Woolf, Virginia
[Flush] Life, character and opinions of Flush. Chapter Two. Life in London -- Chapter Five. Last years and death. Holograph draft, unsigned, dated July 31, 1931. 87 p. (bd.28cm.)

P.3-165: [Flush] Life, character and opinions of Flush. Chapter Two -- Chapter Five. 87 p.

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P.63: Chapter three.
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P.167-179: [Common reader: second series] Robinson Crusoe. 7 p.

P.181-193: [Common reader: second series] Dorothy Osborne['s letters] 9 p.

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Monks House,

July 31st 1931

Feb - 1932.

Cases additions to

2nd Common Reader

Life, Character & Opinions of

Flush. (continued)

July 31st 1931

Chapter Two.

Life in London.

Number Lilly Wimpole Street looks today much as it must have looked in the time of Flush. He must have seen the same grim high house built of purplish brick, with its 4 tiers of windows, ~~formidable~~ substantial, correct, that must even today bode fair to meet the eyes of many generations to come, for the ~~terrible~~ narrow avenue of Wimpole Street ~~bode fair to~~ looks capable of ~~outlasting many generations of doctors & their patients~~ ~~so~~ confronting wind & weather, ~~so formidable~~, ~~bode fair~~ to outlast many generations of doctors & their patients. of dogs & their mistresses. ~~But inside the house~~, ~~how~~ strange as the house must have looked to him after the little ~~cottage~~ country cottage at Three Mile Cross, ~~his surprise~~, the sight of it from the outside must shortly have been forgotten in amazement at the sights, the smells, ~~the~~ the textures, the fabrics that met him within somewhat indoors. The master, Mr. Barrett, was a rich man, strict & austere. He had a large family. He kept a retinue of servants. The house was furnished opulently & fully, ~~in the~~ & no doubt with a certain ~~reliance upon the~~ reference to Eastern extravagance, fantasy such as Mr. Barrett had been able to indulge in fully in the country at Hope End. We can fancy the dark high rooms, crammed with mahogany chairs, carved tables, the wafer-thin, gilt mirrors, the thick Turkey carpets, decorated ~~with lapis~~ ~~lazuli~~ with ornamental vases & whatnots, ~~be bossed & studded~~ ~~provided tables~~; whatnots, in their turn were laden with trophies from the East Indies in which Mr.

of houses so firmly built so ~~formidably~~ high, so narrow, so substantial,

carpets,

the world

– a stale, nauseating amalgamation of smells.

The smell alone must have been enough to make the dog bark as he went upstairs. From the Kitchen down in the deep basement must have come whiffs of ~~Joints~~ roasting joints & clattering pots & pans & Gravies. ~~There~~ & he had come from a home where the mistress ~~never touched meat~~, & made penurious meals in which meat ~~[illegible]~~ was ~~an a rare~~ almost banished.

rich soups slowly simmering in the saucepan.

The carpets must have yielded a ~~thousand~~ thick aroma of dust & fabric – ~~whence a strip of~~ & closed their soft firm texture rapturously round paws used to bare boards mitigated at most by a strip of matting.

As for the confusion of scents of woods & polishes ~~of~~ scents of beasts, human scents, scents of coats, women, cambrics & mantles; curtains & thick hangings rich with the relics of coal dust & fog & old cigars – that were wafted to his nostrils as he passed the 'dining room door, & then the drawing room door, he had met with nothing in all his life that in the least resembled them, & by the time he reached Mrs Barrett's room, on the floor above the drawing room at the back his nostrils must have been so charged with odours, his eyes so dazzled with the various lights & shapes of ~~[illegible]~~ the immense variety that he can only have run hither & thither, when the door was shut in an ecstasy of excitement & confusion.

beasts,

had had absorbed coal dust & fog & the smell of beef & turkey & ham, & cigars & wine.

Mrs Barrett's bedroom also was stuffed with curious ~~[illegible]~~ objects. There was a bed, disguised as a sofa; a large table in the middle of the room; a wardrobe ~~[illegible]~~ against one wall; opposite the bed sofa, an arm chair; a chest of drawers on which rested a book shelf 'of papered deal & crimson morocco'; a washing table 'turned into a cabinet with another cornucopia of shelves;' two trunks, of Chaucer & of

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Homer on the book case; three more busts, the subjects unspecified, on the wardrobe; & beside the wardrobe, apparently, a window, looking out on to the backs of other houses.
In the window was a deep window box in which grew scarlet ranunculus, nasturtiums & convolvulus; & a root of ivy, with long tendrils that were fastened to the window on the upper storey, while a shower of ivy tendrils covered all the window bars. Though they were not altogether healthy. Besides the ivy, the windows were covered with a ~~curtain~~ a transparent blind, embroidered in some fashion with a castle, a fakeway, two walks, several peasants, & groves of trees, while the curtains were of green damask — a rich, rough fabric, certainly unknown to Flush, for Miss Mitford's furnishing was of the most economical kind, of cheap cotton bought in the village shop & made with her own hands.
There was also a new table, which held "all my varieties of ranuncli" protected by a rail, so that Flush was unable to touch them, though no doubt the light that came, as people said, so beautifully through the castle that was embroidered on the blind would have touched them like mother of pearl boxes, alabaster elephants, & silver fish with ruby eyes with tempting hints of flashing & fading fascination.

The lady must have looked at him.

Hanging in Lettie Bates's a fine oak fan, round,

New pale, with ill health but one bright as a China rose,

He saw a bright eyes, long ~~curled~~ ears, ~~a reddish~~ with thick curls ~~thickly curled~~, & a ~~fa~~ ~~ta~~ brown coat flashing to sofa in the fire-light. He saw a ~~'most expressive face'~~, ~~with~~ large tender eyes, a ~~large~~ big mouth, which smiled 'like a sunbeam', ~~&~~ while on either side, of the ~~round~~ face hung 'showers of dark curls'. That there was a natural affinity between them, it was impossible to deny. As he looked & she looked each must have felt ~~that~~ a sympathy which ~~we can~~ no one can ~~analyse~~ analyse, simulate, or ~~altogether~~ overlook, deny. ~~From that moment~~ Flush ~~took~~ left his lodging in Mrs Barrett's room; ~~his life became her life~~, & owing to the peculiar circumstances of her life, ~~his~~ position, his life, for the next three years became almost indistinguishable from ~~hers~~ hers. Mrs Barrett, as we have said, was an invalid. She seldom left her ~~bedroom~~. And this sympathy was to be tested & developed to an unusual extent, for Mrs Barrett was an invalid; she scarcely left her room for months at a time; a descent to the drawing room below was a considerable undertaking; a drive was an adventure, a walk was almost out of the question. ~~She lay on her sofa, or in her bed~~ Week after week, month after month, & as Flush soon made it clear that he did not intend to be parted from her, the story of his life becomes inextricably involved with the story of her bedroom. ~~We have already described the objects in the bed~~ We ~~must then~~ Thus the importance of every object in the room can scarcely be exaggerated. We must have known the exact substance of the carpet; the different ridges & smoothness of the pattern; the lights ~~upon the~~ that the swaying blinds made upon the legs of the table; the different curves & bows of the chairs; the different

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degrees of luminosity & labor on the fine beauty, according as the day was cloudy foggy or fine; the look of the books, whether stacked nearly on shelves or heaped negligently on the big table: the ~~[illegible]~~ curious crudescence & bulk of the little objects on the ~~[illegible]~~ table which owing to its rail he was never able to touch; ~~the texture of the~~ various faults & ~~[illegible]~~ all the gloom & shadows, the hidden red lights & yellow lights, the brown cases, the cumbrous passages, the stoves & wardrobe that were now so vast, & now hard & prosaic — all the lights & shadows of London bedrooms must have been so minutely, so perpetually, before his eyes, ~~that~~ that they must have assumed a majestic, a more than human significance to him, & it would not be surprising to find that he had given sacred or infernal qualities to some of these grandeurs & presences — conferred upon them divine ~~for~~ gifts ~~of~~ for good or evil. ~~In addition~~ & personalities ~~that~~ for good & evil. In addition to the sights there were the smells. There were the delicious smells of the foods that were brought to Miss Barrett's bed; the intoxicating increase of savour when the cover was removed, & the brown partridge or the white wing of chicken was displayed. But there was also the sharp & nauseating smell of medicine, which darkened his delicate ~~[illegible]~~ nostrils sometimes almost intolerably. In particular the smell of Eau de Cologne ~~was~~ so gratifying to ~~the~~ an invalid, was to him lacerating, odious, beyond bearing. And in addition there were the various smells of flowers, in their bloom so intoxicating, but alas, so soon to lose their bloom in the hot still air, & to fade, & to affect his senses with all the mark, the rancour, the foulness & heaviness of decay. ~~Nobody~~ Long before his

Mrs Barrett ~~[illegible]~~ ordered dear Miss Mitford's geraniums to be thrown away. Flush must have been in a state of acute dejection at the ~~smell~~ rank of decaying vegetation.

Venus

The biographer was great.

Nor can too much attention be paid to the sounds that came to her ears. Since the bedroom was at the back of the house, the sound of traffic would be hushed to one distant murmur. But as the family was large & the servants many there would be a frequent sound of steps on the stairs: ~~going up & going down~~ steps; there would be the steps of maids carrying hot-water cans; & the sound of brushing, & the little taps of carpet brooms; the sound of stair rods being & the steps of sailors carefully controlling their bellowing mantles as they hand the sick room door; male steps mounting firmly & heavily; & the sounds of brushing & scraping: the little clink when the brass stair rods were removed, & attend to their sockets; ~~the~~ an occasional burst of conversation when the drawing room door was opened & some visitor incautiously raised her voice; then the steps of maids... But often for hours together,

or ~~the~~ the human hour is for a dog about as long as an entire day – ~~there~~ for days together then there would be no sound in the room but the clock of the cords, the ~~[illegible]~~ tick of the clock, the far-away murmur of the traffic, some distant street cry, & the breathing of the invalid on the sofa, or lay ~~[illegible]~~ nursing, ~~too weak to~~ or ~~[illegible]~~ hardly work a sick turned the page of a book, or moved her hand with a ~~[illegible]~~ pen across & across a page.

the turning of the pages of a book, the measured passage of a pen across paper, the breathing of the invalid as she slept, or the ~~lay her sighs~~ or the leg
sighing, too tired to read, too tired to write, forced sometimes to ~~sigh~~, hear a sigh, at the ~~recollection~~ memory of some heart sorrow, or at the appalling emptiness & insanity ~~of~~ of her ~~wasted~~ present life.

