SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM THOMAS HENRY HALL CAINE

TO

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

(JULY 1879 - JULY 1881)

edited by

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ABSTRACT

This thesis is a selected edition of thirty-six unpublished letters and fragments from Thomas Henry Hall Caine to Dante Gabriel Rossetti with an introduction and explanatory notes. The letters have been chosen to illustrate Caine's typical interests and concerns as these appear in the body of eighty-six unpublished letters and fragments contained in the Angeli Papers in Special Collections at the University of British Columbia Library.

Although the letters are far from being masterpieces of epistolary art, they are of historical interest as a chronicle of the friendship which was initiated by letter. The introduction provides a background for the letters, using, in so far as possible, unpublished contemporaneous material from the Angeli and Penkill Papers.

Hall Caine knew Rossetti for less than three years; for two of those years the friendship was conducted almost exclusively by letter, but for the last ten months of Rossetti's life they lived together. The friendship began when Caine published a eulogistic article on Rossetti's poetry, and sent a copy to him. Caine was then an eager, ambitious, and very naive twenty-six year old Liverpudlian; Rossetti, a known painter and poet of fifty-one, was lonely, frightened, filled with morbid phantasies and a chloral hydrate addict. He was virtually a recluse in his gloomy London house, but Caine's
letters revived his interest in literary criticism and during the last years of his life Rossetti taught Caine about literature. His "pupil's" interest and energy also helped to inspire Rossetti on his own behalf, for in 1881 he published a revised edition of Poems and a new book, Ballads and Sonnets.

Very shortly after Rossetti's death, Caine published his Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1882), a biography of his friend which included some seventy-five fragments of the "nearly two hundred letters" he had received from Rossetti. In 1908 Caine included a large section on Rossetti in My Life, and in 1928 he produced a considerably altered version of his first biography. Caine became a prolific and popular novelist and playwright, was knighted for his war effort, and made a Companion of Honour "in recognition of his distinction in literature," but in spite of his successes, skepticism remains concerning his reliability as Rossetti's biographer. The doubts must have sprung from Caine's character—he had a romantic sensibility, a flair for seeing the simplest events dramatically, and a distinct taste for self-aggrandizement. However, although contemporaneous materials indicate that he inspired a certain wariness among Rossetti's intimates, there are no concrete reasons to doubt his veracity in matters of fact.
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PREFACE

Thomas Henry Hall Caine's letters to Dante Gabriel Rossetti are far from being masterpieces of epistolary art, but they are of historical interest as a chronicle of a friendship, which was initiated and chiefly conducted by letter, and because they reveal the character of their young writer.

The Angeli Papers in the Special Collections of the University of British Columbia Library contain eighty-six manuscript letters and fragments from Caine to Rossetti. Of these thirty-six have been chosen and edited, in order to show that which is typical in matters of style, in areas of the writers' concerns, and in the progress of the relationship—avoiding undue repetition and peripheral concerns. Many of Caine's letters in the Angeli Papers are about literature, but these have not been included because they have already been partly published, not as letters, but as comments upon Rossetti's letters, principally in Caine's Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1882).

The Introduction strives not merely to retell a thrice-told tale, but to provide a background for Caine's letters, using, in so far as is possible, unpublished contemporaneous material from the Angeli and Penkill Papers.

Caine's letters in this edition are all written in ink, with the exception of one pencilled note [3 September 1880]. The paper is of various qualities, mainly 7" by 9", folded.
None has a printed letterhead except that for [1 September 1880], which is printed "Hollingbury Copse, Brighton."

The sender's address has been silently removed from all Caine's letters which were written from Liverpool, but supplied for letters not written from Liverpool, where it adds meaning to the letter. Salutations, addressee's names, and signatures, with all their stock compliments, have also been silently deleted. All other deletions have been marked in the usual manner.

Crossings-out have been restored only where they change or expand the thought of a letter; these are then marked < >. Contractions have been expanded silently, as have ampersands and other abbreviations; book titles and foreign words have been italicized, and the names of paintings and works printed in collections have been put into quotation marks. No changes in spelling or punctuation have been made within the body of the letters. Additions and dates which have been established for this edition are marked with square brackets; dates in parentheses are those written directly upon the manuscript in another hand, presumably William Michael Rossetti's. Dates in parentheses in the introduction or notes are either those marked on the manuscript in another hand (probably by Alice Boyd in the case of William Bell Scott's letters, and William Michael Rossetti's in all other cases), or, if the letter is from a published source, the date is that identified by the editor of that source.

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Unless otherwise indicated the letters cited in this edition have not been previously published as letters. All of Caine's letters cited in the introduction or notes and included in this edition are marked with an asterisk. The numeral for Caine's letters to D. G. Rossetti refers to the census of letters in Appendix I.
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INTRODUCTION

The friendship between Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Thomas Henry Hall Caine has been largely ignored by Rossetti's biographers and distorted through misunderstanding by Rossetti's friends and family. Yet the peculiar three-year relationship lessened the boredom of Rossetti's final years with a renewed interest—literary criticism—and was almost certainly responsible in part for the publication of *Ballads and Sonnets*, Rossetti's second book of poetry and a revised version of his first book, *Poems*.

The only detailed chronicle of Rossetti's last years lies in Caine's three books on the subject, *Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (1882), *My Story* (1908), and *Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (1928), and in the correspondence which passed between the two. William Michael Rossetti's biography passed over the end of his brother's life in almost indecent haste, considering his lavish expenditure of words upon the smallest details of Rossetti's earlier life. Perhaps he was ashamed of the years after 1877 when his brother was a recluse, shut away in the depth of his gloomy house at 16 Cheyne Walk, and even more deeply locked in the miseries of chloral addiction. Other biographers have followed William's example, but perhaps with more reason, for they had no access to the life Rossetti lived during those years, except through Hall Caine's books, which have inspired suspicion.

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1Dante Gabriel Rossetti: His Family-Letters with a Memoir. (Vol. 1 Memoir; vol. 2 Family Letters.)
Rossetti's most recent biographer, Oswald Doughty, asks twice in the space of four pages "if Caine is to be believed" without anywhere citing a cause for his doubt. The question is echoed by W. E. Fredeman as recently as 1968.

There are no concrete reasons to question Caine's veracity; Rossetti's family and intimate friends of his later years made no public disclaimer of the contents of Caine's reminiscences. In private letters they only disparage the haste with which the first book was published after Rossetti's death, and question whether Caine had any right to publish a biography after such short acquaintance when so many other of Rossetti's friends were better equipped for the task.

Skepticism of Caine's reliability as a biographer has sprung mainly from the character of the man himself; he had a romantic susceptibility, a flair for seeing the simplest events dramatically, and a distinct taste for self-aggrandizement.

The Angeli and Penkill Papers contain considerable unpublished materials, none of which directly contradicts Caine's factual statements, although some differences of interpretation may exist, as is only natural between various sources. However, Caine's sources were not bolstered by contemporaneous

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4 Special Collections, University of British Columbia Library.
correspondence and family memoirs, but were confined to the reminiscences of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who talked the lonely nights away with an adoring and fascinated friend. Consequently, Caine's interpretations were bound to be colored by Rossetti's own attitudes and interests. So it is odd that only in one area can Caine's evidence be impeached, in the matter of Fanny Cornforth, an old and in many ways the most intimate friend of Rossetti whose strange power over him made her a troublesome presence at Cheyne Walk when Caine lived there, and an awkward "nurse" at the Vale of St. John. Rossetti's attitude may have been responsible in Fanny's case, for he was always tenderly solicitous of Fanny; or perhaps it was for William and Christina's sake that the disreputable Fanny did not appear in Caine's first books, and only appeared anonymously in his last.

When *Recollections* was published, seven months after Rossetti's death, it was received without enthusiasm by the Rossetti family, but with surprisingly little protest, either at the time of publication, or subsequently. Caine sent the rough proofs to William, asking for any "practicable suggestions," with the warning:

I am compelled to say frankly that you will not enjoy my book unless you read it from my individual standpoint. I believe I have written the exact truth in every particular but it is the truth as it came to my mind, and I had but one informant on matters that did not come within my personal experience, and that was your brother himself.  

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5 Also known as Sarah Cox, Fanny Hughes and Fanny Schott at various periods of her life.

6 THC: WMR 20 September 1882 AP.
William Michael's wife, Lucy, read the proofs at the same time, found a reference to her dead brother Oliver Madox Brown, of which she disapproved, and went to Christina in a typical flurry of panic. Between them they decided that the publisher, Elliot Stock, was their chief safe-guard against error, but that in matters of interpretation they should apply directly to Caine, from whom Lucy received a most soothing reply:

... I have read your letter with greatest interest and deepest feeling and have resolved to remove the passages that hurt you.

I have been moved to this decision not at all by any misgiving as to the faithfulness of my report, but entirely from a desire to avoid wounding your father [Ford Madox Brown] and sister [Christina Rossetti] as I have (however unintentionally) wounded you. I deeply regret that what I have done should have called forth so much feeling.

By the end of October the book was out and respectfully reviewed. Theodore Watts-Dunton, who had simmered with anger when he first learned that Caine should presume to write a memoir for Rossetti, refrained from public comment and even William Bell Scott's extreme contempt of the book did not become public knowledge until after his death. The close family received the memoir with a quiet united front, refraining

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7FMB: LMR 12 October 1882 AP.
8It was a habit with Christina and Lucy to refer to each other as "sister."
9THC: LMR 2 October 1882 AP.
10By J. A. Symonds, Academy, 22 (October 1882) 305-306.
11When Scott's library was dispersed his copy of Recollections (1882) was found to contain pencilled annotations in his own hand which were "mainly directed against Mr. Hall Caine, for whom he seems to have entertained a strong feeling of contemptuous dislike ... ". Much of Scott's contempt seems to have been directed against Caine's criticism of Rossetti's poetry. The Daily Chronicle (London), January 12, 1893.
from adverse comment either in public or private. William, whose planned memoir must now be at least second in the field, seemed to accept the book placidly, and did not repudiate or correct it later in his own books on his brother. With Christina and her mother the reception was judicial but lukewarm:

We have been reading Mr. Caine's memoir. Considering the circumstances under which his experiences occurred I think it may fairly be pronounced neither unkind nor unfriendly, but I hope someday to see the same and a wider field traversed by some friend of older standing and consequently of a far warmer affection towards his hero; who, whatever he was or was not, was lovable.¹²

Public acceptance of the book was avid. From a publisher's point of view, the book came at a propitious time: after being out of the public eye since the publication of Poems in 1870, Rossetti's works had suddenly come into prominence with a revised issue of Poems, a new book Ballads and Sonnets, and the sale of his largest painting, "Dante's Dream," to the municipal art gallery at Liverpool, all in 1881. But the man himself remained a mystery, a source of curiosity which Recollections promised to satisfy. The book also revealed Caine, with unhappy results: if the young man had had a literary reputation, or even a wide social acquaintance, his book might have been accepted at face value, but lacking either he was appraised as an opportunist who had attached himself to Rossetti's reputation on small acquaintance. Max Beerbohm recalled:

¹²CR:IMR [? November 1882] AP. Part. pub. FL. p.121. The "friend of older standing" to whom CR refers in T. Watts-Dunton, to whose projected biography of Rossetti WMR deferred his own work for over a decade.
It was the fashion to decry him. I never, thank Heaven for self-respect! went to tea-parties. But I know that at tea-parties it was always possible to raise a titter by the mention of Hall Caine's name. More or less it was everywhere so. And there is no denying that Hall Caine had rather brought this on himself. There had come a time when he got himself interviewed too much, photographed too much, seen too much, advertised in every way too much. I think this lust for publicity may have been a result of residence with Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Conceive: a raw and excitable stripling, caught suddenly from Liverpool into still more vital London, to live incessantly apart for almost two years [sic] with a man of genius who suffered from agoraphobia in an acute form. It was thought that Hall Caine lost too little time after Rossetti's death in bringing out a book about him. Poor young man! --I think it was natural that he should desire to lose not a moment. Light! air! publicity at any price and at once!13

Of Caine's three books on Rossetti, Recollections (1882) is the most revealing record of Caine. It contains material from four areas: the story of Rossetti's life as he told it to Caine, about seventy-five letters or fragments of letters from Rossetti to Caine, a discussion of some of Rossetti's work, and a first-hand account of the period in which they lived together at Cheyne Walk, at Cumberland, and at Birchington-on-the-Sea. The book was in proof six months after Rossetti's death, which would have been a difficult feat, even for a man of Caine's energy, had not much of it been written before Rossetti died. Letters form the largest single body of material in the book because Caine had had both sides of the correspondence and silently used material from his letters to Rossetti as comment upon the correspondence. (For instance, the long paragraph on pp. 113-114, concerning F. G. Stephens' visit to Liverpool, is taken directly from Caine's letter to Rossetti

13"Nat Goodwin— and Another," Mainly on the Air, pp. 76-77.
which reported it.)\(^{14}\) Caine borrowed his letters to Rossetti from William,\(^{15}\) who had read through them and set aside a bundle, which he allowed Caine to borrow for reference, but, for reasons Caine did not understand, asked that these not be used in the book.\(^ {16}\) Other than Caine no one has published letters from the correspondence, although William's editing marks appear on many of Caine's letters and head-notes in his hand are provided for some of the letters, indicating that he had intended to include a record of the friendship in his sequel to *Rossetti Papers* (1903), which he prepared but for which he could not find a publisher.

Rossetti's letters to Caine are among the most important he wrote, for they contain almost the only record of his opinions on literature;\(^ {17}\) yet these letters have apparently been seen by no one but Caine and their author, and perhaps Caine's son, Sir Derwent Hall Caine, who has not allowed scholars access to them. Perhaps it is this secrecy which has led to curiosity concerning their contents, but no one could suggest that Caine had invented or augmented the correspondence, for Rossetti's published letters are obviously those of a mature and entire vision, couched in a sure, fluid style, while Caine's

\(^{14}\)THC:DGR 23,\(^9\) June 1880.

\(^{15}\)At William's request Caine returned the letters in 1901. THC:WMR 14 November 1901 AP.

\(^{16}\)THC:WMR 13 April 1883 AP.

\(^{17}\)With the possible exception of the missing eighty-odd letters to John Ruskin, most of which are probably about art rather than literature, according to Dr. W. E. Fredeman, University of British Columbia English Department.
are callow and plunging, full of the cant of superficial literary criticism. Caine could hardly have produced those letters he attributes to Rossetti, for when he published *Recollections* he was only two years older than the naive, fumbling youth who wrote to Rossetti. Still, the letters remain suspect, as indicated by Doughty and Wahl's omission, in their edition of Rossetti's letters, of the letters and fragments in Caine's books, which, although not dated in print, are very easily dated by using Caine's letters in the Angeli papers, to which the editors had access.

Most of the critical material which is interspersed through *Recollections* may also have been written before Rossetti's death, although not, of course, with the intention of posthumous publication. Almost certainly Rossetti had read it, and commented upon it, as he did upon all his protege's critical papers. Caine wrote: "My long paper has reached 40 pages and is now perforce put aside in order to allow of my doing some reviewing. I think it will prove the most philosophical analysis of your claim to front rank as a poet." On returning from a visit with Rossetti in London he referred to it as "our notice of your own work," implying a co-operation on the paper which gives it, if not authorial cachet, at least

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20 *THC:DGR* 62, *24 April 1881*. 
an added importance for scholars. It is consistent with Caine's practice of silently using his own letters as commentary upon Rossetti's, that in the race for publication he should use a piece of critical work in progress.

A quarter of a century passed before Caine wrote again of his friendship with Rossetti. My Story (1908) is admittedly an autobiography of Caine's first twenty-five years as a writer and his friends of those times, yet of its 398 pages, 197 are concerned with his short friendship with Rossetti. However, the book contains nothing not touched upon in the previous volume except a facsimile letter from Rossetti (dated 6 August 1879) facing page 64 in the edition published by D. Appleton and Company, New York, in 1909. Most of the material is condensed from Recollections, with the emphasis shifted to Caine as the central figure. Caine was by that time a well-known author with ten novels, eight plays, and five non-fiction works to his credit. He had earned a considerable public following and a small fortune by his pen. My Story is really an Horatio Alger story of success through perseverance, a journey from humble beginnings to great glory, which is directed to the young man who wishes to earn his living at literature but finds his stout heart failing. However noble its moral purpose, to Theodore Watts-Dunton it was simply "Hall Caine's nightmare," an "amazing production."

\[^{21}\text{p. 374.}\]
\[^{22}\text{TW-D:WMR 10 November 1908 AP.}\]
Caine's last tribute to Rossetti was published in 1928, the centenary of Rossetti's birth, as a tribute to a great friendship, "the greatest, the most intimate, the most beautiful that has ever come to me."\(^{23}\) It was a friendship which Caine apparently felt crossed the borders of death, for it is dedicated to a "great friendship, 1879-1928."

The 1928 *Recollections of Rossetti* is not simply a reprint of the first book by that name, but a much more mature and frank appreciation of Rossetti's life, particularly concerning his relationships with close friends and family, by then all dead. Although it contains short fragments of some of Rossetti's letters, it contains none of Caine's, perhaps because he had returned them to William. It condenses the material in the first *Recollections*, omitting the critical appraisals of Rossetti's works, and tending to be reminiscent, rather than factual.

From the books and correspondence it is clear that Rossetti and Hall Caine were friends, despite twenty-six years difference in age and an even greater difference in background and experience. The relationship, which many of Rossetti's old friends found peculiar and hard to define, was not based upon similarities at all, but rather upon complementary needs which the two men could fulfill for each other. Rossetti's life had entered a bleak period; he was lonely and often bored; his interests and energies were unfocussed. He needed the reassuring admiration which Caine's letters brought him and

\(^{23}\) p. 27.
the intellectual focus which Caine's literary education demanded. Caine needed the feeling of importance that the association with a known man of letters gave him but even more he needed the education in taste and literary skills which Rossetti gladly provided for him. The educative process is clear in Caine's letters: he grows from a self-conscious young man to a person of some judgement and authority.

Thomas Henry Hall Caine, the eldest son of an expatriate Manxman and a Cumberland mother, was born in Cheshire on 14 May, 1853. His father had left the farming and fishing life on Man for the industry of Liverpool in order to support his family, but young Tommy was sent back each year to visit his peasant grandmother during the school holidays. Hall Caine always considered himself a Manxman, although he loved Cumberland so well he named his son Derwent, after a Cumberland river. After completing his early education in Liverpool, Caine was apprenticed to an architect at the age of fourteen, and at the same time began a furious program of self-education: he haunted the Liverpool Free Library, attended public lectures on all subjects, and read anything that came under his hand. He even launched a literary magazine in manuscript with his friend William Tirebuck. When he was seventeen he gave up architecture to replace his uncle as schoolteacher on the Isle of Man. Here he

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built himself a house, called Phoenix Cottage, but at the end of a year he returned to his architectural apprenticeship, at his employer's request. His self-improvement continued, but with an increased confidence. He began to write knowledgeable articles for architectural magazines in London, whose proprietors would no doubt have been horrified to discover that their expert writer was only eighteen. Some of the articles supported John Ruskin's notions against restoration, which led to a correspondence with Ruskin, but despite this heady encouragement, young Caine quit the architect's firm to become assistant to a builder, a job which gave him time for reading and writing during his working hours. In these years he became increasingly fascinated with the processes of the creative imagination and avid to know more. Slowly his interests drew him onto the periphery of Liverpool artistic life where he met a group of eager young men of similar pursuits who banded together to found the Liverpool Notes and Queries Society. As corresponding secretary of the Society Caine wrote to public-minded literary figures all across England asking them to supply "notes," for their publication, or to lecture. In this capacity he wrote to both Rossetti brothers requesting them to be members of the Society's honorary council, a titular position which William accepted, but which Rossetti probably refused.

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25 THC:DGR 1, 2 October 1878, and THC:WMR 8 October 1878 AP.

26 According to a note in WMR's hand included with THC:DGR 1, 2 October 1878.
It was through the Society that Caine first came to know Rossetti's work, for although he had heard the dim romantic rumours of a tragic love and poems exhumed, it was not until 1878, when a Society member, J. Ashcroft Noble, lent him Poems (1870), that Caine read any of Rossetti's works. Caine became "so ardent a sympathizer"\textsuperscript{27} that he wrote a lecture on Rossetti's poetry which he delivered three times in the winter of 1878-1879. While he was preparing the lecture Caine's acquaintance expanded: he met Mr. George Rae, a patron of Rossetti's, whose house he visited to view Rossetti's pictures; he wrote to William Michael Rossetti asking for "approximate dates of the first publication of 'Sister Helen' of 'Jenny' of 'Last Confession' and of the love sonnets," as "this information would help me materially to understand the poems and their relationship to each other and I should thank you heartily for the aid."\textsuperscript{28} After the first lecture was delivered, Caine sent William a newspaper clipping, which asserted that "the information contained in the lecture] was communicated to Mr. Caine by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, brother of the poet-painter, by whose and the poet's permission it is employed in the lecture." Caine offered apologies and a correction for "upon looking again over your letter I do not see that you gave me permission to use the dates, and I remember I asked for them in order that they might

\textsuperscript{27}Noble:DGR 4 October 1880 AP.

