

# A PRE-RAPHAELITE GAZETTE: THE PENKILL LETTERS OF ARTHUR HUGHES TO WILLIAM BELL SCOTT AND ALICE BOYD, 1886-97

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## Introduction

ARTHUR HUGHES'S letters to William Bell Scott and Alice Boyd were discovered in the "Ark" at Penkill Castle in the summer of 1963, among a cache of manuscripts now in the Special Collections of the Library of the University of British Columbia, where they are catalogued as the Penkill Papers.<sup>1</sup> Neither Scott's nor Alice Boyd's letters to Hughes are available, but this oneness does not seriously detract from the value of the letters, which are unusually self-contained. Occasional references would doubtless be clarified were the other side of the correspondence accessible, but Hughes seldom resorts to point-by-point replies, and his whole epistolary style precludes severe contextual obscurity. An invaluable aid in editing the letters has been the collection of Alice Boyd's "day-diaries" among the Penkill Papers. Although her entries consist almost solely of brief jottings, it has been possible, using her system of recording letters received and written, to reconstruct the complete correspondence between herself and Hughes, which is summarized in the Census of Letters at the end of this article. Clearly, the extant letters from Hughes to Alice Boyd comprise the whole of his side of the correspondence, lacking only four letters and one

<sup>1</sup> These letters are published with the kind permission of the Special Collections of the Library of the University of British Columbia; Miss E. M. Courtney-Boyd, the niece of Alice Boyd; and Miss C. N. Hale-White, the granddaughter of Arthur Hughes. This monograph was written while I was on sabbatical leave from the University of British Columbia as a John Simon Guggenheim Fellow. I should like to acknowledge my gratitude to both the University and the Guggenheim Foundation. Throughout the notes the principals of the correspondence are abbreviated: AH = Arthur Hughes, AB = Alice Boyd, WBS = William Bell Scott.

postcard ; in reply, Alice seems to have written fifty-two letters to the artist. Although it is unlikely that Alice's letters had the inherent interest of Hughes's, her record of the correspondence is useful for dating, and it provides an overview for the total correspondence. Hughes's letters to Scott, on the other hand, do not give the impression of being complete. During Scott's lifetime, Alice was too preoccupied with him to keep accurate records of her letters, so that no reconstruction is possible. Hughes's letters to them both, however, span a twelve-year period, and they offer, with only a transfer in recipients, a continuous series.

Two particular qualities give the Hughes letters a special importance. The first is their immense biographical relevance. Apart from the twenty-five letters to F. G. Stephens in the Bodleian, these are the first extensive primary documents relating to Hughes's life and art to come to light. Little is known about Hughes biographically, and to date no archives have been discovered which would make it possible to fill in the few outline sketches of his life, such as Malcom Bell's in the *DNB*, which provide only the barest essential facts. Because of this paucity of source material, little has been written on Hughes. Even his painting has not been sufficiently studied, the little work on him concentrating almost exclusively on his illustrations for the periodicals and books of the eighteen-seventies.<sup>1</sup> These letters give a more intimate picture of Hughes than has previously been available. In them he emerges as a modest and sensitive man, a devoted and faithful friend, and a talented and dedicated, if somewhat frustrated, artist, who matches in his writing the wit and charm which are his principal attributes as a painter.

Born in 1832, in London, Hughes<sup>2</sup> was educated in Arch-

<sup>1</sup> For AH's bibliography see William E. Fredeman, *Pre-Raphaelitism: A Bibliocritical Study* (Cambridge, Mass., 1965), Section 10 (Exhibitions), 49 (General bibliography), 93 (Illustrations). Hereinafter cited as *Pre-Raphaelitism*. See also Thieme-Becker, *Allgemeines Lexikon der Bildenden Künstler* (1925), xviii. 84-85.

<sup>2</sup> For details relating to AH's biography and art I am greatly indebted to Mr. Leslie Cowan of the Somerset College of Art, Taunton. Mr. Cowan, a specialist on AH's painting, has been exceedingly generous in sharing with me his wide knowledge. Besides Bell's *DNB* article, Robert Ross's obituary in the *Burlington Magazine*, xxvii (1916), 204-7, should also be consulted.

bishop Tenison's Grammar School until 1846, when he entered the School of Design, Somerset House, where he studied under Alfred Stevens. The following year he gained an Art Studentship to the Royal Academy Schools and in 1849 he won the R.A. Silver Medal for Antique Drawing and exhibited his first picture to the Academy, *Musidora* (No. 571). He was early attracted to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and under their influence painted his famous *Ophelia*, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1852 (No. 1247). In 1853 Millais used Hughes as a model in *The Proscribed Royalist*, and the next year Hughes was painting in Rossetti's studio. From 1855, when he married Tryphena Foord, Hughes began the routine pattern which was to characterize his life, both professionally and domestically. He exhibited in all but sixteen of the Royal Academy exhibitions between 1856 and 1908; and he had five children, three daughters and two sons.<sup>1</sup> In 1855 he began his career as an illustrator, in which he was eventually to win more fame than as a painter. Within two decades he embellished volumes that live still as illustrated classics: *Enoch Arden* (1866), *Dealings with the Fairies* (1867), *Tom Brown's School Days* (1869), *At the Back of the North Wind* (1871), *The Boy in Grey* (1871), *Sing Song* (1872), *The Princess and the Goblin* (1872), and *Speaking Likenesses* (1874). Indeed, the works of Thomas Hughes, George MacDonald, and Christina Rossetti are today valued the more because of Hughes's illustrations.<sup>2</sup> In 1885 Hughes replaced Scott on the Examination Committee of the South Kensington Museum. Three retrospective exhibitions of Hughes's work were held: in 1900, at the Fine Art Society ("Byways of Cornwall"); in 1904, at the Rembrandt Gallery; and in 1916, at Walker's Galleries. The catalogue of this posthumous exhibition contains a preface by Hughes's most successful student, Albert

<sup>1</sup> His sons were Arthur Foord and Godfrey Hughes; his daughters, Agnes, Amy, and Emily.

<sup>2</sup> Among other works illustrated by AH are three by George MacDonald, Palgrave's *The Five Days' Entertainment at Wentworth Grange* (1868), Hake's *Parables and Tales* (1872), and several volumes by Louisa Powell MacDonald, Matthew Browne, and Ann Thackeray. Between 1904 and 1913 he made over 200 illustrations for books by Lilia Scott, and by Grenville and George MacDonald. See *Pre-Raphaelitism*, Section 93.

Goodwin.<sup>1</sup> Hughes returned again to illustration under the persuasion of Grenville MacDonald between 1904 and 1913, and it is clear from various of his comments that this was for him the most compatible medium in which to work. He exhibited his last picture in the Royal Academy in 1908, and in 1912, just three years before his death, he was awarded a Civil Lists Pension. He died in 1915, at Kew. Hughes's was a full and productive, but uneventful, life, marked by less recognition than he deserved and by few of those tangible, material rewards that redounded on some of his less gifted contemporaries. Despite obvious disappointments he remained unembittered, and his natural generosity prevented his becoming resentful over the success of others or cynical that the fates had so ill-rewarded his efforts.

As a painter Hughes was prolific, and there is no way of ascertaining his total production. These letters introduce a dozen works that have been previously unknown. He had a delicate touch and an imagination which was sparked by the sentimental and the fantastical, which is perhaps the reason that the illustration of children's books had for him such a strong appeal. It is perhaps also one explanation for the paleness and thinness of so many of his later works. Almost without exception, his best works belong to the period before 1870: *April Love*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Home from Sea*, *Home from Work*, *The Long Engagement*, *The Nativity*, *Ophelia*, *Orlando*, and *The Tryst*. Only *Home from Sea* in this list postdates 1863, and the most obvious major work omitted, the tryptich from *As You Like It*, was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1873.<sup>2</sup> This generally

<sup>1</sup> *The Memorial Exhibition of Some of the Works of the Late Arthur Hughes* (London: Walker's Galleries, October 1916). Goodwin, in his preface, comments that "in most cases, underneath the surface and last picture there are several others! I don't think he ever painted a picture without making many alterations—obliterating often a whole and what looked like a finished picture—alterations which were the dismay of his friends and whose remonstrances were lightly laughed at as he proceeded on his devastating way." This remarkable fact may possibly account for the virtual disappearance of some AH pictures for which titles are extant.

<sup>2</sup> *April Love* (the large version that originally belonged to Morris) is in the Tate Gallery, as is one version of *The Eve of St. Agnes*; *Home from Sea* and *The Eve of St. Agnes* on panels are in the Ashmolean; *The Long Engagement* and *The Nativity* are in the City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham; the large

accepted view that Hughes's talent falls into two convenient periods—1852-1863, 1866-1874—in which respectively he manifested his abilities in painting and illustration, may well give way to a more critical appraisal when his works are either better known or more generally accessible. But that reappraisal must wait upon the researches of one or two specialists who are now concentrating on his life and art.<sup>1</sup>

The Hughes letters are equally important for the material they contain on the later activities of the Pre-Raphaelites. Hughes's attachment to the group had begun as early perhaps as 1847, although he was never formally enrolled as a PRB nor as close to the immediate circle as Walter Deverell. "As a painter", William Michael Rossetti writes,<sup>2</sup>

he was one of those who most sympathized with the ideas which guided the Præraphaelite Brotherhood, and his style conformed pretty faithfully (not servilely) to theirs; if the organization had been kept up a little longer, and if new members had ever been admitted (a point which encountered some difference of opinion), Mr. Hughes would doubtless have been invited to join.

Of *The Germ*, Hughes wrote to F. G. Stephens in 1892 (see below Letter 38), thanking him for the first number, "I am not conscious of any literature that has had such an effect upon . . . me."<sup>3</sup> Not only did he frequent Pre-Raphaelite social gatherings—Ford Madox Brown's diary for 1855 records his presence: "Arthur Hughes, young, handsome, and silent."<sup>4</sup>—he also shared in the major activities of the Pre-Raphaelites in the eighteen-fifties: he illustrated Allingham's *Music Master* (1855), to which Millais and Rossetti also contributed; his mural *The Death of Arthur* enhanced the Oxford Union frescoes; at the so-called Pre-Raphaelite exhibition in Russell Place, Fitzroy Square in 1857 he was represented by six pictures, including *Ophelia*, *Fair Rosamund*, and *April Love*; in the American Exhibition of British Art

*Ophelia* is at Manchester; *As You Like It* belongs to the Walker Gallery, Liverpool. It should be noted that the present location of almost every picture by AH mentioned in the letters is unknown.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Leslie Cowan has been mentioned above; Miss Jane Douglas of New York City is working on AH's illustrations.

<sup>2</sup> *Some Reminiscences* (London, 1906), i. 147; hereinafter cited as *SR*.

<sup>3</sup> Bodl. MS. don. e 83, fols. 126-7.

<sup>4</sup> *Præraphaelite Diaries and Letters* (London, 1900), p. 182.