Then for Flush & Miss Barrett it was always an event when the step ~~on the stair~~ way head to. Stop stopped at the door; when the handle was seen to turn; when the door actually opened & somebody actually came into the room. How strangely ~~at once all~~ the furniture was changed! ~~How the~~ What fresh eddies & currents of sound & smell were astir in circulation! Probably it was Wilson the maid with a food or medicine. It might be one of Miss Barrett's sisters, ~~who had just been out shopping, or had~~ or, in the evening, it might be one of Miss Barrett's brothers; sometimes, ~~about three in the afternoon~~ very rarely, the ~~the arm chair would~~ the bed would be disguised as a sofa, the arm chair would be drawn up beside the bed, Miss Barrett would be wrapped in Indian shawls, & the medicine bottles & the washing things would be carefully concealed in the cabinet under the busts of Chaucer & Homer. Then Flush knew for a certainty that a visitor was expected. And, sure enough, ~~at two~~ at two, or three, there was a tap at the door & in came dear Miss Mitford carrying a bunch of geraniums, looking lovely like a flower, very red ~~in~~ round ~~in the~~ cheeks, very white hair, very bright eyes, gleaming out under a great wall of forehead. Sometimes she would come at midday & stay talking almost ~~without~~ stopping till

even in the evening when she had to catch her train. Or it might be Mr Kenyon, a stout well groomed gentleman, of great urbanity & charm, who would read poetry aloud, in spite of the fact that ~~his pronunciation was~~ he had lost two front teeth. Or it might be Mr Jamieson, a very different kind of person — with a "very light complexion — pale, hard eye — thin colourless lips, fit for incisive meanings — a nose & chin projective without breadth."

Flush, lying attentive ~~could easily~~ came to know these visitors as intimately as he knew the big table the small table, & the wardrobe: Miss Mitford babbled & chattered; Mr. Kenyon mumbled, because he had lost two front teeth; Mr. Jamieson spoke very sharply, very precisely. And when they had gone, Mrs Barrett was often extremely tired. She could not eat her dinner. She beckoned, & Flush, understanding what was required of him, would gulp down a chicken's wing, ~~the~~ ~~breast of~~ the breast of a partridge with potatoes & bread sauce also, so that when a certain step neared outside, & a certain tap sounded & the handle rattled round in a certain way — a certain very formidable & dreadful gentleman came in, late in the evening alone, his eye, so keen, so strong so remorseless would be satisfied that his daughter had done his bidding & eaten every scrap of her dinner. What happened often that Flush was never perhaps quite sure. The gentleman fell on his knees by the bed — but here

whom would whistle; or perhaps merely beckon. & Flush would leave the father & daughter alone. ~~But there can be~~ no doubt that he, realizing that resistance was in vain, would follow her, for one of those brief airings which now constituted his only view of the outer world. His station, as he came to feel more & more decidedly, was in the bedroom, with the big table, the little table, the wardrobe, the five beds, the books, & Miss Barrett on the sofa. Even when the day was fine, & the sunshine falling through the embroidered blinds reminded him of ~~fields~~ the fields & rabbits of his youth, — even when somebody whistled outside & called to him to walk, he refused. He crept closer to the sofa, & rested his nose in the palm of Miss Barrett's hand. For she was ill & lonely. There they ~~sat~~ remained, therefore, alone in the bedroom, while the clock ticked, the flies went up & down the stairs, & the sunshine fluttering through the acacias & the castle embroidered on the blind rested upon the white head of Chaucer & Homer, upon the red morocco back case, & upon the wardrobe & the sofa.

Meanwhile, Flush was developing in mind & character.

there they sat all through the long years of 1843, 44, & forty-five.

There were, of course, certain breaks in the monotony of this cloistered life. On very occasionally Flush went to Regent Park with Miss Barrett — in a Bath Chair. He sometimes drove with her through the streets in a Carriage. And sometimes, apparently, one of the Miss Barretts — Arabella, Henrietta — used to come with them when they went shopping. He must have become acquainted with the hobbling walks of public parks, the intolerable restriction; the walk where one is led; the walk where one is free; the vista that divides Plan from Path: the fumes of hard & lofty hats who preserve the law; from whose high & small rods are attached; who stop mere dogs to be human chattel: the pavements; the curiously strong & rank enticing disgusting smells that are of lamp posts, fellow dogs: the smells of horses & carts: the all the long streets that swept the pavements, of the astonishing odours that came from chemists, butchers & butchers's shops & milliners shops as he trotted along the pavement, or was taken in, attached to a lead, to sit beside one of Miss Barretts footies as she shopped in Regent Street. For on rare occasions he was forced to leave the bedroom, & to go with one of Miss Barretts footies. & it was on the return from one such expedition in the year that an adventure befell him which must have been harassing & alarming to the extreme. & left lasting effect upon his personality. He was stolen.

when the dog is not weather too cold, too hot, too wet, or too windy.

not to be weighed away and fetched to attend Chemists to stem: to be sent back by home walk

Flush & Mrs Arabella Barrett had returned from their shopping
& were standing on the doorstep ~~of Jeffry Wimpole Street~~
waiting for the door to be opened when a man
snatched him from the doorstep. Arabella looked round &
Flush was gone. Moreover he was gone for three days.
During these three days not a scrap of food passed his lips.
The thieves themselves admitted it when they gave him up
for a sum probably of six pounds. But what his
feelings were, ~~For three~~ Bundled into a sack, tumbled into
Cab, ~~taken to Shoreditch~~, Penned into some dark yard in
the corner of a foetid room in Shoreditch - forced to
hear the talk & smell the smells of one of those workhouse
~~that were even then becoming notorious~~
his feelings were such that they left him without appetite
without any other feeling. Moved seen. but a shuddering
Dog sat at the whole story begun. When he was
restored to Mrs Barrett's bedroom, when he saw again
the beds, the tables, the wardrobes, when they put a
plate of meat before him, all he could do -
& what could any philosopher have done more - was
to shrink away from the whole apparatus of life -
its torture, its delusions, its babies, its villains; its
Corruption, its foolish attempts to plaster over the
the rotten place of the heart, its Chancery its Women, its
Cabinet that concealed things, its bookcase that was
propped over & nailed down with red morocco - its
weltering way, & light obscured with
embroidered blinds - all he could do was
to lay he died. "his heart was so full when
he came home that he could not eat, but
shrank away from the plate & laid down his
head on my shoulder" ... He is worth loving. Is he not?

to Mr:

Hrm
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this adventure, October 5th 1843, ~~this~~ proves not merely that Flush was already a dog of mark, a dog whose coat bearing, carriage, physiognomy all proved him a dog worth stealing ~~stealing~~ stealing, but that he furnishes a lot of them light upon ~~the whole relationship~~ his character, & his relationship with Miss Barrett. When he was lost, the day, she cried until she was accused so loudly of 'selfness' & 'childishness' that she was glad to dry her eyes. Now the most elementary psychologist can tell us that ~~those for whom he must~~ concealed from fellows ~~are these~~ ~~for whom you feel with peculiar strength~~ are peculiar feelings. & in this case the fact that the could only hint at his feelings by dumbness — that he could say nothing, that only by laying his head on her shoulder could he convey his meaning must have had a peculiar poignancy. Compare his behaviour with Miss Mitford or with Miss Barrett's own. Whatever they felt they said. Miss Mitford thought nothing of dashing off twenty pages about a snowdrop. Miss Barrett heavily wrote & wrote & wrote. But here was one who said nothing; here was one — & we can scarcely grasp the love that this must have had upon Elizabeth Barrett — who had been cut, alone, unguarded unprotected, in the haunts of men, far beyond Wimpole Street, & Regents Street & this Park. He had penetrated into the wilds of Whitechapel, where people live like beasts, where children lack clothes at bitter windows, where there is murder, & crime, & life & death. Great ships pass to foreign countries, & people women no older than Henly have yet known what this to love to travel to bear children. to be betrayed, to be

Lee devoted – to have lived in short, whereas here, I live,
said Elizabeth sinking back on her pillows, with five
books, & a washing stand made to look like a book case.
But Flush said nothing: he was worn out, ashamed: he was
a spent voyager returned from the unknown world of
human life. So the days went by. And
Miss Barrett lay hour after hour, writing, reading,
musing on her sofa; & Flush lay, dreaming perhaps, by her
side. A curious sympathy ~~was~~ had sprung up
between them.

They be found
wrong.

Jan 10th 1845

Just met.

Monday May 20th ~~49~~ 1845.

3 to 4.30.

this habit of ~~writing was one that Flush must~~
of pacing a stick perpetually over a white page were one
that Flush must have learnt by this time to guess; ~~if not to~~
welcome. ~~But in the early part of 1845 he must have~~
~~thought that the habit was~~ & of Miss Barrett's silent rather
more than ~~manner~~ fashion in this ~~manner~~ during the early part of
1845, it was winter, she was wholly prostrate; & there was
nothing ~~but~~ in the fact ~~so unusual~~ as to rouse his suspicion. True,
he ~~may have noticed that~~ the third stillness falling into the
house in the hall seemed to disturb ~~his body~~ her. He
observed perhaps that while she waited for the post to
be brought up to her the maid Wightwick absent minded as anyone
~~her manner~~, did not give her whole attention to some
request of his — his maccaroon, it might be, ~~was forgotten~~.
But no serious suspicion that there was anything wrong
occurred to him ~~until~~ before Monday, the 20th May, 1845.

& was more deeply engrossed than had

which the read the opened the stamped envelope & read his

crowded crowded streets.

After luncheon on that day the usual preparations
which for a visitor were made, but with some unusual
particularity. The bed was ~~carefully~~ disposed on a
sofa, the arm chair ~~or~~ placed in a certain position:
Miss Barrett, he could not help observing, chose her
shawls, arranged them fold, with unusual care.
At three precisely Flush heard the front door bell
ring. He listened intently. So did Miss Barrett.
On the stairs came up the steps Flush was certain.
That steps not Miss Mitford: steps not Mrs.
Jameson's; was it Mr Kenyon's? No. It was
too fresh; too firm. Whose could it be? A
stranger's? A strange man's? The door
~~opens~~ handle slid. The door opened. Flush;
worst suspicions were instantly confirmed. A strange

& a man stood in the doorway. Flush may have barked. He may indeed have rushed at the man barking. But Miss Barrett ignored Flush altogether. The strange man crossed the room, took her hand, sat down in the arm chair. They began to talk as if there were nobody else in existence. ~~He was~~ 'Mr. Browning' she said to Wilson. Flush thus ignored must have had an excellent opportunity for a close examination of the stranger. He was dark, might be called handsome, & ~~cause~~ was dressed rather as a dandy, with lemon-coloured kid gloves. He had, Flush must have noticed, as he looked more closely, straight black hair, small eyes, wide apart, which he twitched curiously together, a smooth face, a slightly aquiline nose, & manners nervous & rapid. He had a great vivacity, ... & very great frankness & friendliness of manner & mind. Flush, here can he no doubt took an instant dislike to him.