\textsuperscript{28}THC:WMR 15 November 1878 AP.
help me understand the poems." William accepted the error with patient grace: "I gave the information—though with some reluctance, as I knew that my Brother did not particularly like to have anyone intervening in such matters without his express approval. I had not expected to see my name published in a newspaper as the informant. However, there was no real harm done, nor yet intended." When the speech was published in Colburn's *New Monthly*, Caine again wrote to William enclosing a letter for Rossetti which William was to forward with the magazine, if the lecture contained "nothing in it which you think likely to hurt his [Rossetti's] acute sensibility." However, Caine's tender solicitude soon gave way to impetuosity, for when he heard that the magazine had not yet arrived at William's, he quickly sent another copy with the letter direct to Rossetti, and wrote to tell William what he had done.

The whole family approved of the lecture: Christina, vacationing at Seaford, wrote: "Thank you for letting me too read Mr. Caine's Lecture,—a remarkable work by an author who really thinks, feels, and therefore has somewhat to express. If you come to know him I should like to know what he is like: conflicting images of him evolve themselves from my inner consciousness, and he cannot be like both." Her mamma added

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29 THC:WMR 24 November 1878 AP.
30 A note in WMR's hand attached to the MS of THC:WMR 24 November 1878 AP.
31 THC:WMR 6 July 1879 AP.
33 THC:WMR 25 July 1879 AP.
the note that she would "read his review a second time...so much pleasure does it give me," and then decided she was so charmed that she would buy the magazine.\textsuperscript{34} Best of all, Rossetti's reply was kindly, if muddled, and included an invitation to call upon him in London: "Your estimate of the impulses influencing my poetry is such as I should wish to suggest, and I believe it, this suggestion must be this always to a true-hearted nature."\textsuperscript{35}

Encouraged, Caine wrote again to Rossetti, including a magazine which contained his article "The Supernatural in Poetry," so that Rossetti could see that Caine's enthusiasm for his poetry was not merely the "freak of a feverish fancy but the serious outcome of a mind that aims to fix its standards high."\textsuperscript{36} In return he received another warm letter, a more pressing invitation to call and Rossetti's offer to send him a copy of \textit{Dante and his Circle}.\textsuperscript{37} Feeling himself to be in the midst of a literary correspondence, young Caine reported the whole matter to William, assured him that Rossetti's letters were "in a very special sense my private property" and enclosed, for William's delectation, a very bad poem\textsuperscript{38} which he said was inspired by

\begin{footnotes}
\item[\textsuperscript{34}] CR:DGR (25 July 1879) AP; CRL, p. 80.
\item[\textsuperscript{35}] DGR:THC 29 July 1879 AP. Misquoted in \textit{Recollections} (1882), p. 105.
\item[\textsuperscript{36}] THC:DGR 3, \textit{*}2 August 1879.
\item[\textsuperscript{37}] \textit{Recollections} (1882), pp. 105-106.
\item[\textsuperscript{38}] Appendix II.
\end{footnotes}
cross-pollination from a picture by Arthur Hughes and a poem by Christina Rossetti.\(^39\)

Since it was William's habit to visit Rossetti regularly, and to bring with him articles or letters he thought might amuse his brother, he probably showed the poem to Rossetti, but even this did not cause Rossetti to lose interest in Caine, who wrote frequently, enclosing his articles for Rossetti to read.\(^40\)

Emboldened by the warmth and frequency of Rossetti's replies, Caine asked Rossetti to accept the dedication of a pamphlet, \textit{Politics and Art}, which he had written on the theme that poets and painters, as men of vision, ought to take part in the public and political life of their country. This was very near to John Ruskin's early themes, but to Rossetti it was entirely antipathetic. The public weal concerned him not at all, in fact he hardly knew it existed, and so he declined.\(^41\) Caine did not reply to the letter of refusal, and for about six weeks the exchange stopped, until Rossetti revived it by writing to ask if he had offended Caine, and requesting a letter in reply.\(^42\)

Five years earlier Rossetti would certainly not have pressed for a continued correspondence; he would have returned

\(^{39}\) THC:WMR 27 September 1879 AP.

\(^{40}\) THC:DGR 5, *28 October and THC:DGR 6, *7 December 1879.

\(^{41}\) Rossetti thought the pamphlet "brilliant though rather wrong-headed." DGR:FMB 11 August 1880 (LDGR 2312).

the magazine (months later) with one of his charming little notes, and perhaps had a hearty laugh about the critical extravagances of his provincial admirer. But in those five years Rossetti had greatly changed: he was lonely, ill, bored, frightened of poverty and apparently resigned to his dependence on chloral hydrate. It is impossible to tell whether chloral was entirely to blame for his personality changes, or whether the degeneration came as a result of the anxieties for which he took the drug, but it would seem that the chloral must have played a large part in the increasing depression and personality changes of his last eight years.

When chloral hydrate (introduced in 1866) was recommended for Rossetti's insomnia it was a new drug, considered to be non-addictive and relatively non-toxic. Today, although it is a standard drug in the pharmacopeia, little more is known about it, for it is seldom used owing to wide variations in individual tolerance: a fatal dose is usually 150 grains, but death of adults has been reported at as little as 20 grains. However, a British physician has reported using 120 grains during a normal childbirth and up to 380 grains over a twenty-hour period in a prolonged labour, in order to produce a condition resembling general anaesthesia. On the other hand, a woman is reported to have died in 1962 as a result of taking

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43 As both Gaine and William Michael Rossetti believed.
40 to 50 grains a day over a period of several years.\textsuperscript{47} It would seem that the danger therefore lies not in large doses of chloral hydrate but in prolonged use of large doses.

The drug is an hypnotic of the non-barbiturate type which usually provides from five to eight hours of deep sleep, and which is especially recommended for patients with mania or nervous insomnia. It can cause physical damage to people with marked liver or kidney impairment and must be freshly made up as it is relatively unstable in solution and deteriorates into hydrochloric acid, trichloracetic acid and formic acid, which burn the lining of the mouth and throat. The toxic symptoms are a deep stupor, low blood pressure, gastric irritation and initial vomiting, with death from depressed respiration. Chronic poisoning presents the symptoms of chronic alcoholism, but with more severe gastritis and occasional skin manifestations, sometimes on or around the mouth.\textsuperscript{48}

It is impossible to make any accurate estimate of Rossetti's daily intake of chloral because he was procuring it from two sources, from his regular pharmacist, Bell, on prescription of John Marshall, and from a secret source,\textsuperscript{49} perhaps through the "good offices" of Fanny and her husband.\textsuperscript{50}

\textsuperscript{47}"Notes," \textit{The Pharmaceutical Journal}, 190 (19 July 1963), 45.
\textsuperscript{48} \textit{Extra Pharmacopeia}, pp. 296-298.
\textsuperscript{49} As Rossetti's friend Frederic Shields suggested in a letter to Rossetti's doctor, John Marshall, surgeon, 20 October 1881 AP.
\textsuperscript{50} Doughty, \textit{A Victorian Romantic}, p. 596.
Because Mr. Marshall was eager to wean Rossetti from the drug, the chloral from Bell's was probably diluted, but the quantity and quality of the drug from the secret source remain a mystery. It seems unlikely that Rossetti could have habitually taken the 180 grains a day, of which he boasted to Caine, and still have survived, but even if Marshall's dose were diluted to half he would be having 90 grains per day if he took only of Bell's mixture and up to 180 grains per day if he drank only from his secret source. The Mickey Finn of San Francisco's Barbary Coast days was only 30 grains of chloral hydrate dissolved in neat alcohol, and reputedly rendered its victim unconscious in minutes, delivering a terrible hang-over. Rossetti was taking the chloral equivalent of a triple Mickey Finn every night for several years, a most damaging practice, particularly for a man who eventually died of kidney malfunction.

Even if the dose was as little as 60 grains a day Rossetti was certainly suffering from chronic chloral poisoning, and symptoms resembling those of chronic alcoholism make for uneasy friendships and an unhappy household. Chloral was certainly partly to blame for much of the peculiar behaviour his friends noted. He had become increasingly depressed, full of morbid imaginings and self-pity; he was irritable and particularly sensitive to sound and light, and above all suspicious that the world was conspiring against him in malign and devious ways. As he became more depressed his original creative impulse

51Recollections (1882), p. 229.
lessened. Although he still painted a good deal he was not painting anything new, but rather copying old subjects, painting from earlier themes and finishing pictures begun long before, in order to make money.

Slowly his circle of friends dispersed, each going about his own pursuits, and with happier friends: the Kelmscott idyll with Janey Morris ended in 1874, and any real friendship with William Morris had ended long before; Edward Burne-Jones had drifted away; both the faithful George Hake and the amusing Charles Augustus Howell had been sent away—Hake after a quarrel and Howell because of his double-dealing; Algernon Swinburne seldom left his home at Putney Hill; Ford Madox Brown had moved to Manchester to paint frescoes on the walls of the Town Hall; and even Rossetti's painting assistant, Henry Treffry Dunn, had had to accept private painting commissions because Rossetti never quite remembered to pay him his salary. Friends who lived in town tended to visit less frequently, for they were busy with more pressing concerns and an evening sick-visiting with the touchy and temperamental Rossetti could hardly fulfill their notion of recreation. Both William Bell Scott and William Rossetti worked during the day, Scott as an art teacher and William as a civil servant. Scott, a close neighbour of Rossetti's, was absent during the summers. William had been the mainstay of Rossetti's companionship since they were boys, but he had

53 DGR's last original painting "La Pia" was finished in December 1880. DGR:William Davies LDGR 2357.
married a young demanding wife who was ailing and often went away to the country to recover her health, leaving William to manage a household and a growing family. Shortly after William's marriage his mother and Christina left his house to establish a household of their own in Torrington Square. Christina was ill and his mother elderly, so they depended upon him to be their source of news from the outside, and to handle all their business affairs. Somehow he also found time for editing chores, to work at the poetry he so longed to write and to visit his brother at least once a week.

The most frequent visitor was Theodore Watts, who handled Rossetti's business affairs and advised on his correspondence. Watts was a lawyer turned critic who was learning the art of the sonnet under Rossetti's tutelage. He visited often, but not often enough to satisfy Rossetti, whose letters show a steady stream of demands that Watts must come to dinner, or come for the night, or come to advise on the smallest but most urgent business.\(^5^4\) Frederic Shields, who came often to paint with Rossetti, was a deeply religious man of nervous and inflammatory temperament, hardly a soothing visitor. Other people came too, young men like the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, and new friends like William Sharp, but these were not welcome when Rossetti was ill, so there was never enough company to fill the long hours after the light grew too dim to paint by and before Rossetti took his first dose of chloral in the very

\(^{5^4}\text{LDGR, Vol. IV, passim.}\)
early morning.

When other company failed Fanny Schott would come in. She lived nearby in a place Rossetti had rented for her. Servants changed frequently at 16 Cheyne Walk, but Fanny was always delighted to help out during domestic emergencies; Rossetti gave her money when he could afford to (and often when he could not afford to) and sometimes gave her his drawings as well.

Except for Brown, and of course William, Fanny was the last close friend who remained from the old days, for she had known Rossetti before his marriage, and later had been his model and possibly his mistress. Even after her marriage to John B. Schott she nearly always came in response to an affectionate plea from Rossetti to his "dear Elephant." She was available and amusing, at least to Rossetti, but his friends and family, who had tolerated her reign as housekeeper and gossip at Cheyne Walk in 1862, now disliked and mistrusted her. She was considered to be an unhealthy influence, whether to his morals or his pocket-book is not clear. Perhaps they thought she had been a "lady of the night" and that she inspired Rossetti to low themes, or perhaps they suspected it was she who provided the contraband chloral.

William S. Stillman said Rossetti was "one of the men

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55 Doughty makes a case for Fanny's "profession," which unfortunately he supports with reverse biographical criticism. A Victorian Romantic, p. 681 (n).
This was more true than ever before in the last eight years of Rossetti's life, as he seldom left his house and only through friends did he learn of the world outside his door. Rossetti had never read systematically, but depended upon books and periodicals recommended by his friends, or presentation volumes sent by their authors. As his circle of callers diminished so did his contact with the world. Caine's adulatory letters were soothing balm to Rossetti's failing self-esteem, but more important they opened a whole new world of thought for him, a reason for turning over the pages of his mind, re-appraising everything he had ever read, in order to teach Caine. Rossetti had always been at his best and most patient when he had a "pupil": it was so with Elizabeth Siddall and with Frederic Shields, and so it was with Caine, who was eager and apparently tireless, and whose education replaced the morbid introspection of many of Rossetti's nights.

Most of their correspondence was about literature, but Rossetti also asked direct personal questions which Caine answered frankly and fully, so although they did not meet for fourteen months, Rossetti soon had a fair estimation of his friend's character. By way of confirmation he introduced Caine, by letter, to two old friends of Pre-Raphaelite days, Frederic


57 For example: THC:DGR 7, * [? January 1880].
G. Stephens, the art critic, and Ford Madox Brown.

Stephens reported that Caine "seems a very intelligent fellow with a laudable independence of views and a considerable frankness of expression, and an informed admirer" of Rossetti. A month later, at Caine's prompting, Rossetti sent him a letter of introduction to Brown at Manchester in which he described Caine as "my valued and intimate young friend...whom you will like." Brown's acknowledgement of Rossetti's letter of introduction also served to revive a correspondence between the two men which had languished some time before.

Caine and Brown did like each other and a friendship began which lasted until the younger man offended the touchy Mathilde Blind, a close friend of the Browns.

Even though two of Rossetti's oldest friends approved of Caine, news that he would call at Cheyne Walk produced a barrage of contrary notes from Rossetti, which illustrate his degree of deterioration. Caine was forewarned:

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58 Caine described the meeting in THC:DGR 23, *9 June 1880 and THC:DGR 24, * [mid June 1880].
59 Stephens: DGR 14 June 1880 AP.
60 THC:DGR 26, *14 July 1880.
61 DGR:FMB 15 July (1880) LDGR 1793.
62 DGR:FMB 11 August 1880 AP LDGR 2312.
Hence by return of the post that bore him my missive came two letters, the one obviously written and posted within an hour or two of the other. In the first of these he expressed courteously his pleasure at the prospect of seeing me, and appointed 8:30 P.M. the following evening as his dinner hour at his house in Cheyne Walk. The second letter begged me to come at 5:30 or 6 P.M., so that we might have a long evening.... An hour later... came a third epistle, which ran: "Of course when I speak of your dining with me, I mean tête-à-tête and without ceremony of any kind. I usually dine in my studio and in my painting coat!"... in order to reach Chelsea at 6 P.M., I must needs set out at mid-day, but oblivious of this necessity, Rossetti had actually posted a fourth letter on the morning of the day on which we were to meet begging me not on any account to talk, in the course of our interview, of a certain personal matter upon which we had corresponded.63

Caine dined on Monday evening, went about his business and returned to stay overnight on Thursday of the same week. During his visit he first saw his correspondent as a whole man and much of what he saw he could not approve. He found the dark house oppressive, was upset when Rossetti spoke of his chloral intake and spoke out against Rossetti's "habit of life which does not admit of as much active exercise as might throw off some nervous irritation such as appears to be wearing you."64 But Rossetti read his poetry aloud and they talked far into the

63 Recollections (1882), p. 208-9. The "personal matter" may well have been Rossetti's chloral dependence. His fourth note probably resulted from a fear that other callers would come during Caine's visit, particularly WMR, with whom Rossetti's chloralizing was a very touchy subject. There is no reference to chloral or any other "personal matter" in Caine's letters of this period so perhaps it was letters referring to chloral which formed WMR's mysterious bundle of letters later lent to Caine for his reference but not for publication.

64 THC:DGR 36, #13 September 1880.
morning and by the end of the visit Caine was determined to go to London and live by lecturing.65

In order to achieve his goal he must first meet his financial responsibilities toward his mother and sisters, and must also build himself a literary reputation. To this end he worked even more furiously than usual on a host of small projects and two major ones: an anthology of sonnets and a series of lectures on early nineteenth century poetry criticism.66 These two projects form the basis of his correspondence with Rossetti until the summer of 1881.

It was Rossetti who first suggested the sonnet book. Sonnets were becoming a popular poetic form—David Main's Treasury of English Sonnets (1880) had sold well, and Waddington had an anthology in the making—here was the possibility of both profit and reputation. The original plan was that Caine should use only published sonnets, but he shrewdly realized that a publisher was unlikely to accept an anthology of this kind from an unknown editor, so he approached Elliot Stock with the proposal that he would include unpublished sonnets as well. How should he approach poets, he innocently enquired of Rossetti, who replied, "Ye heavens! how does the cat's-meat-man approach Grimalkin?—and what is that relation in life when compared to the rapport established between the living bard and the fellow-creature who is disposed to cater to his caterwauling appetite

65 THC: DGR 35, * [3 September 1880].
66 "Curiosities of Criticism," later published as Cobwebs of Criticism.
for publicity?" 67 In the end it was Rossetti and Brown who played cat's-meat-men for Caine—from friends and through friends they got sonnets which Caine, an unknown name on a letter, would simply have been refused. Since the anthology was to be Caine's debut as a man of letters, Rossetti was eager that it should succeed, and consulted in every detail from theory to selection, 68 although at first he refused to have an unpublished sonnet of his own included, apparently more from mistrust of the public press than mistrust of Caine, who he had decided seemed "modest, yet not likely to miss a chance that can be duly seized," and "much too good for his present work." 69

All the literary stimulation he found in writing to Caine and in choosing sonnets for the anthology, plus the fact that in the spring of 1880 he had been helping Mrs. Alexander Gilchrist prepare a second edition of her husband's Life of Blake, apparently turned Rossetti's thoughts to publishing another book of his own poetry. Although he had not published a book since 1870 he had been writing a little all along, but in 1880 he developed an enthusiasm for a new form—the ballad. He began to write much more, and as a result published two books in 1881. Ballads and Sonnets contained three new ballads, some miscellaneous lyrics, twenty-five sonnets (some of which had

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68 Between them they rejected two unpublished sonnets by Gerard Manley Hopkins, which had been submitted with a note of explanation by Canon R.W. Dixon. THC: DGR 59, *22 March 1881* and THC: DGR 68, *15 May 1881.*

69 DGR: FMB (20 September 1880) AP (LDGR 2333)
been published in periodicals), and the completed sonnet-sequence "The House of Life," of which 54 of the 102 sonnets had been published in Poems (1870). The other book was a new edition of Poems in which the removed "House of Life" sonnets were replaced by "The Bride's Prelude."

Both books were well received, but Ballads and Sonnets could be called a critical success owing in part to Rossetti's masterful management of friendly critics. Still another critical success awaited Rossetti in 1881, the sale of his largest picture, "Dante's Dream." Caine had seen the picture at Cheyne Walk during his overnight visit, and heard its sad history: twice sold and twice returned to Rossetti because of its size. Caine was rapturous about the picture's beauties and set himself the task of ridding Rossetti of the cumbersome canvas by finding it an honorable home at a princely price. And so in December, 1880, when his enemy Philip Rathbone stepped down as chairman of the Liverpool Council's music and fine arts committee, Caine approached the new chairman, Alderman Edward Samuelson, about buying the painting to hang in the municipal Walker Gallery. Caine's chivalric temper must often have been sorely tried during the eight-month long negotiations, for he was essentially naive in the matter of City Council politics,

70 The painting, 10' by 7', was originally commissioned by William Graham, M.P. for Glasgow, in 1869. It proved too large for his house, so he returned it and in 1873 it was transferred to L.R. Valpy, a London solicitor. When Valpy retired to a small house in Bath in 1878 he found the painting too large to hang, and returned it on the understanding that he would receive its value in others of Rossetti's paintings.
and Rossetti was very superstitious about the twice-returned picture and would not allow it to be moved away unless its sale was final and binding. He would allow no leniency for goodwill or word of honor in the matter, nor would he exhibit it publicly before it was sold.

The committee members were businessmen and politicians, eager to receive good value for their money, but not at all sure how to judge art. They were surprised that Rossetti had not exhibited the picture if it was so valuable, and even more surprised that he should quote his price in guineas—they were suspicious of the whole arrangement, particularly when Rossetti refused to see Rathbone, then the curator of the Walker Gallery. This last trouble Caine had brought about when he cast himself in the role of Jack-the-Giant-Killer, with Rathbone playing the giant: after one of Caine's lectures on Rossetti, Rathbone, as chairman, had thanked the speaker, and then warned the audience that "so far from being animated mainly, or even largely by spiritual passion, Rossetti is the most sensuous, not to say sensual, of English poets, and in his character as artist I can best describe him as the greatest animal painter

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71 Violet Hunt, an unreliable source, says the picture was stored in an old shed behind William Bell Scott's house. Her tale is that Scott was afraid Rossetti "might spoil it by retouching. He was now unfit to handle it." *Wife of Rossetti*, (New York: E.P. Dutton and Co., 1932), p. xxli.

72 THC:DGR 17, *13 April 1880.*
alive." This re-opened the whole painful contemporary controversy in Rossetti's mind, so of course he would have nothing to do with "Ratsbane," as he called him. During the winter various members of the committee (and doubting councillors) came to see the picture, and each time it won new allies, chief among whom was Alderman Samuelson, who was determined that Liverpool should have the picture. Rathbone's approval was needed, however, so he was finally persuaded to send a half-hearted apology for what "I cannot recollect and therefore am unable to explain," and claimed he was constantly misrepresented by the press "especially so in the confusion between sensuous and sensual which has brought upon me absurd misunderstanding." Rossetti must have been somewhat mollified by the apology, for when Rathbone called at 16 Cheyne Walk he was admitted. He viewed the painting and approved of its purchase.

