armadillo, as usual, evaded us. A tree-frog came to light, the exact image of a tin toy to follow a magnet in a slop-basin. The blind wombat and neighbouring porcupine broke forth into short-lived hostilities, but apparently without permanent results. The young puma begins to bite. Your glorious sea-anemones—I well know the strawberry specimen, but do not remember the green and purple. . . .

Your affectionate sister,

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

107.

WILLIAM ROSSETTI to FRANCES ROSSETTI.

FRESHWATER GATE.

1 September 1858.

DEAREST MAMMA,

. . . Tennyson has been back since Friday, and took the trouble of looking me up on Saturday; but bent his steps through some mistake to Alum Bay—some six times too far off—where of course he could learn nothing of me. I spent Monday very pleasantly at his very commodious house (not half a mile from here), and shall return as often as I can spare myself from here. He found the Norway travelling very laborious. He and his wife (a most lovely human creature) like Gabriel's *Arthur Watched by Weeping Queens* as well as, or better than, any other illustration in the edition. . . .

Your

W. M. R.

108.

ROBERT BROWNING to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

This letter refers to a photograph of Mrs. Browning which, under my superintendence, was engraved

by Mr. Barlow as a frontispiece to an edition of *Aurora Leigh*. The result was partially, by no means entirely, satisfactory to me. My brother, as well as myself, paid a great deal of attention to this matter; and perhaps the notes which he made on the first proof of the engraving may deserve extraction. "The eyebrows more square, as in photograph, and the further eyebrow continued to the outline next the hair, instead of stopping short. The hair brought a little more down over the forehead, and the parting-line not left quite so raw. More tone on the forehead, and indeed all over the face. The mouth is considerably in need of correction. This may be done by adding a line of shadow all along the top of the upper lip, thus lessening the curve upward at the corner, which gives a sort of smile not in the photograph, and not characteristic of the original. A touch may be added (as I have done) beneath the corner of the mouth, to assist the alteration. The line of shadow added to the upper lip will also serve to lessen the space between nose and mouth, the cleft in the centre of which space requires also to be more strongly marked. The under lip more positively marked, which is done by slightly raising and darkening the shadow beneath it. The eyes to be made larger, and less looking out of the corners, and the shadow of the nearer eye to be brought slightly closer to the nose. The nostril to be made rather larger and deeper. The hair to be darkened all over. The shoulder and back to be slightly lowered, as I have made them.

The outer line of the arm to be considerably curved by adding to the sleeve. More tone on the hand, and slight shadows on the dress underneath the jacket, to remove the cutting line. The print would gain greatly by being cut smaller all round, and most essentially by the background being deepened to its present tone, and the under-dress toned all over, as I have done. The top line of the table also requires tone. Other slight modifications will be perceived."

FLORENCE.

4 *November* 1858.

DEAR MR. ROSSETTI,

Allingham writes to me that you would be content, out of the kindness of your heart, to superintend the engraving of a photograph of my wife which I am anxious should be well done. There are caricatures extant, published indeed both in England and America, which induced her to sit to the sun; and, as the result is quite his own, without retouching, I want to put so much of the truth in evidence as such a photograph affords. There is too much shadow and exaggeration about the corners of the mouth, the eyes have iris and pupil run into one blackishness, the hair is wanting in the shadows that characterize it, and there's a bit of white looking like a clerical band which is the white



background left white: but, for all these things, the whole is like, so I want the engraver to keep it so.

Will you really look after this for us? Allingham assures us that you will, and my own remembrances reassure us, so I ask the favour. There's your brother, and Woolner, for instance—our dear friends, we well know—but I trust they are busied with engravers on their own account.

You will be glad to know that my wife is much better (she was very unwell in the spring). We go to Rome in a week or ten days. Her kind regard goes with mine.

Yours faithfully ever,

ROBERT BROWNING.

109.

ROBERT BROWNING *to* MR. CHAPMAN.

This letter, addressed to the senior partner in the publishing firm of Chapman & Hall, came into my hands in connection with the preceding.

FLORENCE.

DEAR CHAPMAN,

4 *November* 1858.

We arrived a week ago, got over the Mont Cenis before the snow fell, and find ourselves

safely here. There is a winter just set in, so prematurely that we look for it to break up in a few days and give us the last of the fine weather, by which the best thing we can do will be to set off again for Rome, where we pass some months. My wife is so much the better for the stay in France that I shall clinch the advantage if I can. . . .

Next, the photograph; you will have received it, I hope, long ago: and now, about the engraving. You will bear to be told—in the glory of your success with *Frederick*—that Carlyle don't digest "the children" at all, saying with entire truth that "the engraver is a mere mechanic, and has changed Freddy from a pretty boy of nine into a dwarf of fifteen." I have not seen for myself, but so he says, and preciously frightened I am at its coming to be my wife's turn. For the photograph is *good*, and there is only wanting justice to it. Now please remember all my admirable qualities, patience, long-suffering, and so on, and particularly oblige me in this following point: Let William Rossetti, whose kindness will bear the burden, advise and superintend in the choice of the engraver and generally in the business. I know that he will bring it about capitally.

We have many artistic friends in London generous enough to care about our concerns and help us in such a matter : but I think William Rossetti is our man just now, so I write to him, knowing indeed that he has expressed his willingness to do what we want. My wife will send you the corrected *Aurora Leigh* before we leave this place, if possible—some part of it, at all events.

ROBERT BROWNING.

110.

JOHN RUSKIN to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

The phrase “more deciphering” relates to some work which I had volunteered to do in connexion with the arrangement of sketches &c. by Turner, which Ruskin was then accomplishing at the National Gallery. A number of Turner’s notebooks and jottings passed through my hands; and I “deciphered” them to the best of my ability—the handwriting being mostly execrable, and the spelling &c. the reverse of blameless.

8 December 1858.

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I fear there is no money at the bank. The cheque I drew was for £550—if not more.

I will look at the receipt: but if you are passing at the bank just ask if any more is paid in—and tell me about my *subscription* to Hogarth Club—I can't exhibit anything. Yes, more deciphering—please, but after New Year.

Always yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

111.

DANTE ROSSETTI *to* MADOX BROWN.

Some uncertainty had arisen about drawings contributed by Mr. Pollen to a collection at the Hogarth Club. Mr. Thomas Morten was a young painter, who had sent a picture which was not generally liked (I myself saw no serious objection to it), and he had been persuaded to withdraw it. "Lady Trevelyan's drawing" by Rossetti must have been the water-colour of *Mary in the House of John*. Some readers may like to know who were the members of the Hogarth Club: I therefore add after this letter the names which stand printed on a card dated 1859. These names show the Artistic Members only: there were other Members, not perhaps very numerous—myself one of them.

[14 CHATHAM PLACE.

Christmas, December 1858.]

DEAR BROWN,

I have not yet thanked you for your note about Pollen, and am glad to find it is all right.

It is now that the mistakes in elections turn up most lamentably. The first things that catch the eye now, since laborious removal of Morten, are 3 staring shop Puseyisms by B., the largest figure pieces in the place. The rest of the Exhibition will consist very mainly of very second-rate landscapes by A. Hunt &c. Jones' drawings look splendid, but it seems they mean to hang his glass cartoons in the passage, which indeed seems necessary, as they kill everything absolutely. I was meaning to send Lady Trevelyan's drawing, but she wants it home. However, Stephens as Secretary has written, and I suppose will get it. I have nothing else I care to send. Were the *David Rex* finished, I would be glad to send that—but shall not have done it much before a fortnight I suppose. I would then send it with the Llandaff sketches, if the Exhibition is not open before, but I suppose it will be; nor

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do I know how long they could remain there, as regards Seddon. I suppose there is to be something else of yours; but really, what between Morten, B., and the small landscapes, it seems to me as if it would have been much wiser to put it off for a month or two till better things were ready.

Merry Christmas to you all from

Yours affectionately,

D. G. R.

ARTISTIC MEMBERS OF THE HOGARTH CLUB,  
1859.

G. F. Bodley.

G. P. Boyce.

John Brett.

F. Madox Brown.

W. S. Burton.

James Campbell.

J. M. Carrick.

John R. Clayton.

Eyre Crowe, Jun.

William Davis.

Alfred D. Fripp.

Michael F. Halliday.

Arthur Hughes.

Alfred W. Hunt.

W. Holman Hunt.

J. W. Inchbold.

Edward Burne-Jones.

Edward Lear.

F. Leighton.

Robert B. Martineau.

William Morris.

T. Morten.

J. W. Oakes.	George Edmund Street.
J. H. Pollen.	John L. Tupper.
Val. Prinsep.	Henry Wallis.
Dante G. Rossetti.	G. F. Watts.
John Ruskin.	Philip Webb.
W. B. Scott.	W. L. Windus.
J. R. Spencer Stanhope.	Benjamin Woodward.
Frederic G. Stephens.	Thomas Woolner.

*Honorary.*

David Cox.	W. Dyce, R.A.
F. Danby, A.R.A.	William Hunt.
Eug. Delacroix.	J. F. Lewis.
W. Mulready, R.A.	

112.

ROBERT BROWNING to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

This letter shows that I had some idea of writing for publication an "Exposition of *Sordello*." I forget whether I had any views as to the form of publication which might prove practicable: at any rate, the Exposition was not published, nor even written. It is pleasant to read the generous terms in which Browning, in his P.S., speaks of William Morris's first volume of poetry, *The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems*.

ROME, 43 BOCCA DI LEONE.

31 December 1858.

MY DEAR WILLIAM ROSSETTI,

(If you will let me write that)—you must have thought hardly of me unless admonished that the Roman post-office is no better than ever, and that a letter directed to Florence waits there—and when redirected to Rome, as in this case, waits there; and when finally arrived at R. B.'s, alas, waits there longer than it should! Yours was too kind a letter, however, to want a guarantee of gratitude in words at all—much less prompt words. So I say slowly now—thank you most sincerely for the attention to the engraving which you promise: I shall be quite careless and happy about it now, and so will my wife. In the other matter, the “Exposition” of *Sordello* you had a thought of making—how can I be other than honoured and gratified in every way by such a thought, and benefited by such an act if it arrives so far? In that case, use what you will, do what you will—of course with exactly the same freedom and assurance of not being misunderstood as if I were up to my ears in the moss of the pleasant plot here hard



by Caius Cestius' pyramid. Your quotations will not interfere with my own additions because they *are* purely additions, accretions, innestations, merely explanatory—I change *nothing*, but interpolate; and those who don't want more than they have already will be able to stick to *that* and welcome. It's an odd thing that I have heard of more than one commentary on the poem—Mrs. Carlyle told me all about a young actress, some five or six years since, who had written such a thing. I shall be greatly interested to read yours, you know.

All love to your brother. We hope to see you and get plenty of you ere very long. Munro will have mentioned us to you: he was made to give up his utmost news of you both, and Woolner, and Holman Hunt, and Madox Brown and the rest. Truest thanks once more from

Yours faithfully ever,

ROBERT BROWNING.

*P.S.*—I shall hardly be able to tell Morris what I think and rethink of his admirable poems, the only new poems to my mind since there's no telling when. I am indeed glad to hear that

Gabriel will soon publish those translations: I never saw one of them, less thanks to him.

113.

