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of Ripoli where there is a celebrated R: Ghirlandajo nor of the Corsi Signorelli, or the Lawrie Raphael – both at Florence. Nor of Monte Uliveto – were I to go further I should discover plenty more.

It is true that the note appended relieves me from the responsibility – but I feel the great injustice to the work no less. No one knows better than yourself that for such a work the index is everything. Reviewers are sure to find out how wretched the index is, in spite of its pedantry. I can only hope that for your own sake you will have it revised by a competent person.

Yr’s faithfully
Eliz Eastlake

1. Evidently Elizabeth did not know that her estranged sister Matilda Smith was the indexer. In a letter to John Murray of 17 August 1874 Matilda Smith responds to the charges: ‘Your letter caused me much distress, but when I read E.E.’s I took comfort – either through wilfulness or carelessness she has overlooked some of the names she complains of as omitted’ (NLS Ms.43077).
of a gas flame jerking up & down as a particular note was sounded, & even to a particular chirp from Tyndall’s own lips. Huxley very grave & rather dull sententious detailing the wonders of the red sand at both Poles & green mud in the central parts of the globe or vice versa, wh: has been picked up by the Challenger & found to consist entirely of minute shells of defunct invisibilities at a depth of 2 miles or so which drop incessantly from the surface as they die. And then Lubbock quite charming on insects & flowers, & himself so good looking!! Then we have had Elijah at Exeter Hall, & the Messiah at Albert Hall, & Saturday & Monday Popular Concerts with Joachim &c &c.

You are the first person who agree with me as to the dullness of the Greville journals. I cd hardly wade thro’ the petty squabbles of Ministry detailed by a man who thought himself wiser than them all, & who never tells a story without taking the shine out of it. I hear that Disraeli has said “Greville was the vainest man I ever met with, & I have read Cicero, & known Lord Lytton”. Doubtless the abuse of the powers that be, & of people’s fathers & mothers is not a thing to be defended, & I wonder at my good cousin Reeve’s want of judgement & discretion as Editor, but the chief thing apparent in these memoirs is the harm wh: his arrogance & vulgarity does to his own particular class. Even such a red republican as you say you are supposed to be cd not prick them more effectively. There is a great feeling against Reeve but he bears it stoically, & I hope his friends stick to him as faithfully as I do. Hayward’s rather vulgar article in the Q:R: has certainly not increased the prejudice against him but the reverse.

Since I recd your letter I have been risking my neck by climbing up & among the new rooms of the National Gallery for your sake. A friendly policeman pioneered me over planks & under beams. They are pretty much all in the same condition, ornamental ceilings & cornices all finished, upper glass in the skylights, marble columns almost all placed, walls close battened, apparatus for warming not yet laid, but a deep ditch through each room for that purpose. I should imagine there is another months work. The rooms – 9 in number – are very sumptuous, or will be, but they are over lofty, which I consider a far greater defect than the reverse. I cannot say that I anticipate much credit to the Gall: from Mr. Burton’s additions. I did all I could to help him last year, but on seeing the pictures he has hung in conspicuous places in the Gall: I feel that he has already vulgarized the general effect. The two school Botticelli’s are both very second rate, & one of them indecorous & the result of an expenditure of more than £10,000 is most unsatisfactory. Cassone pictures, pretty for a private room, but not important eno’ for a great gallery are still below, put into very fine frames. I have seen Mr. Burton
several times, & he has dined here. He is an intelligent agreeable man, but on talking with him on pictures I feel how utterly he falls below the level of what I have been accustomed to hear.

As to dear old Boxall yr mention of Heaven in lieu of Welbeck Street is not so far wide of the mark. For he has been so very ill, that I feared we shd lose him. A very bad attack of bronchitis revealed his exceedingly low condition, & the only prescriptions were I believe turtle soup &c &c every two hours. He is now better, & I saw him quite lately back again in his usual small den. I go often to see him, & have taken my young lady, whom he has a tenderness for, but his life is very lonely & desolate, tho’ there are many who wd gladly welcome him to their firesides. He always kindly comes to me when I ask him & I want him very much to come to me in the country. For I have as good as taken (for the 1st June) the same house on Albury Heath I had last summer, where he cd be very happy. Somewhere he must make up his mind to go, for he has sold his Welbeck Street home & turns out on the 24th June. He tells me he has sold it well, so he will not want for means. As to dear Mrs Grote I have been to her in the country, & she has been off & on in Saville Row. She only left last week, & Miss Elliott & I go to her on Thursday next till Saturday. She has bought a beautiful piece of 4 acres almost opposite her gate, in conjunction with her neighbours the Misses Spottiswoode, & she has given her share to her niece & kind companion Miss Lewin.