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For by this time Flush was a dog in the prime of life. He was ~~four yrs~~ three or four years old. He during these years of seclusion his character had formed & developed, & I cannot be doubted that his character had ~~due~~ the peculiar ~~ch~~ circumstances of his life had affected him both for good & for ill. He had mixed very little with other dogs. ~~He had~~ He had seen very little of ordinary ~~life~~ ~~what~~ ~~he had seen, he had seen~~ His views of Regent's Park & the streets had been vivid, concentrated, stamped by that brilliancy & vigour which is the mark of any rare experience, much desired, & seldom enjoyed. ~~His~~ Into

shattered a probably epileptic had crashed the terrible
experience of those days in Whitechapel. His whole view
of society, of life, of what is possible the possibilities
of suffering must have been profoundly affected.
Here, by Mrs Barrett's fire, were the ~~was~~ tables & the
knitting frames; but there, just round the corner, were
Evil forces that worried & fell; that transferred one in
second from settled ease to scenes so horrible that he
still dreamt of them on the hearth rug. ~~These~~ These
experiences were enhanced by the Then again,
no matter multiplicity of affection, interests, occupations
served to distract his mind or develop his senses.
He lived entirely for one person & in one room.
Again feeling Thus secluded he had lavished all his
affections upon Mrs Barrett merely.

He looked at her. She was talking. He was talking to this
dark man who twirked his eyes with an expression
that he had never seen on his face before. They talked until half
past four. ~~Mr. Browning went~~ Then Mr. Browning
went. But as he went down stairs, as the hall door
shut, flesh must have realized [from the intensity given to it,
with which Mrs Barrett listened] that ~~he~~ something
had been in ~~that~~ room, which would never leave it,
that something had entered into Mrs Barrett: ~~which so long~~
did not exhaust, as Mrs Nickson, Mrs Meyer ~~exhausted~~ so long
which made he finish her chicken that night to the
bone, which made her ~~to~~ ~~sleep her~~ her usual
occupations so that everything she did was now done —
with an intensity, a rapture, a fervour, ~~which the~~
This working for example; — how he hem toe over the
page now, all through the afternoon — then anyone who
was about Miss Cushing knew; how she listened for
the knock at night; what hour, how she spent

over there backed ~~Crawford~~ that the look which with them
Crawford strange he came to know! The effect gall
their when Flush was marked. Some spirit awoke which
was he had never felt before. He looked at himself in the
glass. He ~~looked then he saw his own bright eyes~~
~~his own golden brown coat reflected. He too was, in the~~
~~prime of life. But he no longer looked as he used~~
at his ~~brown coat~~, at his "glittering dilating eyes":
but he no longer looked as he used. He was no
longer a novice, surfeited by an reflection. He had
felt, he had known, he was beginning to put to
them in the habit the powers coming to maturity
after all these years. Moreover, the air that
that the dark man with kid gloves left behind being
~~so~~ reacted ~~upon~~ the ~~habit~~ tenour of Flush's own
Epilepsy. That spring, Mrs Barrett, ~~began to~~ went out more,
~~took him, not driving, on~~ on her own feet too, to the Park,
that Flush began to visit the park not as an
attendant on an invalid, but freely, almost
like other dogs. ~~But~~ But the ~~when they c~~
~~the change was most marked indoors~~ ~~room~~ in doors,
in the ~~bedroom~~, ~~the change~~ that had begun on May 20th
No thing was the same since May the 20th. But it
was indoors, in the bedroom, that the change was
most marked. Mr. Browning came again: and
then again: and then again. And the hours
~~Hed~~ were spent in the same intensely & apathetic
& intimate talk, one catching the other up, on
~~Lettuce~~: the hours were as full as the talk:
~~the~~ interruptions were as quick as — Mrs

Mrs Barrett ~~never talked in that way to Miss Mitford~~
or to Mr. Kenyon. And then he would come again.
~~And as~~
~~The big table the letters~~ The bookcases & the bunch & the
wardrobe seemed were as large as the same. But
this man coming at three & staying till 4 seemed to
put everything into a turmoil. ~~He came &~~
~~his coming out~~ the next Mr. Kenyon. Mrs Mitford & Mrs.
Jameson ~~that went on coming; but not in the same way.~~
~~Flowers were always — were changed.~~ Old friends,
~~like~~ Flowers appeared on the table. ~~If he came on~~
The man might go, but he always came again. Flowers
his laugh his gesture, his extreme thanfulness & cheerfulness,
his jerky jerky movements, his bright bunch of flowers,
~~all for us~~ became, as time passed, almost
intolerable to Flush. And always there were
these further appointments — Tuesday? no, not
Tuesday because Mr Kenyon is coming. But Wednesday
whatever happens Wednesday at 3.
But then he must come on Saturday. Only not every
Saturday. Would he like to come really every week?
If not on Tuesday then on Wednesday — the day I think
it was that Mr. Browning came every week.
Not quite at my door yet. Not downstairs.
Talking in a loud voice. Saturday at 3.
Curiously went, not as far as Regent's Park North to the
Gate of Drummond Place.
At length, Mr Browning came: & came: & came: until
& the summer passed: & the autumn came: & autumn
changed to winter: & winter passed: & again the 20th of
May appeared: & while they were meeting & talking:

positively engaged a letter was sent off; a letter was received; yet the day before a letter was in a state of darkness & what was dark; there courage & suffering & darkness — the perpetual movement of hand & life, & the agitation of mind, & the feeling that everything was crowded & cramped & life was flowing faster & his aim falling more becoming more & more complex violent, unreasoned, distorted — he could bear it no longer but attacked the man. He rushed out & bit him. (July 9th 1846)

That this was a very great event, the product of intense excitation, & indeed agonies of spirit must be perfectly clear to those who have followed the story of Flush with attention. His suffering.

The scene must have been painful in the extreme; for Flush ~~overwhelming~~ the agitation was overwhelming. ~~So many he had been overcome — that in steady woes~~ Cyclus the first relief; after the first rush of heart-sob feeling pent up now for ~~their~~ over a year, — after the first flow of feeling his teeth meet in the cloth of his Browning's trousers, then in the skin of his calf, there remained the hamstring & the dachsh. He the attack had failed. Mr Browning had shaken him off, had laughed, had sat down as if nothing had happened. But ~~And~~ then, after Mr. Browning had gone. Mrs Barrett had called him to her, & had stopped his ears. ~~Worse~~, the ~~had~~ said that he should never be loved again — ~~he was~~ ~~to this~~ ~~he~~ had made. He ~~had~~ made no resistance; he attempted no reply. While she lay the flowers that Mr Browning had brought in water, he sat on the sofa, where she had lain, with his eyes fixed on her,

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"with an expression of quite despair" as even Miss Barrett
hardly noticed, ~~up~~ in his face. At last I said,
"If you are good, Flush, you may come & say that you are
sorry" .. on which he raked across the room, and,
trembling all over, kissed first my gray hands &
then another, & put up his paws to be shaken,
& looked into my face with such great beseeching
eyes that you would certainly have forgiven him
just as I did". Then Miss Barrett wrote to
Robert Browning. No words could better
illustrate the conflict of hate & love - that rent his heart: &
~~he would~~ ~~Nothing~~ could show ~~so~~ more clearly the
~~division which~~ gulf which had come ~~up~~ between
Flush & ~~his mistress~~, Miss Barrett; ~~for the words~~, Never strong,
~~or~~ & in this crisis she ~~turned to~~ punished him,
she took Mr Browning's side; she punished
Flush: she told Flush that he would never be loved again;
& though she forgave him, she forgave him in a
way that must have been more painful than any
punishment. She went on to generate him; she
said "The truth is that he ~~he~~ hates all confetti coated
people, & that though he does not hate you, he
has a certain distrust of you, which any outward
sign, such as the umbrella, re-awakens". It was if
~~The~~ ~~Miss Mis Confession~~ and she so entirely misunderstood him. Never
Barrett had very little ~~sens~~ ~~feeling~~ merciful ~~any~~ more
of the true state of Flush's feelings.
not I am afraid "the contrived; & here ~~at least~~ the
for a moment she showed a glimmer of
perception of the true state of things — "He
once loved you, you might hate his ears & his

but it was the manner the punishment. The way in which the apology was made to Mr Browning that must have been harder to bear than any beating.

"It is who hurt only Flush"

tail, & take a bone out of his mouth even, & he would not bite you. He has no savage caprices like other dogs & men I have known" .. She did then fully realize that there was one man capricious, one man in F—

But in came an uncle, & then a cousin & then an aunt — She had no time, to develop her analysis: perhaps something warned her that further explanations would be futile. For hardly she knew by this time that the die was cast. But uncles, cousins aunts — Flush hardly — very one went by the board compared with Mr. Browning: they were all so many obstacles that got in the way of her ~~writing~~ finishing her letter — in time for the post. afternoon post. It was provoking, the dead:

"— but I shall write again, tonight, you know."

x What what Flush must have felt, all that day, waiting on the dat waiting, with a bit when that only that was completely, unapprehended, dumb, was that now nothing counted for him Barrett in comparison with Mr. Browning. In

Came, as she wrote, an in —

How provoking! she echoed. For the moment stop

wholly, regret was to

What were Flush's feelings when she 'wrote again, to regret'?

That they were violent, but that they were repressed

Another incident that took place some days later

~~Four days later~~ seems to show. Mr.