THOMAS DIXON to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

Mr. Dixon was a working cork-cutter in Sunderland (he afterwards owned a business of that kind), who—without what one calls cultivation, or any marked talent of his own—had strong intellectual leanings, and a certain aplomb in pitching upon things that deserved examination. He used to see a good deal of Mr. Bell Scott in Newcastle; there he met my sister Maria and myself (not perhaps Dante or Christina Rossetti). In the present letter he speaks of poems by Christina; but the personal details which he brings in apply in reality to Maria. Dixon was the “Working Man” to whom Ruskin addressed his letters published under the name of *Time and Tide by Wear and Tyne*. My brother, in one of his Family-letters (16 July 1880), has truly said of him, “I never knew of any one individual in any walk of life—even a much higher one than his—who was so entirely devoted to promoting intellectual good among those within his reach.” Without over-rating the actual contents of Dixon’s letters, I think a few extracts from them should appear in this collection.

189 HIGH STREET W., SUNDERLAND.

10 January 1859.

DEAR SIR,

I desired to read some of the *Germ*, and then tell you how much I liked them, or otherwise. In the first place then, I beg to offer you my hearty thanks for your precious New Year's gift, for I can assure you they are so to me. . . . Why is it for these pictures and essays &c., being so realistic, yet produce on the mind such a vague and dreamy sensation, approaching as it were the Mystic Land of a Bygone Age? I know not if others be affected by them in the same way. There is [in] them the life which I long for, and which to me never seems realizable in this life. I see it, and feel it, in the few essays and poems that I have read, and in the pictures of the new school, and in the everyday speaking and acting of the few representatives of its reality, in this life, that I have had the great honour and something more of knowing and hearing in my wanderings to and fro to W. B. Scott's: to him I owe all these great blessings. . . . The pieces by your sister are just of that

kind as I should expect; full of that quiet peaceful piety and faith, such as I always remember in thinking over the few hours' conversation I have had the pleasure of having in her presence. I see now as I write this, in my mind's eye, the quiet face, and hear the calm quiet voice—so full of the spirit that one finds in the simple though expressive old Fathers; a reflection to me of a deep lover of Thomas à Kempis, and of one who had achieved that rare and arduous task in this life, the realization in actual life of the teachings of that beautiful book. . . .

Yours truly,

T. DIXON.

114.

DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

“Avuncularism” (as the experienced reader may comprehend) means “recourse to a pawnbroker”—popularly called “my uncle.” The two pen-and-ink drawings referred to are the *Hamlet and Ophelia* and *Launcelot escaping from Guenevere's Chamber*. I cannot say what the “yellow lady”

was. "Val" is Mr. Valentine Prinsep. I am not aware which was the head and landscape joined together.

[CHATHAM PLACE.

16 February 1859.]

MY DEAR BROWN,

. . . Just now I have only been saved from further "avuncularism" by a visit of old Plint, who has bought two pen and ink drawings of *Hamlet* and *Guenevere*—one for 40 guineas, the other for 30: but the second is chiefly in exchange for a certain yellow lady which he wants to return—at least I think he will. I brought Val down, and he bought his Bridge picture (unseen) for £100. I think he is also sure to buy Stanhope's, who is to write him what the price is. O wondrous Plint! Did you see that glorious stroke of business—the joining together of a head and a landscape into one great work here? Plint bites already, and will buy I suspect.

Yours affectionately,

D. G. R.

115.

WILLIAM ROSSETTI to WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

14 UPPER ALBANY STREET, LONDON, N.W.

6 March [1859].

DEAR ALLINGHAM,

. . . It is you I have to thank for procuring me the honour of supervising the engraving of Mrs. Browning's photograph portrait for the forthcoming *Aurora Leigh*. I have had some very welcome pleasant Browningian letters on the subject. The portrait came a long while ago, and I put it into the hands of Barlow who engraved Millais's *Huguenot*. The day before yesterday the proof-engraving reached me, and I can see that my office of reviser won't prove a sinecure: I only hope the final result will satisfy, or come near to satisfying, Browning. (Please to keep this close, as any rumours that the engraving, in its present stage, is not quite the thing, reaching Browning's ears, might create a panic.) But, between you and me, the photograph itself is far from right (I fancy you saw it): Mrs. Browning looks as if she was hiding behind her long pretty black locks, like a King

Charles's spaniel behind its hanging ears, and peering out with something between shamefacedness and a leer. In point of likeness, a good deal is right, but difficult to be translated in engraving without personal acquaintance. . . .

Yours always truly,

W. M. ROSSETTI.

116.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

“The picture” may I suppose be the *St. Catharine*. I cannot speak with any definiteness as to the “lady in blue.”

[DENMARK HILL.

? 1859.]

DEAR R.,

You shall have the picture again immediately. I have never scrubbed it—more by token it has *never once* been out of the frame since I had it. It has the most curious look of having been rubbed—but it is impossible unless it was taken out of frame by you. But this is not the only case of failure of colour from your careless way of using colours. My pet lady in

blue is all gone to nothing, the green having evaporated or sunk into the dress—I send her back for you to look at—and I think the scarlet has faded on the shoe. You must really alter your way of working, and mind what you are about.

Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

117.

ROBERT BROWNING *to* W. M. ROSSETTI.

ROME, VIA BOCCA DI LEONE 43.

*2 April 1859.*

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,

I have only a minute or two to say a word in—but your old kindness will understand. I hear that the engraving is too likely to be a failure, despite your best pains: I suppose it is hard to transfer photographs. But the case being so, the only thing will be to suppress the plate at once—because our only object in letting it be published would be to get done with the prints in London and America by putting a real likeness forward. You know that I know your own trouble in the business has been great, and



your goodness perfect. But we all fail sometimes, engravers and poets alike, and if Mr. Barlow will not break his heart about it, no more will

Yours most truly and gratefully,

ROBERT BROWNING.

I write in all this hurry to save the Saturday's post: pray write a word and say you understand, though I am sure you do. Of course, it is still possible that through correcting the print may even yet prove satisfactory: I only express my first fears. My wife's truest thanks and regards go with mine.

118.

ROBERT BROWNING *to* WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

The revolution in Tuscany, here eulogized, is that which finally got rid of the Grand Ducal government. When war was imminent between Sardinia and France on the one side, and Austria on the other, Leopold II. saw that there was nothing for him to do but to abdicate and depart—which he did—thus leaving Tuscany open for forming an integral part in the kingdom of Italy.

ROME, BOCCA DI LEONE 43.

10 *May* 1859.

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,

Our last notes crossed, did they not? I am very glad to get the revise and see for myself. Things prove not so bad as I feared—far from it: certainly I accept this gladly as the best obtainable under the difficult circumstances. Of course photographs in general, and those “ambrotypes” especially, must be hard to reproduce: and then the subject of the print is away. I daresay we expected too much: pray thank the engraver very truly from me, and explain that I am quite aware of his ability when there is a proper field for the exercise of it—having seen his admirable engraving of Millais’ picture. So the end is, I write by this post to Chapman bidding him publish as soon as he likes. Now, truest thanks to you and to your brother who have been so entirely good to us—thank also, and warmly, Woolner and the other friends who have interested themselves in the matter. We shall not see you all this summer, I fear: but don’t doubt we mean to return some day, if only for that. Is not this a perfectly

[admirable?] performance, this our revolution in Tuscany? The order, moderation, ingenuity of the people is without example. I write in utmost haste to save the safe direct conveyance, but am ever yours, dear Rossetti, gratefully,

ROBERT BROWNING.

The extreme angle of the nose might be blunted with advantage. They might also open the eyes a little more; so small in proportion even in the photograph, and here pig-like. The mistake seems there. Something might be obtained by giving a lash and shade to the under-lid.

119.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

The poems here referred to do not appear to have included any of Rossetti's original work: they were the translations from the Italian. The pamphlet spoken of in the P.S. must have been the new issue of Ruskin's *Notes* on the Academy and other Exhibitions.

17 June [1859].

DEAR ROSSETTI,

You must have wondered at my never speaking of the poems in any of my letters—but

I was for a long time when I first left London too ill to examine them properly.

You have had an excellent critic in Allingham—as far as I can judge. I mean—that I would hardly desire for myself, in looking over the poems, to do more than *ink* all his *pencil*. But—as a reader or taster for the public—I should wish to find more fault than he has done, and to plead with you in all cases for entire clearness of modern and unantiquated expression.

As a mass, the poems are too much of the same colour. I think a considerable number of the love poems should be omitted, as, virtually, they repeat each other to a tiresome extent. The dialogue with Death which is the finest of all should be finished up to the highest point of English perfectness; so also the war sonnets about Pisa and the wolves and so on—and if possible more of this general character should be found, and added to the series. Great pains should be taken to get the two dispatches of ballads right; they are both exquisitely beautiful. You must work on these at your leisure. I think the book will be an interesting and popular one, if you will rid it from crudities.

I am very glad to find you can stick up for your work, as well as burn it. We will say no more about the drawing until you see it again. I am beginning to have a very strong notion that you burn all your best things and keep the worst ones. Virgil would have done so, if he could;—and numbers of great men more.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

Kind regards to your brother.

There was nothing noticed in the pamphlet that was out of my way. My *business* is to know all sorts of *good*—small and great, no matter how small—and to attack all sorts of *bad*, no matter how great. I am going to run full butt at Raphael this next time.

120.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

In consequence of this friendly letter my sister offered to *Once a Week* a poem, *Maude Clare*. It was inserted, with an illustration by Millais—I can but think, one of his worst woodblock-designs. I do not recollect that anything by John Tupper appeared in

the magazine : nothing of mine did, nor do I now remember that I either offered, or had intended to offer, any contribution.

SOUTH COTTAGE,

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES,

13 July 1859.

DEAR ROSSETTI,

In answer to your letters I shall be most happy to do anything I can to forward your wishes.

Lucas is the editor of *Once a Week*, and all letters sent to him at the office will I suppose meet with his attention. But anything from either yourself, Sister, or Tupper, I will send myself, if you think it would be better. Some poem of your Sister's I am sure would be gladly received, and I could illustrate it. However, send and I will forward to Lucas. The fact is, as you may imagine, I cannot give much time to the publication, and have no *word whatsoever* in the business of it. . . . If you will send any short poem immediately, I would make a design for it and give it them, or if you would

prefer it I would send the poem to them beforehand. . . .

Ever yours sincerely,

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

I feel certain they would be glad to get some of your Sister's poems. . . .

121.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

The observations which Mr. Ruskin makes on Rossetti's poem of *Jenny* are interesting: but it appears to me that he had misapprehended the relation—the merely casual and extempore relation—which the poem intends to represent between the male speaker and Jenny. The line "There is not any difference" was line two in the poem of *The Portrait* as it originally stood.

[DENMARK HILL.

? 1859.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I have read *Jenny*, and nearly all the other poems, with great care and with great admiration. In many of the highest qualities

they are entirely great. But I should be sorry if you laid them before the public entirely in their present state.

I do not think *Jenny* would be understood but by few, and even of those few the majority would be offended by the mode of treatment. The character of the speaker himself is too doubtful. He seems, even to me, anomalous. He reasons and feels entirely like a wise and just man—yet is occasionally drunk and brutal: no affection for the girl shows itself—his throwing the money into her hair is disorderly—he is altogether a disorderly person. The right feeling is unnatural in him, and does not therefore truly touch us. I don't mean that an entirely right-minded person never keeps a mistress: but, if he does, he either loves her—or, not loving her, would blame himself, and be horror-struck for himself no less than for her, in such a moralizing fit.