(1857) he showed five works, and of him W. M. Rossetti in his biographical notes commented, "Ranks very high among the Praeraffaelites".<sup>1</sup> Hughes himself was very proud of his Pre-Raphaelite connections. In the letter to Stephens quoted above, he remarks: "You were yourself one of that noble 'round table' of our time—to which I only looked up, from a distance: but to have done so is my chief glory and satisfaction."<sup>2</sup>

Hughes's letters to Alice Boyd represent a kind of Pre-Raphaelite gazette spanning an eight-year period between 1890-7. In them he is frequently reminiscent and justifiably sentimental about a past of which not only he but his recipient had been a part. Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Scott have in the letters a living presence in the memories of these two old friends. After Scott's death in 1890, Alice Boyd remained on in the isolation of a Penkill that had lost its vitality. What had been the home of a minor affiliate of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement began, during her latter years, that subtle transition into a kind of Pre-Raphaelite museum where Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti had once visited. Alice Boyd, who was only 65 when Scott died, was left to tidy the loose ends and put the house in order for posterity, including the supervision of Scott's controversial *Autobiographical Notes*, posthumously published in 1892, edited by Professor William Minto.<sup>3</sup>

Alice Boyd had first met Scott at Newcastle, where he was Master of the Newcastle School, a branch of the Government School of Design, in 1859. Theirs was a "friendship at first sight", as Scott describes it:<sup>4</sup>

Time could not strengthen it, but the impression or instinct of sympathy was changed by experience into satisfied conviction and confident repose. I speak of my own feeling of course. All my life I had tried for confiding affection both from men and women when I had a chance; had made many attempts to realize it without success. Not that I gave up the faith that two men who are not brothers by birth can be more than brothers by harmony of life. But while the fates had been against me with men, here at last was a perfect intercourse, made possible by

<sup>1</sup> From a holograph manuscript in the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University, attributed to Dante Gabriel Rossetti but almost certainly in William Michael Rossetti's hand. Mr. Allen Staley has uncovered in the New York Public Library the only known copy of the catalogue of the 1857 Exhibition of British Art.

<sup>2</sup> Bodl. MS. don. e 83, fols. 128<sup>v</sup>-129<sup>r</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> (London, 1892); hereinafter cited as *AN*.

<sup>4</sup> *AN*, ii. 76.

the difference of the sexes. As we sat painting together by the rushing Penwhapple stream, in the deep glen, which D. G. R. afterwards commemorated, listing to the "*Stream's Secret*" before he put it into verse—and I too, by my three series of the sonnets called *The Old Scottish Home*, *Outside the Temple*, and those entitled *Lost Love*, when there was a chance of AB's health giving way; or in town during the long winter evenings reading a hundred books or enjoying whatever a London season cast in our path—there had never occurred a misunderstood word or wish which might divide us. My wife had faith in us too, and AB's brother as well.

From 1859 on, Scott and his wife, Letitia Margery, had spent their summers with Alice Boyd and her brother Spencer, who was the Laird of Penkill. After Scott's resignation from the Newcastle School in 1864, he took up residence in London, and from that date Alice spent her winters with the Scotts there, first in the Elgin Road, and later at Bellevue House, Cheyne Walk. On Spencer Boyd's death in February 1865,<sup>1</sup> Alice became the incumbent "Laird" of Penkill Castle.

The pattern of their lives remained essentially unchanged for over twenty years, until Scott's health forced him to abandon London permanently for Penkill in the summer of 1885. Scott, with or without Letitia, spent the late summer and early fall at Penkill. Alice came to London in mid-fall and remained for the winter season, returning in the spring to Ayrshire. The relationship was an obvious *ménage à trois*, in which Scott found Alice Boyd more compatible than his wife, Letitia, who remains always a shadowy figure in the background of their lives. Absolute propriety obtained, however, and the situation appears to have been accepted by all who knew them without murmur of disapproval. Indeed, Alice and Letitia seem themselves to have had a genuine affection for one another. The regard in which Alice was held by all Scott's friends, is attested to by the letters of condolence which, on Scott's death, were sent not to Letitia but to Alice.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> WBS is wrong by a year in *AN* about the date of Spencer Boyd's death.

<sup>2</sup> Among the Penkill Papers are letters written to AB on the occasion of WBS's death from Lawrence Alma-Tadema, H. A. Bowler, Ford Madox Brown, Edward Burne-Jones, H. Buxton Forman, F. S. Ellis, Edmund Gosse, Edith Holman Hunt, Joseph Knight, W. J. Linton, Vernon Lushington, J. W. Mackail, W. Cosmo Monkhouse, Jane Morris, A. J. Munby, Noel Paton, John Payne, Lucy M. Rossetti, W. M. Rossetti, F. G. Stephens, A. C. Swinburne, H. Virtue Tebbs, Henry Wallis, Theodore Watts [-Dunton], Thomas Woolner, and others. See Letter 16, n.

How deep was Alice Boyd's affection for Scott is revealed in her day-diaries and in various letters of hers which have survived. Her diary for 1890 is unfortunately missing,<sup>1</sup> but a few entries from 1891 will suffice to indicate her loss :

*Dec. 31*—The last day of the dear old year. I shall never hear his dear voice ever again in time to come.

*Jan. 1*—No darling loving friend to wish me a happy new year to sympathize with me in all, but to live alone with the memory of what I have lost. . . .

*Mar. 11*—32 years today since WBS & AB first met. Alas now all over.

*Sep. 12*—At Old Dailly with flowers. My darling's birthday. Took a chaplet of Sweet Bay to place over him.

*Nov. 21*—One year since the last day of my beloved's life. Oh that I might follow where he has gone. . . .

*Nov. 22*—One long year has passed since my only beloved left me desolate. Oh that I might be sure we should meet again in love never to part.

With Scott's death, Alice was left alone with only her memories of a happier past to console her. Even the devotion of her niece, Margaret Courtney, was insufficient balm to one whose life had been so dedicated to another human being. Letitia Scott left Penkill for London on 18 March 1891, and there is no evidence that she returned to Penkill Castle.

Hughes was one of three friends who corresponded fairly frequently with Alice Boyd after Scott's death, the other two being F. W. Burton and W. J. Linton. Not only had Hughes corresponded regularly with Scott and visited the ageing poet-painter at Penkill, but his association with Scott's former group was more immediate and intimate than either Burton's or Linton's. His letters offered Alice Boyd at least a vicarious participation in that London life which was so remote to her at Penkill. Hughes excels himself as a letter writer in his correspondence with Miss Boyd. These letters are more interesting both in subject matter and style than any others of his that have survived, including those to Scott. He is not content merely to record events in a dull, prosaic way ; his letters are long descriptive narratives linking the present to the relevant context of Alice Boyd's past with Scott, coloured always by the painter's eye. There are, desir-

<sup>1</sup> AB's abstract of this diary, made for Professor Minto's use in editing *AN*, is extant, however, in a collection of WBS manuscripts, books, and papers recently acquired by U.B.C. from Mr. Norman Colbeck. More personal notations have obviously not been transcribed.



ably, frequent accounts of Hughes's own activities, references to his paintings, and to the affairs of his family. South Kensington and Scott's former associates there receive considerable notice, as do the surviving Pre-Raphaelite companions—Ford Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, William Morris, and Christina and William Rossetti. The correspondence begins and ends with a death, and it evinces throughout a strong sense of transiency, heightened by the loss between 1890 and 1897 of so many former friends and associates. Letter 70, dealing with Morris's funeral, is singular in the collection, but briefer notices are made throughout to the deaths of Woolner, Brown, Professor Minto, Christina Rossetti, Leighton, Millais, Patmore, and George Price Boyce. "Only the other day", Hughes writes to Alice Boyd in 1896, "what I have heard you call the 'Round Table' did seem full, and now!!"(71).

Hughes's letters must have been a great source of consolation for Alice Boyd, as were the four extended visits he made to Penkill between 1890 and 1894. Present at the funeral, Hughes returned with his wife and stayed a month during the first anniversary of Scott's death. During these visits, he repainted sections of the King's Quair murals on the staircase, copied David Scott's portrait of his brother, and painted on his own in the Glen. The correspondence with Alice Boyd was on Hughes's part an act of generosity and friendship, perfectly characteristic of the man about whom W. M. Rossetti wrote<sup>1</sup> :

If I had to pick out, from amid my once-numerous acquaintances of the male sex, the sweetest and most ingenuous nature of all, the least carking and querulous, and the freest from 'envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness,' I should probably find myself bound to select Mr. Hughes."

### *Description and Editorial Principles*

Because of the nature of Hughes's correspondence, a study incorporating the letters has seemed more appropriate than a formal edition. In all, Hughes's correspondence with Scott and Alice Boyd comprises seventy-two letters of approximately 500 pages. The most interesting, characteristic, or important letters are reproduced *in toto* ; extensive selections are given from most

<sup>1</sup> SR, i. 147.

of the remaining letters, except for a very few from which either no or merely brief quotations are made. The object throughout has been to give as broad a presentation of the collection as possible. In order to conserve space, headings, salutations, and closes are not normally provided. These matters are clearly set out in the Census of Letters given in the Appendix. Cross references within the text are made by number to this Census.

Letters to both recipients are arranged chronologically within the running text and grouped into subheadings by year—1886-90 to Scott, 1890-7 to Alice Boyd. Since together the two sets of letters present a continuous series from Hughes, it has seemed necessary to introduce the letters to Scott with a brief note exploring the relationship between the two men. Hughes's letters to Scott are less interesting than those to Alice Boyd, but they are an important bridge to the later correspondence; and their topical references to Scott, to Hughes himself, and to mutual friends in London help to round out a total picture of Hughes's association with the Penkill *ménage*. In a sense the letters to Scott may be construed as a "preface" to the later and longer letters to Alice Boyd.

Hughes's letters present few editorial problems, save in the matter of punctuation. It is frequently impossible to distinguish his use of the comma, colon, semi-colon, and dash. Throughout, his punctuation has been standardized to conform with what seems to be his intended meaning, while at the same time preserving the characteristic looseness of his style. For purposes of clarity paragraph divisions, which Hughes seldom indicates, have been supplied. Errors in spelling and other minor faults have been silently corrected.

## THE LETTERS

### (i) Arthur Hughes and William Bell Scott

It is not at all clear when Hughes and Scott became more than casual friends. There are few references to Hughes in Scott's *Autobiographical Notes*, and the earliest letters from Hughes to Scott date from 1886. They must have met in the late eighties or -fifties, and they certainly had some contact during the

intervening years, but there are no documents to support the obviously close attachment apparent in Hughes's familiar letters to "Dearly Beloved Scotus". Alice Boyd's day-diaries reveal no visit by Hughes to Penkill earlier than September 1886; and in initial entries Alice consistently refers to meetings with "Mr Hughes" rather than with "A. H." as he later appears.<sup>1</sup> It is certain, however, that by 1886 the two men were established on a firm and friendly basis—Scott having recommended Hughes for the Examination Committee at South Kensington—and that this friendship continued until Scott's death in November 1890. That Alice Boyd should have called on Hughes at the time of Scott's death and maintained her subsequent eight-year correspondence with him testifies to the regard in which she must have held him. Scott's indebtedness was suitably expressed in a codicil to his will (dated 2 July 1890) in which he made certain new, and alterations to old, legacies in his original will, dated February 1888. Among these was a bequest, "To Arthur Hughes, Artist, and Mrs Arthur Hughes his wife, residing at Wandel [*sic*] Bank Wallington near London and to their heirs the sum of One Hundred pounds each. To each of the children of the said Mr & Mrs Arthur Hughes and their heirs the sum of Fifty pounds Stg."<sup>2</sup> That Hughes was not an original beneficiary perhaps suggests that the intervening two and a half years had been more or less formative in their friendship.

Scott's five-year retirement to Penkill at the close of his life was an enforced retreat necessitated by recurring attacks of *angina pectoris*, the first spasms of which struck him in late April 1885. It was assumed at the beginning that Scott would soon be able to

<sup>1</sup> Reinforcing evidence that AH and WBS became fast friends only in later life is to be found in a presentation copy of Scott's *A Poet's Harvest Home* (1882) from AB to AH: "To William Bell Scott's dear friend Arthur Hughes, with Alice Boyd's kind regards, Penkill Castle, Sept., 1886." Apparently AH was not presented with a complimentary copy at the time of publication. This copy, together with a set of early page proofs, is now in the Penkill Papers at U.B.C. See Letter 47.