Finally the committee made an offer: they could not spend the proceeds of the Autumn Exhibition upon a picture which the owner declined to exhibit, but if Rossetti exhibited it without a price, and if he wrote a covering letter stating at what price it would be available to the Liverpool Municipal Council, the committee assured him it would be purchased. As this was tantamount to exhibiting the picture himself, Rossetti refused. He had seldom exhibited his own works publicly, and if

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73 My Story, p. 122. Nearly all Rossetti's paintings have women as the central figure.

74 Rathbone: DGR 20 July 1881 AP.

75 Samuelson: THC 23 July 1881 AP.
he were to change his policy he would exhibit in London rather than in Liverpool. The difficulty was finally solved by "giving" the picture to Caine, who exhibited it and lectured on it in Liverpool. He then sold it to the city, and paid Rossetti the £1650 price.

At Easter in 1881 Caine spent ten days with Rossetti and saw everyday life at Cheyne Walk. It is unlikely he managed to do any of his own work during the visit, for everyone who came into Rossetti's orbit was pressed into his service in some way and his appetite for conversation was insatiable. During this visit the subject of Caine's living at Cheyne Walk arose for the second time, but Caine did not accept immediately. Although he was longing to live in London, he had now seen that life with Rossetti was so demanding and so time-consuming that he doubted if he would have the longed-for writing hours.

When Caine wrote his "bread-and-butter" letter, he was still in doubt, and pleaded poverty and family responsibilities, though he was evidently sorely tempted. Rossetti wrote again and pressed his offer, adding that the money difficulties would be easily solved, as he planned to give Caine a commission on the sale of "Dante's Dream." Caine replied that the thought of

76 DGR:THC 4 July 1881 AP.
77 Recollections (1928), p.128. Caine's £1,550 is obviously in error, for the price named was £1,500 plus £150 commission.
78 Rossetti had mentioned the possibility on Caine's first visit but probably at that time he had in mind a secretaryship, rather than a friendship. My Story, p. 129.
personal reward had never entered his mind, but he did not refuse outright. However, the offer must have reassured him, for in June he left his job and went to the Vale of St. John, in Cumberland, to follow his "unconquerable love of literary pursuits." By this time his contract with James Lovell of the Liverpool Mercury, as an outside correspondent, had probably been raised to £150 per year, and as well he had the prospect of reviews from a variety of sources, some of which William Michael Rossetti had helped him establish. In July, he asked Rossetti to stay with him in the Vale of St. John, and at the end of the month it was settled that Caine would become a resident of Cheyne Walk. Caine arrived on August 6, and left again immediately for Liverpool to work on the sale of "Dante's Dream" which he took with him. The sale was announced on September 5th, and although Rossetti may well have wished to stay in London to receive congratulations on the sale and to await the publication of Ballads and Sonnets he was becoming very ill as a result of the worry attendant on publicity, and noise

81 THC:DGR 78, *5 July 1881.
83 THC:WMR 31 March 1881 AP.
84 THC:DGR 78, *5 July 1881.
85 DGR: Mrs. Gabriele Rossetti 3 August 1881 AP; FL, pp. 381-382; LDGR 2525.
86 DGR:TW (4 August 1881) LDGR 2528.
87 DGR:TW (30 August 1881) LDGR 2545.
from building activities taking place on the land which had once been the garden behind his house. So on September 20 they set off for the Vale of St. John\textsuperscript{88} encumbered by a mountain of luggage, unfinished paintings, and books, and by Fanny in the role of nurse. Rossetti's friends were astonished by his sudden and uncharacteristic departure; William Bell Scott wrote: "I was surprised by a letter from Rossetti, whom we had left in a very low state of general health, even suffering from a total loss of the hope of recovery, the greatest loss a sick man can suffer. The letter was dated from an out-of-the-way farmhouse in Cumberland, whither he had passively allowed himself to be carried by a young man to whom he had suddenly become exclusively attached, Mr. T. Hall Caine."\textsuperscript{89}

At first the visit seemed a great success; Rossetti liked the house, the setting, the land-lady and above all the quiet.\textsuperscript{90} He even climbed the Great Hough, a mountain of 1200 feet, with Caine and Fanny, but descended triumphantly "on a natural basis broader and also in such a case more rapid than the feet."\textsuperscript{91} He worked on a replica of "Proserpine" for Valpy, and boasted that he was reducing the chloral with Fanny's

\textsuperscript{88}DGR:WMR (18 September 1881) \textit{FL}, p. 387; LDGR 2557.

\textsuperscript{89}\textit{Autobiographical Notes}, II: 304.

\textsuperscript{90}THC:WMR 22 September 1881 \textit{AP}, and DGR: Mrs. Gabriele Rossetti (22 September 1881) \textit{AP}; \textit{FL}, pp. 387-388; LDGR 2558.

\textsuperscript{91}DGR:TW (28 September 1881) LDGR 2562.
help. In the evenings Caine read to them from novels which he was studying for a course of lectures, Rossetti recited his poetry, and they talked a great deal. After a fortnight, the newness of the place began to wear off, and Rossetti, who needed fresh company above everything else, became bored. Caine's company could hardly be called varied, and at this time he was going into Liverpool for a day and a half each week to lecture, leaving Rossetti alone with Fanny. Still Rossetti wrote a rather restrained letter to his mother describing Caine as "good company....excessively attentive and friendly and really an abnegator of self." His letter brought a furious reply from Christina which must have warned Rossetti to beware of his own impulsiveness with people, and perhaps reminded him that relationships with George Hake and Dunn had begun with an exaggerated estimate of their perfections which could not possibly be fulfilled, and so both relationships had ended with a certain amount of bitterness, at least on Rossetti's side. She evidently felt her brother's glowing expectations were unfair to Caine, who was very young and inexperienced, and who, as Rossetti's house-mate, would have a difficult task. Perhaps
she also reminded her brother that Caine had his own work to
do, and was to be a friend, not a servant. Rossetti seems to
have sent an equally sharp reply, to which Christina wrote:

I dare say my 'burst' read quite as abruptly as yours!
but it had its source simply in your own words to our Mother;
[see above] ... Hero-worship is not the feeling I dedicate
to George Hake, much less to Mr. Dunn, though I have a warm
liking for the former and a secondary ditto for the latter:
but I can imagine grave faults in both, and am quite sure
you know a great deal about them which must (and is most
welcome to) continue unknown to me. Yet I recollect our good
Maria once remarking that one never understood a person unless
one liked him, and so far I fancy I may have the best chance
of grasping our subject. Nevertheless facts are stubborn
things, not to be modified by a Quixotic view-point.

The penultimate sentence is the telling one, for
Christina implied that her brother tended to base his judgements
of his companion-assistants upon how useful and unobtrusive
they could be, rather than upon their real human worth. This
is not a flattering estimate of Rossetti's character, nor of
his treatment of those who befriended him, but it is typical
of Christina's astringent honesty and temper.

Obviously tempers at Cumberland were frayed. The chloral
consumption was mounting again, for boredom always had this
effect on Rossetti, and Caine, who was in charge of the chloral,
had decided to try drastic measures to reduce it. Mr. Marshall
had warned that one bottle of chloral was all that Rossetti

Neither of these letters is available.

CR:DGR 17 October 1881 AP, CRL, p. 100. The letter
was written on a Monday and therefore cannot be October 19 as
WMR dates it. His comment upon the letter (CRL, pp. 99-100)
implies that it was the culmination of an exchange of eulogies
on THC to which sentiment Rossetti no longer concurred.
should have, but when he began demanding another bottle at
dawn, Caine decided that the dependence on the drug was only
psychological, and filled the second bottle with water, which
Rossetti took and slept. Unfortunately he told Fanny of his
trick, which Fanny promptly repeated to Rossetti. Thereafter
Rossetti refused to believe that all the doses were not tampered
with, and began to use whiskey as an additional sedative. 96
Fanny left suddenly and Rossetti became more and more ill,
partly because of the increased chloral and the whiskey, and
perhaps because the medicine was now several weeks old and had
begun to deteriorate into hydrochloric acid. When they returned
to Cheyne Walk on October 18 Rossetti was in a state of near
collapse as a result of chloral poisoning.

Nurses were brought in twice during October and
November, and the crisis receded, but none of the friends, or
even the doctor, who had seen Rossetti through previous crises,
seemed worried about the gravity of the condition. Rossetti
was too ill to write himself, but he dictated to Shields a
pitiful note for Mr. Marshall in which he confessed that he had
been over-indulging and if Marshall would only come to see him
he would try to pay £100 on his bill by Christmas. 97 Marshall
told Caine that there was really nothing to worry about, as
Rossetti had survived twice the dose previously, but that the
drug should be reduced. 98

96 My Story, pp. 193-197; Recollections (1928), pp. 188-
192. The incident is not mentioned in Recollections (1882).
97Shields: John Marshall 20 October 1881 AP.
98THC:WMR 24 October 1881 AP.
Caine then rallied Rossetti's friends around him; it is in William Bell Scott's letters to Alice Boyd that we find an account of the period:

...on Tuesday forenoon I had a call from Caine, the new friend and caretaker of D.G.R. who had come to tell me how ill Gabriel was. He said he had been to Marshall who was coming, but he thought he should inform some of his friends....On enquiring into the kind of illness however, I knew it was only an attack of chloral....He made an arrangement with me that I was to go in tonight as Shields and Watts were both to go on the two previous evenings ...so I wrote Gabriel asking how he was and if I should come in. In reply his new servant brought me back my own note with a scrawl in pencil which I literally could not read....I found him half dressed twisted up on the sofa and attended by Fanny. At first I was horrified, he seemed emaciated, and worn out, a mere wreck, perspiring and coughing that old cough but much worse, for five minutes at a time he went on coughing, and yet no result and no apparent cause. He protested he was dying, that such a success as he had had with both book and picture, was a forerunner of death ...I thought of the former time and feared his mind has gone again, but gradually after a long talk he became very much better. Fanny left to go to look into the kitchen...As for reading to him, it was out of the question. He can attend to nothing. I am going again tomorrow evening.99

After his next visit Scott reported:

I have read a good many of my poems to D.G.R. who already is a good deal better, in fact one can't help feeling there is a good deal of a kind of pretence about his quivering hand and continuous cough.100 But about the poems—the impression they made...was overpowering—he never before expressed himself so strongly about anything I think....He actually cried over [one] ...Then he is no doubt, in a very nervous shattered state at the moment. Yesterday before I parted from him we spoke of the great success of the 'King's Tragedy'101 and he became almost paralytic, said that the writing of that had torn his vitals out and fairly broke down. Is it not strange? this is evidently the result of anxiety and deranged sensibility about the exhibition of his picture at Liverpool, and his volume coming at the same moment. After these I read a few other little ones [poems], but all were received with enthusiasm, and then

99 WBS:AB 27 October 1881 PP.
100 WMR agreed: Memoir, p. 376.
101 One of the new ballads published in Ballads and Sonnets.
he declared they had done him a great deal of good and got up and walked about with a stick certainly but I don't think he needed it. Whether the effort was too much for him or not he protested he could stand no more....

When I went in today Fanny was there. She went immediately, but this is a renewal of an infliction one can't really bargain for. He acknowledged that he had had Fanny down to Cumberland with him! and that William had expressed himself too strongly in disapprobation of her being there. I also expressed myself strongly, which only brought on another attack of shattered nerves. The explanation of the whole matter is that the splendid tavern-hotel in Jermyn St. has collapsed, it has not succeeded and she is left to sort for herself, her reputed husband continuing in the Jermyn St. establishment, and she falling back on Gabriel. Is it not discouraging?

Another affair I found it practicable to talk over with him was Dunn's departure. It appears he has not paid Dunn anything for years, and that he was under an engagement at £2.10 a week. Dunn now claims £300 which no doubt is the true sum and D.G. refuses to pay. He will pay by degrees! Funny! is it not, when his pictures bring such sums?

While Caine was away on business in Liverpool the faithful Scott visited Rossetti again and reported the somewhat chaotic condition of the household at 16 Cheyne Walk:

Fanny came running before I got into the studio saying "He's very much better he's painting!! I got him to paint!" He was sitting at the easel with a picture fixed in it and a sponge and rags streaming with wet, the floor being also streaming. "What is it? I asked, "Water or turpentine?" Turpentine, he was cleaning the picture....

Rossetti's friends were quite sure he could stop the chloral if he would: they considered his condition was a result of hypocondria and perversity, rather than physical addiction.

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102 Dunn had been told his place was occupied, and that Caine would henceforth be living in his room. DGR:TW 24 July 1881 LDGR 2517.
103 WBS:AB 28 October 1881 PP. In this letter is WBS' request to AB that she "throw it in the fire."
104 WBS:AB 4 November 1881 PP.
William had a firm talk with his brother, and even Shields decided that the misery of Rossetti's condition weighed upon him insupportably, so "now I must disburden all I feel to him—an ordeal I have shrunk from, yet I trust it may prove less terrible than I have feared, since he was not offended at your exercise of the brotherly right of speaking the truth in love ...." Shields longed to see the cessation of "the mad infatuation which beguiles him....Short of that he is a doomed man" and he hoped that Marshall would bring back "the admirable nurse he lately had...on condition she is not overborne by another influence." He had decided that unless Rossetti would renounce the chloral and Fanny, he would cease visiting the house, but amended his ban to a two-week suspension of the visits. He wrote to William:

Whatever steps I take will not be taken in dudgeon, but those I judge best and wisest for his sake, who has been very dear to me, only there must be a limit to the suffering which presses upon me, so that I can think of little else, as I see him still unfreed from the cunning influence of one who is causing me to feel for his sake that 'I find more bitter than death the woman whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands.' She is the kind good friend—the faithful nurse, so she represents herself, without whose indulgence he would die for want of sleep—ie stupor [sic] purchased by alcohol—we may rejoice that Marshall has sent an able nurse, but she would feel her hands strengthened by instructions from you that no one is to interfere with, much less over-ride her instructions, or circumvent her vigilance—in restraining him. Privately—the old housekeeper seems under the spell of that woman, but it will be most unwise to say a word about this to G. under the present circumstances. It is a comfort to think that Caine appears sincerely desirous to save and shows much courage and devotion in the painful task....

105 Shields: WMR 23 November 1881 AP. The lady of malevolent influence is obviously Fanny Cornforth. Fanny supervised the household when Caine was away from town on business, a situation which both Scott and Shields saw was less than satisfactory.

106 Shields: WMR 28 November 1881 AP.
Obviously Fanny would have to go if the chloral were to be controlled, but before anything final was done Rossetti suffered an attack of paralysis,¹⁰⁷ and was put to bed under the supervision of a nurse and a resident doctor, to undergo a treatment of morphia, ether, and bromine, which was to end the chloral addiction. The paralysis finally receded from both legs and one arm, but his left hand remained paralyzed. A change of air was recommended and when, through John Seddon, Rossetti was lent a commodious bungalow at Birchington-on-the-Sea, near Margate, he set off on February 4 with Caine, Mrs. Abrey (a real nurse this time) and Caine's thirteen-year-old sister, Lily, "a very nice attractive little girl."¹⁰⁸ When they arrived at the bungalow Rossetti took an instant dislike to it and wanted to leave. It must have seemed a very common house to one who called Tudor House in Cheyne Walk his home, but Caine was adamant, so they stayed. Rossetti did not get better, but rather worse. His strength decreased daily but his friends and William did not take his illness seriously until the very end. As Christina wrote to William:

...pray do not ascribe all his doings and non-doings to foundationless fidgetiness, poor dear fellow. Don't you think neither you nor I can quite appreciate all he is undergoing at present, what between wrecked health at least in some measure, nerves which appear to falsify facts, and most anxious money matters? It is trying to have to do with him at times, but what must it be to be himself! And he in so many ways the head (and flower) of our family— it doubles the pity.¹⁰⁹

¹⁰⁷ December 11, 1881.
¹⁰⁸ DGR:CR (3 February 1882) AP; FL, p.392; LDGR 2602.
¹⁰⁹ CR:WMR (19 February 1882) AP.
And William reported to Ford Madox Brown:

...Gabriel] has these several weeks been not only much depressed but not a little cross in the bargain, and I don't suppose he has written anything to anyone except to meet some occasion of the moment of his own...When I heard from him (10 or 12 days ago) he himself said he was worse: but Watts, who had been with him up to a day or two preceding, told me that there was no ground for considering him worse—so I don't feel exactly anxious or alarmed, although it is by this time clear that his illness or numbness etc. was not to be considered a trifle.

Christina and her mother went down to stay at Birchin- ton on March 6, and Christina again warned William: "Pray do not doubt the reality of poor Gabriel's illness: do not let any theory or opinion influence you to entertain such a doubt." Rossetti himself wrote to Joseph Knight, signing it, "With love from what is left of me." Brown retained his doubt until the last: "I certainly, from what I saw of him last, do not believe in his loss of muscular force, nor in his loss of sight—but the state of nervous depression in which he is seems to last so long that the very gravest results would not surprise. It would be a good thing to get him off to Italy..."

Toward the end, news of his illness got about and many friends came to call, even the banished Charles Augustus Howell.
who had just passed through bankruptcy court, but it was Caine who was the mainstay through the last months. On Good Friday, Rossetti made his will, leaving everything to his mother and William, except for a number of mementoes which his close friends were allowed to choose. So fractious and suspicious had he become by this time that it was only with great difficulty that Caine and Watts persuaded him to include William Bell Scott among the friends to receive mementoes. On Sunday, April 9, Rossetti died.

Caine went up to London the following day, leaving the grieving family the privacy of the bungalow. Before he returned for the funeral he had packed up all his possessions and shipped them North. His life with Rossetti was ended.

By early summer a great many people were planning to write about Rossetti. William Bell Scott reported:

Watts was here yesterday after dinner in a state of simmer—I might say boiling over, about Sharp and Caine having prepared themselves as rival acrobats to write books about D.G.R.! He says Gabriel on his death bed begged him to let no one else write "a Life"—to write it himself if it was necessary. He had prevailed on Caine to be quiet, but suddenly the other hanger-on whom as Watts says "I have brought a little into notice; and who was seeing me daily and hourly," has, without mentioning his intention, got Macmillan to commission him for a book of 300 pages, as the intimate friend of the deceased! and then Caine says, "Well! if he does it I shall too!" It seems D.G.R. has written whole bundles of letters to Caine some of them 6 or 8 pages long! Watts is cut out of the game and in despair. "Rossetti has fallen among the Philistines" is his commentary, "and I can't help him!" Sharp, as I think I mentioned in a former note came here and announced to me his having undertaken a book on the "Character of DGR's art and poetry and its influence on English art and literature." I was astonished as you may suppose. After a

\[115^{TW:WMR} 18 October 1892 AP.\]
few moments I said, his influence on Art was simply nil—that in fact no one had seen any of his paintings except his private friends. He had no reply. The cause of all this interest in Gabriel's painting is really his secretiveness and the curiosity of the public to see what has been kept dark. I hope the revelation will not break up the charm....

In July he reported on another book:

Stock has sent me a new little book about D.G.R. It is by someone no one knows. Eloquent in its way, and good, yet wholly in the dark about the real character of D.G. However, it is only about his painting, very little about his poetry. I have read it, so it is not very long....

Theodore Watts disagreed:

I told Stock of the immense folly of printing such a baby-like product as that of the ass Tirebuck or whatever else is his damned name. A lot of fellows will scribble about him [D.G.R.] and vulgarize his name....

William had planned to write a memoir and publish it with family letters, but in the face of Watts' disappointment he considered turning the family letters over to Watts, and allowing him to write the memoir. His wife, Lucy, did not approve:


117 William Tirebuck, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, His Work and Influence, Including a Brief Survey of Recent Art Tendencies. This volume was also the result of Caine's association with Rossetti. Tirebuck, an old Liverpool friend of Caine's, must have been infected by Caine's enthusiasm for Rossetti, transmitted in conversation, by letter, and in Caine's Liverpool lecture on "Dante's Dream." It is likely that Tirebuck's attitude toward Rossetti reflected Caine's, since there is no evidence that Tirebuck ever met Rossetti.

118 WBS:AB 10 July 1882 PP.

119 TW:WMR 24 July 1882 AP.

120 This plan was fulfilled in 1895, after Watts defaulted on his planned volume, by D.G. Rossetti's Family Letters with a Memoir, 2 vols.
I don't know what to say about combining with Watts about the letters. I don't quite like the idea myself. All the time Watts knew Gabriel, was in the unnatural part of his life he humoured Gabriel and Gabriel was much under his influence. I think you could get more of his earlier letters to Papa and combine with him if he were able something most interesting and valuable might be made.  