My chief reason for not sending it to Thackeray is this discordance and too great boldness for common readers. But also in many of its verses it is unmelodious and incomplete. "Fail" does not rhyme to "Belle," nor "Jenny" to "guinea."



You can write perfect verses if you choose, and should never write imperfect ones.

None of these objections apply to the *Nocturn*. If you will allow me to copy and send that instead of the *Jenny*, I will do it instantly. Many pieces in it are magnificent,—and there is hardly one harsh line.

Write me word about this quickly. And could you and William dine with us on Wednesday—to-morrow week? I hope to see you before that however.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Or I will take *The Portrait* if you like it better. Only you must retouch the two first stanzas. The “there is not any difference” won’t do.

122.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

Miss Herbert (whose name off the stage was Mrs. Crabb) was an actress whose beauty was much admired by Rossetti. The picture into which Ruskin expected her face to be painted was *The Seed of David*, I consider. Indeed it seems to me that



my brother did in the first instance paint the head there of the Madonna from Miss Herbert, but he afterwards substituted the head of Mrs. William Morris.

[DENMARK HILL.

? 1859.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I am unfortunately hindered from coming to-morrow—but hope to be with you on Wednesday at 3. I won't say "I hope Miss Herbert isn't coming to-morrow," for I want you to get her beautiful face into your picture as soon as possible—but I hope it will take you a long time, and that I shall be able to come next time.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

Keep my letter if you've got one, till I come.

123.

DANTE ROSSETTI *to* MADOX BROWN.

12 EAST PARADE, HASTINGS.

22 April 1860.

MY DEAR BROWN,

. . . I have been, almost without respite, since I saw you, in the most agonizing

anxiety about poor dear Lizzie's health. Indeed it has been that kind of pain which one can never remember at its full, as she has seemed ready to die daily and more than once a day. It has needed all my own strength to nurse her through this dreadful attack. Since yesterday there has certainly been a reaction for the better. She has been able to get up and come down stairs, and eats just now—though not much—without bringing up her food—which she has done till now, generally a few minutes after swallowing it. At the same time, this improvement is so sudden and unaccountable that one fears to put full trust in it, but can only hope and wait. At any rate, it makes me feel as if I had been dug out of a vault, so many times lately has it seemed to me that she could never lift her head again. I write you this, but there is no need of repeating it at full, as it is such dreadful news at this moment. Emma made a kind offer of coming here when I last saw her, but Lizzy I find prefers being alone with me, and indeed it would be too painful for any one to witness. I assure you it has been almost too much for me.

I may possibly be in London for a few hours to-morrow or next day, but hardly long enough to see any friends, and of course I shall not come away at all unless she seems safe for a time. I had wished to snatch a few days' work in London before our marriage, but this seems daily more impossible—indeed it hardly seems as if I should ever work again.

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

. . . . .

124.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM *to* WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

LANE, BALLYSHANNON.

22 May 1860.

DEAR WILLIAM,

. . . Perhaps this extract from a note of Miss Browning's, dated Paris, April 19, may have novelty for you: "I had letters from our Florentines a day or two ago. My sister's health is improving, a few fine warm days having revived her, but still she is far below her average

strength. Robert fears that any journey north this summer would be absolutely impossible. She can bear no fatigue or excitement, and they purpose remaining two months longer in Rome; then returning to Florence to look a little after household matters (Robert's man of business there, a banker whom he valued, being dead), taking refuge when driven out by the heat in the nearest cool place, and probably again wintering in Rome: after which, if God grant life and strength, a long visit to Paris and England." . . .

Yours, dear William,

Very truly,

W. ALLINGHAM.

125.

DANTE ROSSETTI *to* MADOX BROWN.

"Ned and Georgie" are Sir Edward Burne-Jones and his then bride (Miss Georgiana Macdonald). By "the Towers of Topsy," the house which Mr. Morris was then getting built at Upton (not far from Woolwich) is meant.

[HASTINGS.

23 *May* 1860.]

DEAR BROWN,

All hail from Lizzie and myself just back from church. I am sorry I cannot give you any good news of her health, but we must hope for the best. We go to Folkestone this afternoon if possible with a view to spending a week or so in Paris, and, if we stay long enough there, I hope Ned and Georgie will join us. . . .

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

If you are still with Top, as Ned told me you were, best love to the Topsyies. The Towers of Topsy must darken the air by this.

126.

## LIZZIE ROSSETTI—A POEM.

I have separated this poem from others written before Mrs. Dante Rossetti's marriage, because I find her MS. of it (rather roughly done) upon paper bearing the stamped initials E.E.R. It is of course possible that the poem had been written before her marriage, and copied out afterwards; but I have no particular reason for thinking this.



G. Rossetti.

W. L. Collis.

*Veronica Veronese.*

*By permission of J. Caswall-Smith.*



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## AT LAST

O mother, open the window wide  
And let the daylight in ;  
The hills grow darker to my sight,  
And thoughts begin to swim.

And, mother dear, take my young son  
(Since I was born of thee),  
And care for all his little ways,  
And nurse him on thy knee.

And, mother, wash my pale, pale hands,  
And then bind up my feet ;  
My body may no longer rest  
Out of its winding-sheet.

And, mother dear, take a sapling twig  
And green grass newly mown,  
And lay them on my empty bed,  
That my sorrow be not known.

And, mother, find three berries red  
And pluck them from the stalk,  
And burn them at the first cockcrow,  
That my spirit may not walk.

And, mother dear, break a willow wand,  
 And if the sap be even,  
 Then save it for my lover's sake,  
 And he'll know my soul's in heaven.

And, mother, when the big tears fall  
 (And fall, God knows, they may),  
 Tell him I died of my great love,  
 And my dying heart was gay.

And, mother dear, when the sun has set,  
 And the pale church grass waves,  
 Then carry me through the dim twilight  
 And hide me among the graves.

127.

LIZZIE ROSSETTI *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

This letter is not of any marked interest; but it is the only one I possess written by Lizzie after her marriage, so I insert it. The reader will observe that she addresses her husband as "Gug" (probably transmuted out of "Gabriel"): this may perhaps be the origin of the pet-name Guggum or Guggums which he in turn applied to her.

Lyddy was a sister of hers. My brother and his wife, for some little while after marriage, occupied lodgings at Hampstead, as well as the Chambers at Chatham Place; and they wished to get a small house at Hampstead, but in this they did not succeed. The Marshall here named must I think be a certain wealthy picture-buyer, of Leeds and Cumberland. The picture which was to "go away somewhere" seems to me to have been the portrait of Lizzie named *Regina Cordium*. Mr. Ruskin possessed it at one time; but its first purchaser may have been Mr. John Miller of Liverpool. I presume that my brother was apt to "worry himself about it," on the ground that he would much rather have kept it for himself than have sold it to any one.

BRIGHTON.

1860 [? *September*].

MY DEAR GUG,

I am most sorry to have worried you about coming back when you have so many things to upset you. I shall therefore say no more about it.

I seem to have gained flesh within the last ten days, and seem also much better in some respects, although I am in constant pain and cannot sleep at nights for fear of another illness like the last. But do not feel anxious about

it as I would not fail to let you know in time, and perhaps after all I am better here with Lyddy than quite alone at Hampstead. I really do not know what to advise about the little house in the lane. If you were to take it, you might still retain your rooms at Chatham Place, which I think would be the best thing to do until better times. However I do not see how the £30 are to be paid just at this time, so I suppose that will settle the matter. I am glad you have written to Marshall, but fear there is no chance of his being in town at this time of the year.

I should like to have my water-colours sent down if possible, as I am quite destitute of all means of keeping myself alive. I have kept myself alive hitherto by going out to sea in the smallest boat I can find. What do you say to my not being sick in the very roughest weather? I should like to see your picture when finished, but I suppose it will go away *somewhere* this week. Let me know its fate as soon as it is sealed, and pray do not worry yourself about it as there is no real cause for doing so.

I can do without money till next Thursday,

after which time £3 a week would be quite enough for all our wants—including rent of course.

Your affectionate

LIZZIE.

128.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

DENMARK HILL.

4 *September* [1860].

DEAR ROSSETTI,

This is the first letter I have written since my return. I specially wished to congratulate you and Ida by word of mouth rather than by letter: but I could not get your address at Chatham Place yesterday. Please let me come and see you as soon as you can, and believe in my sincere affection and most earnest good wishes for you both.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I am trying to get into a methodical way of writing letters; but, when I had written this, it looked so very methodical that I must put on a disorderly postscript.

I looked over all the book of sketches at Chatham Place yesterday. I think Ida should be very happy to see how much more beautifully, perfectly, and tenderly you draw when you are drawing *her* than when you draw anybody else. She cures you of all your worst faults when you only look at her.

129.

ROBERT BROWNING *to* WILLIAM ROSSETTI,  
Florence.

This was written during my first visit to Italy, in the company of Mr. (now Judge) Vernon Lushington. We soon afterwards visited Siena and Marciano; passed an afternoon and evening, and the following morning, with Mr. and Mrs. Browning at their villa; slept at the closely-neighbouring villa of Mr. Story, the American sculptor, and his family; and were introduced to Walter Savage Landor. A little expedition not easily to be forgotten. Mr. Seymour Kirkup (in strictness, now or soon afterwards the Barone Kirkup) was the English artist, long settled in Florence, who towards 1839 had had the singular good fortune of bringing to light from under whitewash the portrait of the youthful Dante, painted by Giotto in the Bargello of Florence. This portrait was soon

afterwards miserably mauled by a restorer, and is now (I saw it again in 1897) a sad wreck. Mr. Kirkup was a diligent correspondent of my father's, and a fervid believer in his scheme of Dantesque interpretation.

SIENA: VILLA ALBERTI, MARCIANO.

22 September [1860].

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,

Nothing will give my wife or myself more pleasure than to see you and Mr. Lushington. Do take our best thanks for caring to come and see us. I am vexed to be away from Florence just when you visit it for the first time, but Siena is full of good things which you ought not to lose. We are about a mile and a half from the railway station. You must let me know when you mean to arrive and by what train. We will have a pleasant talk about friends.

Ever yours faithfully,

ROBERT BROWNING.

Go and see Mr. Kirkup in Florence (at the foot of the Old Bridge). He remembers and appreciates your father, and is one of the kindest and learnedest of men.

130.

## DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

I do not know which is "the head" for which Mr. Gambart offered £50: possibly *Burd-alane*. The one belonging to and now borrowed from Mr. Boyce must have been *Bocca Baciata*. "Gillum's water-colour" appears to have been intended as one in a "Dante series": I question whether my brother ever did paint a Dante series for this gentleman. It seems that Colonel Gillum was now paying Rossetti a regular sum per quarter, as advance-money upon work in hand.

[14 CHATHAM PLACE.

28 September 1860.]

MY DEAR BROWN,

. . . 1st, Gambart offers 50 guineas for the head and won't give more, but says he would willingly have given my own price for Boyce's which every one prefers—so I had better not have borrowed it. However he says I should paint him another—for better wages, as I understood him. I then wrote to old Marshall, who no doubt is away as I have had no answer yet. So I believe in another day or so I shall have arrived at the due pitch of starvation to accept G[ambart]'s terms.