<sup>2</sup> Among the original beneficiaries were William Morris and William Holman Hunt (£800 each); William J. Linton and Professor Minto (£300 each); Sydney Morse, Franz Hueffer, and various relations (£100 each); Dr. Littledale, Judge Lushington, Sir F. W. Burton, and A. C. Swinburne (£10 each); and, of course, AB and his wife, Letitia.

resume his active life in London, but by the autumn of 1885 it became apparent that he was to be plagued by persistent seizures. "Looking back," Alice writes to Professor Minto, "one sees how each year there was a change; something had to be given up, until at last he had no power of walking or taking the least exertion."<sup>1</sup> It is doubtful whether without Miss Boyd's unselfish devotion and care Scott could have survived as many years as he did. Bellevue House in London was maintained until its sale in December 1889, and Letitia remained there as tenant, coming to Penkill for only five month-long visits between 1886 and 1889. The Scotts' Golden Wedding Anniversary (31 November 1888) passed without her presence, though the occasion was dutifully recorded in Scott's day-dairy.<sup>2</sup> Letitia removed to Penkill on 4 January 1890, and during most of the fifteen months that she remained there she was extremely ill. Boyd tradition has it that when she was informed of Scott's death, her only comment was, "What has he left me?" After Scott's death, Letitia's illness continued well into the following year, but by early March Dr. Valentine<sup>3</sup> pronounced her well enough to travel. She left Penkill on 18 March 1891, accompanied by Margaret Courtney, and never returned. She died at the age of 85 on 24 January 1898, nearly ten months after Alice Boyd.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *AN*, ii. 323.

<sup>2</sup> Albeit a year late, on 31 November 1889. Letitia was not at Penkill, however, on this date in either year.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. George Valentine of Girvan, whom WBS remembered in his codicil (£100). In the decade 1886-97, from WBS's retirement to Penkill to AB's death, Dr. Valentine spent much of his time seeing to the recurring illnesses of the tenants of Penkill Castle: WBS, Letitia Scott, Mrs. Arlosh, AB herself, and many others.

<sup>4</sup> WBS's literary executor was Sydney Morse, a solicitor and neighbour of the Scotts in Cheyne Walk. After the sale of Bellevue House many letters, books, and manuscripts found their way to Morse. With WBS's death, AB and Letitia seem to have come to an agreement about the sharing and dispersal of his literary and artistic remains. It would appear that many of Letitia's belongings also went to Morse on her demise. A large WBS collection, the property of Miss E. Morse, was sold at Sotheby's in 1952, including over 100 letters from Dante Gabriel Rossetti to WBS, various manuscripts and trial books of Rossetti's poems, and two large lots comprising the bulk of correspondence received from WBS's literary and artistic friends, numbering over 600 letters. Much of this material is now in the collection of Mrs. Janet Camp Troxell of New Haven, Connecticut.

Among those who visited Scott during his enforced seclusion were H. A. Bowler, F. S. Ellis, Franz Hueffer, Vernon Lushington, J. W. Mackail, Professor Minto, Sydney Morse, William Morris, and Hughes, the latter one of four whom Miss Boyd credited with coming "many times".<sup>1</sup> Hughes actually seems to have visited twice, in 1886 and again in 1887, each time staying for a fortnight or more. His letters to Scott, covering the period 1886-90, do not possess the charm of his later letters to Alice Boyd, but, like them, they are motivated by the same friendly concern to ease the loneliness of the "dear old Hermit" who had befriended him.

## 1886

The correspondence appears to have been opened by Scott, who wrote to Hughes advising him about the position of the South Kensington examiners, to which Hughes replied on 26 April 1886 (1):

It was most angelic of you to write that letter to comfort and guide me. You remember you so kindly tried for me some time ago, when I knew nothing of it. I can't tell you how much more I shd have liked the appointment if I could have sat with you—instead of this very different way—at such disadvantage in following after you—and the only consolation seems that I shall by contrast make the recollection of you doubly dear to your old colleagues. . . . This is a most unusual year—and here, altho' it is almost hot in the sun now, a continual North & East wind comes thro' one at most unexpected moments—and your happy poetic nature is just the one that is like to take a spring too soon. . . .

The exhibition is so so—a fine piece of decorative panelling by Leighton, beautiful figures on gold ground; one portrait of Barlow by Millais<sup>2</sup>—so different to the old bird fancier, this looking most jocose and merry; eight subjects too many by Herbert<sup>3</sup>; two exquisite Tademas,<sup>4</sup> a girl among columns of white marble with flowers at foot and sunny garden beyond—the other several figures in a sort of hall to a Bath house—where figures are dressing or going to bathe I guess and others are departing clean—attendants closing heavy doors—you would like it. . . . While on the R.A. I forgot to tell you of Jones<sup>5</sup>: a mermaid carrying

<sup>1</sup> AN, ii. 325-6.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Oldham Barlow (1824-89), R.A., engraver. Director of the etching class at South Kensington. Reproduced in *The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais* (London, 1900), ii. 389.

<sup>3</sup> John Rogers Herbert (1810-90), portrait and historical painter, later turned almost exclusively to religious subjects.

<sup>4</sup> The bath house picture by Alma-Tadema is *An Apodyterium* (No. 285).

<sup>5</sup> Burne-Jones's painting is *The Depths of the Sea*, the only picture he submitted to the Academy after being elected A.R.A. in 1885. He resigned from the Academy in 1893.

gleefully down to her grotto a poor dead sailor—by her glee, poor thing, she does not know it ; . . . really a very fine and very queer poetic picture . . .

Scott's health prevented his being a regular correspondent, and Miss Boyd frequently acted as his amanuensis. A letter to one or other of the South Kensington examiners ensured that all his friends were kept in touch. On 22 May he suffered a spasm which incapacitated him briefly. Hughes writes on 16 June congratulating him on having "the best kind of health—the mental—which can scarcely be said of all poets I have met or heard of" (2). He sends him conundrums<sup>1</sup> and sentimental doggerel, assuring him following a long poetic effusion entitled "Rubbish" that "it was in Scotland once, at Crieff a visiting a waterfall, that I was took bad like this." He keeps Scott in touch with his friends : "I find the examiners' room very pleasant. I only hope it is not less so to the others since I arrove there. They are the pleasantest people possible nearly I think, and quite fulfil your description." After several stories about the examiners, he concludes : "They all greatly enjoy your letters which arrive about midday and all wish to be remembered ; you are often quoted and most affectionately remembered."

Summer brought an improvement in Scott's health and made it possible for him to go on routine outings. Hughes, nearly finished his work at South Kensington, writes Scott on 6 July (3) :

Now that I can review it looking back, and with the experience gained not only of the work, but the colleagues, I feel more fit, and rather more inclined to begin next year's work, than to resume picture painting ; tho' this is the first and only interruption to that since I began . . .

He refers to Judge Lushington, who had visited Scott in January :

<sup>1</sup> The conundrum in this letter was published with slight revisions as "To a Child—On a Dot" in *The Painter Poets*, ed. Kineton Parkes (London, [1890]). See Letter 13 :

" My Beloved is taller than I  
 And yet I'm above him.  
 He's not all himself without me  
 And therefore I love him.  
 He is I, while I am not he,  
 Tho' apart, if he lets me.  
 But I am but a speck in his eye  
 And he often forgets me."

We had a delightful visit the other day from Vernon Lushington and Kitty and Susan.<sup>1</sup> They are very well and nicer than ever if that is possible. The best words I could use seem empty applied to them; to know them answers somebody's question—Is life worth living? and would restore my faith if I were in doubt...

Lacking news, he sends Scott a catalogue and some newspaper clippings—"Swinburne and 3 replies to him".<sup>2</sup>

The month that Hughes spent at Penkill in the autumn (11 September-8 October) was pleasant for both men. He arrived in time to celebrate Scott's birthday on 12 September, and during his stay Scott's health appears to have been conducive to drives and games and long talks of the "old times". Hughes painted in the Glen and Scott had several sittings to him for a portrait, which still remains at Penkill. On his return to London, Hughes undertook to retouch one of Scott's pictures at Bellevue and to supervise some framing. "Please don't fail to remember", he writes on 8 November, "I shall only be too glad if there is anything more I can do in these matters, or any others" (4).

## 1887

Only two letters from Hughes to Scott survive from this year. Scott had had a seizure on 20 October, just two weeks after Hughes's departure, but he rallied and remained free from spasms for nearly eight months, until 26 June 1887. During this period of relative ease, he saw through the press his last major project, the engravings for the *King's Quair* murals on the staircase at Penkill, which he had made two years earlier. Over a hundred complimentary copies were sent out. Hughes received his on 12 July (5):

I was about to write to you when you took my breath away with this lovely book.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Vernon Lushington (b. 1832), Judge of the County courts for Surrey and Berkshire, 1877-1900. Lushington was a close friend of many of the Pre-Raphaelites and appears frequently in AH's letters to AB, together with his daughters, Kitty, Susan, and Margaret, and his son, Godfrey.

<sup>2</sup> Probably ACS's "The Commonweal. A Song for Unionists", which appeared in *The Times*, 1 July 1886, and subsequent responses. *Punch* parodied the poem in "The Common Squeal. A Song for Shriekers", which appeared with a caricature of ACS on 10 July.

<sup>3</sup> *Illustrations to the King's Quair of King James I of Scotland, Painted on the Staircase of Penkill Castle, Ayrshire, by William Bell Scott. June 1865 to August 1868. Etched by Him in 1885.* (Edinburgh, Privately Printed, 1887).

“My Stars and Garters” but it is a grand present and I thank you very much indeed. When you mentioned it in your letter the other day I imagined, without consideration, some small etchings such as you have hitherto made and which of course would not have done at all in this case—they are your best I think—and when were you doing them I wonder—not all since I was with you surely?

They are, almost, as well as our friends on the twining stair, themselves—the black and white—beautiful!

I envy you your etching faculty—they are so rich and bright—and not that faculty only I am afraid, but I hope it is not so very abominable to be a little envious. . . .

. . . I suppose . . . that you know the Rossetti Fountain is to be unveiled tomorrow by Holman Hunt . . . on the Embankment—I hope it will be long enough when Hunt speaks! I feel I must go, but dread seeing the Fountain, the model of which I disliked much. I ask myself why this Fountain? but I suppose his closest friends and relations must know best. A plate on the front of the House would have satisfied me . . .<sup>1</sup>

Early September found Hughes in Cornwall, recuperating from his second stint among the South Kensington examiners. He opens by chiding Scott in rhyme for his failure to write (6):

Scotus never sends a line,  
Perhaps poor Scotus has no ink!  
Or learned in some old book I think  
Best not to cast his pearls to swine . . .<sup>2</sup>

You see my dear Scotus if my pen only had Shakespeare at the end of it, you might chance to receive most heavenly sonnets worthy of you.

Much of this letter is taken up with descriptions of Cornwall and with news of South Kensington. The antics of the examiners are recounted and epitomized in four indifferent limericks on Crowe, Brophy, Bowler,<sup>3</sup> and Hughes, and a new scheme for adjudicating the pictures is discussed in detail. After expressing his hope that he will get to Penkill for a visit, Hughes tells Scott of a recent meeting with Holman Hunt:

<sup>1</sup> For the text of Holman Hunt's talk at the unveiling see “Memories of Rossetti”, *Musical World*, lxx (July 1890), 526-8. The Spielmann Collection in the Rylands Library contains four letters and a card from John P. Seddon (the designer) and a letter from Holman Hunt relating to the Fountain.

<sup>2</sup> The text of AH's poem (4 stanzas) was included in *The Painter-Poets* with the title “In a Letter to William Bell Scott at Penkill.” See Letter 2, n. and Letter 13.

<sup>3</sup> Eyre Crowe (1824-1910), A.R.A., painter and Inspector in the Art Department, South Kensington; secretary to Thackeray (1851-3), published *Thackeray in America* (1893). Henry Alexander Bowler (1824-1903), landscape painter, Assistant Director for art at South Kensington; painted *The Doubt: Can These Dry Bones Live?* in the Tate Gallery. Brophy, a fellow examiner, is unidentified.