Browning had been again; & after he had gone, Arabel

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Barrett persuaded Elizabeth to take a cab & drive to Regent's Park, for it was a lovely evening. "Flush had her foot perched in shutting the cab door ... & cried piteously, & held it up, looking straight to me for sympathy: no sooner had he touched the pavement than he began to run with another thought after it." Mrs Barrett commented "Flush always makes the most ajhni misfortunes — he is ajhe Byronic school -- il se pose en victime." Now, he looked at her for sympathy; he did not get it; he perceived something mocking, something critical, in the large soft eye. Like Byron to whom? Very well, all he wished. He would no more go to Mrs Barrett for sympathy. He would be a dog like other dogs — Then we think a dehumanized observer would understand that time in Regent's Park on the Evening of ~~Jul~~ Saturday July 12th, 1846 ajhe Mr. Browning had ~~just~~ left Wimpole Street. A reckless temper has possessed him — ajhatever think there can be no doubt. The threatened atmosphere of the bedroom was becoming that summer electrical, thundery, explosive: 'Mr. Browning' was no longer Mr. Browning. Mrs Barrett was Ba. One day a week was not enough. Three hours on Tuesday were not enough. They wanted — but ~~Afton~~ the man with the red flower & the umbrella had the audacity to

say that he needed "a week of Tuesday — then a month — a year — a life! I must long to see you again, — always by far the most I long, the next day — the very day after I have seen you — when this flashes in my mind what I did not say while I might have said it, — nor ask while I might have been answered — nor learn while you could have taught me — no, this indescribable!" That was his style; that was his jerky, confused, hollow-shelled method of talk; a was Mrs Barrett — as Flush was always punctilious to call her — was she really surprised of after hearing that for 3 hours, Flush ~~bar~~ growled ~~was~~ when his paw was caught in the door of the hansom, & looked for sympathy — & did not get it? I can hear away, & it nothing hurt. A dog nothing mattered in the world. of spirit could not have done more.

He scarcely noticing, ~~however~~ that, in very soon, ~~Flush~~ barked again. He ~~barked violently~~ about a fortnight later Flush barked again. He bit again. Then Barrett must have realized that he was now confronted with a passion, ~~that would not~~ compound of suffering, of pain, which no ~~beating~~ no remonstrance would control. The neglected Flush was overcome again. He ~~bit,~~ barked; he bit.

He scarcely noticing that in about ten days ~~there was a repetition of the first scene~~, but on that ~~even more violent.~~ Flush, then female, again when Mr. Browning, ~~[illegible] in the hall~~, ~~entered~~ met in the Barrett's presence, ~~such a scene took place that both~~ Miss Arabella ~~Barrett & Wilson~~ were presumably in the hall ~~to~~ with such violence that both Miss Arabella Barrett & Wilson ~~the maid~~ came running. Both these ladies took the gentleman's part. Mr. Browning humbly must have been forced — behaved his clothing much lacerated unforeseen — to tell Miss Barrett. He took the matter very seriously. When Flush came upstairs, & went — with the old Memory hope one more of finding sympathy, and extraordinary straight to ~~Miss Barrett~~ her, he, as she ~~had~~ admits "would not speak to him." Then he went, ~~with what in~~ as if from one judge to another, to Arabella, who said 'naughty Flush. Go away'. & then finally, with a last, a desperate hope to Wilson; but he, ~~who forbidden that the~~ violating that he had whipped him 'because it was right'; (Did not give him any consolation: all were hostile, cold, obdurate, blind misery. "Go" continued Miss Barrett

Wilson actually whipped him.

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he lay down on the floor at my feet looking from under his eyebrows at me. And

* ~~of the exact truth of the story~~ Exactly what happened this difficult to be altogether sure: but as far as can be ascertained Mr Browning arrived at three on Tuesday July 22nd, & was admitted. Flush was waiting in the hall. Mr Browning, with a simplicity that we may admire, but with an ignorance ~~of the working~~ of the heart that we cannot but deplore, had the temerity to offer him a packet of Cakes. To this insult there could be but one reply. Flush flung himself upon him barking violently. Miss Arabella Barrett & Wilson came running. There was a scene of tumult & confusion. Wilson ~~came to~~ ~~have~~ ~~mastered the dog~~ — they were three to one — & to have ~~beaten him~~ seized him & beat him. He was overpowered. Mr Browning

There were excuses for Miss Barrett no doubt. It was a time of unusual stress & difficulty for her. Her happiness, so far, the biographer to pass judgment upon the motives & character of those who lay their hearts in his hands. To elucidate, to record, to understand, these are his functions & he was committed to an adventure of considerable daring. She had, by this time, entered into engagements with Mr Browning which naturally ~~blinded her~~ ~~eyes~~ dazzled her eyes & absorbed her affections. But even Mr Browning could see that in her agitation, in her Championship, she was brought to the point of confusion & unjust cruelty. The reproach in

words that do him honour, to her insinuation that Flush
357 had no soul, "Dogs that are dog-like

The notion that such passion could be entertained
by physical love repelled him. "A 'muggle'? Oh, no —
A muggle Robert Browning knew, could have no
power; ~~the feeling was deep~~ Even he could realize that
the feeling that pervaded Flush was deeper, more complex
& lasting. the affection though trivial maybe was
Dogs have such memories!" & he went on to tell
358 the story of a dog who had been let down into a deep well
in order that a customer of a miller whom he
disliked might rescue him, & thus obliterate the
memory of some grievance hitherto unrelenting. And the
plan worked, & the dog's enemy changed to a faithful
Dogs have such memories!
Robert B. merely his own. to credit
~~Dogs have not only memories, but~~
friend. Dogs have also some subtlety, some sense that after
all, life has to be continued, life has to be faced, &
facts faced, Flush soon took an opportunity of
browsing. On July 26th, a few days after this
~~Some, he~~ the scene in the hall, Flush came into
Mrs Barrett's room. He went to Mr. Browning's
Chair. He "suddenly fell into a rapture". He
indicated to Mrs Barrett that the cakes — flat
as they must have been — were still on the table.
He bore no malice; he accepted the situation:
And after a short parley, in which Mrs Barrett
stated that the cakes were a sign of friendship,
363 that it seemed thoroughly that the
cakes were from Mr Browning,

So that the suddenly cute gentleman can hardly be considered seriously

Now the cakes had been forgotten: the cakes were stale. Miss ~~Barrett made before she gave them~~. The eating was, as Even Mrs Barrett seems to have realised more an formality, a ceremony, a final acknowledgment between the three of them that the state of things must be ended; that there had been faults on both sides: misunderstandings: that Mr Browning ~~had been~~ intentions had been friendly; in short that of Flush ate the cakes — the dry old cakes wh. he had rejected in their presence — favour — of wd. be taken by them all, as the partial to make up his mind to love you & not hate you for the future.

Two few things can do more to raise our opinion of Flush, to substitute him in our minds as a dog of whose passion high sensitive were just, whose nature however passionate, wilful, easily affected in joints was still tender that rings true under the blows of experience. & may be trusted to give out under the assaults of time. Jewels wonder robustness merely then the fact that he ate the cakes. He took the pledge, he that he was not to prove faithless. That he at least acted up to the spirit of the engagement he entered into, the future was to prove. But an event, now ~~before~~ happened which was calculated to test them all to the very detriment.

The Rake.

London, in the ~~year 1846~~ middle of the 19th Century, was a city of extraordinary contrasts. Splendid new streets were being built; old rickety were being laid with paving stones; neat homes, ornate shops, long rows of houses that testified to the wealth & fertility & respectability of the ~~[illegible]~~ families that were to inhabit them were rising somewhere from the muddy lanes, but lately infested with foot-pads. & Mrs Mitford coming to town in the year 1833 was more struck by the new houses than by any of the wonders of art. "All that you say of art is most elegant" she wrote to Sir William Elford, "But were you not struck with London? The town lately? That, in its stupendous improvements — Regent Street, the Regent's Park, & the new world all about Pall Mall, & again at Belgrave Square & Pimlico — always seems to me more beautiful & more wonderful than anything that it contains, fine & great as the collections are." But if you left the new world of Pall Mall, Belgrave Square & Pimlico, & went to ~~Seven Dials~~, St Giles, or Shoreditch, or Westminster, or St Pancras, ~~you saw~~ as Mr. Thomas Beames did, about the year 1850, ~~you saw, you smelt, you~~ you were astonished, appalled, could hardly indeed believe your eyes — such were the horrors that ~~[illegible]~~ lay that were tolerated within a ~~few~~ morning stroll of Wendover Street, Regent Street, ~~& other~~ the Home of Commons & other ~~most~~ most respectable quarters. The Thames stank so that the Commons sometimes

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had to unhand their dittys. In Westminster Cows were herded side by side, deep down, ~~in~~ under houses, in the basement, in the dark; & ~~their milk was drunk~~ but a family upon family lodged above them, but their milk was drunk, & their flesh eaten. In the Rookeries — & the most [illegible] & wretched contained are of these astonishing slaughtering — but for hundreds of years the poor had congloomerated in crowded tenements called Rookeries — glum, originally, ~~noble palaces~~ the palaces where nobles had dwelt, as some ceiling or marble testified: or rage up upon ~~the site of some ducal garden~~ in Holborn or the Strand. ~~Now~~ but now let out in ~~flats to~~ to unremunerative families; ~~who~~ or rebuilt in crazy & rickety tenements; swarmed over; but now fallen to ruin, or pulled down & rebuilt in the cheaper, darker, ~~most insanitary~~ & ~~methods~~. Foetid, insanitary slums. "Very few of parishes in London are without these haunts of destitution" wrote Mr. Beamer; "The most [illegible] parishes have their share." Here was the rookery, which was standing in 1846, at the bottom of the Tottenham Court Road; "Then one dense mass of houses" very old; very crowded; every room was open to every other; here the poorest of the poor crowded, as they had crowded for hundreds or years, crowding the narrow streets by day; filling the rooms, with their broken windows, by night. At the beginning of the reign of Anne, when had been happy & thriving, at day came to roost here at night; here they lodged, in some security; here with water laid on only twice a week, fetching a stagnant liquid from the Fleet Ditch to drink, or to wash in, swarming, populating, breeding, a small realm of their own, unvisited by the respectable, scarcely touched, hampered with by the police, seethed & nursed, died & bred, the lowest

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of the poor — while Mrs Stuffin expatiated on the beauties of Pall Mall & ~~Regent~~ Bunbury Street, & Miss Elizabeth Barrett — Mrs Arabel & Miss Henrietta went shopping in their carriage in Regent Street.

It was not to be wondered at that some of sometimes a claw reached out from Hyde & snatched something in the West End. Living chiefly by fraud with this Cache of Lawnemna & Mercy one could not wonder. Indeed nothing is proves more certainly the reality & the proximity of the Rookeries than the wholesomely with which the most delicately nurtured of the high accepted an occasional depredation. There ~~was~~ might be no law against them; but how enforce that law — had not accept robbery, blackmail or taint of the necessary order, just as one accepted the fact that a whole area, ~~of~~ just ~~beyond~~ beyond Oxford Street, was swarming with vice & misery & pestilence that nobody could check? Once, it was rumoured, a lady of ~~been~~ the humbler Street neighbourhood, had protested; she had refused to pay the ~~black~~ m ~~demand of their~~ sum demanded by a thief. And with what result? She was handed a parcel in which was wrapped up ~~containing~~ the head of her ~~dog~~ kitten. Nobody could do anything. ~~Nobody~~ Could rebuild the Rookeries; ~~There~~ were the smells. The cover the Rookeries only the crime & vice: one must accept the fact, & of horrible as that one dog was never off the chain.