I let her hear some of the contents of yr letter, & she sends you her kind love – not at all pleased that you are going straight to Venice instead of coming to yr friends. But I can only envy you, & think you very wise especially when I imagine charming Morelli in yr home with you. I anticipate that yr Enid will make a fresh start in art. I do not forget the capital sketches I saw last year.

I have not seen yr aunt very lately, but I write to her, & I remark that her handwriting is sometimes steadier than of old.

I have seen but little of the studios, & shall be out of town on the 3 days that the R.As open their doors. But I saw Millais’ performance some weeks ago, a fresh breezy Scotch landscape, but beyond that nothing wh: interested me, or promised much. Coutts Lindsay’s things I saw yesterday, one out of three was pleasing, but in truth she draws much better than he. Her water colour copies from old masters, & also her large drawings of childn & others are very remarkable things.

You will like to hear of good Tindals at Aylesbury. True love is not destined to run smooth in Nico’s case. He is engaged as you know, to a young ward in Chancery, only turned 18 last month. They had made up their minds to marry early this month, but were met by an interdict from Master of the Rolls. Papa & Mama Tindal were moving heaven &
earth to persuade Sir Geo: Jessel of the cruelty of this interfering, but at present with no success.² Nico is seriously attached, & for the first time. The young lady I have not seen.

You ask me about Kugler. I had almost forgotten him, for he was off my hands before Christmas. Meanwhile I had been a little studying Leo: da Vinci & his time & my ideas thereon appeared in January (present) number of the Edinr Review. I wd like you to read it & give me yr criticism. & if you have not the Edinr I will try & send you a copy.

Next number I shall have an article on Thorvaldsen in. Thus I try to requite the time, tho’ never ceasing to miss the one whom I know you loved, & who loved you.

My kindest love to Enid I am always yrs truly
Eliz Eastlake

I have not alluded to Spanish politics of wh: I know little & care less.
I have known Cabrera³ as a most odious companion at dinner parties. Of course I am interested in the young “Sandhurst boy” & am sorry his worthless sister has joined him.


2. Sir George Jessel (1824–83), judge holding high office in the Chancery Courts.

3. Don Ramon Cabrera (1806–77), a general denounced as a traitor by Don Carlos of Spain in 1875.
I had scarcely been alone, & to my clinging nature absolute solitude is a great trial – one or the other of two young friends had always been with me – kind friends came for a few days – one or two at a time – & throughout I had plenty of work. Without that I could not have enjoyed the idle social hours. Now I think myself settled for the winter – please God. I paid a short visit in Kent last week at Sir Walter James' beautiful place near Walmer Castle, & heard a great deal about our Pss Alice from Honble Emily Hardinge Sir Walter’s half sister. The Pss, accordg to Miss H’s acct, lives “for a purpose” hopes to civilize the Germans a little, is very attentive to duties, & makes herself liked. I saw a little of Lord & Lady Granville there – him I had known before & always felt to be one of the most charming of our noblemen – he married as 2nd wife a young Campbell girl of 18 – the marriage answers – they have 3 young childn. People talked of her beauty – but she is tall, fair & distingüé lookg – nothing more.

But dearest I don’t write to you about great people – whom I very seldom come across nowadays. Yr mention of the drawing of my father – made from Sharpe’s small picture for yr dear Mother’s etching, interests me much, & I shd indeed like to have it, & be very grateful to you. I can just remember Mr Edwards the engraver who left us a rather extraordinary collection of eyes & noses to copy. They are peculiarly imprinted on my mind’s eye.

I am amused, dear, at yr impression of my article on Thorvaldsen, or rather at my remarks on his sculpture. I grudge that the ‘talent’ – i.e. the knowledge of art lies so useless with me. I had such an exceptional education in connoisseurship at my beloved One’s side – & there is scarcely a creature with whom I can share it. I feel that I shd have been his best successor in the direction of the Nat: Gallery. Boxall was impugnable, but hated the employmt, the present man is totally unfit for it, & has introduced most inferior things. Without vanity I know I shd have been the right person, tho’ the world wd be astonished at such an idea.