Another combination was suggested, that of F.G. Stephens and Theodore Watts:

I had from Stephens a most pathetic letter in answer to one of mine in which I had said you seemed sorry he and Watts should not do the life of D.G.R. He seemed to be much hurt—as indeed you know is S.'s wont when anything displeases him with regard to himself. I thought the best thing to do was to write a long letter explaining the whole matter. How Caine came there at all, and how Gabriel made him give up his business in Liverpool and become his private secretary for no salary and confided to him all his most private affairs. How Caine was in fact left in the lurch by D.G.'s death, with for all property an amount of private information which it became necessary to publish or control somehow. I told him all I could to soften wounded feelings—explaining what I believe to be true, that neither you nor your husband could possibly have wished these two young men to do the real work in preference to him and Watts. That indeed it seems to me that it might still be done between WMR and Watts and himself.  

Even Scott seemed to have plans to use some letters, for he wrote to Miss Boyd: "I suppose you took the letters of D.G.R. we spoke of. I must be writing or doing something in Penkill."  

Watts was still considering his book about Rossetti in 1892, and wrote to William, "I am extremely anxious to see what I have written about G. in print now," and outlined the proposed book, but upon the back of this letter William noted that he

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121 LMR:WMR 17 August 1882 AP.
122 FMB:LMR 12 October 1882 AP.
123 WBS:AB 24 (May 1882) PP.
wrote to the publishers on July 31 suggesting they write to Watts, rather than himself, stating that unless a substantial part of his manuscript was "in the printers' hands by 1/1/93, we shall regard the project as lapsed, and shall do whatever we think fit apart therefrom." The book was never published.

Hall Caine's book was the first memoir of Rossetti published, and afterwards he returned to London to try to establish a public reputation there as "the Bard of Manxland"—which Rossetti had told him was a worth while thing to be. He was knighted in 1918 for his energetic support of the British war effort, and in 1921 was made a Companion of Honour "in recognition of his distinction in literature."

One of Caine's first and perhaps most valued honors was William's understanding gratitude for the year Caine cared for Rossetti:

... Rossetti's gifts and his temperament always made him a leader in any associateship, and now his infirmities reinforced the claim; and Mr. Caine was soon drawn within a vortex from which escape—unless he had decided to escape from the house altogether—was not easily manageable. His own work got impeded; his days and evenings were cut up by numerous and miscellaneous attentions paid to his highly sensitive and not seldom morbidly wayward friend and host. If he looks back upon the months from July 1881 to April 1882 as a period of strain and self-sacrifice, he may at least console himself with the reflection that he did a great deal to soothe and tend a man of eminent genius and wide renown, and that he amply earned the gratitude of those members of the family who survived Dante Rossetti.  

124 TW:WMR 23 July 1892 AP.  
126 Norris, Two Men of Manxland, p. 62.  
127 Memoir, p. 370.
I have grown to feel an interest in you and your work so entirely personal as seems to justify the above familiar form of address. If there be, however, anything in it unwarranted by the proper attitude of a student to the poet he loves pray pardon and forget it.

I send you a copy of Colburn's New Monthly Magazine containing my lecture on your poetry. I wish you to read it if you have the leisure and the kind inclination. I trust you may approve of what I have written, and may find that however imperfect a tribute I have offered to the rich beauty of your work I have aimed to say a word it was well to have spoken, and have said it, too, in the right way. At all events I have said it sincerely. I owe you much gratitude. So far as I can know the workings of my mind I believe it is to you more than to any other that I owe it that with all the ardour of an earnest and I think ardent nature I "love the principle of beauty in all things." Accept my best wishes. You have shewn me precious subtleties of the heart and I feel for that the less temptation to a false and ugly life.

[postscript] You will, I fear, find my essay imperfectly printed—for that I am not responsible.

1"Dear Mr. Rossetti" instead of the more formal "My dear Sir." This is THC's first personal letter to DGR.
2 August 1879

I have not hastened to reply to your very kind letter because I have the pleasant prospect of a brief holiday and I have been endeavouring to find how far my arrangements will admit of availing myself of what had afforded me so much delight—your permission to call upon you. I have not yet determined upon the course I shall take and so I prefer to defer no longer my acknowledgement of your courtesy. I am yearning to see Swiss mountains and Italian Gothic Churches; and in the event of my going so far from home I shall assuredly pass through London and do my utmost to see you. I shall, however, be careful to give you the day's notice of my intention.

[postscript] I have been thinking I should like you to know what other poetry I love: I mean that I could wish you to feel that my enthusiasm for your work is not at all the freak of a feverish fancy but the serious outcome of a mind that aims to fix its standard high. And so I send you the August Colburn's which contains an essay written by me² and which (as it is my only copy) I shall trouble you kindly to return to me.

28 October 1879

I have lost the Secretaryship of the Social Science

²"The Supernatural in Poetry."
Association. There were 166 candidates and I have just dropped out at the last three. I had set my heart upon living in London, but now that must stand over awhile. As you say I may nevertheless turn up all right eventually in my true sphere. As Burns has it "the best of my life must be before me." It is a painful thought, however, that there are probably very many thoroughly capable men all over the country who seek work which they can never pursue for the passion of it and which can scarcely yield them £300 a year.

I trust you sympathised with much my Congress paper contained: I sent you a Builder in which the full text was printed. My Ruskin Society lecture I might also have published, but I felt that it was not altogether an adequate performance and now I am engaged in re-writing it.

I intend to offer it to the Nineteenth Century. When I have finished it and 2 lectures I give shortly and 2 or 3 trifles for Theatre magazine, I intend to start upon an essay I have long contemplated and to which I think I can bring special sympathy and insight—a study of the genius of Keats. I have mentioned this to Mr. Chapman of Westminster Review and to him I mean to send it, unless something else shews itself.

The treatment shall be distinctly psychological and into it I intend to put all my power, and as I do not think there is

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3In late September THC has asked DGR and WMR for letters of recommendation for the secretaryship, (THC:DGR 4, 25 September 1879 AP). WMR sent a letter immediately. Caine submitted it with nine other letters of recommendation (THC:WMR 27 September 1879 AP).
any living man whose instinct on such a theme would be so sure as your's I shall ask you before I publish my paper to do me the great kindness of looking at it.—That, however, will not be earlier than the new year.

6. 7 December 1879

Your letter brought the colour to my pale cheeks, but it did me great good. I had offered one of my 'restoration' papers to the editor of the *Contemporary* and he had written a very courteous letter saying that nothing but sheer pressure of M.S.S. compelled him to decline for the present what he felt was an able paper. I do not think I am easily disheartened but I felt the same or similar conditions would be almost certain to obtain in whatever other quarter I might care to see it. And then the editor of that magazine of which I sent you two numbers wrote inviting the contribution. I was halting between two opinions, whether to send him the paper and have done with it, or whether to burn what I had written with all my heart rather than see it appear amidst dishonouring associations, when your letter was brought into this room. My decision was at once made and the M.S. lies still on the table.

I confess to you I did not know the character of the magazine when I was first invited to contribute to it. With its

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4 DGR has obviously been critical of a paper THC has sent him and of *Colburn's New Monthly*.

5 The papers on drama mentioned in THC: DGR 5, *28 October 1879*. 
early issues of fifty years ago I was familiar but its later numbers had fallen quite out of sight. And then when my paper on your poetry was sent to me and I saw that in addition to many harassing errors of the press within itself, it was surrounded, as you say, by such a farrago of absolute garbage I was in doubt whether after all it could be a proper thing to let you see it. I was in fear lest I might incur your contempt and yet, knowing and loving that poetry as I did, I felt I should reproach myself for ever if I were prevented from making such a risk.

Three other papers of mine have since then appeared in the same publication, but from sheer shortsightedness, the M S S were all in the editor's hands before I saw the magazine.

I thank you very heartily for your most kind promise to read my Keats article when it is written. I feel an assurance that it will prove to be very much the best thing I have written or am likely soon to write. All my sympathy goes out to it. Incidentally in a popular lecture a few nights ago I alluded to Keats and friends say I never spoke so well. I am glad you say he is the one true heir of Shakspere amongst all his contemporaries who established their names. That is just what I have seen in him—vastly more of Shakspere than of Spenser, except in simple outline. Charles Wells, too, had a great deal of the young Shakspere in him. With his drama I am not so familiar as I ought to be. I read it in snatches at the Library. I read your reference to him in the supplementary chapter (attributed
to you I think) of [Alexander] Gilchrist's Blake. I wonder is that portrait faithful they give of him on the title page of his book (Mr. Swinburne's edition), I could not but set it side by side with the portrait of Keats and think how much was wanting in the one face which in the other was salient. Keats had, so to speak, all my heart whilst Wells took all my mind. In the clear eyes and broad, strong brow of Wells there was lacking, so I thought, much of all the winged aspiration that spoke out of the great liquid eyes and upturned look of Keats; but in the clearly outlined, strong lower face of Wells there seemed the mark of the man who through all untoward fortune could bide his time.

I have been spending an hour now and an hour again at the Library with your Dante and his Circle, but I do not know the book at all properly. Your promise to send me a copy if I have not got it gives me the greatest delight. I shall value the book very much and learn greatly from it, but I shall, in one sense, value the present much more. Dante is a world I have yet rightly to explore. I do not know him as I know Shakspere and Goethe and others.

6 Life of William Blake, "Pictor Ignotus", 2 vols. (London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Company, 1863). Gilchrist died in 1861 before the work was completed. Mrs. Anne Gilchrist, his widow, asked DGR and several others to help complete the work.

7 Charles Wells, Joseph and his Brethren: a dramatic poem for which Swinburne wrote an introduction. (London: Chatto and Windus, 1876).

8 The passion of the age for phrenology and physiognomy is clearly shared by THC.
I have never told you (nor shall I tell you until I can do so as I should) how much your painting has moved me. I almost wish your "Lady at the Window" were coming to Mr. Rae's, for then I should see it as I have seen the others.

I offered 7 papers to a publisher a while ago to be made up into a small 200 page volume. The papers embraced: 1 on Restoration, 1 on your poetry and 4 on Shakspere subjects, beside my forthcoming Keats. The publisher said he would be glad to share the risk with me, but that was an arrangement I declined. Is it not a strange thing that a man should be asked to pay for the privilege of teaching such of the public as know less than he does?

But then I am a very young man yet and although I am older by some months than Keats was (heaven forgive the connection) when he finished his life's work I have time yet, I hope, to work in. I hope too I shall not weary you with this.

7. (? January 1880)

Your mention of [Harry] Buxton Forman reminds me that it was he who edited Keats's love-letters. Folks here as elsewhere said the book was a literary indecency such as a true lover of Keats should never, or even could never, have perpetrated. I do not think I had any feeling of that kind. Indeed I had no

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9George Rae, a patron of DGR's, who lived in Liverpool.
11Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne Written in the Years 1819 and 1820 (London: Reeves and Turner, 1878).
time to reflect upon it thus passively and objectively. The book had enthralling charms for me, from the first page whereon [Joseph] Severn had drawn the once redundant locks of rich hair, dank and matted over the glorious forehead, cold with the death-dew, to the last line of the letterpress. I had it only for a day or two, however. If I remember aright your brother wrote on it in the Academy, and his admiration of Keats seemed to me then to have grown greatly since the days when he wrote his beautiful note to the Edition of Keats he edited. A truly lovely passage in that note, beginning—"That is an age-long and shoreless water" appears to me in much the same manner as your rehabilitation of Keats's self-chosen epitaph.

"La Belle Dame Sans Merci" is, as you say, a clear advance in direct simplicity. It seems to me the most perfect thing he did. Not that I value it as much as I value other things of his,—the great Ode for example, one stanza of which is heart-breaking in its pathos,—but I see in it, as you do, an indication of to what chastity he was progressing. He was writing then with judgement. His style was losing nothing in richness, and light, but it was gaining in directness and effortless strength. This poem takes a place side by side in

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12 The attribution in this edition is "frontespiece by Severn-Scott."


my mind with (amongst others) Coleridge's "Genevieve".* There is the same simplicity of motif the same natural begetting of one incident out of the last, one image out of the image that precedes it; the same instinctive selection of faultless material, the same moulding and vivifying of the language out of the thought as well as of the thought out of the language, —in a word, the same utter union of manner and matter carried to such perfectness that it is hard to say if the story have [sic] not been told, simply and absolutely, for the sheer joy of telling it. There is something of the same feeling found in the last 2 stanzas of the "Nightingale"—a feeling that it matters not at all what purpose is served by it beyond the beautifying influence of its mere existence.

No, I have never met with Cristabel as a mediaeval name. I have never met with it outside the poem earlier than the poem. I think Coleridge's grandchild must have been about the first to bear the name. One feels that the other names in the poem belong to another family of names—that is, names with a different kind of origin and range of significance—Leoline, Geraldine, Roland and then again Bracy. I shouldn't wonder if I were to hear that Coleridge invented the name, but my own impression (formed quite without inquiry) is that he brought it back to England with him from Germany. He was there you know with Wordsworth seeing [Friedrich] Klopstock in 1798 and I think

*([THC's note] Of course I mean the later of the 2 poems under that title, the first being merely a boyish rhyme.)
"Christabel" must have been written about that time—at least the first and best part of it. The Germans, you know, have names of a kindred etymology—Christian for example. If my guess be wide of the truth it may still be a fact that the name has German relationships. Another conjecture that seems to me a reasonable one is that Coleridge evolved the name out of the incidents of the opening passages of the poem. The beautiful thing, not more from its beauty than its suggestiveness, suits his purpose exactly.

As a very small matter I may mention an idea that once possessed me despotically: it was that where the poet says.

"Her silken robe and inner vest
Dropt to her feet and full in view
Behold! her bosom and half her side
A sight to dream of and not to tell,
........shield the lady Christabel!"

he meant ultimately to show *eyes* in the breast of the witch. I fancied then I had got hold of an idea by whose light the passage must electrify readers. The first part of the poem seems to me immeasurably the superior part. Despite 2 grand things in the second part (the passage on the severance of early friendships and the conclusion) the dexterity of hand shewn in the first part is nowhere seen in it, unless indeed it be in the passage in which Geraldine be-witches Christabel. Sir Walter Scott even could imitate the second part, but surely he never touched the weird and subtle beauty of the first part with so much as the point of a spear. Anent your jocose allusion to the continuation of "Christabel," do you know that a continuation
was actually written and published in Coleridge's own paper, *The Morning Post*? It would be about 1820 or earlier. It was satirical of course, and hit off the peculiarities of versification cleverly if no more.

What you said in your letter about my numerous Germanisms amused me greatly. You let me off very lightly. I do not doubt you are altogether right. I don't think however that my study of German literature is likely to injure me permanently. I never become saturated in German idiom although everything I write (even my present letter) bears traces of it. Those words you quote are certainly crushers. The worst is that I can't even plead German precedent for some of them. Euhemeristic is actually a monstrosity of my own inventing. I much fear that besides being ugly it is out of all harmony with its Greek original. My head was then full of J.A. Symonds and his Greek Poets and of my own reading of Aeschylus. Professor Edward Dowden says I am fast clarifying my style and I am sure I am trying to do so—making it, as far as I can, more simple, manly, English and direct.

I have just revised my Dramatic Study, eliminating all allusion to current dramatic affairs. The gain is great. When I have had time to write a paper on Shakspere, the man,

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15See *Recollections* (1882), pp. 152-158, especially concerning the ideas about "Christabel".

16It is not of THC's inventing, according to the OED.

17In its final form the paper was "Two Aspects of Shakspere's Art," *Contemporary Review*, 43 (June 1883), 883-900.
and another on the Victorian critics of Shakspere, I'll try to publish the whole of them together as my final contribution to Shaksperean literature.

**Wednesday morning**

I have just received your letter. It is quite like your kindness to send me a second letter whilst I was still your debtor in letter writing.

I am very grateful to you for your kind solicitude concerning my health. Yes, I am better now. Three years ago I had a serious breakdown, but after rallying through that I had very good health all round down to the middle of last year, when I began to fail again. The fact is, as nearly as I can learn it from the medical diagnosis of my case, my brain is abnormally large and heavy. This unhappily does not enable me to see things a whit more clearly than other folks but impoverishes most of the other parts of my body, rendering me especially liable to colds, blood-pressure and the like. I was ashamed of the namby-pamby tone that ran through my last letter, but when I tell you that before writing that letter I destroyed a letter I had written previously because it contained too much of that kind of thing, you will, I know, acquit me of any suspicion you may properly have attached to me of weak young-manish affectation. The night on which I wrote that letter

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18 Again THC's interest in phrenology and physiognomy is revealed. Photographs and descriptions of THC indicate that he was a small man with a large head. He had reddish hair, worn rather long, and a pale complexion.
brought rather startling proof of its sincerity. I went to bed in the usual health but next morning when I awoke I found a stream of blood on my pillow and my mouth and throat and nostrils half full of blood. I was a little alarmed but fortunately covered up all trace of it and went about that day as always—feeling myself scarcely "too much i'the sun." I posted that letter to you and at night went to see the doctor and told him calmly all about it. I imagine that doctor would expect me to faint if I saw a woman prick her finger, but I verily believe he thinks me a bit of a hero where my own suffering is concerned, and I am confident he would frankly have told me if anything had been wrong. I was relieved to hear that the bleeding was from the head and that I might expect to feel much better after it, and I have felt better. No harm whatever was done—rather good. I am not sure that I have not a congenital tendency to certain weaknesses, but I am assured that there is no reason why I should not grow strong. One day I'll take a long holiday and then all will be well. Travel is good no doubt, but my brother travelled half the world over and came home and died at last. I do not think I shall die earlier than other people and I do not think that work hurts me much. It is worry that kills. To-day I am feeling brilliant, and so I want very much to go on with the Keats matter,—only I want to do it just when I can. I laughed heartily at your project relative to essays written during intervals of penal servitude, and really feel that my own have been done almost exclusively under such conditions,
notwithstanding that I have most appreciative and considerate people to deal with.

Of course Buxton Forman will write an essay on Keats to preface the new edition of his works\(^\text{19}\) (I do trust he'll cut out some of the lesser things) and equally of course Matthew Arnold will publish soon his promised essay on Keats\(^\text{20}\). Besides this Fred. Wedmore (I think it is he) reviews a little book on the same subject in this week's Academy. I am, notwithstanding, going ahead with my own essay\(^\text{21}\) although it may be foolish hardihood to do so. I am quite sure to take a different line and what I write may perhaps find a place. I have just ruined one of my copies of Keats, by tearing out of it all my comments written on the margins on the metrical imperfections. I don't think those imperfections ought to have more than a passing word. As Shelley said, the poems ("Hyperion" and one or two others excepted) are very faulty and there an end. But where can we look for more poetry per page than Keats furnishes? I don't think the poetry in Keats is ever of the very highest order, but it is marvellous nevertheless.

That was a good shot at the truth about my being a Roman Catholic and yet I am not one. I sometimes go to the

\(^{19}\)Poetical Works and Other Writings of John Keats, 4 vols. (London: Reeves and Taylor, 1883).


\(^{21}\)The final essay was published in THC's Cobwebs of Criticism, (London: Elliot Stock 1883), pp. 158-90.
Catholic Chapel on the other side of this street, and more frequently to an Anglican Church of very pronounced ritual. All my friends here are Unitarians, positivists, secularists and broad churchmen and my antagonism to all these things and partial sympathy with what is contemptuously called the "religion of the cross" (as distinguished from the religion of Christ) is notorious and a subject of surprise. I'm not a Catholic, God knows, and yet I feel the beauty of Catholicism in the abstract: I feel too the other beauty of Protestantism, and indeed I feel that they have between these two a beauty in common which should make them allies. 

I heard a positivist sermon on Sunday and thought with Emerson if Luther had but known what his act would lead to, he would have cut off his right hand rather than nail up his theses. It was a passionless ghost of a faith we were taught; a piece of weak factoring.

My Politics and Art is not even out yet, but I send you an imperfect copy in advance. I think it is quite 50% better than when you saw it first. The only responsive return Politics makes me in recognition of my great labour is to kick my work out of the way. The general election keeps it back. Of course I might perhaps with advantage postpone publication

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22 DGR, although a Protestant by upbringing, was often considered to be a Roman Catholic because of his Italian name and his use of Catholic symbols in several of his paintings.

23 A pamphlet arguing THC's belief that poets and painters, as men of vision, ought to take part in the political life of the country. THC offered to dedicate it to DGR, who rejected the idea. THC:DGR 9, 24 February, 1880 AP. However, DGR suggested he send the pamphlet to the Athenaeum for review. THC:DGR 11, 29 February 1880.
until after the general election. A friend here (William Watson—Main has a sonnet or two of his) has also a book kept back by the election and though we have employed all our combined public influence to get the general election postponed until after the publication of our booklings we have not, strange and sad to say, been able to compass that end. Such is the fundamental and ineradicable antagonism of Politics and Art—all my crowning triumphs of logic notwithstanding!

I expect a portion of my Stones Crying Out from Oxford tomorrow. If it looks tolerable I'll send it to you. I much fear, however, that I have taken the wind out of one chapter by repeating parts of passages (unconsciously) in P and A. Not that the public memory is likely to be long enough to note so small a matter, but then I know it and you will see it.

I trust your health is all that I could wish it to be. I do hope this letter may not injure it. Seriously, however, I am ashamed of the length. Perhaps if I had had more time I should have written less. But I have written it homoeopathically—perhaps you will read it so.

[postscript] I must actually put these sheets into 2 envelopes.