This being thus, I don't see how I can possibly paint Gillum's water-colour just now without downright ruination. Nevertheless I *must* do so, unless a plan will do about which I wanted your advice. It is this. I have nearly finished *Cassandra* pen-and-ink, at least with hard work might get it done within a day or two after the end of this month which is Gillum's quarter-day for my work. Now one of his commissions is for a £50 pen-and-ink (*Hamlet*). Do you not think I might propose a substitution of *Cassandra* for this, as ready for delivery (I remember he seemed taken with it) and defer beginning the Dante series till next term? I really do not like infringing Gillum's compact, nor strictly speaking ought I to sell this drawing for £50. Or mightn't I ask him an additional £10? It is well worth that over the *Hamlet*. But I dare say I could not get more, and it would probably save me money in reality at this moment, as it would enable me to devote a little clear time to poor dear Plint. . . .

Your affectionate

D. G. R.

131.

WILLIAM STORY *to* WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

Mr. Story, it will be seen, was now writing something concerning the superstition of the Evil Eye. He had asked me to elucidate for him some point affecting the Mithraic worship, and I remember visiting the British Museum on this quest. The remarks about Viterbo &c. apply to the manoeuvres, generally considered rather suspicious, of Napoleon III., through his troops in Italy.

FLORENCE.

*28 October 1860.*

DEAR MR. ROSSETTI,

Just as I was in the act of enclosing a manuscript paper on the Evil Eye to America for publication your letter was placed in my hands, but it was in time to enable me to make a note of the papers which you with so much kindness had taken the trouble to make an abstract of for me. . . .

The Brownings are still in Florence, but they will soon leave for Rome. We are all lingering here to enjoy the delightful weather, rather than from any fear as to the safety of Rome. So long as the French remain there, no possible

danger, as it seems to me, is to be apprehended. The retaking of Viterbo and Velletri created here a very unfavourable impression, but the subsequent occupation of Montefiascone and Acquapendente has even a worse aspect. Mrs. Browning says it is only "strategic"—if you know what that means; *I* don't. Either the Piedmontese should never have been allowed to take possession of these places, or they should have been allowed to retain them. As it is, the re-establishment of the papal rule there has fearfully compromised all the citizens who favoured the Piedmontese, and has struck at least a temporary blow (let us hope it is only temporary) at the principle of popular rights. Whether Louis Napoleon means well by Italy or not, the course he pursues is to say the least utterly without frankness and directness. However, I do not fear for Italy: the current of events is too strong for Louis Napoleon, and whatever may be his secret wishes he will be compelled in the end to yield.

The result at Naples of the vote was very satisfactory, but I fear that the people there are in a sad state of disorganization, and that the

task will not be easy to consolidate and organize. The Mazzinians have done great mischief, and it will require time to efface all their traces.

I have little fear of Austria. If she attacks, she must meet both France and Italy, and they are too strong for her. If she waits, Italy with 22 millions once consolidated will be able to snap her fingers at the Germans, without French aid. . . .

I gave your message to Browning: he was very glad to hear from you, and will write soon to you and to Mr. Madox Brown. We were all exceedingly interested by the photographs from Mr. Brown's and your brother's pictures. . . .

Very truly yours,

W. W. STORY.

132.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* D. G. ROSSETTI.

[DENMARK HILL.

? 1860].

DEAR ROSSETTI,

Thank you for your kind letter:—I . . . quite understand your ways and way of talking. . . .

But what I *do* feel *generally* about you is that without intending it you are in little things habitually selfish—thinking only of what you like to do, or don't like: not of what would be kind. Where your affections are strongly touched I suppose this would not be so—but it is not *possible* you should care much for me, seeing me so seldom. I wish Lizzie and you liked me enough to—say—put on a dressing-gown and run in for a minute rather than not see me; or paint on a picture in an unsightly state, rather than not amuse me when I was ill. But you can't *make* yourselves like me, and you would only like me less if you tried. As long as I live in the way I do here, you can't of course know me rightly.

I am relieved this morning from the main trouble I was in yesterday; and am ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Love to Lizzie.

I am afraid this note reads sulky—it is not that: I am generally depressed. Perhaps you both like me better than I suppose you do. I mean only, I did not misinterpret or take ill

anything *yesterday*: but I have no power in general of believing much in people's caring for me. I've a little more faith in Lizzie than in you—because, though she don't see me, her bride's kiss was so full and queenly-kind: but I fancy I gall *you* by my want of sympathy in many things, and so lose hold of you.

133.

ROBERT BROWNING to MADOX BROWN.

The photograph sent by Brown might seem to be his own portrait taken from life: but I consider that in reality it was a photograph from Brown's *Last of England*, in which the principal head is in fact Brown himself, and a very accurate likeness.

FLORENCE.

1 November 1860.

MY DEAR BROWN,

Thank you most heartily for your photograph—how good of you to remember me and give me such a precious proof of your remembrance! I see you have worked at what I consider an original performance, so much of your own hand do I fancy that I find in it.

Only one thing is wanting, and one I am going to supply—a glass in front: I shall then hang it where I can see it and think of you and the fine pictures you have made and will make, I hope. Take my wife's true thanks along with mine (we shall both of us see you next year probably), and continue to keep me in mind as

Gratefully and faithfully yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

134.

MISS STORY *to* WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

PALAZZO BARBERINI, ROME.

8 *December* 1860.

MY DEAR MR. ROSSETTI,

. . . On our arrival we found Rome quiet as ever, but the streets seemed quite empty. . . . One meets nothing but priests and soldiers in the streets now, and certainly the French do not add to the pleasantness of our winter. Instead of Victor Emanuel at the Quirinal Palace we have the ex-Queen of Naples and her suite. Every day we wait anxiously to hear of Gaeta's being taken, for, when it is, a change

is expected to take place here: but I fear as long as the French remain there is no hope, and by their preparations I should think they intended remaining here for ever. The Pope does not seem to have suffered much in consequence of losing the Marches and Umbria, for he continues fat as ever, and walks about in his white dress. Antonelli looks however anxious and cross, and the people are more and more anxious to throw off their yoke of oppression in measure as they see and hear of the happiness in the rest of Italy.

The dear Brownings came to Rome soon after we did, and are now comfortably settled in pleasant sunny apartments very near us. Mrs. Browning has been quite ill since she has heard of the death of her sister; she is however slowly recovering the heavy blow, and I think this warm *Scirocco* weather does her a great deal of good. Mr. Browning is the same dear genial friend; we see him almost every evening. . . .

Yours most truly,

EDITH MARION STORY.



135.

DANTE ROSSETTI *to* MADOX BROWN.

I should like to know—but don't—which is the half-hour sketch that sold for £25. The phrase "Your Thomas is sublime" must point to that habit (mentioned by Bell Scott and others), which prevailed for some years in my brother's circle, of composing "nonsense-verse" epigrams on friends, acquaintances, and enemies. Brown had evidently taken Mr. Cave Thomas as the subject of one such performance. It would not have been an ill-natured one, for Brown was, to the very close of his life, on terms of intimate companionship with Mr. Thomas.

12 *January* 1861.

DEAR BROWN,

. . . Yesterday I sold for £25 a coloured sketch which had taken me about half-an-hour—*that* paid.

Your *Thomas* is sublime, and I wait for the other with anxiety. I have several new ones. . . .

Your affectionate

D. G. R.

R

136.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

This letter relates to MS. poems by Christina Rossetti which Dante Gabriel had left with Ruskin, with a view to his facilitating some move for publication. The set of poems probably comprised many of those which were published by Messrs. Macmillan in 1862 in the *Goblin-Market* volume, and which immediately commanded a large measure of general attention, for which Mr. Ruskin was apparently not quite prepared. Indeed, almost simultaneously with the date of this letter, one of Christina's poems, *Up-Hill*, came out in *Macmillan's Magazine* for February 1861, and by no means passed unobserved.

[DENMARK HILL.

*Towards 20 January 1861.]*

DEAR ROSSETTI,

I sate up till late last night reading poems. They are full of beauty and power. But no publisher—I am deeply grieved to know this—would take them, so full are they of quaintnesses and offences. Irregular measure (introduced to my great regret, in its chief wilfulness, by Coleridge) is the calamity of modern poetry. The *Iliad*, the *Divina Commedia*, the *Æneid*, the

whole of Spenser, Milton, Keats, are written without taking a single license or violating the common ear for metre; your sister should exercise herself in the severest commonplace of metre until she can write as the public like. Then if she puts in her observation and passion all will become precious. But she must have the Form first. *All* love to you and reverent love to Ida.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

137.

DANTE ROSSETTI *to* MADOX BROWN.

N. is a fancy-initial. "The show" was a collection of pictures &c. at the Hogarth Club.

[14 CHATHAM PLACE.

26 January 1861.]

MY DEAR BROWN,

I have just heard say that you propose excluding one of N.'s drawings from the show. May I, though not on committee, venture a word of remonstrance? His things are both very small and very harmless, he is neither a young nor successful man, he deserves consideration (I think)

on other as well as these grounds, and I fear it might hurt his feelings very much. I would not plead for the drawing, were it more prominent, as of course you do not under-rate it in my opinion more than in your own. But, if nothing has been done in the matter hitherto, might I beg you would reconsider the matter, as knowing N.'s position and probable feelings better than you can.

Yours affectionately,

D. G. R.

138.

W. B. SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

This suggestion about the British Institution looks in retrospect as if it were by no means a bad one. Nothing came of it.

NEWCASTLE.

2 March 1861.

DEAREST W.,

I send you a copy of the *Half-hour Lectures* with sincere thanks for your assistance in freeing it from a countless lot of errors. . . . What the book would have been without your assistance it is frightful to think. . . .

Here is a speculation I have thought of writing to you regarding for a few days back.

Think of it well. The British Institution was established in 1805 by "voluntary subscription," and their present premises bought (the Shakespeare Gallery) for £4500, at a ground-rent of £120 per annum, and a lease of sixty-two years. At that time it was thought artists could not manage their own affairs, and with reason, seeing they had absolutely no practice, and little chance of support. The life governors and directors have of late years been very indifferent to the affairs of the Exhibition, and the lease expires in six years. Something must succeed—a renewal of the lease and a reconstitution of the body, or a resignation into new hands under new conditions.

Now suppose the Hogarth as a body were to negotiate for the management, and to constitute themselves an exhibiting body under certain responsibilities satisfactory to the present proprietary; it appears to me reasonably likely we might get a transfer of the Institution, and become a power. Ruskin would have great influence, Hunt too: Gabriel and half-a-dozen or so are good names, and if we all put out our whole force and were not squeezed dry by

reserving for the Academy, we would really do some considerable and permanent good. Think over all this, and have a consultation. . . .

Yours ever,

W. B. SCOTT.

139.

*Dante's Beatrice*—NOTES BY WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

These jottings were made by me many years ago, and happen to have escaped destruction. They were clearly made during a re-reading of the *Vita Nuova*; apparently that re-reading which I undertook in January 1861, to accommodate my brother in putting his translation of the work to press. I have always been in a state of some mental suspense as to Beatrice; seeing some strong reasons for assuming her to be a real woman, and other strong reasons for assuming her to be (as my father contended) a merely symbolic personage. My brother was entirely for the real woman, scouting and ignoring any arguments to the contrary. My ensuing notes are not of much consequence to anybody: but they are compendious in their way, and the result of a genuine attempt to arrive at an opinion, and so I give them.

NATURAL SYMPTOMS.

The incident of Dante's looking at Beatrice past another lady, who thought he looked at her, and people talking of it.

His leaving the city to go towards the same place as this lady.