... I saw poor Hunt the other day, he asked me to see the *two* pictures, side by side, the original and duplicate Flights into Egypt, the one going to Melbourne and the other to America I believe. I *fear* both are unsold. He told me a sorrowful tale of having lost his money by some bad speculation on the advice of a trusted broker friend; being so put back and put back by the everlastingness of the Flight into Egypt, he wanted money to go with it, and without leaving it to paint anything else for money, so was induced for higher dividends to go into something that went smash, and induced to put the little more remaining, to turn the tide and make the first pay and come right, and then that went too! Mrs Hunt and the children were at Dieppe. Privately, my own wonder is, that he had any savings left to lose, considering how long he has been laboriously and expensively engaged with these two pictures. I had heard some hints of this kind from others, but thought it could not be. On the other hand, he told me Millais was entertaining Dukes and millionaires in Scotland, and had sent him some game!

Please give my kindest remembrances to Frummie.<sup>1</sup>—and thousands to Miss Boyd—and about the Peacocks? well—if Miss Boyd would wear a crown, you would make a fine King Arthur! and the Chaucerian garden with white peacocks a perfect Avalon—only Rossetti isn't here to do it! Alas!...

Hughes managed a return visit to Penkill again for two weeks in October (7-21). During his stay, Scott was seized with a spasm that foreshadowed a year of constant setback. And in November, recognizing that Alice Boyd could no longer cope alone with nursing Scott, Alice's cousin, Henry Courtney, brought his twenty-three year old daughter, Margaret, to reside at Penkill as her companion.

1888

On 2 January 1888 Scott received notification that he had been elected an honorary member of the Royal Scottish Academy. However, the winter and spring were unpleasant and uncomfortable for him, though they were perhaps somewhat eased by visits in March, April, and May from William Morris, Professor Minto, and William J. Linton. Hughes's first letter of the year is dated 5 April (7):

Being a little recovered from the excitement and overwork of the latter days before sending off the pictures last Monday I think it is a convenient opportunity to inflict a letter upon you. I remember your pious wish that I might get done in such good time as to have a week for the last touches. I often remembered it while I was at work, but did not alas achieve the happy condition. My subject was a large one,<sup>2</sup> for me, at least, and difficult. I think I described it and showed you a slight outline of it—a mother kneeling at the foot of stairs having just received a small baby from Angels who still linger on the landing above. The father just

<sup>1</sup> Almost certainly a family pet.

<sup>2</sup> See Letter 8.

entered doffs his cap reverently to the new baby. 70 inches by 34—upright—in a noble frame—if the picture were as fine as the frame I should feel proud. My other subject is the old one, in hand many years “Vouée au Blanc”.<sup>1</sup> The woman washing at a river side that you kicked out a curé from ages ago when it was an entirely different subject altogether from the present. I have now to finish for the New Gallery—Messrs. Carr & Hallé’s Halicarnassus—a picture of two donkeys,<sup>2</sup> which being a suitable subject I submitted and they obligingly concurred. I must give you the quotation Wordsworth was good enough to write for my picture of the baby. I could not give it a name because I had so many that seemed equal and none supreme [first eight lines of *Ode : Intimations*]. Ah, dear, dear, *if* the picture were only as good as the poetry!

In a few days *we* are going to have the honor of seeing Walt Whitman at Bellevue, we are.<sup>3</sup> Such strange things occur . . .

What a winter we have had! I hope it has not penetrated the thick walls of Penkill. A little while ago I took my picture to paint Amy’s baby in—and when I arrived could not get fetched from the station [&] had to leave picture and port-manteau, and struggle thro’ it for three miles—then the snow on the lawn was so beautifully thick and crisp, we cut out neat bocks with spades and built parapet walls to green paths thro’ it, sun dials, and an altar, and a house fourteen feet square—it had no roof but had windows and doorway, and walls eight or nine feet high. It was quite lovely and one did so want Tadema<sup>4</sup> to show it to. Oh! for a charm to get the wind out of the North! I spent last evening with Brown Madox<sup>5</sup> at their new abode 1 St Edmund’s Terrace Primrose Hill, close to Townshend House.<sup>6</sup> Both seem very well, and he is busy getting the walls covered with Japanese gold paper and ousting ugly grates and putting nice ones in. It seems a nice house—large rooms and very open situation—a wonderful improvement on Fitzroy Square. His grandson a young Hueffer<sup>7</sup> was there as big as I am—and very fair and bright—much better looking than his father. Brown declares that Boyce<sup>8</sup> has turned Socialist and been speaking on a platform!!!!!! You ought

<sup>1</sup> No information is available on this painting, which figures again in Letter 8.

<sup>2</sup> AH exhibited only one picture in the New Gallery in 1888—*The Last of the Snow* (No. 128)—which does not seem the appropriate title for the subject described here; the New Gallery, opened in 1888, was under the joint directorship of C. E. Hallé and J. W. Comyns Carr.

<sup>3</sup> Since Whitman is not known ever to have visited England—and in 1888 a visit would virtually have been impossible—the reference is probably to a reading from Whitman’s poetry to be held at Scott’s London house in Cheyne Walk, or, perhaps, since AH writes “seeing”, to a portrait of Whitman to be shown.

<sup>4</sup> Alma-Tadema collaborated with WBS in the illustration of the latter’s *Poems* (1875), and he and WBS maintained a close friendship for some years.

<sup>5</sup> Ford Madox Brown.

<sup>6</sup> Just north of Regent’s Park; William Rossetti moved his family to No. 3 shortly after.

<sup>7</sup> Ford Madox Hueffer (later Ford, the novelist, grandson of Ford Madox Brown), or Oliver Madox Hueffer.

<sup>8</sup> George Price Boyce, the friend and associate of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose diaries (1851-75), were published in the 19th Annual Volume of *The Old Water-Colour Society’s Club* (1941); see *Pre-Raphaelitism*, 72.8.

to know if this is true being a harbourer of Socialists and Revolutionary Poets.<sup>1</sup> I shall be surprised at nothing in future . . .

By early summer, South Kensington exams had begun and Hughes writes hopefully that "the cruel spring is at last over, that you will be able to continue the drives in the summer outside, and that that, in addition with Miss Boyd's summer within, may bring the lagging body up to scratch (I hope this is clear if not poetical) of your noble spirit". Intimate rather than effusive, Hughes continues (8):

. . . I hope that you have been able to get into the lovely Hall each day. I like to think of you at the table with the little Ink Lamp at your hand mixing up letters, writing, and designs, bantering, and being bantered, by that afore mentioned "summer within!" or reclining on the sofa, many pillows, like Jove might on his clouds about Olympus (if he should hang out about that) and sometimes like Jove, a nodding, over his newspaper. I would also liken you to an Elgin Marble—Theseus, say, but that poor Theseus as I know him has but half a nose, and never a hand or foot, and *his* spirit, too, is unquenched still tho' his body may be somewhat marred. . . .

London is full of people, Hughes comments, recounting a walk through the park with Crowe; and there are "heaps and heaps of Exhibitions of pictures everywhere".

. . . About my picture quotation, I sent them the Wordsworth one "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," etc. and also the short two lines from Geo MacDonald, but, they *didn't print the eight lines* of Wordsworth, and there missed an opportunity of making their catalogue very nice, and did print the shorter two lines of McD<sup>2</sup>—which was beggarly mean, I think. The picture is high up, alas, but I must not complain, it is rather large, altho' the pictures this year generally seem enormous. That poor unfortunate "Vouée au Blanc" has been such a torturer to me for so many back years, and tho' done now continues so unlucky, it makes me laugh. I rather hope it is a sort of purgatory of my misdeeds. Certainly, I have got a good deal of punishment out of it. I think I will go on sending it in every year until they hang it in desperation. I regard it as a very ingenious combination. I have a gleam of hope in another direction. Brown Maggots<sup>3</sup> has told a friend of his of a subject I am doing that I got in my holiday in Cornwall last Autumn before coming to you—and I hope he is going to have it when done. I think I showed you a study of a blue sea and rocky little cove—with Tamarisk growing overhead—to which I am adding a figure, etc.<sup>4</sup> Very good of Bruno, wasn't it? . . .

<sup>1</sup> William Morris visited Penkill on 22-23 March 1888.

<sup>2</sup> "Little one who straight has come/Down the Heavenly Stair".

<sup>3</sup> Ford Madox Brown.

<sup>4</sup> One of the "By-ways of Cornwall" series of land- and seascapes which AH painted over many years.

On 11 June, Hughes writes (9) that he has been to see Mrs. Scott at Bellevue, and that he has sorted out various pictures—including a portrait of Mrs. Leathart by Rossetti<sup>1</sup>—in the portfolios; and he sends Scott a brief catalogue of the contents of the portfolios, including a list of Scott's own drawings. Scott evidently requested varnishings and frames, for on 15 July Hughes writes to say that he has carried out his wishes (10): “. . . Sir Walter now glows out with a clearness and radiance that befits his chivalrous face, and William Rossetti looks more free even than before from any fleshy or fishy sentiment to mar the dry precision of his clear cut criticism!”<sup>2</sup> After brief digressions on the weather and South Kensington exams, the balloon “which ascends for a very considerable height from the Anglo-Danish Exhibition at the Late Horticultural gardens, and, in a lucid interval [in the fog], must give a jolly view around”, and the influence of the Italian exhibition (described in Letter 8), Hughes tells Scott about another encounter with Holman Hunt:

. . . I don't think I have written since I was at Hunt's, at an afternoon. He was pretty well, but dreadfully thin, and I fancied tried to be better than he was. Lots of people there—all the dear Lushingtons, all very well indeed, a Hungarian band, so-called, to divert us, Theodore Watts, Wallis, Brown, Hueffer, Hipkins, Mrs. Stillman, the Masons, etc.<sup>3</sup>—but alas both the “Flights into Egypt”—neither gone to Australia or the States! but the engraving certainly looking excellent, and I should hope that from it eventually Hunt will reap some harvest. I have been given to understand somehow that he is a little better situated as to finance than that report a while ago, but know nothing certain.

1889

Early in March 1889 Scott was awarded an honorary LL.D. from Aberdeen University, probably through the kind offices of

<sup>1</sup> WBS owned a pencil study for this portrait which he exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club exhibition of Rossetti's works in 1883 (No. 138).

<sup>2</sup> The location of both these portraits is unknown.

<sup>3</sup> Theodore Watts, later Watts-Dunton, the reviewer and critic; Wallis may be either the minor Pre-Raphaelite Henry Wallis, painter of *The Death of Chatterton*, or George Wallis (1811-91), Keeper of South Kensington Museum; Ford Madox Brown; Franz Hueffer (1845-89), music critic and son-in-law of Ford Madox Brown, father of Ford Madox Hueffer (Ford); perhaps James Hipkins (1826-1903), pianist and musical antiquary; Mrs. Stillman, the former Marie Spartali, wife of the American journalist James Stillman, was a minor painter of some distinction and a student of Ford Madox Brown; the Masons are unidentified.

his friend, and later editor, Professor Minto. Hughes's first letter of the year (17 March) acknowledges that honour (11) :

I was very glad indeed to get your little letter the other day, and strange to say the Post before had brought the annual invitation to the S.K. Exam—for the 16th April, which is a little earlier than usual I think. I suppose there will be time left at the end of it for the Secretary & Directors & Examiners if they can afford it to go to the Paris show. Very many thanks for kindly suggesting a visit North. I shall be very happy indeed to come if it is possible, and will not be too troubling to you or Miss Boyd—and how nice of Aberdeen ; and what a lot of letters we must put after your name now ! I suppose dear Scotus if you were able to incur the toil, you'd have had to go and receive your latest dignity in public like “ Greenery Yallery Grosvenor Gallery ” Jones<sup>1</sup> did at Oxford. It is a very nice little bit of news.