31 March 1880

.... What a splendid subject the Sonnet would be for an


25 A pamphlet an architectural restoration very much influenced by the ideas of John Ruskin.
exhaustive work, the labour of say a whole year! ...

16. begun April 5, 1880

....I think my health is bettering fast—what a vile phrase! These rivers of morning air do wonders for me. Surely spring is the most life-giving of all the seasons. It would be an enquiry fraught with curious interest to find in what numbers those who have the greatest love of the beauty of the spring were born in it. One feels one could name a goodly number amongst the English poets....

17. 13 April 1880

....when I lectured last on your poetry....The chairman, a fool in all senses, had the assurance to say at the close a lot of things I need not repeat. My God! didn't I hew him up before the Lord! That after-speech was said to be worth all the rest; but I was unwell after it for nearly a week....

26 DGR had been reading and criticising THC's sonnets and sending him his own, a process of education which finally resulted in THC's Sonnets of Three Centuries, edited at DGR's suggestion.

27 A long letter written over several days.

28 DGR, for instance, and THC, hopefully.

29 Philip Rathbone, later known between DGR and THC as"Ratsbane," not "Ratsbone" as in LDGR 2516.

30 He did not repeat them, however, on his first overnight visit to DGR. See My Story, pp. 122-123.
20.  15 May 1880

....I am truly delighted that you consider my second Sonnet a great advance on the first....Thank you heartily. My friends here are actually of the opinion that the Sonnet is now a really fine one....I am delighted to know that you were well pleased with the other sonnet, written for May 12th. The sincerity of the writer is, I hope, beyond discussion and the truth of what is said beyond debate. I am more immediately concerned in what you say and the manner of it, although the matter was of course the only thing I thought of when I wrote it....

23.  Wednesday 9 June 1880

....I find the utmost enjoyment in writing these poor letters to you and have felt these past few days great temptation to let other things go by in order that I might tell you something of Mr. Stephens's public and private appearances here this week. Of course I presented the card you so kindly sent me (after I had declined a formal introduction) and thank you again for sending it, for now I know (what I previously surmised) how much more valuable an introduction it was to me.

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31 DGR's birthday. For an example of THC's later skill as a sonneteer see Appendix II.
32 Continuation of Thursday, 3 June 1880.
33 Frederic G. Stephens, art critic and friend of DGR's from Pre-Raphaelite days.
than any I could other wise have obtained. I post you to-day's newspaper report of yesterday's *conversazione* and you may perhaps be interested to look it through. I fear the lecture was almost too good for our folks, many of whom claim to be lovers of art and cover the walls of their houses with beautiful representations of lovely landscape, but at the same time erect huge furnaces which emit vast volumes of black smoke such as prevent the sky of any Liverpool landscape being for a moment lovely. I don't think Stephens could have treated his subject more popularly and yet there seemed to me a painful lack on the part of the audience of merited appreciation. The archaisms (if the word can apply to painting as well as literature) of some of the pictures chosen for illustration (Byzantine examples chiefly) caused certain of our local wise-acres to smile at much of Stephens's loving enthusiasm. Then the subsequent speaking was weak to the verge of stupidity. Not one word of intelligent comment: not one word of suitable praises only the usual bottled up formality and then the vote of thanks. I felt angry that Liverpool, as represented by its best men, could treat a man so shabbily. But S. didn't appear to feel it and assured me he would carry home with him only a grateful sense of the kindnesses universally showered on him. And indeed in private he did get lionized. I thought him far too "dreadfully attended" and determined not to add to his discomfiture by imposing much of my own society upon him, but
in the kindest way possible he sought me out when I had turned aside to relieve him of one troublesome presence and kept me by him until he left. Even then I walked with him to the Landing Stage where he left me to go to [George] Rae's, at whose house he is staying.

He spoke of you with the utmost enthusiasm, indeed with marked affection. I quite expected to find in him an attitude of admiration and regard for you, but I was struck by the warmth of it. Upon receiving the card he said it bore a much-loved hand. I was pleased to note that he really knew something of my doings and thought well of them. He repeated, too, some kind word or two that William Morris had said of me. I was really heartily gratified.

One thing I observed with secret and yet scarcely concealed delight; his courageous loyalty in defence of the men he admires. Of course lots of fools (his own judgement of them is too generous) gave him the benefit of their valuable opinions on art questions free, gratis etc. etc.; and some, as was natural, made pitiful slips. One superlative imbecile (a great man in Liverpool) gave him a wonderfully facile and racy comment on the pre-Raphaelite painters and finally paused for Stephens's appreciative responsive echo. But S. was not to be

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34 THC had corresponded with Morris for the Liverpool Notes and Queries Society, for which Morris wrote several "notes." See My Story, p. 50.

35 Very probably THC's bête noir, Philip Rathbone, again.
drawn into such disloyalty even for an instant or by a word and at the risk of ruffling the plumage of one of our mightiest corporate cacklers frankly expressed himself in terms of unmixed approbation of the school of art that had been just condemned.

I have written a very brief sketch of the lecture for publication next Monday.

I felt sincerely delighted to meet with Stephens for his own sake and quite as much so because I knew him to be an old and dear friend of yours. He has asked me to visit him when I find myself next in London....

24. [mid-June 1880]

...I was really most happy with Stephens when he was here and I regret that I saw so little of him. Have you seen him since his return to London? I shall be interested to hear his ultimate opinion of that Colquist St. conversazione. Do you think that he was quite satisfied with the welcome given him, or did he feel, as I felt, that the folks were on the whole a poor lot? Not that there were not some able and worthy men present—but I fear they were few.

I am much interested in and indeed concerned about what you say of your friendships. I have heard you spoken of by men who have known you as long as 15 or 20 years and always with high regard. Yet I had gathered some impression, such as

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36George Rae, Lord Houghton, H.A. Bright, F.G. Stephens and perhaps William Morris.
your letters accentuate, of your comparative isolation, not to say lonesomeness. Stephens touched upon it as we walked together, with a delicacy of feeling and phrase that must (had you heard him) have attached him the more to you. Then one of your early letters to me dwelt on the causes of it, and to that letter I have since repeatedly [sic] returned with sure sympathy and a sense of its infinite suggestiveness. Well, it does seem cruel that the soothing anticipation of troops of dear friends, who will grudge no sacrifice, many truly great men may not look to have. I do feel more and more that from whatever cause of envy or strife of tongues, or even more innocent sloth on the part of him who suffers, a man can never attain loftier heights than the mass of men without becoming sadder and wearier than they need be: sadder and wearier and more alone, less cheered by small delights if less vexed by trifling aches.

26. 14 July 1880

....Just one item more. I hoped to keep out of journalism but the Fates of finance have ruled things against me and I am very soon to be again temporarily in newspaper harness.\(^{37}\) I think I could manage a few "sticks"\(^{38}\) on FMB's frescoes. Would he care to have them described? If so, is he still at Manchester, \(^{37}\)As outside correspondent for the Liverpool Mercury. \(^{38}\)Printer's slang for "columns of type".
and would he be willing to let me look at him as well as his work? I adored his "Milton and Cromwell" and now I've yet another link that binds him to me: I've read Oliver's books.

27. 16 July 1880

....I was hugely delighted to get your letter on Friday, enclosing the introduction to FMB; and since my curiosity (usually under entire control) led me to glance within the envelope you left open out of courtesy to me, permit me to thank you in one warm word for the most generous terms in which you phrased the letter it contained. I am hoping to go to Manchester on Saturday next; earlier than that I fear I cannot go; and when there I shall be most careful to observe your instruction regarding all mention of Oliver. I am feeling a strange confidence that in that particular I shall not transgress, for it is my unhappy retrospect that I have not been without at least one sad experience that has tutored me for such intercourse.

Of the Black Swan and Dwale Bluth you will perhaps permit me to write to you at length some time soon. I have been greatly fascinated; the personality of the young author as seen behind

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39 Painting entitled "Cromwell, Protector of the Vadois."

40 Oliver Madox Brown, FMB's son, who died in 1874 at the age of 19. He wrote two novels. The Dwale Bluth and The Black Swan (otherwise known as Gabriel Denver).

41 DGR:FMB 15 July (1880) LDGR 2294.
the thin veil of his rare creations has had irresistible attractions; even the very weaknesses of the young romance writer (so far as I can claim to have discovered them) have been arousing a sweet sympathetic sense. I wish I could write a decent sonnet to embody the sort of fragmentary feeling these fine fragments have been calling into play....

28. 27 July 1880

....I have been up to Manchester and have seen Mr. Brown and his work. I found the utmost enjoyment in my visit and have now to thank you heartily to whom I owe it. The frescoes are really most noble things.... I will send you a proof of what I write about them.... I was not in best health on Saturday and so must have been somewhat duller than usual, but Mr. Brown was especially bright and genial, talking for at least 5 hours about the men of whom I wished chiefly to hear. What he said of you was very pleasant, and would, I am sure, be grateful to you if you were to hear it. He gave me in that quiet, picturesque way of his that is enchanting, his earliest recollections of you, dating back, I think, 30 years. He said a good many things that made me laugh heartily and others that did not make me laugh. I should imagine you can have no more

42 THC first visited FMB on Saturday, 24 July 1880.

43 "The frescoes" were water-glass paintings on the walls of the Manchester Town Hall: "The Roman Camp at Inacunium" and "The Baptism of King Edward." On the same visit THC saw a cartoon for a projected third fresco, "The Expulsion of the Danes."
passionate admirer or affectionate friend. He talked of Oliver, too, at great length: somehow I had not the smallest fear of transgressing in that direction; nor did I, that I can remember....

[postscript] I am to go up again when the 2nd panel is finished.

29. 

Begun 4 August 1880

...His FMB is a singularly fine face I think: a face that remains with one, recalling Milton's face somewhat, with a touch of Schiller's.44 His talk, too, though so entirely gentle and wanting in the meteoric quality which one somehow always associates with brilliant conversation is in the highest degree enchanting. It may be that I saw him in a specially happy mood; I think I did; it is difficult to believe that one could always find him so full of fine feeling, with a quiet but most penetrative and fascinating humour, too, when needed.

...Thinking over all FMB's kindness (and I have heard from him since my visit and I am going up to Manchester again very soon, and he has asked me to call on him when in London) I have been wondering if I could possibly write a sonnet on his son (to whose genius I wish on other grounds to offer tribute) such as would be grateful to him to read. After night-long incubation I have just (9 a.m.ish) hatched something which I

44 Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller (1759-1805), the German Romantic dramatist and poet.
fear will prove to be the feeblest of cock-chickens. Here is the first draft copy of it—its first pullet crow.45

31. Saturday morning [21 August 1880]

...Phil Rathbone (as he is called) is a member of N and QS46 and is, as you say, an influential man; moreover, FMB knows him and thinks well of him—but I could never for an instant attempt to work with him—certainly never for a fraction of an instant in subordination to him. More than once I've seriously collided with him,47 publicly as well as privately, and the result has been such as he remembers, and with good cause, too. He was well-spoken of by FMB, but I tell you he is an insincere buffoon and I have actually heard him, with characteristic antic posturing, disparage Brown himself, and make a sort of mild sport of Oliver.

Nevertheless he is a more considerable man in Liverpool (God help it) than I can claim to be, and perhaps his aid would be valuable to FMB....

32. Sunday [22 August 1880]

I have been all day haunted by the fear that in my hastily written note posted early on Saturday morning I expressed myself

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45 See Appendix III.

46 The Liverpool Notes and Queries Society, of which THC was a founding member.

47 See THC:DGR 17, *13 April 1880.
with unwonted and ungenerous vehemence on the person whose name was mentioned to you (quite naturally) as that of a man likely to be influential in the contemplated lecturing affairs. And indeed it is but fair to say that those who know him much better than I do usually speak of him with more kindness than I can ever summon up. At the same time I must add...that I know of no Liverpool artist or literary man who holds that person in high esteem. I noticed that his name, mentioned in the studio of a young artist here...was received all round with a shrug of the shoulders and curl of the lip. Indeed Charlaton was the name then and there applied to him.

I am none the less sorry if anything I said in my letter seemed in any, even the remotest, way to reflect upon the judgement of Mrs. WM Rossetti who probably knows him quite favourably...

33. Sunday morning [29 August 1880]

I did go up to Manchester yesterday afternoon and had quite a great time of it. Strangely, Mr. Brown had written to me that

48 Philip Rathbone.

49 The possibility of FMB's lecturing in Liverpool had arisen during THC's first visit to the Browns. FMB had evidently written to his daughter, Lucy (Mrs. WMR), and she, always eager for her father's advancement, had discussed the possibility with DGR, suggesting that Rathbone might be influential in this regard. DGR's enquiry of THC had provoked the "vehement response." The lectures did not take place.

50 This and the following two letters have been given dates which seem most likely in view of the exchange of letters and the elapsed period of "a fortnight" in THC:DGR 36, *13 September 1880. However, WMR's notation on this letter is (? July 1880).
afternoon about the lecturing. We had a long talk on the subject. He said Mr. George Rae had said quite the same thing as I said of our Liverpool public. It was determined to let the matter stand over until my return from London, when it was understood I would make further inquiry and communicate the result.

I saw Mrs. Brown also, and stayed tea, and afterwards went with them to an organ recital by Hendrick Pyne—an organist, in all respects, I think, superior to Best.

I left Manchester at 9:30 last night after a thoroughly enjoyable day.

O, I gave FMB the Sonnet. He was obviously deeply moved, going out of the room to read it quietly. In a tone of real emotion he thanked me with few but touching words, saying it was wholly beautiful and most grateful to him. He gave it to Mrs. Brown. I noticed, too, that he couldn't talk to Oliver afterwards and so I never mentioned him.

Your Sonnet on O.M.B. in the *Athenaeum* in 1874 is entirely beautiful. I will not say I felt ashamed of mine after reading yours, because such remark would imply (quite contrary

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51 On Oliver Madox Brown. See Appendix III. FMB mentioned the sonnet to DGR who replied: "Caine has written a few other sonnets less rugged than the one in question which however pleased me in its main idea." (LDGR 2333). However, WBS wrote to John Ingram: "I know of two sonnets also in his OMB's praise, one of which some friends of mine look upon as the greatest joke in verse, that is Mr. Caine's: the other, Rossetti's, is nearly as much so, except to spiritualistic table-turners." (17 February 1883). Janet Camp Troxell, *Three Rossettis* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1937)p. 48.

52 No. 2456 (November 21, 1874) p. 678.
to the fact) that I half-expected my own to be, however remotely, akin in quality to your's.

Tomorrow morning I leave at 9 o'clock for St. Pancras, and at 8 p.m. I hope to be with you. The time after that hour until time to leave for Fleet St. will be cruelly brief; and I feel that circumstance the more because from various causes the certainty of your liking me at first is I am confident very far from assured, and I shall scarcely have had leisure to regain the natural manner proper to me before I shall have to hasten off. But may I see you again when I get back to town from Brighton, where I go for 2 days to visit I.O. Halliwell-Phillipps, who bought for the public New Place, Stratford, you remember.

34. Hollingbury Copse, Brighton,
       Wednesday [1 September 1880]

Your letter has just reached me from Liverpool. You say Friday is most convenient to you. It was arranged between us on Monday that I should dine with you and sleep at your house on Thursday. I trust I have not blundered as to that. If I have I trust (notwithstanding your hatred of telegrams) you'll not permit me to make the graver blunder of calling inopportune.

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THC's "about a fortnight later" (Recollections, 1928, p. 77) is evidently an error.
If I do not hear from you before noon (I trust I may not) I'll conclude I am to be with you at 6 to-morrow night.

I have been able to think of little else (since I heard it) than the ballad of "The White Ship". It is truly magnificent work.

35. 16 Cheyne Walk
Friday morning [3 September 1880]

To anticipate a question always asked, (I think)—I slept soundly, never better.

I'm confoundedly angry with the Fates that I should have had that miserable ache whilst you were reading "Rose-Mary"; and so have had my enjoyment of it considerably disturbed.

The burden of the "White Ship" I can remember and a good number of other short passages as well.

May I ask now and here a kindness I could not muster courage enough to beg last night—a copy of "Without Her"? In case you give it me, no one else whatever shall so much as see it. I should value only less than this the Sonnet about the Dead Sea and the song over which some singer has not wept—but for the possession (again for entirely personal enjoyment) of that one I can better wait.

I'll let you know what Stock says of the Sonnet-book.

54 A pencilled note written after THC's first overnight visit at Cheyne Walk, while DGR was still asleep.

55 Elliot Stock, who published THC's Sonnets of Three Centuries, as well as Recollections (1882).
In case he thinks favourably of the proposal I believe I shall on the strength of it, and of some reviewing work that is offered me, come down to London to live, and in the lecturing-season look up the lecturing brotherhood and see what can be done. I shall be warmly prompted to bend all energy in that direction by the recollection of last night and the prospect of other nights of the sort at intervals.

Of course I don't know how I struck you last night (nor—please believe me—do I wish you to tell me) but I had all evening an awkward feeling that though entirely easy and natural, I was wanting in all the quick sense of strength which the environments (more than any I have ever experienced) ought so easily to have excited—but this in the early part of the night was probably due to that d______ gut's ache. Goodbye.

36. Monday, 13 September 1880

...I am equally glad to have your good word for Noble's Sonnet-paper. I judge I am at liberty to communicate the substance of your letter as well as the message of thanks at the close. I feel that you are giving me limitless gratification, for it is surely one of the best joys of life to communicate true pleasure. Noble will be proud of your generous praise, and

56 J. Ashcroft Noble, a Liverpool friend of THC's, had published an essay "The Sonnet in England," Contemporary Review, 38 (September 1880), 446-471. DGR had read the essay before THC came to visit. (LDGR 2323, 2324). It was Noble who first introduced THC to DGR's poetry.
indeed his love of Wordsworth is scarcely deep enough to make your strictures hurtful. I verily believe that the bountiful treatment given to that priest of nature is due in large part to the enthusiasm of my own personal comments made daily whilst that portion of the paper was being written, and we were staying together at the house of a friend. I remember well that Noble talked banteringly of Wordsworth all day long and refused to see much in him until one after one I recited or read his best things ... Sincerity, however, is not, it must be said, the salient feature in friend Noble's character, good fellow though he is, and so perhaps his abuse of the great Lakist was after all no more than provoked by a mischievous desire to enjoy my occasional anger....Noble—when he gives his honest nature quite fair play—is a very ardent admirer of yours and has more than once, in a line here and there, given expression to his enthusiasm. But friend of mine though he is I will say his is not what one might name a great nature, nor is his mind a great mind, and so I feel sometimes, however unwillingly, a shadowy distrust of his printed judgement....

I can quite believe it must be gratifying to you to feel the strong hold you have assuredly of young and earnest men who in the course of nature must outlive you and carry a good way into the future the down-right affection (for it amounts to that) they feel for you....

57DGRI's "good word" for Noble's work evidently provoked this jealous outburst from THC.
My dear Mr. Rossetti, I thank you heartily for your letter intended to warn me against too rashly leaving Liverpool without providing for the painful interval of delay which would almost certainly intervene before I should be in a fair way in London. I do not think there is much danger of my acting hastily: the opposite is my weakness, and indeed I go on ruminating upon any step I contemplate until I appear to lose the power of carrying it out. It has been and still in some measure is so in this matter of going to London, but then I have now other interests to consider than my own merely: a painful accident which occurred about 1½ years ago having invalided the head of our household. My own needs would be ridiculously small and you would smile if I were to say how inconsiderable a part of £500 a year would, if quite assured to me, take me away from here, but I cannot and must not rid myself of the responsibility which makes the necessity for a certain sum a lasting one. I shall not trouble you with the facts, painful enough to me at the best and always hampering. So you will see I'm not likely to run away too heedlessly. I have a good many things to think of and I'm not the least bit of a hero and sometimes with my carelessness thoughtlessness and wastefulness, these environments threaten to overwhelm me. London to-day seems more remote than it did a fortnight ago, and yet come what may I must bend all my energies in that direction.

I was greatly delighted to hear that your brother spoke of me with interest: in simple truth I was as much surprised as
delighted; for turning over again and again the events of my general condition I do honestly and most absolutely believe you saw me (as he saw me) at my very weakest and worst. Of course the aforesaid mully grubs had some share in my discomfiture on the Thursday evening .... I shall never in my life forget either the Monday, Thursday or Friday morning I spent at your house. I will venture to say that my recollections are always bound up with a sort of underlying mental protest against a habit of life which does not admit of as much active exercise as might throw off some nervous irritation such as appears to be wearing you. I know you'll forgive this: it is the outcome of deeper personal regard than you can ever know. It brings to me a hurtful twinge to remember that you did not seem to me to give your health altogether fair play.

Your garden is very large and would be beautiful if much cared for: I'm very sorry you are losing it.

I must thank you now once more for the "Hamlet" photo.  
It has wonderfully lighted up with an added charm my dusky but withal dear little room.