On his feigning a passion for the second lady, many persons speak of the matter *oltra li termini della cortesia—m'infamava viziosamente*.

The interview at the bridal feast in several minor circumstances.

The death of Beatrice's father, which is on the whole spoken of in natural terms. The usage of the city for men on such occasions to convene with men, and women with women.

His bodily illness, and the lady at his bedside.

The general tone of the dream of Beatrice's death is life-like.

Writes a sonnet to let others know of Beatrice besides those *che la poteano sensibilmente vedere*.

The drawing of the angel, &c., seems a natural fact, and more consistent with Beatrice's being a real woman.

The *Donna Gentile* looking from a window. But then this lady is Philosophy (*Convito*), so that, the more naturally she is spoken of, the more suspicion is thrown on any natural expressions about Beatrice.

She has a pale complexion, which reminds him of Beatrice, who was also pale.

Described as *una donna gentile, bella, giovane, e savia*.

Beatrice and her companions in heaven termed *benedette anime*, unintelligible by mortal mind (as said in second of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*—the reference should be verified to see its effect).

#### ALLEGORICAL SYMPTOMS.

Beatrice first mentioned as *la gloriosa donna della mia mente, la quale fu chiamata da molti Beatrice, i quali non sapeano che si chiamare*.

Her first being seen by Dante is spoken of as *l'apparimento soprascritto di questa gentilissima*.

He has seen her for nine years, often going for the purpose, before he hears her speak.

Now calls her *la donna della salute*.

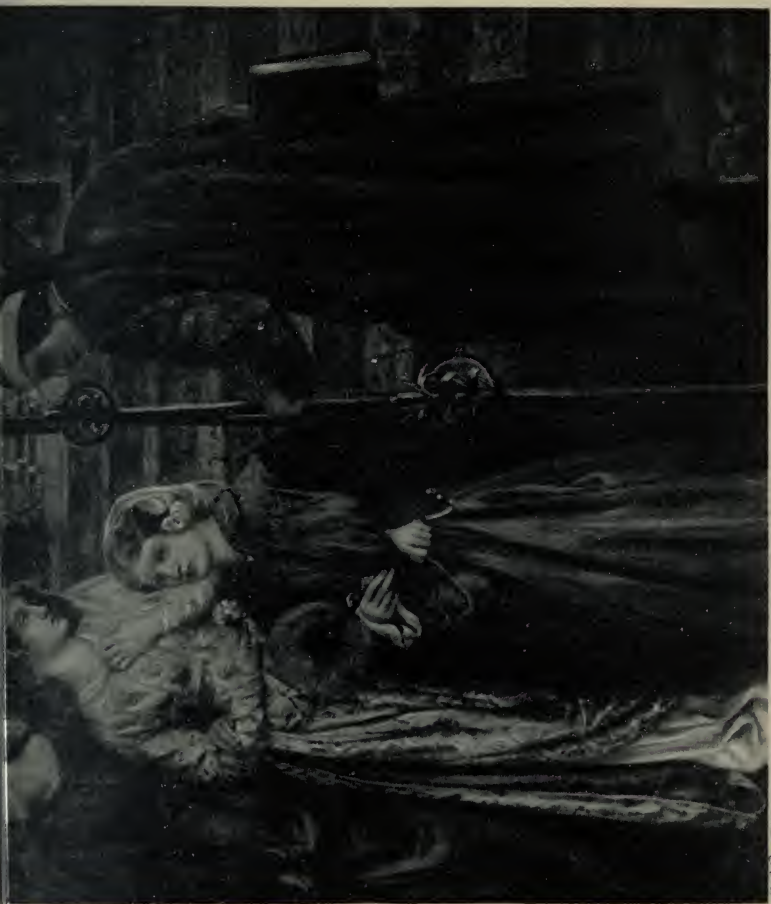
The same night has the vision of Love with the heart.

Love *tanto si sforzava per suo INGEGNO* that he made Beatrice eat the heart.

Dante writes off to many of the most famous troubadours his sonnet upon the vision.

On another occasion *sedeo in parte ove s'udiano*





*Dr. J. Reynolds.*

*W.L. Cook*

*Salutatio Beatrix. In Terra.*



*parole della Regina della gloria—io vedea la mia beatitudine.*

*La cittade ove la mia donna fu posta dall' altissimo Sire*—first distinct mention of locality.

As regards the dead lady-friend of Beatrice, about whom there seems no reason for mystery—

Più non vo' scoprìr qual donna sia,  
Che per le proprietà sue conosciute.

*Beatrice fu distruggitrice di tutti i vizi e regina delle virtù.*

When expecting Beatrice's salute, he had no enemy, and pardoned all who had offended him.

Love saying in a dream *Ego tamquam centrum circuli*, &c., and telling Dante not to sound its meaning.

At the marriage feast Dante is seized with tremor even before he is aware of Beatrice's presence : also *Poggiai la mia persona SIMULATAMENTE ad una pittura.*

Quando va per via,  
Gitta ne' cuor villani Amore un gelo,  
Per che ogni lor pensiero agghiaccia e pere,

with other scarcely natural-seeming expressions ; especially

Non può mal finir chi le ha parlato.

Canzone "Donne che avete"—*Temo d'avere a troppi comunicato il suo intendimento, &c.*

At the death of Beatrice, *la sopradetta cittade rimase quasi dispogliata di ogni dignitade*—whereupon Dante wrote *ai principi della terra alquanto della sua condizione*, beginning *Quomodo sedet*.

The pilgrims pass through the *cittade* a good deal more (at any rate) than a year after the death of Beatrice. Dante, however, is sure that if they came from near they would show sorrow for the *dolorosa cittade* on Beatrice's account.

*Cuore* means *appetito*; *anima* means *ragione*.

### No. 9.

Dante nearly nine when first he saw Beatrice.

Beatrice entering upon her ninth year at the same time.

An interval of nine years exactly before Beatrice speaks to and salutes Dante.

This was at the ninth hour of the day.

The hour of his vision of Love with the heart was the first of the nine last of the night.

In his sirvent on the sixty ladies the name of Beatrice would only come ninth.

His dream of Love after denial of Beatrice's salute is at the ninth hour of the day.

On the ninth day of his illness has the dream of Beatrice's death.

No. 9 had *molto luogo* in her death.

Was very *amico* to her.

She died at the first hour of the ninth day of the month, or in the ninth month of Syria.

And when the perfect No. had been nine times repeated in the thirteenth century (1290).

Nine was so *amico* to her because at her begetting the nine heavens *perfettissimamente s'aveano insieme*.

Beatrice was herself a nine by similitude, *i.e.* 3 (the Trinity)  $\times$  3 (doing what the Trinity alone can do), *viz.* a miracle, *viz.* Beatrice, who thus = 9. Some more ingenious person might find a more ingenious reason, but this is what Dante finds.

About the ninth hour of day has a vision of Beatrice, which diverts him from the *gentile donna*.

140.

MORRIS, MARSHALL, FAULKNER & Co.—  
PROSPECTUS.

This must be the first—perhaps the only—prospectus issued by the now famous decorative firm which has for many years past borne the name of Morris & Company. It will be observed that Mr. Arthur Hughes figures among the “Members of the Firm.” If he acted in that capacity at all, it can only have been for a very short time; for practical purposes the other seven members are alone to be taken into account.

MORRIS, MARSHALL, FAULKNER & CO.

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THE METALS,*

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W. MORRIS.  
D. G. ROSSETTI.  
PHILIP WEBB.

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THE growth of Decorative Art in this Country, owing to the efforts of English Architects, has

now reached a point at which it seems desirable that Artists of reputation should devote their time to it. Although no doubt particular instances of success may be cited, still it must be generally felt that attempts of this kind hitherto have been crude and fragmentary. Up to this time, the want of that artistic supervision which can alone bring about harmony between the various parts of a successful work has been increased by the necessarily excessive outlay consequent on taking one individual artist from his pictorial labours.

The Artists whose names appear above hope by association to do away with this difficulty. Having among their number men of varied qualifications, they will be able to undertake any species of decoration, mural or otherwise, from pictures, properly so called, down to the consideration of the smallest work susceptible of art beauty. It is anticipated that by such co-operation the largest amount of what is essentially the artist's work, along with his constant supervision, will be secured at the smallest possible expense, while the work done must necessarily be of a much more complete order than if any single

artist were incidentally employed in the usual manner.

These Artists, having for many years been deeply attached to the study of the Decorative Arts of all times and countries, have felt more than most people the want of some one place where they could either obtain or get produced work of a genuine and beautiful character. They have therefore now established themselves as a firm, for the production, by themselves and under their supervision, of—

- I. Mural Decoration, either in Pictures or in Pattern Work, or merely in the arrangement of Colours, as applied to dwelling-houses, churches, or public buildings.
- II. Carving generally, as applied to Architecture.
- III. Stained Glass, especially with reference to its harmony with Mural Decoration.
- IV. Metal Work in all its branches, including Jewellery.
- V. Furniture, either depending for its beauty on its own design, on the application of materials hitherto overlooked, or on its conjunction with Figure and Pattern



Painting. Under this head is included Embroidery of all kinds, Stamped Leather, and ornamental work in other such materials, besides every article necessary for domestic use.

It is only requisite to state further that work of all the above classes will be estimated for, and executed in a business-like manner; and it is believed that good decoration, involving rather the luxury of taste than the luxury of costliness, will be found to be much less expensive than is generally supposed.

141.

W. B. SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

The article in *Fraser* here mentioned was on *British Sculpture, its Position and Prospects*.

NEWCASTLE.

21 April 1861.

MY DEAR W.,

I have read your article in *Fraser*. . . . I only wish *I had* made some of your distinctions, especially the definition of the Christian ideal. I point out the early Italian purism as Christian

ideal, but that is a limited and unsatisfactory one. The only thing I don't think quite the ticket in your paper is the exclusive eulogium of our friend Woolner. . . .

Did you attend the meeting of the Hogarth about making it an exhibiting body? Was my letter read? Stephens coolly sent me a printed circular afterwards wherein not a word was mentioned about my letter. Whereupon I wrote him, and he replies that it was thought there was "plenty of time" to take my proposition into consideration. Is there? Not after the Club has committed itself by an Exhibition of an independent kind in which the members don't act unanimously; the measure being carried only by the casting-vote of the chairman.

After sending my letter I thought of asking you to second the proposal therein contained, but was not sure you quite approved it. I am very sorry my letter has been so treated. I suppose the reason was that no one cared to undertake the negotiation or saw his way. Very likely; but, suppose Ruskin had entered into the idea, he might have aided.

Have you seen a pamphlet by Cave Thomas—

*Præraphaelitism Criticized by Christian Principles?* It relates to the ethnological treatment of characters believed by the orthodox to have been divine or inspired. A good idea. . . .

The circular "Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, & Co.," reached me yesterday. A very desirable thing Fine Art Workman, yet isn't the list of partners a tremendous lark? . . .

Yours ever,

W. B. SCOTT.

142.

JOHN RUSKIN to DANTE ROSSETTI.

"The book" is *The Early Italian Poets*, published in 1861, under an arrangement in which Mr. Ruskin had been helpful. "Those sonnets about the year" are the series written by Folgore da San Gemignano.

[DENMARK HILL.

1861—? May.]