Once already Flush had been claimed; ~~by there~~ ~~Lawlessness~~ indeed they had twice stolen him & said that they had given him back for a payment of six guineas. Now on

Chapter Three.

London in the middle of the nineteenth Century — we must remember very different from London as we know it now. It was a city of astounding contrasts — a city, ~~as we have~~ where, as we have seen, a nobleman from Shoreditch could whip a dog from the dwellings in Wimpole Street without exciting surprise or ~~[illegible]~~ a word of complaint or ~~[illegible]~~ the police. The mere sight ~~[illegible]~~ such ~~[illegible]~~ was nothing ~~[illegible]~~ out of the way in such an incident. For though Wimpole Street ~~was~~ breathed safety, security from every brick, one had only ~~through the new splendid streets which had~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the ~~Stupendous~~ improvements ~~which~~ had lately Regent Street & Regents Park & Park Place & Belgrave Sqr & Pimlico had lately risen in their splendour & so that Men returning home to town in the year 1833 might ... London city in the 'Stupendous improvements' ... more beautiful & more wonderful than anything that it contained ~~there were still~~ one had only to take a short stroll in another direction to ~~come upon quarters~~ be ~~horrified, outraged,~~ ~~the sight which were~~ be amazed for quite different reasons. ~~In the year~~ 1846 ~~for example~~ Not half an hours walk from Wimpole Street one might find merely in that famous purlieu ~~which was known~~ as the Rookery. ~~In 1846~~ It was still ~~standing~~ in 1846, as it had been in existence ~~stood~~ for hundreds of years; — a triangular maze at the bottom of Tottenham Court Road, ~~inhabited~~ by ~~a savage population~~, ~~crowded~~ upon which stood 'one dense mass of houses.. through which narrow & tortuous lanes curved & wound' Here conglomerated in one seething ~~mass~~ swarm ~~a~~ a vast swarm of Cadgers,

penniless, untaught. Starving, ~~but~~ breeding, ~~dying~~ diseased, men & women,

"So old, they only seemed not to fall" through the narrow & tortuous lanes curve & wind. There is no privacy here for any of the over-crowded population. Every apartment in the place is accessible from every other, by a dozen different approaches."

Here 'squeezing & jostling, grumbling & cursing' lived, & had lived for hundreds of years, ~~the~~ a whole population of starving, penniless, untaught men & women, breeding, ~~dying~~, diseased, dying. Stagnant filth lay in the middle of the street; filth choked up the dark passages; whoever ventured here saw high half stagnant windows worn crowded, & suffocate. Even by day the footway was flaked with more starving & loitering crowds; but by night, when there had strayed the great army of thieves, beggars, prostitutes who herd upon the West-end all day, the place was so foul that Mr. ~~Thomas Beames, M.A.~~ And this was only one of the Rookeries. Mr Thomas Beames M.A. took it into his head about the year 1850 to take a walk through London, he found such Rookeries in Westminster, in Shoreditch; Everywhere — in St Pancras, in Paddington, in Shoreditch; & also ~~check by Jowl with~~ "Very few parishes in London are without these haunts of depravity" he wrote "The most acute & active parishes have their share". In Westminster for example to found lonely cows were kept at the back of the house in New Street, two in each seven feet of space. They were killed there too; & the diseased meat was eaten & the diseased milk drunken by the poor who had already breathed in the vapours of disease there were no ventilators in the shed, crowded into their rooms —

Mr. Beamer, continuing his discoveries, found himself in ~~Bermondsey where there was such~~ Rotherhithe wherever — ~~often the poor had inherited some old house, where~~ sometimes ancient palaces, with courtyards & stair case: sometimes tumbledown gloomy hideous tenements run up by landlords who only allowed the water to run twice a week. He had seen places resembling wells: where children fished up water stagnant water green with putrescence in which they were going to drink — Indeed water — which they were going to drink — Indeed he could not say what he had seen, in print: & could only

expend to have water

Mercifully the Cholera had brought Lord Shaftesbury, Mr Arnold & others: but brothers etc: had come & seen with their own eyes — But

It was thankful when the Cholera came & forced the wealthy, who were building their Pimlicos, their Belgrave Squares, to come & see what ~~smells, what~~ plague spots, ~~pullulating with~~ typhus & cholera & vice & misery ~~still~~ stood not a stones throw from their fine new streets.

But the Cholera did not come until 1848; & in 1846 there was nothing for ~~the poor to do~~ at but to ~~stay~~ keep ~~quietly to the~~ carefully within the respectable areas, & to ~~keep~~ tie ~~their~~ their dogs on chains. ~~For Horsedith~~ & at any moment the black ~~hour~~ of Shoreditch or Whitechapel or St Giles might stretch & pounce ~~even on Mayfair.~~ upon the respectable wealthy & law abiding world which lay on its doorstep.

Nothing indeed can better illustrate the ~~contrasts~~ violent contrast ~~of darkness & cruelty in the London of 1846 than the~~ which divided ~~the~~ London of 1846, ~~into different worlds~~ which

to accept the relation of
Meredith & wrestle it

Lord Haslebury & Thus, helped
by the chairs, might in time
adjust the balance more
comfortably, but at present
there was nothing to be done.
If men are's own faults of
are forgot to lend one's
dog a bone.

the truth of what Mr. Beames hinted - for he did not dare to speak plainly - than the ~~Cabin~~ matter of fact way in which ~~the~~ such raids ~~were accepted.~~ of vice upon virtue, of poverty upon wealth, were accepted. When Flush was first stolen Miss Barrett ~~was not neither surprised nor took it with~~ was ~~not surprised~~, neither surprised ~~at~~ the fact nor in doubt as to what she had to do. The Captain of the bandits had to be seen, & his ~~sum~~ demands satisfied price paid.

Check by Jowl with a Rocky

That was the price one had to pay, in 1846, for living in Wimpole Street & owning a valuable spaniel. To send for the police, & refuse to pay ~~was~~ were out of the question.

~~Thereafter was accepted~~ A lady in the Wimpole Street region had once, to the dismay of her friends, refused to accept her part in the social system, with the result that her dog's head was handed her wrapped in a parcel. ~~It was therefore~~ There was nothing to be done. ~~And~~ When therefore, on ~~the~~ the morning of Tuesday September 2nd 1846 Miss Barrett went shopping ~~to~~ in Vere Street, she was scarcely surprised, after the first shock, to find that the bags had once more snatched out of her hands Flush from under her eyes & ~~the~~ had been off with them; he "was at my heels when I stepped up into the carriage. Having turned, I did not see Flush, & Arabel looked round for Flush — there was no Flush! She had been caught up in that moment, from under the wheels, to you understand? and the thief must have run with him & thrown him into a bag perhaps. It was such a shock to me — think of it! losing him in a moment, so! No

Was ~~[illegible]~~ Thereafter &

with Arabel

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wonder if I looked white, as Arabel said! So she began to comfort me by showing how certain it was that I should recover hair for ten pounds at most, & we came home ever so drearily.

Of course ~~Of yes~~. Mrs Barrett went on to think, they, with their knowledge of the intricacy of the social system, knew that everything would be arranged. But Flush, who had never given the matter a thought. He was completely ignorant of Economics. "... Flush" the ~~Explained~~ lamented "doesn't know that we can recover hair, & he is in the extremest despair all this while, poor darling Flush, with his fretful fears, & pretty whines ... &c. tonight."

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On getting home she had taken the usual steps. She had ~~asked~~ informed her brother Henry she had gone "directly to the Captain's bandely, ...

My poor Flush!"

~~Again~~ It would be difficult to exaggerate indeed ~~the cloud of horror that had now settled upon Flu~~ the suffering that Flush now went through. As Mrs Barrett said, Flush was ~~an~~ completely ignorant of the compact ~~which~~ arrived at between the Rossettis & Regent Street. All he knew was the glow, startling unremitted fact: one minute he was in the world of comfort & odours & obsequious shop attendants solicitous to put his head, to offer him – it may be – a maccaroon – the next, a hand snatched: a bag opened, he was bundled headlong into a

enough. And unpleasing sack, to be tumbled out & stood in the
light of day again — where? When this occasion it would
seem to have been ~~Houndsditch~~ Whitechapel. ~~And while~~
And on a September morning in the year 1888 what did
Whitechapel look like? ~~There must have been~~ The rooms
must have been dark; though the houses were broken; yet it
was crowded; with dogs, children, with women —
children. Nobody could breathe the jelly bone that was
thrown to him. Nobody could drink the green thick water.
There were smells of such various & virulent that Fleet,
who found Eau de Cologne disgusting must have been furious,
but worse was the baggy shiny flesh; the malevolent
trampling, shuffling; the violent cries & oaths. The
coarse punchings & jugglings; the tortures that matched
those that him to. When dinner hour came men and
dame. There wretches scarcely had food for themselves.
what they had they took with dirty fingers. Then night
came, & the whole story writhed & reeled; the sheets
~~yellow~~ but compare this muddy malevolent lane
with Bond Street & Bond Men — became full of
strange grunts & figures — men with bags on their
backs, accoutred feathered women. They too crowded
with the little squeaking men, dumped their bags
down & tumbled more dogs — lap dogs pet
dogs, beautiful shawls & pouches; together with
coins & rings & brooches & jewelry snatched off
the counter that Fleet knew so well. Then an
orgy began. Black paper was produced. Dogs barked;
children shrieked. As the beer was handed about,
these men & women — but they were more like apes &
chimpanzees in their rags, in their nakedness — came
to blows; seized each other necklaces; ~~tore~~
stole each other's jewelry; fought & screamed; wore
down into the lane; lay there crying & screaming:
never did darkness, or rain, descend upon Whitechapel
so night long.