I don't think I have much to interest you. I am grinding on, have been very busy of late endeavouring to force my unworthy self into the eye of the British Public by submitting things at the New Gallery and Grosvenor—and have been successful enough to get one accepted at each of them, and am going to favour the Academy with two or three to select from—and if I get one there, I don't see how the British Public can very well avoid me—except by wearing blinkers<sup>2</sup> ; but he is a tough hided creature and seems very much disposed to leave them severely alone. I shall have a good collection of my own works in time if I am spared ; and I mean to bang away at his eye as long as I can. It is so tempting to begin the new one. The new subject is such a good one and looks so cheery and hopeful it quite lays the ghost by and balances the past failure, and isn't going to have any of those faults we are a little conscious of *there*, oh no, and it will go so easily. “ The labour we delight in physics pain ”<sup>3</sup> thank goodness, and now and again when we have been lucky enough to do our best, the B P melts a little and offers half price and we swallow our tears and smile again . . .

We seem to have had a severer winter than you by far. Agnes has just come back from a visit to Amy to perform the part of godmother to her second little daughter, and brings an excellent report of them. A little while since I had a very pleasant visit from Albert Goodwin, my old pupil,<sup>4</sup> a nice thing that happens about once in two years—when earlier days are remembered, and the new pictures criticised, and proof felt again (if needed) that life *is* worth living . . .

I have just got a letter from Crowe, still in his glass studio in Aberdeen—and wicked old bird, seems to be painting a melancholy subject—I do hope it is not on the large scale—says he is suffering from a severe cold “ id the doze.” It is

<sup>1</sup> Burne-Jones was closely associated with the Grosvenor Gallery after its opening in 1877. With Rossetti and Wilde, he was the object of Gilbert and Sullivan's satire in *Patience* (1881), from which the quotation is taken. He was awarded a D.C.L. by Oxford in 1881.

<sup>2</sup> AH's picture in the New Gallery was *The Footstep* (No. 266) ; his Grosvenor picture was *Threads of Fate* (no. 346) ; he had no picture accepted by the R.A. in 1889.

<sup>3</sup> *Macbeth*, II, iii, 55.

<sup>4</sup> 1845-1932. See *The Diary of Albert Goodwin, R.W.S., 1883-1927* ([London] : Printed for Private Circulation Only, 1934).

pleasant to look forward to meet him soon. Now dear Scotus, will you say everything that is respectful to Miss Boyd for me, and all affectionate remembrance from all here to both of you. . . . Kind remembrances to the other Doctor<sup>1</sup> but who I hope is not in request.

Hughes's letter was answered by Alice Boyd (as a note in Scott's hand records), but six months intervened between it and his next, written from his holiday site, among the "Saints" in Cornwall. This long letter is mostly taken up with descriptions of the surrounding countryside, with attacks on the beastly weather, and with a learned discussion comparing the places names in Cornwall with those in Scotland. Near the close, the artist introduces a minor Pre-Raphaelite whom he had encountered painting in the same district (12):

. . . A mile or two away at Padstow, Brett<sup>2</sup> is staying, been for 3 months making beautiful studies about the coast among the ripples and rocks. He does one small one complete at a sitting on fine and good days—beautiful skies and lovely seas, and foreground of the pretty mermaid tresses colouring the pools or what not. It has been pleasant to renew acquaintance with him. He has his wife and 8 children, in an expensive furnished house, and has just finished a very surprising mansion at Putney on a design of his own, all on one floor, and covering a great space of land. The land cost two thousand he says. So the happy man must be flourishing. His children and wife are very nice—the former seem pretty and clever. Now, Dearly beloved Scotus accept my best love and beg Miss Boyd to remember me kindly. The wife would send hers, but has had to return home.

1890

Hughes seems not to have visited Penkill in 1889, despite the willingness to come expressed in Letter 11. If he went before Scott's death in November 1890, there is no record of his visit in the day-diary for 1890 kept by Margaret Courtney or in Alice Boyd's abstract of her own diary for that year. His first letter of the year (28 February) is newsy and familiar (13):

. . . It is very pleasant to be at work again. I have been doing lately a little Beagle Pup at the porch of a church, supposed to be following the farmer and his pretty daughter there, and being driven away by the girl. He comes a good size in the corner of the picture, standing on three feet, looking up, appealing piti-

<sup>1</sup> The other doctor is Dr. George Valentine of Girvan, who tended the Penkill ménage.

<sup>2</sup> John Brett (1831-1902), A.R.A., land- and seascapist, remembered primarily for his Pre-Raphaelite picture *The Stone Breaker* (1858).

fully, with his tail between his legs.<sup>1</sup> So I needed a good many sittings, and someone to hold him, and oh! how he did smell! It is wonderful and incredible the odour of a small hound of that description. Ah, dear! not much to do after all! is it? Yet, "Good if true it seems to me."

"If nature prompts, not merely art:  
Only emotion's potent spell  
Can clothe life with the lovely shell,  
And send the rhyme like love's own dart  
Flying direct from heart to heart."

That as you may remember is by a Poet who of late has been rather resting upon his laurels,<sup>2</sup> I am afraid; yet I can't tell, and no one can grumble if he chooses a well earned rest; how I should like to look in upon him! . . .

The second part of the letter was written on 1 March, and in it Hughes talks of meeting Ford Madox Brown, who was better than the last time and working again on his Manchester picture:

. . . he has an article on the National Gallery in this February month of the *Magazine of Art*,<sup>3</sup> with an engraving of *him* from a bust by Conrad Dressler! Also there is to be an article on Brown and all his works by Lucy Rossetti.<sup>4</sup> Why did they not keep the portrait for this life? When I got there Bruno was giving a French lesson to his grandchildren, the young Hueffers. Mrs H. was there looking surprisingly well. I don't think I have told you of a visit I had from MacMurdo,<sup>5</sup> who has borrowed a little Pen and Ink sketch that Rossetti made and gave me of Faust & Margaret in prison, to be photoengraved I think and appear in the *Hobby Horse*.<sup>6</sup> . . . Do you know a Mr Kinton Parkes?<sup>7</sup> who is editing an Anthology of Poems by Painters and Sculptors—Canterbury Poets series—he has written to ask *me* if I wrote poems!!! You'll be there of course, and I should think it ought to be a pretty book, with dear old friends from early "Germ-"y days. I wonder it has not been done before. Those were lovely days, "when who so merely had a little thought . . ."<sup>8</sup>

In his second letter (probably written in April or May), Hughes gives Scott details about his own work (14):

. . . For my own personal news, I wish it was better. I have only one tiny thing at the New Gallery and that is hung high up. I sent 3 to the R.A.—one of a girl

<sup>1</sup> The picture described may be *The Gardeners*, exhibited at the New Gallery in 1890 (No. 246).

<sup>2</sup> From the "Prologue" to *A Poet's Harvest Home* (1882).

<sup>3</sup> "Our National Gallery," *Magazine of Art*, xiii (1890), 133-136; Dressler's bust is engraved by Jonnard (p. 133).

<sup>4</sup> Lucy Madox Rossetti, "Ford Madox Brown," *Magazine of Art*, xiiii (1890), 289-296.

<sup>5</sup> A. H. MacMurdo, the editor of *The Century Guild Hobby Horse*.

<sup>6</sup> The illustration did not appear in the magazine.

<sup>7</sup> See Letters 2, and 6, n. WBS had seven poems included in Parkes's volume including "To the Artists Called P.R.B."

<sup>8</sup> From William Michael Rossetti's cover sonnet for *The Germ* (1850).

sending back a beagle that wants to follow her father into church—another of a collier's wife watching a bed, while a sympathetic bulldog watches with her—and a little Cornish landscape : all came back at last with their blessed printed regrets as usual.<sup>1</sup> Then Sir Coutts<sup>2</sup> wrote and came to Arty's studio in Thurloe Square to see my pictures and chose one I called a Cornish Welcome—a girl on a rock waving a half made stocking to the incoming boats—her little brother beside her.<sup>3</sup> He chose this for the Grosvenor, and in due course came the varnishing ticket, and *then* it was not hung, but instead came a letter of “*sorrowful apologies*,” that the hanging committee had curtailed the space and did not like to hang it high up. They had accepted too many in fact, and since then I have heard that the said committee at the last moment hauled in a lot of *rejected Academy* pictures—their own or friends'—throwing over a lot of men like myself that Sir Coutts [had] invited, and chosen pictures from! I do think this is rather disgusting, as one was prevented sending the particular pictures anywhere else.

However, there is again an enormous increase of pictures everywhere. I believe about 11 or 12 thousand were sent to the Academy, and the work is all excellent, and the pictures much larger in average size, and I must make myself contented to know that my kind of painting is old fashioned and weak now—that in fact I have had my little day, tho' I hardly knew of it, and it is over, and though mine were never large, they are too large to sell apparently—and I must try if I can sell smaller ones somehow—and try to illustrate again, unless indeed I may again be too old in manner, but I mean to be very very sprightly indeed. And to finish up a dismal story, I fear I must try and get our nice old house let and go to London, or a thatched cottage in the country farther off, try in some way to stop the dreadful annual loss I have been recording here. But do not think dear Scotus I'm grieving very much. I read some lovely scraps of Philosophy in M Aurelius Antoninus lately, and he showed how these disappointments that actually robbed one of nothing & did no injury to self or family, etc. were not real sorrows or injuries at all, and so I'm in hope that I may be able to *take* it serenely, and who knows, perhaps look back later on it all as a blessing. I fear I am not quite angelic enough for all this however, and where should I be if it were not for S.K. exams! I wonder. So very best thanks to you again dear Scotus.

This letter, like two or three others addressed to “Dearly Beloved Scotus”, makes unequivocal the esteem in which Scott was held by Hughes. After the publication of the *Autobiographical Notes*, Scott was much maligned by his old acquaintances for his lack of generosity. Like most men, Scott could not escape the petty jealousies and invidious comparisons that tend to vitiate even the closest friendships; but he also had warmth and loyalty. Rossetti's regard for him and the testimony of Hughes's

<sup>1</sup> AH had no picture in the Royal Academy in 1890.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Coutts Lindsay, founder and director of the Grosvenor Gallery.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps the same picture as *Welcoming the Boats*, No. 26 in the AH exhibition at Walker's Galleries, 1916.



devotion in these letters and in his later letters to Alice Boyd go a long way toward redressing the balance in Scott's favour.

Hughes wrote one final letter to Scott from St. Ives, in Cornwall, in the late summer or early fall of 1890. Like Letter 12, it is mainly descriptive of the local scenery, out of which Hughes composed so many of his "Byways of Cornwall" pictures. He informs Scott of Kitty Lushington's forthcoming marriage to a Mr. Maxie, and apologizes that he must be the bearer of unhappy tidings concerning Ford Madox Brown (15):

. . . I have also just heard from Poor Bruno, to say his wife—I'm sure he means his wife tho' he leaves the actual word out—is terribly ill—with paralysis this three months and that they fear softening of the brain may set in.

I'm sorry dear Scotus to give you saddening news. . . .

Although Hughes's next encounter with "Dearly Beloved Scotus" was to be at Graveside at Old Dailly, the continuity of his friendship with Scott was maintained in the subsequent correspondence with Scott's oldest and dearest friend, Alice Boyd.

## (ii) Arthur Hughes and Alice Boyd.

1890

Scott died at 1.30 p.m. on 22 November 1890. Two days later Hughes telegraphed, "Very very sorry. Will certainly come." Of all the old friends and acquaintances of the *Pictor-Poeta Ignotus*, only Hughes shared family privileges at the graveside in Old Dailly on 27 November. Thus began a correspondence with Alice Boyd which lasted until her death in 1897.

In his first letter to Alice after Scott's death, Hughes's concern is for her (16):

How terribly sad your news is. We are so sorry to learn that he had been suffering toward the end. It seems so sudden at the last, but it is only so by the change it means; for our very dear Scotus must indeed have been dying for long past, and it is only your own devotion has preserved him to an extended, and peaceful, and very happy age. All his friends must always thank you for it,<sup>1</sup> but it seems

<sup>1</sup> Among the letters written to AB after WBS's death is one from Theodore Watts [-Dunton] dated 4 December 1890: "I thought of you very much when I heard of our friend's death, and since then, I have thought of you very much. So noble a life-devotion as yours is, you will let me say, without a parallel as far as my own wide & various experience goes. Often and often have Rossetti and I talked about it in the days that were, and have always come to the conclusion that your

as if earth could hardly make good the loss you must feel after these years of life so consecrated. But I cannot think of anything to write that you cannot think and feel much better. I only want to say how very much we feel for you in this very sad time. Please convey our sympathy to Mrs. Scott. We are so glad she is getting stronger. . . . (I telegraphed that I would certainly come, but hope to hear more precisely which day.) . . .