DEAR (I had nearly written Bear) ROSSETTI,

I'm so delighted with the book: I opened at those sonnets about the year, and have been rambling on all the forenoon. I'm so much obliged about the picture and will settle

about [it] directly, but you must really give me Norton's to send to him. I'll bring your sister's poems to-morrow.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Love to Ida. I like the "inscription" so much.

143.

W. B. SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

The reference here to Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* reminds me of a sequence of dates &c. interesting to myself. First reading Shelley in the fifteenth year of my age, I had for some ensuing years been a most enthusiastic and persistent re-reader of his works; but for a long time preceding 1860 I had not taken them up again to any extent. It was in 1860 (or 1861) that Mr. Scott presented to me, as a friendly gift, one of Mrs. Shelley's compendious editions of the poems. I then gave them a diligent re-perusal, viewing them with less immature eyes than of old, and finding in them much that I had partially forgotten, and making many pencil notes in the volume; and (as it here appears) I must have written to Mr. Scott about the *Prometheus*. In 1868 there was some correspondence in *Notes and Queries* about Shelley's writings; and I, bethinking myself of the MS. jottings I had made in the volume in

question, sent to that publication a considerable set of remarks embodying the substance of those jottings. As it happened, the firm of Moxon & Co., then owning copyright in Shelley, were contemplating a re-edition of his works, and they, observing my contribution to *Notes and Queries*, invited me to act as Editor, which I did: and thus all the labours which, during a long series of years, I undertook in relation to Shelley, his text and his life, are ultimately traceable back to that casual occurrence, the gift of a copy of his Poems to me by Mr. Scott.

NEWCASTLE.

17 May 1861.

MY DEAR W.,

. . . I am glad to hear you speak of Shelley's *Prometheus* as you do. I always considered it one of the most notable creations of modern poetry, but having never, as far as I remember, found any one who either did or could enter into it, had quite given up speaking of it. . . .

Leathart has been in London. He tells me Plint has given £1250 for five sketches by Hunt—those that used to hang in his room, bought from Gambart. . . .

Yours, old humbug,

WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

## WILLIAM ROSSETTI'S DIARY, 1861.

I began this Diary when I started from London with my mother and Christina for a brief trip in Paris, Normandy, and Jersey. This was the first time that Christina had ever been abroad: the second and only other time was in 1865, when she and our mother accompanied me into North Italy. Although in the Diary I speak of myself and not of Christina, it should be understood (and may confer interest upon some jottings) that she was very frequently along with me when I went out walking, &c.: I can particularly remember her companionship, and the pleasure she expressed, at the Hill and Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, near Rouen, and on a walk towards the seaside from Coutances, and at the splendid effect of sunshine after storm from near Avranches. Another cherished reminiscence of hers was what she called "The Cat of St. Lô"—a Persian of monumental size, kept at our hotel there. I had myself been in Normandy previously, in 1856, including a day or two in Coutances; and I took such a liking to that small city that I fixed upon it as our principal place of sojourn in 1861.

*Monday, 10 June.*—Started for France. . . . Reached Paris and got a hotel (Hôtel des

Gentilhommes), suite of rooms *au premier*, towards midnight. . . .

17.—A funeral service for Cavour was beginning at the Madeleine, as we left Paris for Rouen. . . . The landlord at Rouen spoke of huge demolitions going on, 1059 old houses condemned. . . .

18.—. . . Was told that Corneille's house has been demolished in the "improvements." . . .

19.—. . . Bonsecours, the Church all colour in walls and glass, and of very considerable merit in its way—the inner walls, to the height of 7 or 8 feet, one mass of votive tablets (white marble gilt chiefly), such as, "J'ai prié à Marie, elle m'a exaucé, A.B.—1 Jan. 1860," &c. &c.

20.—Left Rouen, passing by Mantes. . . . A rich, sweet country up to Lizons, and very beautifully wooded, under-wooded, and sloped; from there to St. Lô, where we stay for the night. . . .

21.—. . . This has been our first rainy day, hitherto extremely bright and hot—afternoon clear and pleasant after a deluge of rain just upon entering Coutances. The severe beauty of the Cathedral, with its grand massiveness of

slim-stemmed vertical height, still appears to me among the very finest ideals of architecture. Two or three valuable wall paintings in the choir (14th century?); glass generally white, but various windows painted, some (blue, 13th century) denser in volume of colour than those of the Rouen choir, and perhaps even finer in manner. . . .

22.—Walked to the seaside, 10 kilometres to the nearest point — thatched cottages covered with golden stonecrop; shore perfectly flat, no cliffs—great space of sand. . . .

28.—Ascended the tower of the Cathedral, obtaining the various views of the nave and lantern (the painted glass of the choir shows fine here) and of the outside. The steeples look very magnificent—the Lady Chapel, seen externally, seems to have been enlarged, so as to project beyond its original form in the apse. The view of the country very fine. Took a chaise to Lessay, passing, after the first third or so of the way, over an extensive swampy plain, open on all sides, and inapt for cultivation. An old Norman Church here, of considerable size and grand strength of style, carefully kept—capitals



various, and mostly of a simple character—many corbels of ornamental design, or grotesque heads of men and animals.

29.—Walked out by the Lessay and back by the Granville Road. . . . A toad which I overturned in a rut (in my morning's walk) walked off to a puddle and washed its face with its hands. . . .

*July* 4.—A dismally rainy day till after dinner. Wrote a list of memoranda to be sent to Murray.<sup>1</sup>

6.—Left Coutances — frequent and heavy showers. Very fine views of wooded hill and dale some 10 kilometres before reaching Avranches, and again over a great space of country just before entering the town. . . . Hôtel de Londres, Avranches. . . .

8.— . . . At the close of a day of heavy rain, went out to the hill-top, and was rewarded by its clearing up and giving the splendid view much finer than I had yet seen it. On the highest point of the rise, to the right, is the

<sup>1</sup> In these years, whenever I went abroad, I was in the practice of making a few notes on works of art &c., and sending them to the publisher Murray for his various Handbooks. He, in acknowledgment, presented me with two or three of the Handbooks from time to time.

pierre de Henri II., on which he kneeled to receive absolution for the death of Becket, sole relic of the Cathedral. It is a flat pavement-stone, enclosed, with the inscription written upon a fragment of a good old column (seems a capital reversed) which I should surmise to belong also to the Cathedral. . . .

9.—Left Avranches and arrived at Granville. Walk on the beach, muddy and shingly at first, afterwards rocky, picking up sea-creatures—sea-star, sea-slug (?), prawn, two or three sorts of anemones, &c. . . .

11.—To Jersey—sea splendidly bright deep-blue with purplish streaks as we entered. . . .

12.—Excursion—omnibus to Grève de Lecq (did not see the cavern, the state of the tide not propitious), Bouley Bay, both fine heights and rocky sea—the latter especially fine. Mont Orgueil an interesting and extensive ruin; but (no custodian attending) did not find any particular ancient details, except a chamber on low pillars, vaulted, and like a crypt—the bay here, on the further side, remarkably semicircular. Much pleasant scenery throughout of vales, dells, and lanes. Grey and rainy day.

13.—Returned to London by Weymouth. . . .

14.—Learned from the *Athenæum* the mournful fact of Mrs. Browning's death—I saw her last just towards the beginning of last October at Marciano, Siena.

16.—Two other quite recent deaths—poor Mrs. Wells<sup>1</sup> of fever after a confinement, and Plint quite suddenly. . . .

22.—Gabriel tells me (having heard it from Val Prinsep) that Mrs. Browning died through catching cold on the journey from Rome to Siena.—Ruskin undertakes £100 of the cost of publication of Gabriel's Italian translations by Smith & Elder.

*August* 8.—Hunt called. . . . The Temple picture—Plint had bought it for either £3000 or £4000. Hunt superintends the chromo-lithographs of the Arundel Society, seeing that the print agrees with the original copy from the picture. . . .

15.—Gambart, upon whom I called on some business of Scott's, complained of Gabriel in reference to Plint's affairs. He says he and others

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Wells, wife of the R.A. portrait-painter, was (as previously stated) a sister of Mr. Boyce, and herself a painter of quite unusual promise, or indeed attainment.

concerned are debating whether to advise Mrs. Plint to administer, and so become responsible for various heavy debts, or to renounce, and leave the creditors to realize assets. That he and two others called for Gabriel, Brown, and Jones, wanting to see the pictures in progress for money paid by Plint and could get no satisfaction; that, if things go on so, Mrs. Plint will be compelled to leave the creditors to realize, without option of administering. The pictures ought to be finished towards April, to be sold by Christie. . . .

26.—Woolner called—says that Miss Cushman told him that a friend of hers was lately walking with Browning about Paris, and that the poor fellow was often in tears. He means to come over to England in November, and settle. It was on Woolner's advice to Fairbairn that the decision of not giving prizes to Fine Art in the Exhibition of 1862 was come to.<sup>1</sup> . . .

*Sept. 7.*—Saw Gabriel's triptych. He speaks of Morris' having found the real way of painting

<sup>1</sup> It will be understood that Mr. Woolner, in giving this advice, was actuated, not by any spite against his deserving brother-artists, but by a profound distrust of the methods of premiating bodies—the measure of their discernment in matters of art, and of freedom from bias and influencing.

glass, by putting the colour on the back of it. A design of Gabriel's at Red Lion Square, and others; the colour invented and applied by Morris. Gabriel does not mean his triptych to be considered as a Nativity or Adoration, but rather as Christ sprung from high and low and Lord of high and low. . . .

21.—Dined for the first time with the Cayleys at Blackheath. Arthur Cayley here;<sup>1</sup> also an old gentleman who had been in Russia in the Emperor Paul's time, and had been subjected to an edict against cravat-ties; he had to tie his own at the back, or would have been liable to arrest. A Mr. Moberley said that he had found the residuum of alum works an infallible remedy for the potato disease, but all his efforts failed to make either farmers or scientific men look into it.

22.—Woolner back from the Trevelyans<sup>2</sup>—says that Ruskin at Oxford has compelled a carver he had sent down to discontinue carving a figure by Pollen on the arch at the Oxford Museum, on the ground of its being sensual.

<sup>1</sup> The renowned Mathematical Professor at Cambridge, brother of my friend Charles Bagot Cayley.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan, of Wallington, Northumberland.

. . . On the 20th a meeting at the Hogarth, which resolved against the shilling Exhibition, and against the continuance of the Club. . . .

30.—Hunt called. Referred to a dream he had in Paris *en route* to the East. Dreamed that, being about to part from his mother, he saw in a dark chamber a gaunt, tall form within a doorway, which his mother perceiving shrieked out “Oh! Death! Death!” This was on (say) January 20. Next year on January 21 was woke by the hostess at his house in Jerusalem crying “Death! Death!” on the death of her boy somewhat suddenly from taking cold. Next year, January 22, was woke in the ship, coming from the Crimea, by a tremendous crash, striking against a rock. Two or three years afterwards, same period, another incident. . . .

Oct. 7.—Dr. Heimann,<sup>1</sup> with whom I spent the evening, says that all the old clothesmen &c. know Hebrew, and are often ardent and acute theologians. He considers Cayley's Psalms a failure in poetic effect. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Adolf Heimann, Professor of German at University College, London. Dante Gabriel and the rest of us had studied German towards 1843 under his tuition, and he was one of the kindest and most encouraging friends of all our early youth.