So Flush must have passed that terrible night of the 2nd of September tied to a table leg, ravenous with hunger, but unable to touch the festering bone which somebody threw at him, or to give ~~a~~ more than one lick to the green smelling water which stood in a pail at the door. Gradually day dawned; Flush saw the ugly and the rough face of his enemies - the black cruel men who had snatched him, from a world new grown incredibly far away & unimaginably fair. ~~There was~~ a world in which gentlemen offered one rich cakes out of a paper bag; & one refused them from a scruple of honour: a world in which fresh pure water sparkled in a purple jar: a world where one complained that the scent of Eau-de-cologne was too strong to be bearable. So Flush looked back upon Wimpole Street, while the cord cut his leg, & the women fumbled off their tables, heard themselves off the floor where they had lain among sacks all night & staggered off to fetch ~~pots~~ of beer for their masters. All day he lay there tethered to the table leg: every time the door opened he looked up: perhaps somehow help was coming; ~~was~~ used hopes that somehow somebody he knew would come, that he would be freed, ~~to be~~ ~~[illegible]~~ hopes rose in him: but instead of Mrs Barrett, or ~~Mr~~ Wilson, or Mr Browning there was some ruffianly lad, some ~~big~~ hag, some half naked drunken creature who cursed him & kicked him ~~for whimpering~~ so that he lay down again, whimpering.

Meanwhile, forces ~~were~~ of which Flush could have

no conflicting wills had been found; were in being; were in conflict. ~~The Captain of the banditti, whose name was Taylor, had not come to Wimpole Street.~~

Then Barrett lay on her sofa in Wimpole Street expecting that the Capitani of the Banditti, whose name was Taylor, would come. He did not come. ~~And as she lay there, naturally what could she do, alone or helpless as she was.~~ But, in spiritually, that he would come, that he must give up his booty, she was confident. These creatures, she knew, only wanted money: & hard pressed for money though she was at the moment, hard pressed in many ways of which flush for all his acumen could have little inkling, she was ready ~~to~~ to give money, & turn & attention to the one object of getting Flush back. But another force was in conflict with her, which might prove harder to deal with than the brute force of Taylor's minions & their bags. Its first thought had been to confide everything to Robert Browning. He who shared every momentary joy & sorrow of hers — ~~headache~~ or comfort or discomfort — would not fail of sympathy now. And indeed he was sorry. — sorry for her, at any rate, though why Flush, who could spend "all that barking & fanciful valour ... on such enemies as Mr. Kenyon, merely" should have "only blandness & waggings of the tail for the man with the bag" he could not conceive. — (But here he did Flush, as Miss Barrett pointed out a grave injustice — {Flush, the dogstealer assured her "If he cd. have bitten, he would have bitten — if

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he could have yelled he would have yelled. Indeed on a
former occasion the ingenuous Thy observed, that he
"was a difficult Dog to get, he was so distrustful"
511 They had to stay him with a string, just bein into a
Cab, ~~before~~ they land, before. Poor Flush!")
Robert Browning was sorry for Mrs Barrett of course:
but – ~~a~~ this was ~~a face that~~ the mind was less a
that was far more hostile to Flush's liberty than a
hot gnats could be – ~~he hated the whole system.~~
~~He~~ as it was appeared – he differed ~~a~~ ~~some~~
on point very gravely from her. ~~Flush had~~ ~~Wanted~~
~~The only~~ For when, Wednesday had passed, & there
had been no sign from Mr. Taylor, Mrs Barrett
began to take a different tone.
On ~~Wednesday~~ still on Wednesday the
But sorrow for ~~Flush~~ Mrs Barrett was by no means
Mr. Browning's only emotion. As Wednesday
wore on, Mrs Barrett realised that the
graphology were going to give a harder bargain
Thy time. ~~About four,~~ "Two hours ago" she wrote.
311 began, laugh." so she wrote, appealing
with confidence to her lover for sympathy.
~~But though~~ ~~her sympathy was~~ As it happened
~~She had spoken on a nerve in~~ this was a case –
perhaps the only one in all their lives – when Mr.
Barrett & Robert Browning did not see eye to

together. Supposing that she had paid the ransom & that Flush was safe, Robert Browning burst out, in anger, in indignation, in real annoyance, not with Mrs Barrett, nor with Flush, but with the whole intolerable system to which for the lack of reason — that she was the — Mrs Barrett had yielded. She had given these ruffians what they asked, had she!

Such an explosion of wrath, of reason, in the woman as a delicate woman, who, it must be added, was still without her dog, still in the hands of the ruffians, might have made a less resolute & less loving heart react & give way. May an crucified in the forties would have said after all — all my duty as a woman, born to be a wife, is submission. In these matters, men are our masters. Far from it. Robert Browning might thunder & rationalize in Camberwell: the fee lying on the sofa in Wimpole Street would ~~lightning~~ & return lightning, hard. She accepted the argument: she took up the challenge. She seized her pen.

"Do you mean to say

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Such were the ~~lessons~~ that Flush had found: love, reason, authority, the forces of civilization against the forces of barbarity. And that defilement & hurtled through the still December air. Letters rapidly were flying from New Cross to Wimpole Street; ~~from~~ Wimpole

Great to have Cross - Should one submit to blackmail? How far should one adhere to abstract principles? Are abstract principles of more value than love. What about a the old Duke? What about Flush's suffering? What does one owe an animal trusted to one's care? What a wife! What a husband? The hoot Wanne was quoted. ~~Then to~~ Anecdote illustrating were raked up from the rich resources of a highly stored mind.

Still ~~Flush did not come~~ ~~Jno.~~ Mr. Boyd

Still Flush waited in Whitechapel. Nobody came. Sent to assure her - that she was committing 'an awful sin"

While these arguments, this - wet, this - heavy, this passion. Flashed & fulminated in Wimpole Street, Flush remained pettered to the table leg in Whitechapel. None came.

The second day of his imprisonment was now waning. He had fasted neither food nor drink. The hours the bells were last obliterating all memories of his - hart life. Almost in a dream he lay. ~~remembering and~~ confusedly heavy, seeing, ~~&~~ severably dreamy. Was that old Dog Mitford run, ~~flung~~ flung himself at his wife's feet because his ribs were sore! Was that the voice of Herrenhaffrock ~~and~~ saying that there wasn't enough in the house to hang his butcher bill? And that ruffly - was it Mr Mitford coming upstairs a Wimpole St? He raised his eyes: he saw only the wind ~~flashing~~ balling high the broken glass. He sank back again, feverish, disappointed, despairing. The parrots, the

canaries kept up their incessant chatter & chirping. One dog, perhaps, had been led off by a ruffian; & had not returned. The candles were stuck on their sconces again; again the strange old men. The haunted women came peering round the broken windows. Another night had fallen. Like some foul black vulture, over this

All now depended upon Mrs Barrett, & it must be admitted that Mrs Barrett found herself in a very difficult situation. ~~Her~~ She was besieged on all sides. There was the man by whom of all men she most expected ~~telling her that of the fact the Tappers~~ accusing her of lamentable weakness, & she said the Tappers; ~~here was her brother Henry~~, here was her. Begged Even, sending to tell her that in his eyes too, it would be an 'awful sin': he was, still ~~her ancient ally Henry~~ her father had sent round the matter was ~~proving bit~~ lukewarm. ~~Taylor the Captain~~ had been ~~on Wednesday last~~. When Taylor the Captain did come, at last on Wednesday Evening, ~~Mr. Barrett~~ & offered to take six guineas 'with half a guinea for himself, 515 Considering the trouble of the mediation'; 'Papa' desired Henry to refuse to pay; upon which Mrs Barrett was very angry & told Henry to pay the money, which was less than the Echeiled. Henry however did refuse. He 'Talked of Papa' & persuaded me that Taylor would come to-day with a lower charge'. Then met on all sides by argument, by remonstrance,

by her father's anger, her brother's ~~to~~ lukewarmness, what was
Miss Barrett to do? ~~Not~~ Reason, virtue, prudence,
convention all dictated that she should lie on her sofa &
do nothing. But that was not her way. Fait the
dishonour of Mr. Browning's attachment — If it were
merely a case of giving her own life for to uphold
an abstract principle, certainly she would do it. But
522 she had no right ~~she considered~~ to sacrifice other
lives — innocent lives — lives that depended on her: she
could scarcely touch her dinner. A dog in the mews
had been yelping & moaning all day. "Think of
Flush" he seemed to say. And so, if Flush did
not come, & if 'people won't do as I choose, I
shall go down tomorrow morning myself & bring
Flush back with me!" Friday passed. ~~Flush~~
~~had not been away~~ Saturday came. Flush
had not been away since Tuesday morning.
Miss Barrett made up her mind. It was no
use for Henry to say that she might "be robbed &
murdered" of the presents. She was going to
Wimpole Street in person. Off she went, in a cab,
with Wilson. ~~Consider~~ An invalid, whose
further journey had been carefully calculated down
to Regent's Park, one glimpse to Paddington
Railway Station, an occasional excursion with a
friend to some West-end shop, the new
venture to explore totally these unknown
regions where as Mr. Beamer said,
lights were seen that would not put into
prison, where indeed few of the wealthier classes
ever ventured. Soon they were beyond the

limit of the rule & formula. The cab got into obscure streets; the cabman stopped at a public house to ask his way. Already they had reached the fringe of the underworld, for at once two or three men came ~~running~~ out, & volunteered, ~~unless~~ before they were asked, as if they were in a conspiracy, 'Oh, you want to find Mr. Taylor, I dare say!' & another ran into a house unasked, & came out to say that Mr Taylor 'was not at home', but wouldn't I get out? Meanwhile a gang of men & boys had clustered round the cab. Lydia implored her mother to sit still. But her daughter & her mother had forced her to ~~for~~ come so far ~~into the trap~~ within range of robbery & murder. ~~Mrs. Taylor~~ & Would not the lady come in & see Mr. Taylor? the gang demanded. When Mrs Barrett refused, some one began at the woman heavily 'an immense feminine bandit,... fat enough to have had an easy existence all her life,'— She asked them to come in & sit down. For Mr Taylor ~~was~~ would be back, it might be in minutes — it might be in hours. Lydia here signified her horror at the suggestion by looking at Mrs Barrett's skirts. Mrs Barrett refused to leave the cab: She had come to ~~ask~~ remind Mr. Taylor — to "keep his promise about the celebration of a dog he had promised to endure — & I begged him to induce him to go to Wimbledon to-morrow in the course of the day." 'Oh yes Certainly' said the lady. & indeed the did believe that Taylor had left home ~~this~~ And, precisely on that business" —

with further politeness, the fat female bandit jerking her head to the right & the left with the most easy 'Good' they drove away. Women were sure that they had only just escaped with their lives. Miss Barrett, who heavily, sitting in her flowing Ulster in the cab had received an extraordinary impression from that busy furniture of Manning Street, Shoreditch, or wherever it was. Here then was a life she had never seen, & was indeed never to see again. For ten minutes she had been surrounded by poverty, lubricity, adventure. Face — 'the face of these men!' she exclaimed — who roughly, wildly, more brutal than any she had imagined had pressed round her. She had looked, for one second, into the little rooms where vice & virtue, unspeakable poverty & unlicensed wealth crammed together. She compared this with the bedroom at Wimpole Street — the bath, the book case. She was reluctant to go. The stored up every face, every word, every attitude in her memory. Her powers seemed stimulated. Her imagination fired. Long afterwards, in Rome, she recalled that morning: she recalled Manning Street, Shoreditch, or wherever it was: & she wrote fast & furiously, with passion, ardour, something being of the Lassitude & brilliance of a mind released at last, the sane in Aurora Leigh. One cannot doubt that some extraordinary regret mingled with her relief when the cab rolled back into the decorous west end streets again: awful as it was that such haunts should

Exit, still what a sickening of the blood they forced Ezekiel to see.
Had she been a man, had she been even a strong woman,
with a little money of her own, how she would have
loved to take her share in rebuilding these slums in
fraternizing with the men of a sort that straddling
mixture of barbarity, humour, cowardice, life
which made Wentworth Street look incredibly
starched, prim, safe & uninteresting when one related to it.
But her relations with Mr. Taylor were not to end
so smoothly as the fat female bandit had promised.
But when the cab stopped at number 50, & she went indoors.
& was alone she must have known in her heart that
this one glimpse of the London that had been at her
doors all these years was her first, & her last. She
would never visit Shoreditch again.