Hughes arrived at Penkill on 27 November and remained until the first of December. During his visit he planned with Alice Scott's grave marker, which he designed and made arrangements for executing. The three letters he wrote to her in December are concerned primarily with these details. Shortly before Christmas Cosmo Monkhouse's privately printed volume of poems, *Corn and Poppies*, dedicated to Scott, was sent to Hughes by Miss Boyd. "Skimming thro' it", he acknowledged, "I do think it is a very genuine book, and I am so glad to know of a new poetic mind that seems honest and wholesome, but I should love it if it only had contained the dedication" (18).

1891

The first of Hughes's dozen letters of 1891 is long and chatty (20):

It was awfully good to think of writing me a letter on my birthday [27 January]—tho' you didn't go to do it exactly. . . . the granite people have the work in hand, and . . . are to let you know when they will require the medallion. I was very glad to hear of the designs at S. Kensington. I hope to see them again soon. It is pleasant to think of him in connection with that place of which he was actually part of [sic] so long.<sup>1</sup> I like so much to walk thro' that gallery where his very very characteristic designs are on the glass. It is a monument in itself; but yet is only a little scrap out of his wealth of invention. I wish I could have inherited his activity of brain. In your former letter you told me Mr. Minto was about to arrive [Minto left Penkill on 30 December]. I suppose he is taking council with himself over the papers now.

We were glad to hear Mrs. Scott's health improves. What a cruel winter it has been! I think she has been most lucky, in her delicate state, to miss so much risk as she would have been exposed to this winter elsewhere. Almost all the

case was unique. Whether Scott or any other man could have been worthy of such an exalted and self-sacrificing friendship does not signify. The friendship has existed, not in the 'fancy-land' of a poet or a novelist, but under the actual grey sky of this dull British life. To have seen it was to Rossetti a liberal education; it has been no less to me" (Penkill Papers, U.B.C.)

<sup>1</sup> WBS was associated with the Art Department of South Kensington for two decades, from 1864 to 1885.

letters I get are black bordered and I have last week been drawing the dead face of a young friend, who but ten days ago was in perfect health. . . .

He continues, telling her of Godfrey's illness and of the preparations he is making for moving to Kew to a "small old house facing the green, looking west".

. . . I feel very disgusted to remember that you have not seen our old house and garden here [Wandle Bank]. I should have liked so much to have shown it to you. It is not a Penkill, but it is a characteristic little English home that you would be first to appreciate I think. However I hope that the coming summer may see you too in London, and that you will most graciously condescend to visit us at Kew.

Now I want to tell you of a little bit of fun I've had: You must know that an old friend, Dr. Birkbeck Hill,<sup>1</sup> has a lot of children with whom I have always been in the habit of corresponding with nonsense rhymes.<sup>2</sup> Now they are all grown up, and as they get married, they buy of me a little picture as their first art treasure, and just now one son who has taken gold medals in his medical career, wrote to say he'd sold his medals in order to buy one of my last year's Cornish sketches! upon which I scolded him in prose, but it was too late, and he was very obstinate, and I had to give way. So then I sent this nonsense about Physicians—

Physician of my soul  
I look not in the face,  
He thumps out my disgrace  
He leaves me in a hole.

Please don't read that verse to Miss Courtney. Tho' no disrespect is intended, it is strictly *unpoetical* license.

Physician of my body,  
He gives me filth to drink,  
I cast it down the sink,  
I take a little toddy.

Physician of my pouch,  
He cures me all my ills.  
I go and pay my bills,  
Sweet sleep comes to my couch.

So, lover of blue seas,  
Believe me yours till death,  
And would sweet healthful breath  
Could waft to you from these.  
Alas! poor mimic seas . . .

I remember telling you about my famous pupil Albert Goodwin. He has had an exhibition—in Bond St.—a great success, lately—and so we went to it together,

<sup>1</sup> George Birkbeck Hill (1835-1903), editor of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* and of *Letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham* (1897).

<sup>2</sup> C. L. Dodgson, Burne-Jones, and Hughes all share this tendency.

and we afterwards went about buying toys, he for his children and I for my grandchildren. He had given me the catalogue of his exhibition, but I never opened it until I reached home, and he had departed for his. Then, I saw the puff in his pretty preface<sup>1</sup>—which I hope you will read too. I think leaving self out of the question it is very prettily done, and again redounds to the credit of his discoverer!!!...

The spring of 1891 was a particularly hectic time for Alice Boyd. There was Scott's will to be settled and probated, his monument and medallion to be seen to, the ailing Letitia to be looked after, several of Scott's pictures to be disposed of to various galleries, and, most important of all, the manuscript of Scott's *Autobiographical Notes* to be prepared for publication. Hughes assisted her where he could. In April, he went to see about Scott's little picture *The Gloaming*, which Christie was offering for £20 (23):

... I liked this picture very much; it has darkened I think with time, and looks as if a good wash would do it good; but it is a sweet picture—as sweet a little landscape I should think as ever dear Scotus painted & with the pretty garden and sentinel trees, and the top of the castle above against the sky, where a beautiful flight of birds spreads across near it, and prettily touched in croquet balls & mallets lying below in the quiet grass. ...

In this first letter from his new house, Hughes is naturally full (in a painterly way) of his new surroundings:

... we are ... most delighted with our new abode. This evening, I have been jumping up, while writing this letter, trying to scratch with chalk a little of a wonderful sky, behind the dear old church and across the green in front. The Church is red brick full of bright colour—with a rounded apse, end on to us—but not too close, with three circular windows over it—and then a little cupola of copper just like a bell [small drawing] and bright green. Altogether, not like the ordinary church, but an Italian basilica; and Gainsborough is in its garden! I do want you to come and see it all. ...

By the way yesterday I heard that Amy has a little son just come—to brighten up the two little sisters. It will be a great joy to them to have a son. ...

A week or two ago I had to run up to Newcastle to get a few notes of colliery

<sup>1</sup> See *A Collection of Water-Colour Drawings of Many-Sided Nature by Albert Goodwin, R.W.S., with a Prefatory Note by the Artist* (Fine Art Society, 1890): "... it may not be out of place to say that any good there may be in my drawings is mainly due to the kindness and help that were given me in early life, first by Arthur Hughes, who found me stumbling in doubt and difficulty, and whose unselfish goodness brought me out of my miry clay and (artistically) set my feet upon a rock, and who, not content with this, passed me on to Ford Madox Brown, from whom I learned the need of hard work, and whose patience with a most obstinate assistant I look back at now with wonder" (p. 4).

gear that I show out of window in my Collier's wife picture,<sup>1</sup> and I saw and dined with the Leatharts. They were kinder than ever—dear Leathart of whom I am very fond—is looking older somewhat (Mrs Leathart hardly changed) but he works as hard as ever and is as vigorous I think. The old pictures looked lovely<sup>2</sup>—and they sent the kindest messages to all friends I might be seeing or writing to. I do so like a glimpse of Newcastle—it is most inspiring. So much strength of present life, and of the past too. I don't think any English town can surpass it in these ways and its own situation. I fear that the Leatharts have felt the times very bad for some while. Also I saw Madox Brown a day or two since—but in bed with a little attack of gout in the foot—otherwise looking extremely well, and sending off pictures to the Berlin Exhibition about coming off. Kattie [sic?], and her sons, all looking bright and healthy. It was very pleasant to see them altogether. William Rossetti is living next door but one to them. Also, it is pleasant to think of Mrs Scott going up to London in such comfortable, almost royal state, it seems; but I was sorry to hear that she does not contemplate continuing with the Seddons,<sup>3</sup> but indulging in a house or flat, with strictly Socialistic furniture of plainest deal—which she is to enjoy in common with some enlightened friends. I fear she will be victimized by servants. Your picture of yourself all alone, and grumping about as much as you please is very funny. I feel inspired—a pretty name for a Poem “*On the Grump*”!

Grumping in the morning,  
Grumpy too at noon,  
And grumpy in the garden,  
All the afternoon.

Grumpy with the coffee,  
Grumpy with the tea,  
And grumpy with Old Ailsa,  
A sitting in the Sea.

Grumpy in the parlour,  
Grumpy in the Hall,  
And grumpy with the neighbours,  
If they come to call.

Grumpy with the weeds,  
Grumpy with the flowers,  
Grumpy with the sunshine,  
And grumpy with the showers.

<sup>1</sup> Refused by the Royal Academy in 1891.

<sup>2</sup> James Leathart of Newcastle was one of the most important patrons of the Pre-Raphaelites. Most of his pictures were shown (and many disposed of) in the exhibition of his pictures, *A Pre-Raphaelite Collection* (Goupil Gallery, 1896); there was also a later executors' sale at Christie's of his pictures, on 19 June 1897.

<sup>3</sup> John P. Seddon, architect of King René's Honeymoon Cabinet fame; brother of Thomas Seddon, who accompanied Holman Hunt on two of his eastern tours.

Grumpy with the shortbread,  
 Grumpy with the *tall* !  
 But with a stupid letter,  
 Grumpiest of all.

Please forgive that rubbish ! . . .

On the day Hughes's letter arrived at Penkill (7 April), a man was found dead in the glen beneath Alice Boyd's windows. She wrote Hughes about it on the 9th and informed him that she had received Scott's little *Gloaming* picture. "About that little landscape", he replied (24) :

I am very glad you have it. I liked it almost more than any other by him that I can call to mind. It seems so to fulfill the office of a landscape—peacefulness and rest, and patience—I cannot exactly say what. And how very clever of you to think of whisky to cleanse it. I have heard of its virtues before—but had quite forgotten this one, and must apply it I think as soon as possible to some of my old treasures. . . .

I am awfully glad to hear that the S.K. people are thinking of adding the Wallington set to their other treasures. They look so very nice on their screen in the gallery, and S.K. cannot do better than make them permanent.

How good of you to ask me, so very kindly, to make a copy of the portrait<sup>1</sup> for you. I shall be delighted indeed, and indeed had meditated it for myself, "on my own hook," and even made a little start, when I returned home after my last visit. . . . we have just got a card from Mrs Wm Rossetti telling us of her "at Homes" this season. . . .

Whitsuntide brought a break in the long warm spring of 1891. "I never remember the orchards so lovely with bloom and lasting so long uninjured by wind or rain", Hughes writes (25) :

I have been running against a few old friends too. At Holman Hunt's private view the other day, he looked very well and bright, and Mrs Hunt wonderfully well and young. Often she seems so tired and worn out, one can only feel she must be tired a great deal, but she looked splendid then and Gladys—oh ! so tall—I think taller than her mother. Cyril<sup>2</sup> is tea or coffee planting in Ceylon and they gave a fairly good report of him. The Hipkins as well as ever. The Seddons, with a good report of Mrs Scott. . . . Boyce and his nice little French wife—both very well and bright tho' she admitted he had been very poorly since losing his mother recently . . . it was very pretty the way she suggested he needed rather more sympathy and, well, coddling is rather a rude word for the meaning, but

<sup>1</sup> AH's portrait is still at Penkill Castle. A rough copy belongs to Mr. Leslie Cowan. He may have done a third which is now unlocated.

<sup>2</sup> Gladys Mulock, and Cyril B., Holman Hunt's children by his second and first marriage, respectively.