16.—At Hunt's. . . . Went to the Kensington Life School: Old Mulready drawing there, and a most punctual attendant—Yeames. Hunt says it is now a twelvemonth since he made any money whatever. He considers there are scarce half-a-dozen British artists of the day who make a continuous income of £500 a year throughout the prime of their lives by painting—Leech, he says, makes £2000. . . .

26.—Gabriel told me of Mrs. Plint's death.

145.

‡ DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

By "Seddon's picture" *The Seed of David* must be meant; and by "Plint's Johnson" the water-colour of *Dr. Johnson and the Methodist Young Ladies at the Mitre Tavern*. Scott's pictures were the series, or part of the series, of paintings illustrative of Northumbrian history, which he was executing for Sir Walter Trevelyan's mansion at Wallington. They had been brought to London, and were placed on exhibition for a while.

[14 CHATHAM PLACE.

5 July 1861.]

DEAR BROWN,

. . . I hope now to get on with Seddon's picture, but have also to finish Plint's *Johnson*

before the 14th. I worked for an hour yesterday on the centre light for the shop glass, and if I can spare another hour to-day will send it in this evening I hope. Nearly all my yesterday was occupied with paying necessary debts, and do you know that the process leaves me, out of a hundred guineas, about £25 or a little more, and there will still be debts dropping in to pay out of that. So, my dear fellow, I fear I must be a defaulter to you again till I get rid of something else, which I hope and trust may be soon. . . .

Want much to get Scott and you and one or two more here soon. I saw his pictures again yesterday. They are truly great, for all their poor tone. . . .

Yours affectionately,

D. G. R.

146.

DANTE ROSSETTI *to* ERNEST GAMBART.

Rossetti drew up this letter to Mr. Gambart; but, before sending it off, took counsel with Madox Brown, and I presume the letter remained unposted. As it shows his decided style in matters of business, I think it worth insertion.



[14 CHATHAM PLACE.

10 *July* 1861.]

DEAR SIR,

In reference to your call and message of Wednesday, I beg to say that I shall not show the pictures to any one till they are finished. I never show work of importance in progress, and the principal picture I have in hand for Mr. Plint's trustees is not nearly finished. Within three months from the present date (when I shall better know my exact engagements) I will name a day for their delivery. As regards the Probate Duty, all that can be needed is to know the amount of the commissions, which I have already communicated to Mr. Knight of Leeds. As regards the delay in the (undetermined) delivery of these commissions, what I now wish still is to do justice to the estate in their completion. I will only add, then, that if I take my own time they shall be good pictures, but if I am hurried they will be bad ones. I am now extremely busy finishing an altar-piece for Llandaff Cathedral, which has to be sent in by the end of this month. It is therefore quite out of the question my seeing any one on business which no interviews can further.

Within the three months I fix, you or the trustees will hear again from me as to the delivery of the pictures.

I am

Yours truly,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

147.

JOHN RUSKIN *to* DANTE ROSSETTI.

[DENMARK HILL.

1861—? *August.*]

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,

I was very glad to hear from you, and will certainly recommend Mr. Plint's executors—if I am referred to by them—to act for their own or the estate's interest as you propose. But I hope somebody will soon throw you into prison. We will have the cell made nice, airy, cheery, and tidy, and you'll get on with your work gloriously. Love to Ida.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I will not mention your name. I should recommend the arrangement you propose entirely in *their* interest.

148.

FREDERIC STEPHENS *to* WILLIAM ROSSETTI

Mr. Stephens was Honorary Secretary to the Hogarth Club, and he wrote this letter in his official no less than his private capacity. Mr. Robert Martineau was Treasurer.

GRISTHORPE LODGE, NEAR FILEY.

13 *September* 1861.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I find I cannot very well get to London in time to attend the Hogarth General Meeting on the 20th inst. . . .

Martineau's statement respecting the financial position of the Club seems to me conclusive that we cannot possibly continue in Waterloo Place beyond Lady Day next—unless indeed the members remaining consent to a considerably increased subscription, a thing not to be thought of, I opine. The number of members retiring on Lady Day is considerable. . . .

The things to be decided are—1stly, if the paying Exhibition is to take place or not. You will remember that at the last meeting the impression seemed to be (although no action

was taken to that effect) that it was not feasible. Brown's letter enclosed herewith speaks *his* opinion. . . . As far as I am concerned I would heartily help the proposed Exhibition if I saw any rational hope of its success, but, knowing from rueful experience the fickle tempers of the artistic members, I have not an atom of hope in it: so, therefore, and for some personal reasons, I must resign my office at once if the scheme goes on. . . .

The 2nd thing for decision is if the Club can go on at all on a reduced scale—indeed, if it is worth while to do so. It must be remembered that our loss of members is apparently constant. . . .

Ever thine,

F. G. STEPHENS.

149.

W. B. SCOTT *to* WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

The bulk of this letter relates to a project for offering to the National Portrait Gallery a portrait of the late David Scott the painter, done by himself (W. B. Scott's brother). Whatever his defects, David Scott was a painter of distinguished genius

and faculty; and the non-acceptance of the portrait was a case of thick-headedness such as our public bodies do occasionally exhibit.

[NEWCASTLE.]

17 *November* 1861.

DEAR W.,

. . . About the portrait. From Scharf's letter you seem to leave it to me to come before the Trustees as offering the picture. Do you think a brother is the right man, especially if he is also an artist? I think not, so clearly that I can't do it, and have written Scharf saying so I have said to him that "I make the picture absolutely yours, leaving you to offer it, either now or after the Great Exhibition, when perhaps some of my brother's pictures may have become known there."

Do you approve of this? I hope you do, and that you will act in it exactly as you think best. If you offer it now, I could ask Carlyle to express his opinion, I think. I could ask him, and I think he would do it. . . .

Letitia and I are both very pleased to hear that Christina's poems are to come out. We all get our deserts somehow. Every one's familiar

292 SIR G. SCHARF TO W. ROSSETTI

may say with Charles V., "Time and I against the world."

Yours ever,

W. B. SCOTT.

On second thoughts, I have not sent my letter to Scharf, as your forwarding his letter to me was not intended by him, nor does it appear necessary for me to enter the field if you are willing to offer the picture in your own name. Perhaps if the offer was delayed till next year it would be better. Decidedly so if some of his best pictures were to appear at the Exhibition. I have written to the proprietors of two of his best works; but whether they act on my suggestion, and if so whether the Exhibition Committee select the pictures in question (*Gloucester carried into Calais* and the *Alchemist Lecturing*), remains of course doubtful.

150.

SIR GEORGE SCHARF to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY,  
29 GREAT GEORGE STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

22 November 1861.

DEAR MR. ROSSETTI,

I took an opportunity yesterday of *privately* consulting some of the most influential

members of our Trust upon the subject of your note. The present feeling is decidedly against his eligibility. I would therefore very gladly waive any more decided canvass of opinion. A few years later, when the *public* know more about that artist, the feeling of the Trustees may take a different form. . . .

Yours ever sincerely,

GEORGE SCHARF.

151.

W. B. SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

NEWCASTLE.

30 *November* 1861.

MY DEAR W.,

The business of the portrait has turned out badly. I have a conviction that the preventative individual is Eastlake, who is, I believe, the most frequently about the place, as indeed is natural. You can easily imagine Eastlake's style of taste and feeling polarizes him against all strong meat of my brother's kind. No doubt some of his best pictures will be exhibited next year, which may (I hope will) make him better known in London. You had better keep the

picture. Hang it in your bedroom or anywhere for ten or twenty years, and try again. I think it may some day or other be really received with thanks. . . .

Yours very affectionately,

W. B. SCOTT.

152.

DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

[2 December 1861.]

DEAR BROWN,

I'm doing the *Parable of the Vineyard* for the shop glass. I think you have a number of *Pictorial History of England* with a Saxon winepress in it. Would you kindly send it me by *book post*? If you've anything else in the Vineyard line you might include it.

Some day I shall rush down on you, but am getting awfully fat and torpid.

With our love to all of you,

Your affectionate

D. G. ROSSETTI.

*P.S.*—Poor old Gilchrist! two of his kids and one of his servants are laid up with scarlatina.



153.

DANTE ROSSETTI *to* MADOX BROWN.[4] *December* 1861.

DEAR BROWN,

I write, in case you have not heard, to say that poor Gilchrist is suddenly dead of scarlet fever. This is indeed fearful. I am asked to go to-morrow to the funeral, but really think I cannot, both from the miserable suddenness of the shock, and certainly also from a fear that it would be hardly safe. The Sunday evening before last I spent with him at his house (when two children and a servant were already attacked), Ned Jones and Swinburne being there with me. He was then perfectly well, and I never spent a pleasanter evening.

I should have come to you to-night on hearing this, but that Lizzie is particularly unwell.

Your affectionate

D. G. ROSSETTI.

*P.S.*—I hope there is less danger than in some cases of the family being unprovided for, as I believe Mrs. Gilchrist's friends are well off.

154.

DANTE ROSSETTI to PROFESSOR NORTON,  
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The "solitary stay in the country," during which Rossetti produced *Before the Battle*, must, I suppose, have been at Matlock: Miss Siddal, however, was there the whole or most of the time.—The portrait of Browning, water-colour, belongs now to Mr. Fairfax Murray.—Mr. Morris's house in Kent—at Upton—was built under Morris's own immediate inspection; but, as a piece of architecture, it was, I think, more the work of Mr. Webb than of himself.—The risk of war between the United States and England had arisen, during the course of the American Civil War, through the seizure of two Confederate Commissioners on board an English vessel. These Commissioners had been surrendered by the Federal Government on 28th December—a fact which was apparently unknown to Rossetti when he wrote on 9th January.

14 CHATHAM PLACE, BLACKFRIARS.  
9 January 1862.

MY DEAR NORTON,

Apologies for long silence and for other remissness between friends are generally matters in some degree of compliment, and chiefly, at any rate, of friendly good-will (?). But in writing

to you this time I have no right to pretend to treat the matter in any such way. In all earnestness I am truly and bitterly ashamed of my neglect in your regard. It is one of those things which I would not have believed of myself if it had been foretold to me beforehand; and yet so it has been. No excuse of other pressing occupations or distractions can in the least mitigate the unpardonable nature of my conduct towards one whose good opinion I should sincerely have valued, as I may truly say I should yours, and yet have forfeited it in the most shameful way. All the more shamefully that I have had repeated evidence of kind letters and presents from you in the course of these several years to prove that your kind feeling towards me had held out to the last against following the way of your esteem for me. What can I say now, then, in sitting down to write this letter? Really there is nothing but the pitiful resource of throwing myself on your forgiveness,—all the meaner on my part for my knowing that you have already granted it.

First, of the drawing (*Before the Battle*) which has been so long by me and yet your property.