My summer’s work is coming out in the now announced Quarterly Review. I shall leave you to guess what it is that has interest ed me. I am now beginning the review of a french work, & am driving as deep as I can into french life, – a far better thing – in the middle classes – than we generally suppose. It will be for the Edinr Review if it succeeds. It is a great comfort to me to have found my pen again – an infinite resource against the great solitude of the heart. Your occupation is better, dearest, but I do not quite relinquish my poor friends & am always makg new ones at my Hospital.¹

Dear Jane is still at Buxton & has been there more than two months. She has enjoyed it much but I wish I cd report improvement. For the
present there is none. In addition to the waters – inside & out – she is now being shampooed daily.

I am glad you are in snug quarters for the winter, tho’ I can feel for yr lengthened expulsion from Fritton.

Now dearest Hannah I am ev’ry lovg cousin
Eliz Eastlake

1. Springall mocks her hospital visits in verse form: ‘To University she went / With regularity / And at the bedside hours were spent / The suffering for to see; / And cheering words to give to those / Who, racked with pain were there …’; Stephen Springall, That Indomitable Old Lady: A Romance of Fitzroy Square (London: Henry J. Drane Ltd, 1908), p. 345.

Letter to Hannah Brightwen  Private Collection

24. Octr 1875
7 FitzRoy Sqr
My dearest Hannah

I safely received the drawg you had so carefully packed. Very many thanks for letting me possess it. I have been lookg at it very enquiringly, for, tho’ I remember my father’s tall figure & white powdered head, he is in himself very unknown to me. Our Gertrude was doubtless most like him of all his childn. I see that yr dear Mother improved both likeness & art in her beautiful etching. Thank you also, dear for her pretty, refined etching of Coltishall Church – the church itself does not live in my memory.

I am amused at yr guesses as to the article, & very glad to plead guilty to that which has interested you. An acquaintance I have formed with Donald Dalrymple’s widow led to my hearing many details; while no one can live in London without being convinced of the terrible power of the Publican. The Editor cut out some pages, on the real plea of the article being too long – or you wd have read that in one square mile of the East of London – for wh: our sympathies & our money are from time to time so piteously invoked in wretched English by “Cath: Gladstone” – there are 320 public houses which have a revenue of above a quarter of a million! Alms giving pauses before such facts.

I am not aware that the Quarterly stands before the Edinburgh R: – I have written in both since my Beloved One’s death. But the Editor of Edinr is as you know my relative Henry Reeve. The Editor of the Q.R: is a prig, & a parvenu – Dr Wm Smith, tho’ a full man.

I have been thinkg of Cotman but I cannot get hold of any date of
his career. In 1824 I shd say he was under 40. But I expect dear Jane here from Buxton on Tuesday & she is a living chronicle.

Caroline Carver & husband are home from Russia. This visit had been terribly marred by the intelligence of his sister & nephew – Mrs Mainwaring & son – havg died at Heidelbg from eating poisonous fungi!

I am settled into my winter quarters, & have found something to work on. To day I have been to my Hospital – always very fatiguing to body & refreshing & edifyg to heart.

Ever my dear Han: yr lovg
Eliz Eastlake

Letter to Hannah Brightwen

7 FitzRoy Sqre
30 Decr 1875
I will not let this old year elapse without writg to you dearest Hannah, & acknowledging yr welcome letter. It has been several times before me to answer, but necessary letters have multiplied at this time, as you doubtless find, & day light is short & interruptions many.

I have felt the blank for you this Christmas in the absence of our beloved Mary.¹ She may be much missed, tho’ she must not be grudged. She did much work for her Lord, & we know that she is in Him, with the Beloved Ones. May we only have grace to cleave unto our Lord with all our hearts – always renewing prayer & supplication. I feel more & more than I can do nothg of myself. Life gains on as now. I have felt the symptoms of age more this winter than ever before. With me it takes the form of hereditary rheumatism – impedg my small habits of walkg. I deserve rheumatism more than most, for I have been very inactive, & I can therefore bear it better. Still, I am makg a struggle against it by sundry rubbings. I have dear Jane with me now. She came before Xmas on wh: day I gathered together a few of the kith & kin on each side – Carvers, Johnny Simpson, Chas Eastlake, & a few waifs & strays who are glad to join in a family party. But these family parties have their attendant skeleton. I am thankful for those who are left, but they tell painfully of those who are absent, not from the Will of God – Death – but from the will of the flesh. My poor Matty is a perpetual sorrow & a perpetual prayer to me. She has broken off from us for long. I remember tellg dearest Mary, when I saw her last in 1871, that for no object in this world were my hands so lightly folded in prayer as for her. I never leave these supplications. They will be answered, I know, in some form