“he had been very melancholy,” she said. William Rossetti seems quite unaltered but his wife’s illness seems to tell upon her, and prematurely ages her I think. The young Hueffer aged 17 I think is about to bring out a book! of fairy tales.<sup>1</sup> I saw all the good people at one of Mrs Rossetti’s afternoons. There, and at all the private views, the “Inevitable” whose novel seems still unannounced notwithstanding its “plot? I should think so—passion? I believe you—yes, there *will* be passion.” I hope I quote him properly. I am sure he would wish to be accurately quoted.<sup>2</sup>

Hunt’s picture is very fine—and I think more true to nature than most of his later work. It is as you know *May Morning*, on Magdalen Tower. On the tower top a company of choristers singing a hymn as the sun rises and flushes their faces, and those of a few dons and visitors, one a Hindoo or Parsee or such like gorgeously attired sun worshipper who is apparently visiting Oxford at the time. It seems very real and true and there is a beautiful sky, very Hunty, of streams of beautifully composed cloudlets flushed with warm gold and violet. It is a difficult picture to have done, and I hope it very much will be a success to him.

I have lately read Morris’ “*News from Nowhere*”<sup>3</sup>—a pretty dream of 2000 AD when England is to be a Mediaeval Paradise and all work to be done for the pleasure of it: every sort, no money, no buying or selling—everyone with plenty of leisure and wearing beautiful clothes richly embroidered by hand. No railways—every house lovely—no crime! All people beautiful and living to 125 years or so: a pretty dream—but I have liked still more—the “*Letters of Dorothy Osbourne*”<sup>4</sup> to Sir Wm Temple her lover in the troubled times of 1652-54. Such a sweet character, so human, bright and wise; one seems to know her. I think the balance is with the book of the past. . . .

Hughes’s letter was forwarded to Alice Boyd at Oxford where she had gone on 4 May to stay with the Arloshes. During her three week visit she toured the colleges, seeing Burne-Jones’ windows at Christ Church and the Pre-Raphaelite murals at the Union. She also spent considerable time at the Ashmolean and perhaps made arrangements while she was there to deposit Scott’s two little oils of Keats’s and Shelley’s graves in the permanent collection. She wrote Hughes immediately after returning to Penkill on 28 May and he replied on 11 June (26):

I have been trying these two or three days to begin a letter to you—with an apology for being so long answering the flattering request for a sketch of my

<sup>1</sup> *The Brown Owl: A Fairy Story* (London, 1892), with two illustrations by Ford Madox Brown.

<sup>2</sup> The “Inevitable” may possibly refer to Theodore Watts [-Dunton] and the novel to *Aylwin* (published in 1898), the Pre-Raphaelite *roman à clef*, but this is only to hazard a guess.

<sup>3</sup> London, 1891.

<sup>4</sup> An edition by E. A. Parry had been published in London in 1888.

Oxford picture<sup>1</sup>; and when I tried to recompose it—I found my memory so at fault, that I had to search out some scraps of old sketches, before I could put it together, and these had hidden themselves in a book, not yet unpacked, as of the studio furniture—the studio not yet existing here—but it was a sort of pleasure to try to revive the design and I send it with the belief it is pretty much as it was—except I got more of sleep and also more kingliness in Arthur and he had golden mail in the picture. . . .

He also mentions a visit to Mrs. Scott and gives Alice a tentative estimate of £150 as the valuation of the Wallington pictures. On 16 June he writes to say that he is happy she liked the Union sketch, though “the Rossetti and Jones are the subjects that ought to be recovered” (27) and confirms his initial estimate. By 6 July, it was clear that the South Kensington would spend no more than £100, despite the unwillingness of Scott’s old associates, H. A. Bowler and T. Armstrong, to “bargain with Miss Boyd” (28). The next day terminated the South Kensington examinations, and Hughes and his family turned their thoughts to their annual holiday in Cornwall.

The correspondence came to a standstill during the late summer. Alice Boyd spent a week in Aberdeen going over manuscripts and letters with Professor Minto at the beginning of July, and during the remainder of the summer she was preoccupied with copying letters for inclusion in the *Autobiographical Notes* and with securing permissions from their authors. Hughes’s next letter was not written until 22 September, from Boscastle, Cornwall (29):

If this letter is as damp as the atmosphere in which it is written, then you must have it held to a good fire at once, or you’ll certainly catch cold, and pour a little of the wine of the country into a glass and make an inward application of its contents; but if it is as melancholy as the skies thro’ my window, then thrust it between the bars, and be done with it, and make another little inward application of the same remedy as before. We cannot be too careful: “The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley.” I have been thinking so for a week, since I came here hoping for sketches of sunny Cornish seas—and finding none, but incessant rain and only varied by howling winds. Oh! this land of Arthur’s is a sad one now! Indeed it seems pretty equally divided in its legendary interest between him and the Devil. For it is pointed out on the one hand—there is the great battle ground “Slaughter bridge” where he got his grievous wound—and

<sup>1</sup> AH’s design for the Union frescoes is *The Death of Arthur*, reproduced in Holman Hunt’s *Oxford Union Society: The Story of the Painting of the Pictures on the Walls and the Decorations on the Ceiling of the Old Debating Hall . . . 1857-8-9* (London, 1906).



here is "The Devil's jumps," where on the occasion of his visit, the Cornish people tried to put him in a pie (since it is their custom to put all things in a pie) but he made some marvellous jumps (still shown) and escaped. Then again close by is another King Arthur's castle—not the Tyntagel one, but merely an earthen fort I think. And next it—the *long stone* where a certain blacksmith wagered The Devil he would mow as fast as he, and to impede him, cast a quantity of stones in his way, so the Devil had constantly to stop to sharpen his scythe, but getting tired, he cast a great stone in the Blacksmith's way and I presume carried off the blacksmith and the wager too, for certainly there is no blacksmith about there now.



This vile sketch is to represent the bridge & mill seen thro' our window, only to the right where the sky is clear an abominable hotel is in the real picture and still more to the right, a zigzag road climbing a steep hill & down which now is coming the Mail!—an omnibus bringing our letters and papers in from Bodmin—twenty miles away; and two days ago it brought a letter from Sydney Morse with a request for all my children's proper names and addresses! toward fulfilment of Dear Scotus's kindness.<sup>1</sup> I have been wondering if anything has been done about the Wallington designs. I trust it is not falling thro', but have been hoping to hear something sometime, as Mr Armstrong said it would be settled before the holidays, which began two months ago nearly I suppose. [Small seascape, 4½" × 1½"]

In a day or two we shall be obliged to return, for next week we are to lose Agnes. She is to be married on Wednesday the 30th to a Mr White, the son of an old friend. He is engaged in some great steel works in Cumberland, at Workington on the Coast, and altho' rather too poor, is very nice indeed, and we feel happy about it, tho' she will be a great loss to me—for I think her specially wise, and always fly to her for advice! We are perhaps going up to see her in her new home at Brigham, a village near, later on a little and I half thought then perhaps I might run up as far as Girvan! before returning south.

<sup>1</sup> AH's children were all included in WBS's Will.

Sept. 23d. Just as I was making those desperate efforts to save this from the flames yesterday morning, the sky changed, and the wind went east as they said, and the sun returned—and everything began to smile—and I left this sorry letter, and we went to Bossiney—three miles off and began the sketch I wished to do—and today, have a letter from home in which Agnes says Mr Bowler Senior came to tea the day before and “awfully admired Mr Scott’s picture,” and which is well advanced, and hoping to come North with me if the cool suggestion I made just now should be carried out.

I daresay by this time, the medallion will have reached you, and is perhaps in its last resting place too. I shall never forget the dear little robin that blessed it that time I saw it last. Does he still hover about that sacred little enclosure?

I hope all is going well with you at Penkill—and all its blessings—and if Miss Courtney is with you, should like to send my respectful compliments. I wonder how poor Ogier bears his weight of years, and hope that he still sometimes awakens the echoes of castle and glen. . . .

Arthur and Tryphena Hughes spent a month at Penkill, from 9 November to 7 December. Hughes painted in the Glen and on the staircase, and while he was there set himself to finish his copy of his earlier portrait of Scott. Their presence must have made the anniversary of Scott’s death considerably easier for Alice Boyd, who was being constantly reminded of her loss by the works she was assisting Professor Minto with in editing the *Autobiographical Notes*. Shortly after the Hughes’s departure the proofs began to arrive; the publication of Scott’s memoir was to prove a trial during the year to come. Hughes wrote twice more in December, after his return from Penkill (Letters 30 and 31), but the letters, friendly but perfunctory, were hardly sufficient to stave off the despair recorded in Alice’s day-diary opposite December 25: “Sad Xmas day. The Arloshes and I spent it alone together.”

1892

Early in 1892, Hughes was preparing his pictures of the Staircase and Hall at Penkill for inclusion in Scott’s autobiography (32):

. . . I am to see another print tomorrow of the Hall and Staircase. The weather interferes so with printing them. My pictures, which look all of one color pretty much to the eye, have little touches of a warmer color here & there—from transparency or working of the brush—and the photography finds these out and exaggerates them; besides this I found the effect wanted increasing because as I told you the Hall came out rather dull—and it cannot be made too strong, to keep so in passing thro’ the after process engraving, for I guess the tendency must be

to lose a little on the way, first in engraving and next in the printing. So probably I'll have to touch a little yet again before it is done. . . .

This concern with "photographic truth" leads him to recount an amusing anecdote in his next letter (33):

Very glad to get your letter this morning. I did look at the beams in the roof in the photo and compared mine and found them too small!

It reminds me of Ruskin coming to see me once long ago, and seeing some photos hanging on the wall, he said, "I call that Devil's work." Now, here is a scene that the camera won't take properly itself, and yet it goes and catches me out when I don't do it correctly: a regular dog in a manger! . . .

In early February, he makes Miss Boyd the offer of a different kind of illustration for the volumes (34):

. . . I have been wondering if DGR holds a large place in Scotus's life, and for this reason: I have a pen and ink head nearly in profile of DGR by DGR—very clearly and splendidly sketched in the early early days—without moustache or beard—before dear Scotus's<sup>1</sup>—and if you thought it worth putting in the book of course it is available but very likely there may be reasons for not putting more in, but I venture to name it to you. Thanks for the Pall Mall.<sup>2</sup> I had seen nothing of the public expression of the shock to the innocent one, and it is just delightful. I am truly glad to see that it is the Wickliffe subject thought of—it is one of the best and most characteristic as I remember it. . . .

Alice Boyd was ill with influenza throughout most of February and unable to write herself. Hughes writes to console her (35):

. . . I hope you are taking the plague mildly, and I know if you only take as much care of yourself as you have of others, then, that you are in a good way—and if Mr and Mrs Arlosh<sup>3</sup> are about, as of course they are, you will not be dull. Please thank Mr Arlosh for his letter, and the smallest contributions in that way again will be very gratefully received.

Are you beginning to spring in buds yet? We are, and today is lovely—warm as May—and the sun shining softly, and we think life is worth living. Notwithstanding so many wise & good folk have recently seceded. I daresay you read, or were read to, of how the Spurgeonites<sup>4</sup> telegraphed to the Tabernacle that

<sup>1</sup> WBS's portrait of Rossetti is reproduced in *AN*, i facing 288.

<sup>2</sup> On 16 January 1892 Ford Madox Brown published a letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (No. 8369, p. 2) in answer to an earlier notice on 13 January (No. 8366, 1) that a subscription fund was being started to purchase one of Brown's pictures for a public gallery. See Letter 53.

<sup>3</sup> James and Isabella Arlosh were close friends of WBS and AB; they were from Woodside in Cumberland and were related to the Miss Losh who figures so prominently in Rossetti's biography.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Haddon Spurgeon, founder of the Metropolitan Tabernacle (1861), who resigned from the Baptist Union in 1887, died in 1892.

their beloved "entered Heaven at such an hour." But they have not published the telegram received there a few days later: "Mr Spurgeon not yet arrived—Peter." . . .