There is only one shadow of reason which I can give for this—namely, that I found it did not prove a favourite among my drawings with our mutual friend Ruskin, who had not seen it, having been absent (unless my memory plays me false) up to the time of my last writing you about it and your accepting the offer of it. I do not wish to convey the idea to you that Ruskin thinks it *bad*, which is not the case, as he has at various times praised it to me as it hung on my walls; but I was sufficiently sure that it was, as I say, no favourite with him, comparatively with some other doings of mine, to regret somewhat that just this drawing should be the one destined for you, who as I know (though of course you are far indeed from being alone in this) place so high a value on his opinion. Nor will I disguise from you that, on mature consideration of the drawing, I myself think it rather ultra-mediæval,—it having been produced during a solitary stay in the country of some length, at a time when I was peculiarly nourishing myself with such impressions. I was therefore constantly thinking that if, before long, I had some other work at my disposal of a

different character, I would give you your choice between the two. But the time has become long and doubly long, and this has never been the case; as all my doings have left me hastily (and by necessity) as soon as done, or sometimes almost before done. Meanwhile the drawing *Before the Battle* will at any rate have gained somewhat by revision owing to the long time I have had it under my eye; and to-morrow I will commence putting the last touches to it, and within a week it shall most assuredly be on its way to you. It has, as I told you before, been long substantially finished, but I trust to improve it somewhat still, as after so long an interval I shall come fresh to it. If, when you get it, it does not please you, will you tell me so frankly without disguise? and as soon as ever I have anything else to offer you in exchange for it—which is sure to be the case sooner or later, and I would try to make it as soon as possible—you should hear from me on the subject. I dare say you know already that my drawing will now make all the better *pendant* to the *Clerk Saunders* already on your walls, as the painter of the latter has now become my wife.

Some days ago I directed my publishers to forward you a copy of my book just out on the *Early Italian Poets*, which I hope will accordingly have reached you before you get this. You know how long it has been on the stocks, so you see I sometimes do fulfil a project—at last. After all its years of progress, it only comes in time not to be behind a translation of the whole *Vita Nuova* which Mr. Theodore Martin has just brought out. I cannot say I am much afraid of it, though in the introduction and notes there is much that shows taste and scholarship, but the translation appears to me to miss the subtler side of the original.

Your Essay on, and extracts from, the *Vita Nuova* reached me long ago with its kind inscription, and is too well and delicately done to need my testimony to its beauties. A word, however, I could not but say of it in a note to my volume. Of all the accessory matter published with the *Vita Nuova* in any English form, yours is greatly the most valuable. For my own part, I was both induced and compelled to presuppose some Dantesque knowledge on the part of the readers of my translation of the

*Vita Nuova*, both on account of the information being to be found elsewhere—and nowhere so satisfactorily I think as with you—and through the claims on my space of other matters almost absolutely new to every one in this country.

I have to thank you also for your capital exposure of the new (so-called) translation of *Benvenuto da Imola*; and last, though not least, for your *Travel and Study in Italy*, full of points of interest which need something beyond the usual traveller's insight to take note of and report. I dare say you are now doing something worth reading in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but it never comes in my way.

I have lately had two visits from dear glorious Browning, who, though now settled in England, has hardly seen any one as yet since his bereavement; so that I may think it no small honour that he should already have been twice seated opposite the portrait of him which is still almost the only ornament of my studio walls. Underneath it, however, on the mantelpiece, is now a cast from life of the face of Keats, which you cannot have seen. I met with it by accident, and got Munro, whom I think you know, to take a

mould of it. So, if you like to have a cast, I believe one is still to be got through him. He is now in Italy (on his wedding trip), but I will see about it on his return if you like. The only expense would be that of casting and carriage. I procured one for Browning.

You will perhaps be surprised that my old quarters should stand their ground with a married man as I now am. You perhaps know that my wife is, and has been for many years, an invalid; and our wish was to live at Hampstead, where for some time after our marriage we took lodgings, and looked for a permanent habitation, I meanwhile coming every day to my work in the old quarters. But everything that seemed eligible at Hampstead persisted in slipping through our fingers; and the inconvenience and expense of divided dwelling and studio was so great that at last my wife resolved to settle here with me till we could suit ourselves in more suburban quarters. Accordingly, to get elbow-room, we took the second floor of No. 13 in addition to my second floor at 14, and opened a door of communication between the two suites of rooms (both houses fortunately belonging to one



landlord, and no objection being raised), and so got space enough on one floor for my work and my wife's comfort both to be consulted. Indeed there is something so delightfully quaint and characteristic about our quarters here that nothing but the conviction that they cannot be the best for her health would ever induce me to move. However—this being so—I would move at once if I found a nice place elsewhere, and hope to do so before long. I write this in our “drawing-room,” entirely hung round with her water-colours of poetic subjects, which I wish you could see, as many of them would delight you. However, she is unhappily too confirmed an invalid to leave a hope now that she will ever be able to make the most of her genius. Indeed the strength to work at all is only rarely accorded her. I wish heartily you were here with us this fine bright winter's evening. We have filled our room with all the pretty things we could get, and I have had the fireplace covered with real old blue glazed Dutch tiles—many of them scriptural—such as John Wesley (was it?) learnt the Bible stories from at his mother's knee. I am writing this before going to

a meeting of a firm to which I belong (!!)—Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, & Co.—Art workmen (Morris being moreover the admirable poet whose *Defence of Guenevere*, &c., you probably know). I enclose you one of our prospectuses, and assure you we mean to do wonders—indeed are already making some way, though cautiously, of course only venturing as far as commissions actually in hand permit of outlay. Our commissions as yet are chiefly in stained glass, but I wish you could see a painted cabinet with the history of St. George, and other furniture of great beauty which we have in hand. We have bespoke space at the Great Exhibition, and hope to make the best show there that a short notice will permit of. Our stained glass, at any rate, I will venture to say, may challenge any other firm to approach it, and must, I think, establish a reputation when seen, for as yet we have been constantly at work for some months, but have had little time or opportunity of showing our work. Morris, and Webb the architect, are our most active men of business as regards the actual conduct of the concern: the rest of us chiefly confine

ourselves to contributing designs when called for, as of course the plan is to effect something worth doing by co-operation, but without the least interfering with the individual pursuits of those among us who are painters. A name perhaps new to you on our list—but destined to be unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, in fame by any name of this generation—is Edward Burne Jones. He is a painter still younger than most of us by a good deal, and who has not yet exhibited, except at some private places; but I cannot convey to you in words any idea of the exquisite beauty of all he does. To me no art I know is so utterly delightful, except that of the best Venetians.

Above all, I wish you could see the house which Morris (who has money) has built for himself in Kent. It is a most noble work in every way, and more a poem than a house such as anything else could lead you to conceive, but an admirable place to live in too.

After all perhaps, it just strikes me, we may have you among us this Exhibition year. Surely we ought to. You do not know how much there is that will be new to you of what you would

like best. And surely too it must be painful to an American to see what is to be seen with you now. This however is a matter so out of the current of my ideas that I am quite incompetent to speak of it. God send we may not have war with your country, here at least! It would be the end of all things.

Ruskin (I have never yet begun his portrait for you, but still hope to do it before he is much older—there are few men as yet on whom age tells so little) is not back yet, I believe, in England, or if he is back it must be only just, as I have not yet seen him. His health some months ago seemed to be more a matter for anxiety than I have ever known it, and his spirits also appeared to have suffered either from mental or bodily causes, or both. But the last time I saw him, between two continental trips, I was rejoiced to find much of this worn away, and he seemed more himself again. I trust to find this even more the case now.

Of other friends and their work there is so much to say if one began at all (though little enough I fear of my own doings) that I must

needs forbear it altogether for the present, as the hour of our "Shop" meeting (by-the-bye we really hope to have a shop like Giotto! and a sign on the door!!) is almost more than here. So now, with my wife's kind regards joined to my own, believe me, *en attendant mieux*—that is, your advent in London one day—and in spite of all shameful shortcomings,

Sincerely and warmly yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

*P.S.*—My sister has a little book of Poems—*Goblin-Market and other Poems*—in the press with Macmillan. I think you will think it worth looking into. By-the-bye, I hear from my brother of Stillman's reappearance in London, but have not yet seen him.

155.

W. B. SCOTT to WILLIAM ROSSETTI.

NEWCASTLE.

12 January 1862.

MY DEAR W.,

. . . Letitia and I went down to Fairbairn's in Berwickshire and spent a few days.

. . . The Free Kirk minister was in his usual plodding health. . . . In the evening Fairbairn was persuaded to read *Tam O'Shanter*, which he did with much gusto, though with some compunction after—expressed by, “Aye, I wish I hadn't read that noo,” as we drove home. You would have liked to see the effect Burns made on the Scotch audience, every one of whom—farmers for the most part—of course knew *Tam O'Shanter* as well as the New Testament—except a sea-captain who had been in China for the last twenty years perhaps. Make the listeners a parcel of ploughmen &c., and I thought a capital subject for a picture of character would be found.

Some time or other you can return the portrait of David. . . .

Most sincerely yours,

WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

156.

DANTE ROSSETTI to MADOX BROWN.

The person whose name I here omit was, I presume, a pupil in the Art-School of the Working Men's College.

[14 CHATHAM PLACE.

14 January 1862.]

DEAR BROWN,

I gave a testimonial too; and had in return the modest request that it might be altered to higher praise, which I declined to do, as it had already gone rather against my conscience—seeing that this genius seems, by comparison with any other pupil in the class, to have taken to art as a calling for the usual reason of unusual incompetence.

Yours,

D. G. R.

157.

## WILLIAM ROSSETTI.—MEMORANDA.

These jottings come from a Diary which I began in 1862, in continuation from 1861. I seem to have dropped it soon after the death of my brother's wife, February 11, 1862. The few points which I noted down regarding that loss were printed in my *Memoir of Dante Rossetti*, and therefore do not appear here; nor have I by me any other details on the subject.—Mrs. Heaton, mentioned on January 27, is a lady then settled at Bingley in Yorkshire, wife of Mr. J. Aldam Heaton

(deceased in 1897) long well known in London as a decorative artist: she is not related to Miss Heaton of Leeds, named elsewhere. My brother had recently painted a portrait of her. His design of *The Salutation*, executed in stained glass, may perhaps be in St. Martin's-on-the-Hill, Scarborough: the other glass-design which he produced for Mrs. Heaton is, I presume, still extant, but has passed out of my ken.—“Palgrave” was Mr. F. T. Palgrave, late Professor of Poetry in Oxford.

1862.

*January 25.*—H. remembers Sir Hudson Lowe, and says he was particularly gentle and conciliating in manner.

27.—At Morris, Marshall, & Co.'s, introduced by Gabriel to Mrs. Heaton. His glass of *The Salutation*, and for Mrs. Heaton's house—a woman genius holding a model of the house, and the grounds with swans in a sheet of water. Morris's cartoons for glass of the *Creation*. His glass of the *Annunciation* very good.

29.—At Palgrave's and Woolner's, to welcome latter into 29 Welbeck Street. . . . Tennyson's Great Exhibition poem and Albert Dedication



in MS. Former not up to the mark. Latter (Princess Alice wrote Tennyson to say) was the first thing on the subject that has touched the Queen. Her letter was addressed "Mr. Tennyson." . . . Hunt says Millais has spent £6000 on furnishing his house in Cromwell Road. . . .

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DANTE ROSSETTI *to* PROFESSOR NORTON,  
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

14 CHATHAM PLACE, BLACKFRIARS.

4 February 1862.

MY DEAR NORTON,

To-day at last I have entrusted the picture to Green, my frame-maker and packer, to be forwarded to you immediately. . . .

I trust the drawing is considerably improved since I last wrote you, as I have done a good deal to it; and Ruskin, who saw the improvements only midway, thought it already greatly the gainer by what I had then done. Perhaps you already know from him that he has begun sitting to me for the portrait destined for you.

If I can get him to sit regularly, I dare say it will not be long before you have news of this also. The first thing Ruskin said to me on returning to England was relative to this long-postponed portrait, so I thought it well to seize the moment. . . .

Very sincerely yours,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

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