37.  22 September 1880

....I do not for a moment doubt your judgement on my notice of Brown's work  and when I say in what manner it was produced you

58Photograph of DGR's drawing "Hamlet and Ophelia."
59The notice is a newspaper article on FMB's Manchester frescoes, in anticipation of which DGR had given THC an introduction to FMB.
will see how fair a shot you made for the truth when you said it was the outcome of an unfavourable moment. I wrote it between 6:30 am and 8:30 am (quite the middle of the night you'll say) soon after my return home: I had not time to revise it before sending it to the printers and I had 10 minutes only in which to correct it in proof. I had lost some portion of my data and had to write almost entirely from memory of the facts as given to me by Brown himself.... I see plainly enough the exaggeration of manner of which you complain and thank you for your frank opinion.... That notice, however, has been much talked about and warmly admired (rather for its subject I imagine than for itself) and has been reprinted and quoted here and there—in the Builder and elsewhere. I feel glad of this for FMB's sake....

41. 21 October 1880

....I have had sonnets from Philip Marston, Miss Mathilde Blind, Edward Dowden and others and I am promised others from Edmund Gosse, James Thomson, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. Louise Moulton (authoress of Swallow Flights—an American work) and many other "poets of the rising generation." I shall certainly be able to make up my 50 original sonnets, perhaps more. Madox Brown is really most kind in that connection. I shall be for ever grateful for his exertions in the interests of my book.

Doubtless you are right in what you say as to the difficulty which prevents your offering me a sonnet of your own.
Malevolence would possibly be gratified by such an opportunity for saying that my advocacy had no genuine spontaneity. Unfortunately (at least in one sense) your kindness in giving me a sonnet would be observed even among the witnesses of so many similar kindnesses.

Elliot Stock asks me to be sure to send him the MSS of my lectures when I have done with them, and he will see if he can make me a proposal for their publication. I am to have £10 for them from the Corporation here, and I hope to get as much in Manchester and also in Leeds; so that if at the end of the winter Stock offers me another £10 I shall have made as much out of the lectures as I have any right to expect.

The Curator shall post you a prospectus when it is printed. You will see your own name on the syllabus; and doubtless will surmise that I mean to read something from that shameless attack in the Contemporary. Of course you will be able to trust me to employ that critique in a right spirit of righteous wrath; but if you think it would be best to let the filthy thing drop out, as one would vermin, please strike out the name and return the proof to me. In my view no harm could come to you as the

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60 "Curiosities of Criticism," published as part of Cobwebs of Criticism (London: Elliot Stock, 1883). The lectures are about peculiar critical attitudes and critical flying matches of the early nineteenth century. THC gleaned his information from contemporaneous journals.

61 "The Fleshly School of Poetry," The Contemporary Review, 18 (October 1871) 334-350, signed "Thomas Maitland" but written by an obscure young poet Robert Buchanan. The article damned the poetry of DGR, among others, as "moral poison," the product of "bankruptcy of minds" comparable to Baudelaire's Fleurs du Mal and the Marquis de Sade's Justine.
result of the scathing satire I intend—the point envenomed, too, with the poison brought of some little personal knowledge of the traducer. 62

But please say what you think best.

I am still writing my weary sketches, whereof the only joy comes of the guineas they bring.... 63

42. Sunday, 31 October, 1880

It is good of you to be so solicitous about my health. I am much better now and I intend to be more careful in the future. Latterly I have been working about 15 hours a day, and of course such procedure has exposed me to cold, and has, besides, had the worse effect of making me unendurably low-spirited.

After getting your letter on Monday I thought carefully over the subject of it, and finally concluded that it would be wisest so to alter the scheme of my lectures as to exclude all mention of contemporary writers. I could scarcely bear the thought of dealing with other men and omitting all reference to you, especially as I felt that your own case furnished one of the most striking examples of unmerited vituperation suffered by living men of letters. On the other hand I quite saw that

62 THC's "venom" was not sustained, for Buchanan's poetry found a place in Sonnets of Three Centuries.

63 Biographical sketches of eminent living men for the Liverpool Mercury, to which THC was under a contract for £100 per year.
mischief might result upon such comment as I contemplated; for I knew too well that the person in question could not afford to ignore such an expose as I intended, however obscure he might consider the author of it. A fight with the fellow might do me no harm, whatever personal nastiness he might have recourse to, but it could do me no good, and would almost certainly be fraught with some evil to the subjects of it. So I decided, I think wisely, to confine my examples to the first quarter of the century.

Curiously, I had scarcely corrected the Syllabus to make it answer the altered design, when, quite without thought, I took up the *Biographia Literaria* and opened on a page in which Coleridge says that (for reasons in all respects similar to those that influence me) he had altered the Prospectus of his lectures on Poetry at the Royal Institution, so as to avoid mention of the Lake poets, and so escape a controversy with Jeffrey and Co. on Wordsworth. It is a vain-looking thing to refer to this curious parallel, but I thought it striking enough to be worthy of a word on its own independent merits; and I was still more struck by another parallel to which, happily, I may refer without any appearance of vanity. You say in your last letter that you advised Swinburne strongly not to print those three or four very peculiar poems in the *Poems and Ballads* which have been the occasion of so much scurrility. Well, it appears

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64 Francis, Lord Jeffrey, a Scottish barrister and proprietor of the *Edinburgh Review*. 
from a note in the *Biographia Literaria* that Coleridge advised the omission of some few poems by Wordsworth from the early *Lyrical Ballads*, and Coleridge says that if the hundred lines he indicated had been suppressed nearly all the abuse Wordsworth suffered from would have been avoided. The parallel seems to me complete— notwithstanding that Swinburne’s questionable poems are so unlike the dubious ones by Wordsworth that the "High Priest of Nature" would probably consider it a sufficient retribution for all the sins he ever committed in the flesh, to have their names mentioned together.

I have received W.H. Davies’s *Songs of a Wayfarer* and thank you heartily for it. I presume I am to return it to you when I have finished with it. Pardon me if, by saying this, I seem by implication to ask for the volume as a gift—of course this is not so. I have spent some pleasant hours today in reading it. I note now, and indeed I noted at the first dip into it, a strong and most relishable flavour of Elizabethanism in many of the poems. My guess is that the author is a warm lover of Shakspere's work in his first period. There is much in this book too, that brings back to me the atmosphere of Shakspere's last work of all—*Winter's Tale*: 65 so many of Davies's lovely things seem set to the time of that exquisite passage beginning:

"O Proserpina
For the flowers now, that frightened, thou let'st fall."

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65 Follows the dating of Edward Dowden, *Shakspere: A Critical Study of His Mind and Art*, 1875. The same dating is followed by WMK, in *Lives of Famous Poets*. 
You will judge from what I say that I have found great enjoyment in the book, for nothing gives me more delight than to be reminded of Shakspere, except it be (strange as it may sound, from one who is not a moralist,) to be reminded of the Bible. To my own mind, by the way, it affords a key to the pleasure I find in "Lost Days" that almost every one of its precious fourteen lines conjures up a figure that seems to have its counterpart only in the Bible. The intensely imaginative phantasy, for example, for spilt water cheating the dreams of men in hell, causes my mind instantly to revert to the picture of the rich man, and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. All this is, of course, by the way, and only meant to emphasize the remark that Davies's book is the more enjoyable to me from its reminiscences of Shakspere. It is not that there is any direct reminiscence, but the indirections (as Walt Whitman would term them) are Shaksperean.

I think there are Sonnets here and there (for example "Man a Symbol" and "True Liberty") that afford traces of Wordsworth's influence, but the influence is never a very pronounced one, I think, except, perhaps, politically rather than poetically. Davies's politics are the politics of a poet: the only politics a poet can ever have: hatred of wanton change, of everlasting poor gabble: love of repose and rectitude. There is a sunny open-airness all through his work, which rarely gets into shadow or into barren confines, and this appears to me at once his strength and weakness. I like well the Sonnet—

"Beside a stream one summer afternoon"
and I love the temper that can compass such resignation, but I do not wonder that the mind by which it can be possessed should think the minstrelsy of Keats fails of truth when it says to think is to be full of sorrow. Davies's nature is haler than Keats's but less ardent and, I think, less Dantesque.

Thank you again for such enjoyable reading.

My Sonnet-book is going along very pleasantly.

I am still pegging away at stupid sketches, but the Editor of the *Builder* is going to give a place at the first opportunity, and then I shall abandon biography. My sketches get reprinted up and down: I saw one of them in a local paper a day or two back. They bring me invitations too, but I grudge the time spent at some dinners, and I hate the ceremony, and so I don't always accept them.

This reminds me, by the force of a powerful reverse feeling, that F.M.B. asked me to spend to-day and yesterday in Manchester with him. But much as I heartily desired to go I could not possibly do so thence my brief visit stands postponed until the 13th. Meantime F.M.B. goes, from 4th to 8th, to London.

43.  

[November 1880] 67

...You ask me about my prospects for a London campaign. Ah, London gets farther and farther away every week. I seem to


67Dated in relation to the notice of the frescoes and E.M.B.'s visit to London.
see it now through the inverse end of a telescope, the slides of which are being drawn out, out, out every day, farther and farther. Nothing, I can see, but an appointment in London would make it a safe thing to go. If I had but myself to consider I should speedily take my chance. Even if my forthcoming lecturing-tour prove in all respects a success I shall be no nearer residence in London. I shall only be a sort of itinerant showman with a pile of MS for baggage. I trust, however, I may one day get away from all this, and then I hope men will not see in my manner or mind that I have been doing all sorts of shoddy intellectual work.

I wish I could see your new Dante picture. I shall never lose the impression made upon me by your "Dream of Dante." That insane remark at the end of my notice of Brown's frescoes was provoked by the emotion occasioned by that picture, recollected in a moment of tranquillity. A few days ago I was sitting in the studio of a very gifted young artist here, and there were present 2 or 3 other artists, all most promising men, from Manchester and elsewhere. I described your "Dante's Dream" picture, and did so with unwonted animation, I think. The artists were all figure-painters and how far they were admirers of your art you will judge when I tell you what one said and the others approved: "Does he know that in the opinion of countless capable critics he is the greatest colorist since Titian?"

68 Probably a small replica of "Dante's Dream" for William Graham, upon which DGR was working at this time.
I am in the heart of my second lecture, and so I must beg of you to permit me to defer my reply until I have this stage of my work completed. The time of delivery, too, is drawing near, and every day, as it passes, leaves me just a shade more anxious to conserve, for the present, all available energy and leisure. I am getting along very favourably and without serious injury to my health. In fact I have accepted your warning and now I work only every other evening—devoting every alternate one to the theatre, long walks, visits—anything in fact, that promises to engross my attention and keep me out of the mischief of too much fagging. The doctor, too, told me I was getting into a bad way, and so I've dropt my bad habit of overwork and now I am getting along quite nicely.

Mr. John Payne promises Miss Blind to send me, if I can receive them, 3 French Sonnets. I am absolutely ignorant of the language and beside being unable to judge of the quality of the Sonnets (which may be quite above question) I doubt the advisability of publishing sonnets written in any but the English tongue. What do you think of the matter?

I am glad you sent me a list of the sonnets you have marked in Davies's book. By the way I trust you will remember to thank him for me for the gift of the volume. I thank you also, for of course it is due to you that I have received it.

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[69] Mathilde Blind, a close friend of FMB's.
I can get at the Charles Wells sonnet on Chaucer. The sonnet you sent me by [Charles] Whitehead, beginning (I think):

"As you lone lamp within my silent room,"

ought to be included.

I have almost decided to have 2 sections to my sonnet-book: one devoted to original sonnets entirely; the other to sonnets selected—preference in the latter being given to great sonnets forgotten. Of course some of the greatest and best-remembered of all must find places.

The question of a name has come up in more places than one—what do you think of a title partly borrowed from that of the book of selections you once projected, namely The Sonnet Castaly?70

I am getting new sonnets every week. I'll send you a list of them by and by. I almost hope you will be at last able to see your way to join in. I could almost wish for the sonnet on the sonnet (done for your mother's copy of Mains [sic] Treasury) for an introductory thing.71 But don't trouble to say anything on the subject yet awhile. It is very good of you to speak of asking Davies for a sonnet. There's ample time—we shall not print before March.

70 This project was never realized.
71 THC is referring to "A Sonnet is a moment's monument" which DGR used himself as an introduction to the "House of Life" sonnet sequence in his Ballads and Sonnets (1881).
Will you kindly accept for the present, this meagre apology for a letter? FMB is in London—you will see him almost to a certainty. I trust you'll not find our northern climate injuring him. I've written 114 pages of M.S. towards my course of lectures.

I'm hoping you will like, when you see it, a reference to you in the section of my second lecture devoted to Coleridge.

53. Wednesday, 16 February 1881

I had a tremendously interesting and exceedingly able letter from Watts, to which I am preparing a careful reply. I don't yet see the whole case as he puts it in all its bearings but my present notion is that there are not 100 sonnets (outside your own book) in the language that fulfil the conditions of his critical tests, which are—

1. That there should be in every sonnet a distinct intellectual wave, with flow and ebb.
2. That there should be a corresponding wave in the technique of every sonnet.
3. That the form of the octave should be what is known as "legitimate", namely 12211221, and that only.
4. That the close of the first quatrain should not be marked by any rest, but that the octave should flow on without a break down to the last rhymed word. (I'm not quite certain that I represent him rightly on this point.)
5. That the sestette should be a dying echo of the octave.\textsuperscript{72}

Of course Watts allows that such a standard as this would have to be lowered in all selecting from old authors.

I'm making a table of sonnets\textsuperscript{73} answering such rigid requirements. Of course I see that the model of sonnet described is the best possible and absolutely perfect, but so far I can judge from your translation few even of Dante's tally with it.

The necessity for an intellectual wave I do see and have seen from the first, and I have been putting aside all sonnets that do not contain some trace of an altered movement at the point where the octave ends and the sestette begins.

More on this later on.

I am heartily glad of what you tell me of the prospect of a sonnet from your brother. There is not the least fear of the unknown names overweighting the known names, which in the original section could scarcely be more numerous.

Brown thinks I ought to ask Watts to let me publish his letter in the notes.

The sonnets I have chosen from your book are

Lost Days \hspace{1cm} Wine of Circe
Stillborn Love \hspace{1cm} *For a Venetian Pastoral
Known in Vain \hspace{1cm} Mary Magdalene

\textsuperscript{72}Watts incorporated his theory of the sonnet in his own sonnet "The Sonnet's Voice: A Metrical Lesson by the Seashore", in William Sharp, \textit{Sonnets of This Century}, (London: W. Scott, 1886). See Appendix IV.

\textsuperscript{73}The published table categorized the sonnets by Miltonic, contemporary or miscellaneous structure.
Refusal of Aid etc.  Love-Sweetness
*The Monochord  *Mary's Childhood

(*Have not quite decided about these)

The work of copying is now almost complete, and I have been reading the sonnets over again to-day:—the Shakspere, Milton, Drayton, Drummond, etc. included.

I do think they make a magnificent and most quintessential body of Sonnet-work. I've read Main about 6 times—but I've written always from original sources.

The Courier wrote for my Blake review the other day and I was compelled to send back an apology for delay. I've had some speechmaking to do lately which (although in itself easy enough) has robbed me of several evenings....

54.  Wednesday [24 February 1881]

I have been much out of sorts or would have written at length many days ago. To-night I feel a little dizzy, so I shall hastily despatch a few of the many things I wish to say.

I did not write to Watts on Brown's suggestion, so I am placed in no dilemma regarding the letter he sent me. Indeed I am not sure that I ever considered the suggestion seriously, because I knew that Brown was advising the publication of the letter without personal knowledge of its contents. I am sure he meant it in all kindness, and thought only of the value to my work of a powerfully written essay on the technique of the sonnet. I am equally sure that he did not think it would act
as an impeachment of much sonnet-work he heartily admires and loses no chance of loyally defending.\textsuperscript{74} Besides, I gathered from his note that he quite expected that I would endeavour to fence the letter as I had tried to fence it in writing to him. In short, I have yet no thought whatever of printing Watt's letter, but even the act of printing it would not necessarily (I think) prejudice the collection. Watts seems to me to be setting himself to upset some extremely stupid remarks by James Spedding in an introduction to a recent edition of the sonnets of Tennyson-Turner,\textsuperscript{75} and perhaps he has been betrayed into too rigid forms of classification. Spedding foolishly says that there is no good reason for requiring that even the conventional limit as to length should be observed; and that the only use in art of the legitimate model is to "supply a poet with something to do when his invention fails." Watts (who does not mention Spedding, however) shows that the form of the true sonnet has its foundation in nature, and says that even as it is impossible (as Keats found out for himself) to improve upon the best accepted form, so that form should, with little or no variation, be worked to. I confess I see something in Watts's view, and indeed I believe you cannot but allow that the very best of your

\textsuperscript{74}That is, DGR's.

\textsuperscript{75}Charles Turner, (brother of Alfred, Lord Tennyson) \textit{Collected Sonnets, Old and New}, (London: Kegan Paul and Company, 1880). Spedding's essay was reprinted from the \textit{Nineteenth Century}.
own work is just that part of it which accords exactly with his tests. Variety may, as you say, be essential to a series, and whether desirable or otherwise in a collection such as mine, it is inevitable, for there are but few great sonnets in the language (fewer perhaps than 100) that would be found impeccable to Watts's ear.

Of course I need not say that I would not set over the advantage to me of printing fifty letters as fine as this one of Watts's against the disadvantage of no printing selections from your sonnets, but I judge that you would have no feeling with respect to it if I were to make free use of such opinions as those in question for purposes of critical illustration.

Garnett's sends me the sonnet you mentioned by Wells (I did not say you recommended it) and really I don't care for it. Have you seen it recently? if not, may I post it for your reconsideration? Fanny Kemble's sonnet I think very beautiful, and I have got the Festus dedication also. Where shall I seek for Whitehead's sonnet on the dying lamp? which of Ebenezer Jones's did you mention—I can't alight on the passage in your letter alluding to it.

I want your advice on one or 2 points.

Ought I to print the old sonnets (Sidney, Spenser etc.) in the old spelling? They are all copied out so. Ought I to print all sonnets in the form first given by the authors? or

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76 Probably Richard Garnett of the British Museum.
77 A dramatic poem by Philip J. Bailey.
may I re-set them to suit my own views of how the flow of thought and style may best be seen? I would like to put a "lead" sometimes between octave and sestette; and I would also like always so to print the sonnets as to show the scheme of rhyme. I get heaps of fresh sonnets from America and elsewhere, but I am not printing anything but excellent work. Excepting 2 or 3, my authors are all known men—of more or less distinction.

55. Monday [late February 1881]

I am glad indeed to have Mr. [William] Sharp's sonnet. I like it—the opening lines especially. The second quatrain has a suggestion of real beauty, but wants clarifying a little I think. Also the transition between the scenery of the octave and that of sestette seems little too sudden and violent. Would it not help the transparency of the whole if the 12th line were made to begin:

"Even then on toiling seas" etc.
as equivalent and sequel to:

"And while the nest—etc."

I am very glad to find a place for it in my volume. I think it very promising. Would it help Mr. Sharp if I were to say in my notes some few words of anticipatory comment on his forthcoming poems? If my doing so were considered a good thing perhaps your friend would kindly let me look at something of his from which a fair judgement could be formed.

78A printer's term meaning "a blank space between two lines of type."

78
Your brother William is in Manchester to-day and I was by Brown's invitation to have gone up there with the two-fold purpose of seeing him and of being painted on the front of the third of the frescoes; but I cannot get away.

The new sonnets are coming in fast: and many of them are first-rate. Have you heard further from [W.H.] Davies?

Friday [4 March 1881]

I intended to write 4 days ago, but pressure of work prevented my doing so.

As to the closing couplet—I do not object to it as a form of the sonnet: I know that you have used it with excellent effect; but I limit my objection to Spenser's closing couplets which appear to me to ruin 50 per cent of his sonnets. Main's book contains that part of Spenser's sonnet-work which is freest from the rip-rap sort of effect I dislike. It would perhaps be more to the purpose to say maudlin effect, for my objection is not so much to anything technically inartistic in Spenser's closing couplet as to a certain breaking of the spell of vision in order to finish with a direct personal application. I don't know if I make my meaning clear. I think moreover that the form in question falls short of the finest because of that tendency to rip-rap which propinquity of rhyme induces, and from want of that roundness which is imparted to a sonnet when the ear is made to listen deep, so to speak, for the accordant sound. On the other hand the couplet gives emphasis much needed at the
close, where concentration of thought and condensation of words do not of themselves impart it. In no case whatever do I think the rhymes ought to be separated by all the lines that go between the first line of the sestette and the last; for I doubt if the most tenacious ear could hold out so long. I think your own feeling cannot be much wide of this, for your published works contain few examples of either kind—indeed none at all that I can remember of the latter sort. I suppose variety is needed in a series, but (except where the sonnet is exceptionally fine) a rhymed couplet at the close has an effect on my ear similar to that produced by Shakspere's couplets at the ends of some of his acts—put in, I fancy, to enable the actors to make emphatic exits.

As to what you say to so much purpose about Shakspere's sonnets, I think the adoption of such a method of printing them would help materially towards a popular understanding of them. I have heard [Prof. Edward] Dowden recommend a similar rearrangement—his method being, however, simply confined to putting the sonnets into 2 sections, namely 1-126 and 127-154—the two last being to his mind experiments in verse and on the author's mysterious mistress. I have not yet had time to look up the passage you mention in your brother's Lives.\footnote{Lives of Famous Poets (London: E. Moxon, Son and Company, 1878) p. 53. The reference is to WMR's candidate for the "W.H." of Shakespeare's sonnets, who WMR maintained was the Earl of Pembroke.} I intend to search for it.