By early April, Hughes's illustrations were finished and with them he sent news of his activities to Miss Boyd (36):

Somewhere about this time you will be receiving a case containing the two monochromes, which ought to have started long ago but the carrier only fetched the other day. Not that the delay was his fault any more than mine—it was due to the curiously dull inaptibility of my lay figure. For I have been engaged ever so long with a tryptich in which a fiddle that *she ought* to hold occurs three times over in various attitudes, and when I first discovered that she could not properly hold even a fiddle, the case ready for taking the two sketches was handy, and I utilised it for her benefit and so it remained in one way or another to supplement her incompetence until Monday last when the pictures went to the R.A.<sup>1</sup> I found she *could* be persuaded to hold one end sometimes but never both, so the case being of convenient height stood on end with the other . . .

I have been really working hard for once, getting into the studio as soon as light permitted, and to save the eyes going to bed directly after dinner; and what's more, I'm trying to keep it up a little still, altho' the tiresome pictures that induced such a very remarkable change in my habits are not now in the way—but I never before had a stove that kept itself alight all night thro, and a pleasant warm room to begin in. That makes a vast difference.

I suppose you still have the good Arloshes to occasionally keep you company and that by this [time] perhaps Margaret has returned satiated with her dissipations! I trust all are well in the castle and about it, not forgetting Ogier who is I hope again renewing his youth with the spring and Trig<sup>2</sup> whose youth can take care of itself . . .

In his next letter, Hughes describes in detail his painting *Viola D'Amore* (37):

Your letter of a week ago was a sad one indeed.

It seemed written at a serious point of poor Mrs Arlosh's illness, and I can imagine the situation with Mr Arlosh's anxiety also. But yesterday Mr Crowe told me he had heard from Mr Minto that the patient was a little better, and we shall hope this improvement is continuing and health and strength returning.

It seems you have almost always a dear friend to nurse, and could hardly have had time to get well yourself from the bad cold your former letter told us of, and which visited you at that most inopportune time when you had to arrange the prints and pictures; in which letter you kindly asked after my young folk's doings. Arty has a picture at the New Gallery and one at the Institute of Water Colours, but Godfrey who sacrificed his own last few days to help me with my "Viola D'Amore," has none anywhere. My picture is beautifully placed on the

<sup>1</sup> The picture referred to is *Viola D'Amore*, a tryptich exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1892 (Nos. 893-5).

<sup>2</sup> Ogier, a dog belonging to WBS and AB; Trig, another Penkill pet, of anonymous genus.

line in No. 10 room. I had not time to do all that I wished and hardly expected it would be taken, but there it looks pretty well, and I begin to think perhaps it is best to leave off when it seems half done! Moreover, it is rather a decorative design, and really did not need all the treatment of the very latest patent realism. I remember on my last visit but one, when you were taking me on an evening drive by the beautiful curving roads between Penkill & the Stair Park, I described to you what I intended to paint. It has come out a little different, not much—and just shows a young girl at morning tuning her fiddle to the birds among the blossoms outside the window she has just opened. Then, next, at midday, she has walked out in a garden and met Love, who has stepped down from a pedestal in the centre of a circular seat on which she rests, and putting *his* bow across her fiddle is teaching her a new strain. Last, at evening, she has lit her lamp, and is taking off a wreath, and with serious face about to say her prayers at her bedside, at the head of which preside little angels.

I have had a very kind notice sent me from the "Builder," but I don't mean to be conceited.<sup>1</sup> I have just read this quotation, from Huxley I think: "Man is a Parasite on the surface of a tiny Satellite revolving round a tenth-rate Sun in an obscure corner of a petty Constellation. He can at most look forward or backward a few hundred years, a mere swing of the Cosmical Pendulum which marks the interminable history of Suns and Systems," and I think now I won't be conceited every any more. . . .

Three months elapsed between this last and Hughes's next letter, written from Cornwall at the end of August, although Alice Boyd had answered his letter the day she received it (38):

I am ashamed of the months and months past that I have been meaning to write, but I never seem to have anything worth to tell, and yet I know I shall not hear from you unless I do—and here I have been in Cornwall for nearly three weeks, and intended writing gets deferred for weariness of the flesh. We (Godfrey and myself) get so tired each day—and all has been splendid hot weather, and our loads so heavy and our subjects so far away and the stiles so frequent and so high, and the hills and roads so rough, and the loose sands where much of our work lies so very tiring, that we are just done up in the evening and fit for nothing but to fall asleep, like tired dogs. We are here in the same old house I once wrote to Penkill from three years ago!<sup>2</sup> but the old farm has changed hands and the young bachelor farmer turned out and gave up his only habitable rooms to take us in! having a convenient paternal mansion handy to which he returned, and they are all busy (such much longer and harder day's work than mine) harvesting . . .

It was a real pleasure to see Margaret when she came to Kew during her "Season in Town"—but dear me, that is very long ago, and no news since. I wonder if she is with you again, and how the good Arloshes are. Also I am wondering, dear Miss Boyd, if you will forgive me for getting possession of three of your pictures from dear Scotus's Sale? I was not able to attend it being at S.K., but looked in late on the view day, and met Stephens there and looking at

<sup>1</sup> Vol. lxii, No. 2570 (7 May 1892), 250, in which *Viola D'Amore* is referred to as "a real little allegorical poem in painting." See Letter 38.

<sup>2</sup> See Letter 12, to WBS, conjecturally dated September 1889.

the little Millais etching that never appeared with the "Germ" that didn't either, I mentioned to him I had the last 3 parts but not the first, and he said he thought he had it, and would send it me, if so—which he did! and wasn't it noble?<sup>1</sup> But I got Arty to attend the sale and he got me three of your pictures for most dreadful wicked bad prices, which I hope you won't mind—very much.

It is a great pleasure to look at the little Penkill pond with the little golden tree in front and the ducks sailing along. I believe Morse and Bowler got the others, according to Arty.

Now I don't think I have anymore to tell—unless it is a little pleasure I had thro' "Viola D'Amore." You must know then that I had a beautiful puff in the "Builder,"<sup>2</sup> and just toward the end of the Exhibition, the Editor (& Critic) writes to ask the meaning or symbolism of part of it, but so pleasantly saying how much he liked it and "had stood before it so often and often," and how it was a "real poem," and he feared "thrown away on an Academy crowd" and so on! So now then: that time we did not quite miss fire. . . .

A further three months passed between letters, but Hughes's next is one of the best in the collection. He had not yet seen the *Autobiographical Notes*, published on 15 November, but he is full of his own work, both past and present, descriptions of Cumberland, news of his family and friends, and the death of Tennyson (39):

I am sure you must think me the most ungrateful wretch—never to have thanked you for your delightful letter that came to me long ago in Cornwall, with that very kind invitation to me and Godfrey to take advantage of those shocks of earthquake and get transferred to Penkill. But alas, the threads of Fate, or perhaps the spokes in the wheel of Fortune, or some other of the many entanglements that are forever tripping me up, got in the way again, and both then and since, when I got a fortnight in Cumberland with Agnes. I did not dare to write and ask if I might come, tho' so near to Scotland, and I should so have liked to shake hands again.

In fact with a pen and ink, and my soreness with those Destinies above named, there is only too much temptation to make one's letter like a bad imitation of those surpassing grumbles Carlyle seems to have entertained his friends with occasionally! so enough. Moreover, I spent last Saturday and Sunday nights at Pyports with Lushington, and ought not one to keep sweet temper'd for a month after that! and since, have paid off a visit to Amy & the grandchildren, who are all well, and the latter most uproarious, and I have only brought away what is left of me, so please to forgive any extra shortcomings of a mental kind you notice in this letter.

<sup>1</sup> AH wrote to thank Stephens on 19 July 1892: "I don't know how to thank you enough for the dear first number of the 'Germ'—I am not conscious of any literature that has had such effect upon poor me as that first number; and I couldn't tell you how I love it; and to get it from you too, who were yourself part of the Germ!" (Bodl. MS. don. e 83, fol. 126r).

<sup>2</sup> See Letter 37.

In Cornwall I finished up as usual with bad weather but managed to get two pictures, and a sketch or two. The pictures now in the New Gallery.<sup>1</sup> One, of the gulls admiring themselves in the mirror of shine left in the sands, with sea holly in front—and the other some children watching the distant boats from the rocky shore, both rather bright. “Viola D’Amore” is careering about, at Liverpool now, to go to Leeds after—unless some purchaser will kindly spare it so much travel.

It was so delightful to revisit, and with the wife & Agnes & Emily, the old landscape in Cumberland that provoked me long ago to paint Galahad, and it looked better than ever. I wonder if you know that walk from Keswick, along the Derwent Water first, then up to the left to Ashness and its little bridge . . .



Wasn't it sad to read the other day of the death of dear old Bowler's second son? a nice young fellow, always delicate. I think they are a very affectionate group and I feel it must sadden them for a time, but really *he* has had I should think the best of life and leaves it without realizing the disappointments too many find later on.

It has been interesting to read the Tennysonianism has it not? and hasn't Theodore outdone himself?<sup>2</sup> My own two or three reminiscences of the Bard are I think better than any I came across. They were very human. But of course it is a great comfort when a great man dies to know to whom to apply for his meanings or any information concerning him spiritually or physically—the chosen friend, at the fountainhead: but all the same I have no doubt he has been a useful and kind friend too. . . .

On 25 November, Alice Boyd sent Hughes a copy of Scott's *Autobiographical Notes*. He writes to thank her on the 28th (40):

How good of you to send me the most welcome of gifts! Can I ever thank you enough for your kindness?

<sup>1</sup> *The Sea Gull's Mirror* (No. 249) and *Woman's Work* (No. 308).

<sup>2</sup> Watts's obituary appeared in the *Athenaeum*, No. 3389 (8 October 1892), pp. 482-3, and was devoted, as P. F. Baum notes (in *Tennyson Sixty Years After* [Chapel Hill, 1948]), “more to an exhibition of his intimacy with the late Laureate and a puff predictive of the official Memoir than to a critical estimate of the poet” (p. 9).

I ought to have thanked you on Saturday but was away at the private view of the Royal Water Colour Society and was too deeply immersed in it yesterday. I think it makes a handsome pair of vols does it not? and my pictures are very satisfactory, *at least* to me.<sup>1</sup> How interesting! and sometimes how sadly, the prologue, looking back so far, sounds. The altered view of what should be printed, and the destruction of so much that had been once written. But—no doubt he judged rightly.

What a picture of days long passed away—the old Uncle and his Bible, won him by his game cock on the school floor, of all places, and of all books! And what a most wonderful workshop that must have been, to those boys in old Edinbro' looking down on the church roofs—doesn't it look inspiring in the sketch? I have only yet got so far as Theodore Von Holst,<sup>2</sup> whose pictures I remember so well hanging in the old Pantheon picture gallery in Oxford St, a favorite place of pilgrimage when I was in the Royal Academy schools. I went once with Deverell<sup>3</sup> I remember; and do you remember Von Holst's sketch book that Gabriel had?

I saw Mrs Holman Hunt on Saturday. She said *he* was not very well—had not taken rest enough when away for 7 months in the East last winter—he exhibits several pictures in the Water Colour. She is getting grey, but very handsome—in black—for Woolner<sup>4</sup> I suppose. Stephens, too, not grey at all—which exasperates me—for he has always worked hard and should be grey—and I haven't, and *am!*<sup>5</sup> . . .

<sup>1</sup> AH's two illustrations appear in *AN*, ii. 82, 326.

<sup>2</sup> (1810-44), a historical painter much admired by Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites.

<sup>3</sup> Walter Howell Deverell (1827-54), nominated for membership in the P.R.B. after the resignation of James Collinson, but never formally initiated.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Woolner died on 7 October 1892. Woolner married one Waugh sister, Alice Gertrude; Holman Hunt married the other two—Fanny in 1865, Marion Edith in 1875—thereby violating the Deceased Wife's Sister Act. Hunt's second marriage seriously strained his relationship with the Woolners.

<sup>5</sup> The second part of this article will appear in the next number of the BULLETIN.