But still force battled against flesh.
Even this heroic expedition ~~on the part~~ of Miss
Barrett & Wilson in the cab to Taylor was
at one to end his suffering. True, ~~her~~ Taylor, as
the fat female bandit promised, came to
Wentworth Street that evening. He asked Virginia
527 down & promised to bring back the dog. Miss
Barrett sent down the money, telling
them to treat the gentleman's honour
as there seemed no other way for it, when,
unfortunately one of the innumerable
brothers - Alfred on this occasion - came in,
met Taylor in the passage called him
'a swindler, a liar, & a thief' & brought down a heavy

a shower of Shoreditch oaths, followed by the curse that 'as he hoped to be saved, we should never see our dog again' — & rushed out of the house! Winkle ~~Great~~ had ~~Mr. Barrett come in then what would have happened~~, ~~Miss Barrett~~ all this Miss Barrett heard. She was furious. She was enraged with her brother, who had no right to risk Flush's life for ~~the sake~~ his own gratification; she was terrified in all earnest for Flush, whose head might even now be falling at Taylor's command under the knife. Though she had only just returned from Shoreditch, though it was evening now, & getting dark, & the whole household were crying out against her for being "quite mad", & obstinate & willful" — indeed she was 'called as many names as Mr. Taylor' — downstairs she went & announced her intention of going straight back in person to Shoreditch. Nothing would dissuade her. At length, another brother, Septimus, persuaded her 'to be in a good humour & go to my room again' by promising to take the 2½ guineas at once to Mr. Taylor, & often them with all civility. She retired to her room; & retired down again to wait. At last at 8 o'clock Flush arrived. He was darted upstairs to Miss Barrett's room; he then ~~in~~ drank "his purple cup of water, filled three times over". He was stunned

~~by this~~ His rescue must have stunned him no less than his capture. He was not so enthusiastic about seeing me as I expected, Mrs Barrett confessed. "He seemed bewildered & frightened" — He was dirty & much thinner. He was continually drinking. Whenever anyone said 'Poor Fleush, did the naughty men take you away?" he put up his head & moaned & yelled."

Two weeks for Fleush's sake

For what Mrs Barrett had seen for ten minutes with the eye of an artist, he had endured from Thursday Morning to Saturday Evening.

Thursday Morning to Saturday Evening. Mrs Ephrenia had fallen into those mysterious regions ~~of Darkness & Pain~~ where ~~to~~ sight & sounds turn & tumble, ~~in~~ the strange ~~to~~ world of dumbness. The world that is only hit, on the surface, by a sudden bark, or a gesture of the paws, a world of seething mass forms, ~~smells, a few~~ tremendous smells, a few lights, hunger, thirst & cold — a dog's world, a strangely world, & it must be remembered, when we try to picture the boundaries & the proportions of such a world ~~for~~ from how ancient a stock the Spaniel springs, for how many ages he has smelt & hunted, & attached himself ~~so~~ firmly instinctively to this man & not to that, how he has conceived loves & hates that we cannot account for, how vivid & brilliant scents & stubble & hares & game have been to him, how packed & stored his imagination has been whether he feels in his own person, or with the imagination of his whole race — & then conceive how the only eyeless

~~possible for him has~~ all ~~than~~ our outlets - hearing, politics, music, architecture, religion, have been denied him - ~~have his only~~ how he is forced to live among creatures of different birth, ~~whose~~ to whom his bark is only a rough sound, ~~& his whimper~~ But enough. Mrs Barrett Browning had enchanted on her sofa, & Flush fell round curled on his rug.

~~After such an experience~~

~~To suffer, after such~~

For the biographer therefore to assume that he can trace every shade of Flush's feelings, ~~to~~ as he lay on Mrs Barrett's room after this would be ~~been~~ ~~more~~ ~~considerably~~ ~~more Tenera~~ need more audacity than for him to assume an equal knowledge of Mrs Barrett's ~~own ambition~~ feelings. But it is plain that after this his confidence must have been greatly shaken. London was a place ~~where~~ of the most sudden & terrifying contrasts. Down Bond Street, up Vere Street dark men with bags came prowling. There were no longer safe places. Human nature was more bracket & fied than Flush could have imagined. The life of a dog was precarious. Even while he lay on Mrs Barrett's rug, some unfortunate pug, spaniel or retriever was tied to the table leg in ~~Mr Taylor's~~ Darkest misery. ~~To walk~~ In short his confidence was shaken. His nature, if not embittered, rendered suspicious, darkened, shadowed. ~~And~~ But as he lay - for he decided these ~~seasons~~ times need when he was taken out - on the rug, his senses, always the acute, seemed ~~after~~ even quicker than before.

Extreme than he had thought - at the one end Mrs Barrett - at the other Taylor's mongrel.

life went on precisely as it had done before Sept. entered the second, & yet he sensed some thing, he had strange premonitions of change, of something about to happen. It was true that the routine of the bedroom was not changed — ~~Their~~ the usual visitors came at the usual times — the brothers visited their sister as usual, & in the evening Mr Barrett paid his visit. There was nothing in word or manner to indicate a change. And yet there were ~~feelings~~ things that ~~struck him~~ Mr. Barrett never noticed that Flush noticed, just as the silent appeal would be perceptible to him & not to his mate. Mrs ~~Barrett~~ Little books came for Mrs Barrett — there was a pair of flannel lined slippers: another pair of ~~checker board shoes~~ — what did they portend? And her ~~behaviour~~ manner when they were alone was ~~frequently absorbed~~; she was often writing, & hiding letters; often perturbed; loved to knit her brows when Mr Browning's usual visits came, as if she were thinking, planning, contriving. She was no longer so open, so fearlessly as she used to be. She had a determined, & a closed air. For these reasons, & there were many others too fine for our apprehension — indescribable ~~moments, by~~ shades of nervousness in the touch of her hand when she kissed him, of some sorrow when she bestowed "Mr Browning's" kiss on Flush's head (for Mr. Browning, on hearing of his return, had sealed their compact by sending a kiss, & would have sent cakes had he not been indisposed) — Flush could only conclude that a journey was in the air: yes but what journey? with whom? where?

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Roots

Change: there was a perturbation of an affair: a decision — which tho' the head glossy fur glistened, before, was now different —

on the top of Flush's head

It was said, shortly, that the ~~Barrett's~~ house was going to be haunted — & indeed, as Flush could have told them, the house needed painting — it was very dark, it was very dirty; & then there was talk of going into the country while the house was painted. They were going, it was said, to a place called Great Bookham. ~~Letters~~ Were the ~~felt~~ letters then intended for Great Bookham? Flush thought not. Flush he inherited — what he could hardly say. He felt that London, Wimpole Street had become intolerable. Dreadful men lived in London who chained one to the table leg. ~~It was a~~ One must escape ~~if~~ if possible. But how — & where? & when? & what would happen to them next? ~~There can be no doubt that the day~~ As the day drew on his restlessness increased. Wilson seemed changed too. Was she not also secretly packing her things in her bedroom — opening drawers, & shutting them in a hurry — arranging baskets in a bag; & the servants a small case, & taking them out & getting them in again. Flush was perfectly certain that these preparations were mysterious.

Flamme lick the thick boots

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(Sept 10th ~~Dear Dad~~)

And then on Saturday September 12th, Mrs Barrett left the house ~~about~~ soon after ten in the morning. ~~to~~ Wilson went with her. They went in a fly. They did not take Flush. Wilson came back alone. But by half past four that afternoon, Mrs Barrett was back in her bedroom again: she was, as usual, writing one of those letters that as Flush knew by this time always had to catch the post because they were addressed to her

Browning. But before she lay down as she took her things off, he saw her slip something shiney & curlay, mostly off her left hand & hurriedly hide it. That this action was connected with the letter. The bosh & the secrecy. adventure he had no doubt. Yet things went on in the same way

Next day, Sunday, all the big brothers were sitting in Mrs Barrett's room laughing, talking & discussing their walks after leaving town, & two or three women from Hereford Street were there too. What a din there was, to be sure; & in the midst of them Chatter, some Chr bells began ringing. & one of the Cadris said "What bells are those?" & Mrs Henrietta who was standing behind Mrs Barrett's Chair said "Marylebone Church bells!"

And then Mr. Kenyon came.

The days passed. Mr Barrett came in on Sunday & was very kind. Mr. Kenyon came again.

~~And then, on Friday night flight all flutter~~

A house was taken at Tunbridge Wells. But on Friday night flight - it seems certain - saw two boxes - one a light bag & the other a carpet bag going ~~down~~ bearing Mrs.

B took a portmanteau & a carpet bag
a light bag & a carpet bag between W. & Mrs B.
The boxes left on ~~Sat.~~ Friday morn.