Surely I yield to none in ardent admiration of certain
of Shakspere's sonnets, but I do think the number of these that will bear to be used in a collection such as mine is very limited. Lovely as they are in a continuous series, I think you will allow that few of them stand well alone. One might as properly isolate a sonnet of the Vita Nuova as remove the most precious of these treasures from its setting. Number 30, for example, standing apart from its fellows, loses something in significance to the most passionate Shaksperean, and to one unacquainted with the series becomes almost irritating in the baffling allusiveness of its last 2 lines. An honoured and beloved name at the head of it would of course set things right, but, the name being withheld, it needs all the enchanting description that goes before, to reconcile us to what is said at the end.

In my view there are few indeed of such beauty as the one named. Indeed, although every fully authenticated Sonnet has something about of the charm peculiar to Shakspere whenever the personality of the creator is seen behind the veil of the creation, I doubt if there are not very many poor things in the series when judged of as sonnets, not as parts of a poem.

I have thought much and often over what you said about my book, and have decided to print only sonnets of the century.\textsuperscript{80} The work of copying is now far advanced and presently I begin to collate my notes. I have chosen 9 of yours and though that

\textsuperscript{80}This plan was not adhered to.
seems a large number I will ask you to let me reprint them. I have also chosen 3 by Scott, 2 by Tennyson, 3 by Davies, 4 by your sister, 3 by Philip Marston, 2 by Swinburne, 2 by Arnold, 2 by Gosse, 2 by Symonds, 2 by Longfellow, 1 by Garnett, 1 by Watson, 1 by Noble, 2 by Lord Hamner, 2 by Blackie, 1 by Allingham—I also have 6 or 7 by Wordsworth; 5 or 6 by Keats, 3 by Shelley, 1 by Byron, 2 by Coleridge (what about "The House that Jack Built"—should it go in, think you?) 4 by Hartley Coleridge, 6 by Tennyson Turner, 8 by Mrs. Browning, 3 (lovely things) by Tom Hood, besides sundry ones by a multitude of other writers: the hundred and fifty in all, and 50 fresh ones added. Each author's works will be printed together under his name, and the whole thing arranged chronologically and in about 3 or 4 sections. I say chronologically, but Shelley, Hunt and Keats shall not be divided (by reason of the accident of their not coming together in the order of time). In the same way I mean Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey and Hartley Coleridge to go together in one batch, regardless of the fact that Leigh Hunt and Co. would crop up somewhere between these names, if dates of birth or even of publication were considered to the prejudice of everything else. At the same time I hope to avoid offensive classification. I shall certainly not tabulate the batches in any more distinctive way than by numbers.

I feel the premonitory symptoms of a head-ache tonight,

81A satirical sonnet by Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
so I must make an end long before I've finished. I have had a heavy day. I trust you are very well. The frost did me no harm; I did not feel it: but this wet weather hurts me much.

57. Monday, In greatest haste [7 March 1881]

I am much more than sorry that I cannot give you due notice of Samuelson's visit. It is not put into my power to do so, although last week I tried to find out what now I learn of the chances of a visit tomorrow.

I confess I felt the hot blood in my cheeks when I read that Rathbone was to be with S; but there was nothing to do but grin and bear it. R is, I suppose, so important a person here that even S cannot act without consulting and conciliating him. I am sure you will do what is best under the circumstances. I may add that R always professes to be a vast admirer of your painting, and has something of yours which once he invited me most cordially to call and see. If R and S are pleased the purchase will be made almost certainly and Liverpool will be the richer. Of course S is 'boss' this year, but the other fellow has influence. I was heartily sorry to telegraph....

82 Written on receipt of a note from Alderman Edward Samuelson, (Chairman of the Liverpool council's fine art and music committee) who said he and Philip Rathbone (curator of the Walker Art Gallery) would be in London on the following day, and asking THG to inform DGR that they would come to view "Dante's Dream." (Samuelson: THC 7 March 1881 AP).

83 Rathbone had referred to DGR as an "animal painter." See also THC:DGR 31, *21 August 1880, and THC:DGR 17, *13 April 1880 n. DGR refused to receive them on this occasion, but Samuelson came alone a few days later.
The Sonnets you mention I have got. Would you kindly trouble to drop me the very briefest line by return saying how the enclosed sonnet strikes you. It comes to me through Dixon from a young Jesuit who has written a great deal of poetry but published none, from fear of incurring the displeasure of the society. I think it a most remarkable production, distinguished by marked originality both of thought and structure, but I also think it an outcome of an extremely eccentric genius and doubt if I ought to print it. I enclose Dixon's letter as the best means of explaining the metrical peculiarities. Indeed I will enclose both sonnets sent, adding that the Starlight one is that I had in view when writing the foregoing.

At to the picture—ours is a rich corporation and there is no reason why the purchase should not be made. We can at least wait and hope. [Edward] Samuelson seems glad now they missed [John] Millais' "Basic Pot". You are right that he is a capital fellow. I can't conceive how I should have got along in Liverpool without him.

It is exceedingly good of you to promise to pour into

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84Canon Richard Watson Dixon.
85Gerard Manley Hopkins.
86"The Starlight Night"; THC printed neither.
his ear the little message I sent you. 87

I could hardly do that duty for myself and from you it would come with a thousand times more weight than from any Liverpool man whatever.

Perhaps it will in any case be best to wait until the book gets published (which now ought to be very soon) because these local magnates are usually (Samuelson and others of course excepted) sceptical as to the powers of a fellow townsman (stupid as it seems) until they hear that he has the advantage of a good report on the lips of London critics. There is some whisper of my succeeding to a Professorship of literature, but one can't wait with conscious patience until the oldest of old men dies. And when it comes (if ever) the duties may not be lighter than the fees....

Thanks also for getting your brother to copy the Reynolds sonnet 88....

I wrote a line to Watts last night and a scrap to Scott, whose letter, by the way, I did not receive until yesterday, although posted in January.

I told the Editor of the Academy I could write a note on Brown's last fresco, and he asked me to do so. I have written it: I suppose it will appear soon.

87 THC wanted a lecturing appointment which was in the Liverpool Council's gift, and hoped a word from DGR would be influential. The job was given to an "intolerable Oxford noodle." See THC:DGR 68, *15 May 1881.

88 John Hamilton Reynolds, a friend of Keats. It was not used.
B[rown] says it is on record that you tell a sweet story of how he flew into a terrific rage and cursed his maker when I timidly asked him to give me his "Boccaccio" sonnet for publication.

Of course I can attest that our gentlest of friends blushed to the collar with modest confusion when I charged him with being not only one of the most brilliant painters but also a poet; and I must therefore conclude that your poet's eye has for playful exercise been bodying forth the forms of things unknown and giving to airy nothings etc.

I had a volcanic outburst at your Nick Bottomly joke.

61. Sunday [10 April 1881] 89

Not ill-health but absence from town has left me so long an arrearage in correspondence.

True, Elliot Stock's letter reads the reverse of ardent, but from the beginning he has been opposed to publishing in the Spring and I half suspect he has kept back this last difficulty to the end as a final and absolute quasher. To publish any time during the summer is of course out of the question, and hence the delay must needs cover the whole period between May and September. The opinion however amongst

89 Dated in relation to DGR:TW (13 April 1881) LDGR 2456, and to THC's 'bread-and-butter' letter(63, *Sunday 24 April 1881), in which he refers to "the last ten days." Presumably he arrived at Cheyne Walk on Thursday, 14 April and left again on Saturday, 22 April, before DGR was awake.
journalists appears to be a unanimous one that the later season is the better book season, and on that head I am half disposed to reconcile myself to the change.

That the altered arrangement interferes with your own sonnet is of course a matter of sincere regret to me, and you will believe me when I say that I shall be pained indeed if you permit the Sonnet I have to remain out of your book at the cost of dislocating the "House of Life." Pray give it its due place in that series and let my collection take its chance of being enriched by a fresh sonnet from your pen that shall be independent of such connection. You know well that this is not written as the result of any altered opinion of the great value to me of that sonnet which becomes more and more beautiful in my view.

Of Blanco White's only other sonnet and of kindred matters we may talk at length when we meet. Meantime I shall try to work off some prodigious arrears of correspondence and beg you to pardon this hasty and inadequate reply to your letter.

As to my departure for London, I cannot yet speak with absolute certainty, but I hope to be able to leave Liverpool on Thursday evening. Of course you shall hear from me again.

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90 José Maria Blanco y Crespo, born in Seville, Spain in 1775, grandson of an Irishman named White. He joined the Roman Catholic priesthood, but became disillusioned with that faith and fled to England, where he became a Church of England clergyman and changed his name to the rather redundant Joseph Blanco White. He is best known for his anti-Catholic writings. The "only other sonnet,"Night and Death," was much admired by S.T. Coleridge and is published in Main's Treasury, p. 397.
briefly on this point. It is a delightful prospect I have ahead of me, and my stay in Chelsea will leave me lasting memories.

From now forward I mean to observe absolute silence as to my health. Assuredly my friends (to whom it has served as apology for many shortcomings) shall be pained no more by the mention of it. The doctor I go to says I ought to be free from my periodical attacks of blood-pressure. I am sincerely sorry to hear such ill news of Watts. I recommended fomentation as the best curative agent for such inflammation as his but I don't know if he has tried it.

62. Sunday 24 April 1881

I had a long (six hours and half) journey home, but I did not feel specially weary, and I am now quite recovered from the touch of indisposition which troubled me on Thursday.

I need hardly repeat that my stay at your house was entirely enjoyable and leaves me with the pleasantest recollections. I have visited London countless times, but never under such delightful conditions as recently. I shall work the better for the interlude of holiday.

When you write you will perhaps tell me what [Frederic J.] Shields thinks I ought to say to Cassells people91 about his

91Cassell and Company, publishers.
Blake sketch. Of course there can be no hurry as to this, but the review shall be written immediately.

We can keep back until next Summer (1882) our notice of your own work....

I have always forgotten to say that George Rae might have influence anent the large picture—but I shall mention the matter to him as some favourable moment.

Samuelson came home last evening and I am to be with him to-night.

I am going to draw up a full scheme for such a magazine as we talked of, and if Stock takes it up I shall no longer hesitate to go permanently to London. Of course there is something in what Watts says against such a course: namely, that a man of any gifts is sooner felt in the provinces than in the metropolis. But on the other hand there remains the fact that the utmost success possible in a place like this is scarcely such that the rumour of it can reach London.

If the publisher takes warmly to the proposal I shall be able to leave behind me (out of past husbandings) what may keep things square for ½ a year at home and surely six month's start ought to do something for any man of energy.

92 A sketch F.J. Shields had made of the unaltered room in which William Blake worked and died, at 3 Fountain Court, Strand, London.

93 A long essay THC was writing about DGR. See also THC:DGR 78, *5 July 1881. The words "our notice" are interesting, for they give THC's discussions of the poetry, particularly those in Recollections (1882), an added authority.

94 Nothing came of the planned magazine.
As to what you so generously proposed anent my possible residence—I can hardly trust myself to write at this or any moment: it is so much too much of a kindness. Moreover such a course would I can see involve occasional inconveniences to you which I should be pained to feel that you must be put to on my account. I don't refer to the intrusion of callers of whom I should have none except perhaps the publisher and his messengers. To take the simplest view of such a case—there would be times when you could wish to be alone. I shall not dwell on your unexampled proposal now or at any time. I shall only say, once for all, that I must all my life be as grateful for it as if I had availed myself of it—if I do not do so.

I am confidently trusting your book95 may be a great triumph. It shall not fail of ardent upholding at my hands. Yet it needs no effort to make its splendour felt. The leagues on leagues that divide your work from the reams of verbosity which issue yearly even from the pens of men of rank has never been felt by me so surely as during my recent visit. I may say to you that I have half unconsciously been measuring myself these last 10 days against some men of comparative distinction and have sometimes felt that with half their opportunities I could hold my own with certain of them. This is a pugnacious thing to say but I verily believe it to be a fair statement of the truth, and I allude to it in order to add the confident

95 Ballads and Sonnets (1881), which contains the ballad "The King's Tragedy".
assurance that a poem like "The King's Tragedy" rises now and for all time entirely above the rivalry of any work save that of one other living poet.\textsuperscript{96}

Of course you know that by what is written overpage I mean no comparison of myself with the one or two strong men of your own circle whose critical powers are scarcely greater than their poetic gifts promise to be.

[postscript] I've dropt the H and the dismembered signature looks to me like the pig in the proverb.\textsuperscript{97}

68. 15 May 1881

I think the draft letter to Samuelson admirable in all respects. I could not desire to see it altered, unless it were to admit some single word of recognition of the Committee with which S. acts. I am glad you have thought it well to add your personal opinion of the way in which the commission would be discharged, for though our friend is himself very sensible of every claim I can put forth, some of the people with whom he has to co-operate are totally ignorant of literary matters, and take all their opinions relating thereto from approved sources. Moreover, such folks (as is usual in such cases) have generally a more profound respect for an article that comes to them from a distance than for one which lies at their hand,

\textsuperscript{96}\textsuperscript{}Possibly Algernon Swinburne.

\textsuperscript{97}\textsuperscript{}His signature then became "T. Hall Caine", rather than "T. H. Hall Caine."
and hence it has come about that the Committee in question has within the past week appointed an intolerable Oxford noodle who can lecture about as intelligibly as a jack-daw, to deliver them a course of lectures in the autumn—this mainly because he has a long array of letters affixed to his name and because he has the countenance of his university....

Samuelson is going to see Rae about the big picture—at Rae's own instance—he being anxious to tell S that in his view the "Dante's Dream" is the cheapest picture in England at the price named, and that only its size keeps it out of 'Redcourt'. If you have occasion to write to R you might perhaps allude to the matter as one that has been mentioned between himself and me.... The delay seems a long and is assuredly a vexatious one, but S whispered the other day that it is occasioned entirely or mainly by the circumstance that the committee have not got £200 in the treasury at this moment and that the Mayor's promised assistance would have to be accepted. They fear the charge of living above their income, but they expect £2000 before very long, and in the event of the purchase would pass the amount over to next year's accounts....

The Academy folks are sending me Miss Blind's book. I did not ask for it. They are printing one of my Sonnets.

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98 The had hoped to be appointed to give the lectures.
99 Rae's home.
As to your forthcoming volume they seem a little uneasy as to what I mean to do with it. I half suspect they think the notice may prove a shade too eulogistical—but they say nothing definite, promising to write further. Of course you know that the bitterest rivalry exists between the Academy and Athenaeum and the latter being a known admirer of yours excites on the part of the former distrust of a critic of whom the busy-bodies amongst the younger bards may have whispered that he is an intimate of yours.

I see that the Bridges man who amused us so much the day he came with Dixon is reviewed familiarly in its (Academy's) pages. The Raes spoke of that Jesuit who wrote the funny sonnets as a friend of your sister's. He has sent me a 20-page letter: very clever, very conceited, very cheeky,—and very flattering withal....

I have kept to the last my few words of deep thanks for what you have said as to my settling in London, and now I feel quite powerless to write respecting it. I can but say in one word—thank you. It would be a great thing to me to stay at

101 Robert Bridges, Gerard Manley Hopkins' friend and editor.
102 Canon R. W. Dixon.
103 Gerard Manley Hopkins. See also THC:DGR 59, *22 March 1881. THC's superior and patronizing attitude toward Hopkins denied him the literary immortality of being the first to publish Hopkins' poems.
104 There is no evidence they were friends, but only that Hopkins "was under the spell of two Anglican poets, George Herbert and Christina Rossetti" in 1865. In W.H. Gardner, Poems and Prose of Gerard Manley Hopkins, (Harmondsworth, Eng.: Penguin Books, 1966) p. xix.
105 But unfortunately not available for this edition.
your house even if circumstances were other than they are. As to the further matter mentioned—"you will believe me when I say that if the thought of a personal reward had occurred to my mind in the first instance as even a possible result of what I was about to do, nothing whatever could have been done. I must either have banished it or let the matter go by. That proves perhaps that in one important relation of life I am a hopeless fool, but the fact remains (of which I verily believe you do not need to be apprised) that no thought of personal benefit came to me.

I am sure you mentioned your possible purpose in order to reassure me at a time when I needed reassuring. Thank you. (Really I do not know what my attitude of mind might be even to a proposal so generously intended if I were not labouring under an old man's cares without having enjoyed such a one's opportunities.)

Hang all this doleful stuff, however. Things are really looking brighter with me and my health is better.

As to the building behind your house—"if your owner happens not to have had his plans prepared I believe I could devise a good scheme for him: I could speedily acquire a knowledge of the London bye-laws and work it out. As to

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106 DGR had offered THC a commission of £150 if "Dante's Dream" were sold.

107 The owners of 16 Cheyne Walk had divided the property and were now planning to put up a building on what had once been DGR's garden. He was so afraid of the noise that he was considering moving to Brixton.
minimizing the nuisance of workmen's noises—that might to some extent be done, but only if one were in some sort of command as Clerk of Works—an office requiring perhaps an hour or 2 hour's labour daily—scarcely otherwise I fear. I need not say that if I were with you at a time such as you speak of anything and everything within my power should be done—but that would not be much.


I have been very careful not to show your book. Neither William Watson nor any other shall learn that I have it. You may remember that I was invited to review the book on its publication for the Academy. Yesterday the Editor wrote that the work had not reached him, but upon its coming into my possession he would be glad to receive a review from me as early as I could send one.

You see he is anxious to be early in the field. I replied that he should have the article in due course, but I mean to observe your wish as to the Athenaeum being first out.

108 Possibly a hint that DGR should recommend him for the job. A new level of intimacy had begun just after THC's Easter visit at Cheyne Walk; the salutation on THC's letters is "My dear Rossetti," rather than "My dear Mr. Rossetti," from 27 April 1881.

109 A pre-publication copy of Ballads and Sonnets.
My long paper has reached 40 pages and is now perforce put aside in order to allow of my doing some reviewing. I think confidently it will prove the most philosophical analysis of your claims to front rank as a poet. I think thus far it is written in a high and comprehensive way and whilst warmly enthusiastic is also judicial in tone. Of course I don't mean it for the pages of the *Academy*. I hope to get it into some prominent magazine.

I think Samuelson will be pleased with the note you have sent him.

I am much interested in what you say of the Brixton offer. The rent is less than you pay I think, and I have certainly always heard the locality spoken of as a healthy one. If you determine to take steps in the matter and think my presence in London for a time would be helpful to you I trust you will not hesitate to command me. I am well enough now and free enough to travel.

You will be glad to know that I have ample work already to keep me occupied for months—not the most profitable work, perhaps, but it will do.

My late employers do not wish to accept my resignation and say the place shall remain awhile open for my return. I

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111 DGR was so upset by the builders' noise behind his house that he was considering subletting Tudor House and moving out of London for the duration of the building activities. Brixton was a possible refuge.
cannot help telling you (against express injunctions as to secrecy) that my latest advice from them states for my private guidance that the recent will of the principal provides that in the event of his death the whole business is to be offered to me "on easy terms and with the loan of a sufficient capital." Doubtless you think this looks tempting, but what can it ever be worth? The principal is a man of 40, in robust health, belonging to a family remarkable for longevity. He is well enough off to retire, but he won't. It is not possible that I can outlive him. The chief value the circumstance has in my eyes is that of a splendid testimonial to one of the youngest men (out of 100) in the employ.

There are two great obstacles to my return: my health, (which though improving is still uncertain) and my unconquerable love of literary pursuits, (which now I have followed long enough not to mistake them.)

I am vastly interested in the new ballad project. Is it possible (without endangering other works or unduly delaying their completion) for you to come here? Finer mountain scenery I cannot conceive: the landscape is constantly changing aspects. Doubtless the actual presence of these hills would give you a great freshness of inspiration. I could arrange everything for you; (you would come by rail to Windermere and by coach to this valley—2 hours drive); but pray do not

112 Perhaps this projected ballad was "Jan van Hunks."
let me draw you off prematurely, delighted as I should be to see you here this very day.

I think the big picture affair will go off smoothly by and by....
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APPENDIX I

A Census of the Letters
from Hall Caine to D. G. Rossetti
in the Angeli Papers

1. 2 October 1878
   In another hand, signed by THC. A request that DGR become a member of the Liverpool "Notes and Queries" Society Honorary Council.

2. *24 July 1879
   First personal letter to DGR "from a student to a poet he loves" asking him to read a lecture by THC on DGR's poetry printed in Colburn's New Monthly, which he has also sent.

3. *2 August 1879
   THC plans to pass through London on a holiday and will avail himself of DGR's permission to call. Has sent another Colburn's New Monthly with his work in it for DGR's appraisal.

4. 25 September 1879
   Asks DGR to write recommending him for a job and otherwise employ his influence "with any member of the Council of the Association".

5. *28 October 1879
   THC hasn't been given the job. Has sent DGR a Builder containing his Congress paper. Working on lectures and other articles. Hopes DGR will read his psychological treatment of Keats' genius when he has finished it.

6. *7 December 1879
   DGR has been critical of the paper sent and of the quality of journal in which THC is publishing.

7. *[?] January 1880
   (Frag.) Very long letter. Discussion of Keats, Coleridge, THC's health and his religion.