¹ Letter to Hannah Brightwen: 24 October 1875 409
– either here or beyond. This is a chapter in my bereaved life: I don’t think I have ever mentioned to you before. It began immediately on my sad return from Italy, & is a tangled skein over which I have no longer any power – unless by a constant love ever seeking for opportunities to show itself, & ever receiving the same repulse. My poor Matty has been ever my Darling. “Your Matty” as all called her – a difficult being to deal with, & more so since an ill-assorted marriage. But I never thought the difficulty would fall on me – & at such a time of anguish! I lay it at the foot of the Cross. & have peace within, tho’ constant sorrow for her. These things have helped to make me doubly alone. Justina, as you know, has been no comfort to us, & has made a sorry return for all that was done for her. Her Eton life has been a series of mistakes & follies, & now the daughter of above 40 years of age, who kept her horse till the last day, comes to be a governess! Jane & I suffered much, & our Anne suffered the more from both Justina & Matty. I am the more glad, therefore, of the work which keeps my mind occupied in long lonely days. I have been busy since the Drink Chapter in which you take so much kind interest. A very different subject & one leading me into French life of the last 60 or 70 years. All so different to our lives & ideas! but enviable in one way – the warmth & fidelity of their friendships. I fear my experience of English friendships (or rather I should say Scotch) is not favorable. Certainly the Scotch, with a few exceptions, are too worldly to comprehend the sacred dress of friendship. My experience since my bereavement has chilled me to the heart – & I find I am not singular. But the French are beautiful in fidelity – more to that tie than to most others. You will find an article on “the Two Ampère’s” – father & son – in January forthcoming Edinr R:

How glad I should be dearest to send you a chaussure that might comfort yr dear old feet, & remind you of me! I am trying to get the same sized pair of the very common boots that you kindly took. When I have done so they shall find their way to you. As for my old ones, they are too dear to be parted with to any one – besides being worthless. I too covet ready made old boots, & a new pair always costs a certain amount of misery to break in.

I am interested in all you tell me of the Bp’s temperance league. There is no doubt that the attention to the subject is spreading. I have a comical letter from Sir Wilfred Lawson – not to me – in which he says that the Bps are tumbling over each other to join his views. But I know from Lord Shaftesbury that the Legislature will do nothing to diminish the temptation to the Poor to a public cry is raised for it.

Jane sends you dear love. She is quite well, tho’ sadly stiff. Still we too hobbled out together to [illegible] yesterday afternoon & performed the walk tolerably – a capital rubbing woman who lives close by comes
to Jane every mg at 7.30. I trust this may do good. If not I ponder over a winter – 1876–7 – in the South.

Now dearest goodbye – may we find more & more love & good will &c. Peace on earth in 1876!

Ever yr lovg cousin
Eliz Eastlake

1. Marg Turner, Hannah’s sister, had died in September 1874.

Letter to A. H. Layard  
NLS Ms.42170

7 FitzRoy Square
9. Janry 1876
My dear Mr. Layard

I duly recd your kind letter with good wishes to me for this new year from yourself & Enid. I most heartily return them. For you both I hope & wish all the grand things this world can give – speedy promotion, large legacies, honors & glories. For myself peace & quiet, & plenty to do!

I said in my last letter that I would let you know in a few weeks my decision about your home, so kindly put at my service, at Venice. I have now decided not to take advantage of your generosity – at least not this spring. I am not strong enough to do justice to so agreeable a plan. But this winter has so tried my strength that it is possible that I may avoid the next & seek refuge before the damp & cold set in in some warmer climate – or rather a drier one. This would be for the winter & spring of 1876–7. I am the more tempted to think of such a plan, for my sister’s sake also. For she is worse than I, & hitherto no half measures, such as a month at Wiesbaden – 2 months at Bath – & three months at Buxton – using the waters at each place have done her any good. I would make an effort for no place short of Italy, but we have time enough to consider which part we would choose. For the racket of Rome I should not feel energetic eno! But all this is still too much in the clouds for me to speak of seriously yet. Meanwhile, if I live, I shall probably be found at Albury again this summer, as the two last, & shall be quite ready to give you & Enid rendezvous there.

The new year opened here with the Private View of the Old Master – which in many respects – or rather in respect of English masters of the last century – is one of the best we have had. Sir Joshua & Gainsborough appear in all their glory – especially the latter. The Queen has lent 25