8. 19 January 1880
   Long letter continuing literary subjects in previous letter. Has finished "Stones Crying Out" a pamphlet on architectural restoration.

9. 24 February 1880
   Reply to DGR's refusal of dedication in THC's pamphlet "Politics and Art". DGR has encouraged THC to organize a fund in Liverpool for Keats' sister, Mme. Llanos. THC advises against subscription, suggests a lecture
on Keats, sponsored by city and with mayor presiding. If "no one better could be found, THC offers to write lecture.

10. 25 February 1880
Discussion of "Stones Crying Out". THC confesses that at 16 or 17 he sent a 1,000 line poem to George Gilfillan, who said it had genius on almost every page, but should go out yet.

11. 29 February 1880
Comments on DGR's advice that THC's paper has been harsh with Shelley and Coleridge. THC concurs, but stands fast in his judgement of Wordsworth, whom he does not value. THC busy with Keats lecture, which he hopes will raise £50 for Mme. Llanos and more when it is published.

12. 9 March 1880
THC determined to give Keats Lecture, although DGR has advised that he should do it only if it helps the Keats paper. THC complains how little Liverpool cares for art, and finds himself weary and stranded there; the exchange of letters between himself and DGR is very important to him.

13. 21 March 1880
(Frag, unsigned.) THC comments on the irony of his "Politics and Art" pamphlet not being able to be published until after the General Election. They have been corresponding about the sonnets of Milton, Keats and Coleridge; THC extends the discussion to comment on DGR's sonnets, apologizes for doing it badly.

14. [26 March 1880]
Thanks DGR for the gift of two copies of the Tauchnitz (1873) edition of Poems. Has read DGR's sonnet on Keats and encloses his own effort on the subject for the "greatest living sonneteer" to read.

15. *31 March 1880
THC accepts DGR's verdict on his Keats sonnet: "...you think the attempt does not show that I have any special vocation for that emphatic and condensed form of expression...." Abandons his belligerent stance against Milton's sonnets on DGR's advice. First mention of the possibility of a sonnet book. Comments on DGR's proposed amendments to "Sister Helen" and discusses DGR's Keats sonnet.
16. *5 April 1880
Research for Keats essay and speech has started him reading copies of periodicals of 1816 to 1822, which he finds of great interest. DGR has suggested THC should edit a sonnet book; thinking through his pen, THC plans it. Discussion of Keats and Leigh Hunt, and of William Watson's soon-to-be-published _Prince's Quest._

17. *13 April 1880
DGR has commented on THC's criticism of DGR's Keats sonnet. THC apologizes for his critical blunders.

18. [end April 1880]
(Frag. unsigned.) THC has become concerned with Keats' critics through the old periodical study. Finds a relationship between authors' health and reviewers caustic comments, wonders if critics fulfill any real need in society. Has written to Watson about his long narrative poem.

19. 2 May 1880
Thanks DGR and WMR for their attempts to have "Politics and Art" reviewed in the _Athenaeum._ Keats lecture will come about.

20. *15 May 1880
DGR has found second sonnet on Keats an improvement; THC has sent a sonnet to DGR for his birthday. Keats lecture will become a "kind of Keats Celebration Meeting." Part of THC's Keats essay has been sent to DGR.

21. 27 May 1880
Comments on DGR's criticism and suggestions for the Keats essay. THC surprised at the esteem in which DGR holds Chatterton, and is led to search for derivations from Chatterton in Keats. DGR working on a Blake sonnet.

22. 1 June 1880
THC had hoped to have Lord Houghton in the chair at his Keats Celebration, but has heard that Lord Houghton is annoyed because he planned to obtain a pension for Mme. Llanos, but that Buxton Forman had earlier applied on her behalf for a grant from the Royal Bounty.

23. *3 June 1880
(Two-part letter, continued 9 June.) Concerned with the life of Chatterton, which THC has read; Keats Celebration not settled. June 9 continuation reports on F.G. Stephens' visit to Liverpool.

24. [* mid June 1880]*
(Frag.) Comments on what Stephens has told him of DGR's sadness and loneliness.
25. **[early July 1880]**
Short note thanking DGR for a photograph of a pen sketch and mentioning the death of a Liverpool friend.

26. ***14 July 1880**
THC has been for a boating holiday in Windermere, for his health. Proposes he write a newspaper article on FMB's frescoes.

27. ***16 July 1880**
THC now confesses he adores Coleridge, although he has decided his personal character is not unblemished, nor does THC care for his Kantian philosophy and Germanisms. From periodicals he has formed a poor opinion of Leigh Hunt, who did not stand by Keats when needed. Has received DGR's letter of introduction to FMB and will call. Has read OMB's books. Suggests Poe as "meat for a sonnet".

28. ***27 July 1880**
Reports on visit to FMB, which he has enjoyed. FMB has told him tales of DGR's life thirty years before.

29. ***4 August 1880**
(Unsigned.) More on visit to FMB, who has asked him to visit again. Has enclosed a sonnet on OMB.

30. **11 August 1880**
(Frag.) Plans a visit to London soon. Reports on the fund for Mme. Illanos.

31. ***21 August 1880**
Reports on the proposal that FMB give four lectures in Liverpool but denies DGR's suggestion that Rathbone could be of any help in arranging them.

32. ***22 August 1880**
Apologizes for his hasty judgement of Rathbone in the preceding letter, not intended to reflect upon the judgement of FMB's daughter. Does not withdraw his judgement, however.

33. ***29 August 1880**
THC has again been to Manchester and has given FMB his sonnet on OMB. THC plans to call on DGR on his way to Brighton and again on his way home to Liverpool.

34. ***1 September 1880**
(From Brighton.) To correct DGR's misconception that THC will be coming to visit on Friday rather than Thursday. DGR had read him "The White Ship" when he called earlier in the week.
35. * [3 September 1880]  
(Pencilled note of farewell written at 16 Cheyne Walk after THC's overnight visit and before DGR was awake.) If THC's proposed sonnet book finds a publisher he plans to live in London and supplement his income by lecturing.

36. *13 September 1880  
THC denigrates the abilities of J.A. Noble, a friend whose essay DGR has admired. DGR has warned THC against coming to live in London without assuring himself of an income. THC explains his family responsibilities and his plans for meeting them. He chides DGR for his lack of exercise.

37. *22 September 1880  
DGR has not approved of THC's article on FMB. THC agrees, explains, but says that the article has been admired. Lord Houghton has obtained an annuity for Mme. Ilanos, so the Keats subscription has been closed. Elliot Stock, publisher, has discussed the proposed sonnet book, so THC has begun to draw DGR into the matter of collecting sonnets. DGR is not sure he wants his association with THC known and commented on by reviewers.

38. 7 October 1880  
Stock has not sent a firm proposal. Noble has read DGR's comments on his essay and is planning to write to him. THC has dined with Lord Houghton.

39. [early October 1880]  
(Frag. unsigned.) THC foresees plenty of work for the coming winter: will soon deliver three lectures on "Curiosities of Criticism", gleaned from periodicals after 1800; Ruskin Society has asked him to write for their periodical. Plans to include original sonnets in his book.

40. [mid October 1880]  
(Frag.) THC plans to write to WMR and CR to ask for sonnets. Discusses and praises his favourites, also mentions those of DGR's he likes best. Has offended DGR with the suggestion that the book will contain original and specially translated sonnets. THC apologizes, but asks if it is possible to get more original sonnets than he now has.

41. *21 October 1880  
Lists sonnets he has. Hopes for at least fifty original sonnets and praises FMB's help in obtaining them. DGR has refused to have one of his sonnets in the book. Stock may publish the "Curiosities" lectures. THC
42. *31 October 1880
(Frag. unsigned.) Because DGR does not want the *Contemporary* controversy discussed, THC has decided to omit all contemporary writers. Finds parallels between his decision and a similar one by Coleridge. Also finds a parallel between DGR's advice to Swinburne and Coleridge's advice to Wordsworth. DGR has sent him W.H. Davies' *Songs of a Wayfarer*, which he discusses. Praises DGR's "Lost Days" as reminiscent of the Bible.

43. *[November 1880]*
(Frag.) DGR has enquired when THC will come to live in London, but THC has decided he must have a job there before he can take the risk. Reports an artist's opinion that DGR is the greatest colourist since Titian.

44. *[early November 1880]*
(Frag. unsigned.) TW-D and FMB have been corresponding on the sonnet technique. Asks DGR if he has Whitehead's sonnet on the Lone Lamp.

45. *8 November 1880*
Due to ill health THC is working only every other day, on DGR's advice. Has decided the book should include original sonnets and a section of reprinted sonnets, particularly great sonnets that have been forgotten. Hopes that DGR will recommend and select sonnets. Asks for DGR's sonnet on the sonnet as an introductory piece.

46. 13 January 1881
DGR has been ill. TW-D has written to THC on sonnet technique, and, at FMB's prompting, promises a fuller letter. First mention of Samuelson and the possible sale of "Dante's Dream" to Liverpool.

47. 22 January 1881
Suggests schemes to arouse the interest of the Liverpool council in "Dante's Dream". THC has obtained a letter about the picture from F.G. Stephens to weight the case, although DGR objects. THC may soon move to New Brighton.

48. 25 January 1881
DGR has suggested THC exclude all old sonnets; THC suggests *Sonnets of this Century* as a title.
49. [late January 1881]
(Frag. unsigned.) THC agrees that Stephens may be technically a fine art critic, but that he does not see into the heart of a picture as well as WMR. Suggests that DGR publish his ballads in one volume and his sonnets in another, under the title The House of Life.

50. [end January 1881]
DGR has heard from Stock that THC has promised all new sonnets, rather than only a selection, including some new sonnets. THC tries to soothe DGR and explain his error.

51. [29 January 1881]
DGR complained that THC has used similar rhymes in his sonnets on OMB, Coleridge and Keats. New version of OMB sonnet enclosed. THC reassures DGR that he not promoting FMB's paintings to Samuelson at the same time as he is working on the sale of "Dante's Dream".

52. [early February 1881]
(Frag.) Suggests Sonnets of Three Centuries for his sonnet collection. Has read Waddington's collection and doesn't like it.

53. *16 February 1881
Reports on a letter from TW-D outlining his theory of the sonnet. THC considers the theory rigid. Has chosen ten printed sonnets by DGR which he wishes to include.

54. *24 February 1881
Reassures DGR that TW-D's rigid definition of the sonnet and FMB's praise of the position in no way reflect a dislike of DGR's sonnets, few of which fit the definition. Considers TW-D influenced by a "stupid" essay by James Spedding. Will not ask to include TW-D's letter in his introduction. Implication is that DGR has said none of his sonnets may be used in a book containing TW-D's theory.

55. *late February 1881
DGR has sent a sonnet by William Sharp for which THC makes suggestions for improvement.

56. *4 March 1881
THC defends his dislike of the "rip-rap" effect produced by a closing couplet although DGR doesn't agree. Compromises his defence by saying that in a series the couplet may be used for variety. THC has reverted to the idea of only using nineteenth century sonnets.
57. *[7 March 1881]*
Letter following a telegraph to warn DGR that Samuelson and Rathbone might call during the week on short notice.

58. [12 March 1881]
THC hopes that Samuelson and his Fine Arts Committee will engage him to give an annual course of twelve lectures so he can give up commerce. Suggests obliquely that DGR might influence Samuelson.

59. *[22 March 1881]*
Sends DGR two Gerard Manly Hopkins sonnets with a letter from Canon Dixon to explain the metrical peculiarities. DGR considers Samuelson a "capital fellow" and has promised to suggest THC for the lectureship. THC has heard a whisper that he may succeed to a Professorship of literature.

60. [end March 1881]
Mentions DGR's proposal that THC live at Cheyne Walk, but does not make a firm reply. Praises DGR's Czar sonnet and "Winter", both of which DGR has sent him.

61. *[10 April 1881]*
THC's book postponed until the Fall, after DGR's Ballads and Sonnets, so THC will not use any of the "House of Life" sonnets but hopes for new ones from DGR. He is planning to spend a holiday at Cheyne Walk.

62. *24 April 1881*
After THC's holiday visit to DGR. He discusses but does not accept DGR's invitation to live at Cheyne Walk. Considers a magazine as a money-making scheme. Publication of his essay on DGR's poetry to be postponed until the Summer of 1882.

63. *27 April 1881*
From this letter on, THC's salutation is the intimate "My dear Rossetti". THC compares himself to S.T. Coleridge.

64. *3 May 1881*
Samuelson to be in London on May 4, and could visit DGR to work out the arrangements for the sale of "Dante's Dream".

65. [5 May 1881]
DGR has had photographs of "Dante's Dream" made. THC and Samuelson consider the photographs of the full picture should not be shown to the committee, as they do not do the painting justice. Some studies made of the heads in the painting, are, in their opinion, very nice.
66. 7 May 1881
Four members of the committee are coming to see the painting, so no more photographs need be taken.

67. 11 May 1881
THC has been ill, plans a holiday in Grasmere before going to London. Asks DGR to use his influence with Samuelson to get THC the lecturership, so THC can give up commercial journalism. THC will review DGR's new book.

68. *15 May 1881
DGR has sent THC a draft letter to Samuelson recommending THC for the lecturership. Committee has already appointed an "intolerable Oxford noodle" for a series in the Fall. "Dante's Dream" arrangements slowed because the Committee does not have the cash available. G.M. Hopkins wrote THC a 20-page letter. THC has decided to live at Cheyne Walk.

69. 22 May 1881
DGR has not sent letter about THC to Samuelson, as he feels it might put him in an awkward position. TW-D is reading sonnet book MS. THC plans a book on the companions of Shakespeare in a "bright, picturesque, incisive style"; will write it in London if DGR agrees. Rae's collection of DGR's paintings to be reproduced, if DGR permits.

70. 2 June 1881
Samuelson says the "Dante's Dream" business "as good as settled". DGR to proceed with alterations; will receive official letter in a month, then one-third of purchase price. Picture to be sent before end of August. THC to Grasmere on holiday.

71. 3 June 1881
(Frag.) Committee member Galloway has decided to read DGR's *Dante and his Circle*. Samuelson will communicate progress of the picture sale through THC at Grasmere.

72. 8 June 1881
DGR wants a note from Samuelson saying the purchase is as good as concluded; Samuelson won't write, but will only give his word, says if DGR has commissions he should stop alteration work. THC has explained to Samuelson the danger of leaving alterations too late.

73. 10 June 1881
THC has asked his employers for a leave of absence to recruit his health, but plans to leave their employ altogether. Has had a letter from Canon Dixon about his two "Supernatural papers", the contents of which he reports to DGR.
74. [15 June 1881]
(From "Fisher Place, Fisher Ghyll, Vale of St. John, Cumberland"). THC has received DGR's Ballads and Sonnets in proof. DGR has asked if he should include a note in it saying that the sonnets are neither personal nor autobiographical. THC advises against the note because too much protest will draw readers to the wrong conclusions. Suggests instead that TW-D should make the point in his review. Also suggests that DGR delete the note explaining the reprinting of some of the sonnets in "House of Life" and not marking those reprinted as people might otherwise be inclined to think of the genesis of the love sonnets.

75. 19 June 1881
(Cumberland.) THC has left his job, not sure of his future, but looking forward to his new vocation and freedom. THC has seen DGR's letter to Samuelson saying "Dante's Dream" cannot leave his studio until it is absolutely sold. DGR has told THC of scheme to complete "The Bride's Prelude"; THC suggests the addition of the supernatural element to it.

76. [22 June 1881]
(Cumberland.) THC reassures DGR that Samuelson is the real power on the Committee. DGR has suggested that THC come to London in a fortnight; THC invites DGR to return to Cumberland with him for a month's stay.

77. [25 June 1881]
(Cumberland.) Picture sale cannot be final until July 6. Building operation behind Tudor House very noisy. THC again suggests Cumberland as a refuge. He has read DGR's book in proof three times and is at work on a long review. His paper on DGR's entire poetical works will be about fifty pages. Will send it for DGR's approval.

78. *5 July 1881
(Cumberland,) THC will review DGR's book in the Academy, but will observe DGR's wish that it be reviewed in the Athenaeum first. DGR so upset by the building noises that he is considering moving to Brixton. THC again presses him to visit Cumberland. THC has enough work to keep him for the winter.

79. [mid July 1881]
(Cumberland.) Sonnet book in press. THC has shown his "Curiosities" MS to Stock, who liked it but has too much in hand that season to publish it. Asks DGR to send a Keats sonnet. DGR has said he may go to Cumberland.
80. 18 July 1881
(Cumberland.) DGR disturbed because he hears Samuelson has been granted £6,000, but has not written about the picture sale. THC explains that the money is for a gallery extension and does not affect the picture sale. THC anticipates trouble with FMB over his review of Mathilde Blind's book, which the Academy shortened before printing. THC has had his sonnet on Joseph Severn published in the Athenaeum. He seems to have borrowed money from DGR which he has promised himself he will repay on this day, but cannot.

81. [23 July 1881]
(Cumberland.) Rathbone has visited DGR, who has treated him courteously. THC has been reading old MSS and has found an unpublished poem by Wordsworth, which he considers "so-so".

82. 28 July 1881
(Cumberland.) Further difficulties with sale of "Dante's Dream". DGR has lost his regular housekeeper. Because DGR liked the last sonnet THC sent him, THC encloses another, hoping DGR will use his influence with TW-D to get them both published in the Athenaeum, giving THC "a certain rank" as a sonnet writer and thus helping Sonnets of Three Centuries.

83. [30 July 1881]
(Cumberland.) THC's article on DGR finished. He enquires whether he should bring it to DGR when he goes to London, or leave it in Cumberland for DGR to read when, he hopes, they return there together.

84. 30 July 1881
(Cumberland. Written later in the day than the previous letter, after hearing from Samuelson.) THC reports Samuelson is greatly distressed because he thinks DGR charges him with deceiving him. Picture negotiations have halted again, but THC thinks Rathbone is to blame, not Samuelson, who he still thinks means well. THC will talk to Samuelson on his way to London later in the week.

85. [2 August 1881]
(Cumberland.) THC reassures DGR that the Liverpool sale will go through. Picture needed at the end of August. Will send MS of his essay on DGR by registered post the following day.
6 August 1881

(Liverpool.) THC in Liverpool to discuss sale with Samuelson and Galloway, but wants written guidance from DGR as to the terms he will accept. Suggests DGR agree to send picture if Samuelson, Galloway or the mayor would come to London to give their words as gentlemen, or write a guarantee that the picture would not be returned. The three have already promised to provide the money in anticipation of the Council's decision. The picture would then be exhibited, but marked as sold, so that the other exhibitors would not be offended.
APPENDIX II

What Is, Is Best.

"Ten years! so many and so long
   and what a gulf between;"
She stifled the murmur of her song:
   He spake of what had been.
"The years have passed you gently by;
   Have left you on the lee;
Time on your brow breathes lovingly,
   It writes its scars on me;
Writes deep the furrows of the toils that be."

"Ten years! so many and so long;
   And what a gulf between;
Time that divides ne'er does the wrong:
   What is, is best, I ween"
She touched the zither soft and slow,
   It spake the words she would:
"Love that is lost is better so:
   Who'd wake it if he could?
Wake the lost love when what thing is, is good"?
Her child climbed up to his embrace,
   And kissed him with her rare
Ripe cherub lips and o'er his face
   Shook down her yellow hair;
"Blest with the blessings that thou hast,
   Thou stretchest forth in vain
No feeble hands to touch the past
   Whence loves comes not again:
Whence love, once lost, pays for its bliss with pain."

Her trembling fingers struck the chord
   of some forgotten lay:
"Love is the crown" he said "and lord
   Of life and hope alway;
I bear with me a void despair,
   A languor in the quest
If any goal be to me where
   Whatever is, is best:
Whatever is, of all things else, is blest."

-T. H. Hall Caine
APPENDIX III

Oliver Madox Brown

(1855-74)

author of The Dwale Bluth

Wrestling, we cannot let our angels go
    Till they arise and bless us: sunward then
    Wearing the rose of youth they pass our ken
Adown their westering way in eve's red glow.
Nor couldst we yield thee, boy, with outward show
    Of gladdened hearts to lordlier uses when
(Thy world undowered) the builded hopes of men
Deep under ashes lay in overthrow.
But ah! thy soft palm's kiss we hold in keep!
    Blessing and blest thou nearest now the abode
Where still He giveth His beloved sleep!
    And clustering boughs of dwale bluth roof the road¹
        Sunward thou treadst, and round thy face afar
        Thy aureole shines where crowned the deathless are!

-T. H. Hall Caine

¹The line contains a botanical absurdity, since dwale bluth is deadly nightshade, a poisonous member of the tomato family, which grows to a height of three feet.
APPENDIX IV

The Sonnet's Voice: A Metrical Lesson by the Seashore

You silvery billows breaking on the beach
    Fall back in foam beneath the star-shine clear,
The while my rhymes are murmuring in your ear
A restless love like that the billows teach;

For on these sonnet waves my soul would reach
    From its own depths, and rest within you dear,
As, through the billowy voices yearning here
Great nature strives to find a human speech.

A sonnet is a wave of melody;
    From heaving waters of the impassioned soul
A billow of tidal music one and whole
Flows in the 'octave'; then returning free
Its ebbing surges in the 'sestet' roll
Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea.

-T. Watts-Dunton