Sunday francs, a Sunday & Wednesday. It was settled now that the whole family ~~was~~ was to move the next week to a house at Great Bookham — a great house & the house were to be painted — great events both. for it was many years since the family had left Wimpole Street, many years since number fifty had been painted. ~~And~~ But on Friday night ~~Flush~~ all ~~that~~ Flush's ~~had expected~~ suspicions were turned to certainty — two bags — one belonging to Ex Wilson, one to Miss Barrett left the house. What Wilsons contained, he did not know: but he saw with his own eyes that Miss Barrett's box — a small one — contained the flannel lined slippers, the thick boots & ~~all t~~ a basket containing all the letters she had received ~~in~~ since January 1845 from Mr. Browning. Next ~~morning~~ day, ~~but~~ about ~~a quarter to four~~, ~~when~~ the house was empty & quiet, ~~when~~ came ~~fully dressed with~~ ~~Miss Barrett's groom~~; Miss Barrett who was fully dressed was after luncheon Miss Barrett dressed ready as if for a walk. About a quarter to four Wilson appeared, also fully dressed. The house was quiet & empty as usual at that hour of the afternoon — ~~They~~ ~~not~~ ~~They had~~ the hour when Mr. Browning had come so often, & been admitted to sit alone with Miss Barrett. Now they left the bedroom. Everything was in order, as if to receive visitors — there was the big table, & the little table with [redacted] reading round it; the

bookcase covered in red morocco, the fine beasts, & the curtains embroidered with a castle gate & heraldry, still letting the light through, ~~the~~ while the ivy spread its green leaves as usual. Miss Barrett leaned; Flush halted. Both of them knew that they would never set eyes upon the bedrooms, or the beasts, or the [illegible] again. Then, the ~~And~~, stepping gently downstairs, ~~they~~ ~~the~~ hat the drawing room, the study & the dining room, all smelling as they usually ~~had~~ smelt on a June September afternoon, they ~~reached the~~ opened the hall door & hailed a fly; stepped gently into the fly.

They had suffered much in that room, they had enjoyed much.

~~"Dove"~~ "To Hodgson," said Miss Barrett;

~~And Flush sat on her knee;~~

~~Had~~ ~~&~~ Miss Barrett hailed a fly.

"To Hodgsons" she said.

Flush sat upright on her knee. ~~For no~~ nothing ~~made~~ him bark. No power in the world could have ~~made~~ him bark.

Chapter 5

Italy & Love.

When he was taken ~~[illegible]~~ to the boy in which the ~~Italian~~ railway authorities compelled Doop at that time to travel, Flush ~~found humbly in Italy~~ might well have trembled. ~~How~~ What right was to greet him & now? Last time he had ~~suffered imprisonment~~ he had been fumbled out into a ~~[illegible]~~ dark room in Seven Dials. ~~Calm & cool, smells, he always had~~ not an atmosphere thick with smoke, with smells; he had been beaten upon at. Now he found humbly in Italy. What change could be more astonishing?

with anticipation of what was to come.

Here were no horses, lovely. Here were ~~wide~~ bare bright rooms: flooded with light: dark kindly people talking a language which, if unintelligible, was musical. Certainly it was not Shoreditch: no was it Wimpole Street. There was no basement, no kitchen smells, no drawing room, dining room study. The ~~[illegible]~~ was floors were filled. ~~They were~~ The rooms were almost simply. There was no sound of traffic. There were no red carpets, or dark corners; no beds; no books. Everything housed a fine bright light though it was ~~October~~. late autumn. They gave him roasted chestnuts instead of mutton chops. — The colour, the freshness of it, they was astonishing. The rain ceased down, & where were the cabs, the horses, the shops? There was hardly any one in the streets. The streets were muddy lanes. The houses were pink & bright & clean coloured. Back strange. Mule carts came trotting. The light, the air, the sense of adventure went to his head.

Italy was not England. ~~Where~~ In every detail the life was different. It was not merely that there were no embroidered blinds to the windows, no mutton chops for dinner. The social world was completely changed. In England, as we have seen, there was a Spaniel Club which regulated the race, kept its ranks pure. But seemingly all scrutiny has so far failed to reveal the existence of a Spaniel Club in Italy. That there were dogs, was perfectly true; but there was a society of mongrels, a society that had grown up without standards or any of that close attention to nice distinctions which had for centuries prevailed in England. The great debts owed in the shape of Pisa. If spaniels there were they propagated topknots, light noses with insanity. One of the most perpetual jangling galls ~~a traveller~~ perhaps that the traveller can put to himself is what breed is dear that dog belonged? — a question he has to conclude that it's a cur. That scrupulous attention to points which we in England take as a matter of course, that perpetual attention to the education, upbringing of dogs, those admirably approved kennels which are the glory of every English high road, those establishments for boarding out dogs, for treating, doctoring, nursing, for whelping cows, ~~for~~ all that enormous network of organization in England that the breed of dogs shall be kept pure, healthy, a well bred is ~~not only~~ unknown in Italy now; what the Italy of Pisa was in the year 1846 we can scarcely imagine.

Flush therefore must have felt keenly regularly alone.

Chapter Five.

Life in Italy ~~& Love~~.

When at length Flush was taken from the box in which the railway authorities then condemned a dog to travel, ~~an extraordinary light met his eyes~~. he was completely ~~completely nonplussed by what he imagined in the extreme by his new surroundings~~: he found himself in completely new surroundings. A clear bright light ~~flooded over everything~~ poured over him: a hot sun pouring down upon his head. The first smells that met his nostrils were the sharp aromatic smells of roasting chestnuts & burning pine & wood. ~~There~~ ~~A hot sun poured into the room~~ in spite of the shutters which was warmer. There were no soft carpets. The rooms themselves were bare. There were no soft carpets clothing round the paws, & but little furniture & but of doors one half of the street was bitterly cold, the other burning hot. The pavement was dry as bone: & smells The smells in the street, which was more like a lane than a street were of extreme pungency, ~~& pungency~~. There was no mud, no rain standing in puddles. There was more of that confusion, richness of smell ~~that made a walk~~ ~~the Bond Street, or Regent Street do that with~~ There was none of that rich confusion of smell that made a walk down Bond Street or Regent Street, ~~to~~ among heavily draped human bodies & dubbing: no did odours of beef, mutton & hairy coats rise from areas. On the other hand, there was a smell ~~that~~ ~~E bottom unknown~~ to Flush – ~~a~~ could not at first account for – a smell that seemed to come from the ~~the~~ 'what the ~~from~~ the ~~a cage~~ stone, the rough abraded stone that cope were constantly ~~from~~ rubbing against – ~~a~~ ~~the~~ a keen smell often used that made the nostrils & sneeze that came wafted in great puffs from within these shadowy cold houses from ~~where an this~~ which he was so often pulling him. The shaded women smelt too differently from English beggars: &

Cho: Nurses November when he fetched he cd. hear her feet on the tiles. & undraped.

An cd. keep his feathers dry even in Norah Hugh

However when he strolled into these great halls, where there was a
humming, a sighing & an incessant sweet tickling smell – nobody seemed
to mind. ~~Neigh thrill voice speak a language~~
The voices were higher & sweet, speaking a musical language.
~~Voices~~ ~~just~~ often with great violence. Instead of solid
hum of traffic, there was a rattling, a creaking, a jingling,
a shouting. Laughter also just very distracting.
The social world two very completely changed. One
In London one felt decently not round to the better bourgeoisie
behaviour.

Afterwards

He felt humbly an aristocrat among a plebeian mob. He
~~felt humbly an~~ felt Mrs Barrett – or as she was now
called Mrs Browning – complained that he had
grown impudent & noisy. Given the natural result of this
sudden & complete relaxation of all the rules of
English society. ~~The James~~ It told upon them all to some
extent, according to their character. Mrs Browning
delighted in the change. How simple, how sensible, how cheap, how
charming it was, she was always exclaiming, compared
with the absurd conventionality & pomposity & stupidity of
English life! Turkeys cost only Italian Lira
shillings, & one shoe, & one bed. Then went to
Course blazing diamonds. One could live in Italy
for half a third of the price that one paid in England
~~without penetrated~~ But then Mrs Browning had
always been inclined to underrate the value of settled habits &
domestic decorum. Wilson did not give up her English
habits without a fight for them. When she went first
went to a gallery, she walked out at once, ~~because Venus~~
was naked. ~~But it was not~~ And, when, though this
other was a lady's an English lady maid she took up
her station at the door of the reception room
had a right the ladies sought the grand ducal court
the 'Sand' was all very shabby in comparison with our

(Struck back by the indecency of the Venus)

English Court". Even so, the robust figure gone, the Orsini body guard caught her attention & attracted her beyond her reason.

And if love could thus brandish his torch in such a way as to cloud Wolsey's eye & banish from thence the old, the decrepit, the respectable figures of butlers & footmen of Grimsdale Street, we can scarcely be surprised if Flint too, after a momentary struggle, did what he would never have done had he continued to live ~~under the~~ in a land where the rules of the Spanish Club are held in observance. He was not a stranger to the passion of love. It is almost certain that he was the father of a child ~~when~~ before he came to Grimsdale Street. An allusion in one of Mrs Mulford's letters ~~to~~ seems to prove that he had been mated successfully with a lady of quality in the neighbourhood of Three Mile Cross. Opportunities for love were few in Grimsdale Street, & there is no evidence that he had any ~~lasting~~ affection for any of his kind ~~while he was~~ during his residence there. ~~A match~~ Catiline the ~~bloodhound was obviously~~ unsuitable, & Henrietta Black, Jan King Charles was & the Spanish Club would never have countenanced an alliance with Mrs Henrietta Black, Jan King Charles. Spanish. Nature had effectually ~~contra~~ interposed to prevent any but the wisest the most performing intercourse between Flint & Catiline the bloodhound. ~~but~~

But in Italy social conventions crumbled fast. At first Flint did his best to maintain the traditions of the English aristocrat. But not only was it impossible to maintain his ~~rank~~ impossible to overawe the Canaille - with the exception of the twenty pounds that Dr. Mulford had secured for him - that he had been selected by Mr. Pusey, brother to the famous Ecclesiastic - but that he possessed Eugene of the Jesuits recommended by the Spanish Club - that he was capable of marriage

with the first spaniels of Wave, — these claims were so much stuck to the mongrel curs of Asia, who had never heard of Dr Nuttall, Mr. Purly, or the Spaniel Club of Great Britain: ~~and then~~, and when circumstances crowded, nature asserts her sway. Flush was a dog, ~~state in the~~ whose passions, ~~like~~ were more the less vigorous for repression. At the ~~Cou~~ He can scarcely be blamed if in the circumstances he gave way, as Wilson gave way, as Mrs Browning gave way; the felt bubble upon his three general impulses which had long sealed down; & he upon despair of finding anyone of his own degree (save for the "spotted spaniel up the alley") in this republican land, where all claims to birth, breeding had been demolished among the dogs, & Dove loved with a fondness he did as they did: & in fairness to Flush it must be remembered that he inherited, though his spaniels Anarton, some of the Latin vivacity, the Latin Eleutheria. The Latin amorousness which is never found, & therefore has no need to be combated, in the Northern dogs, mastiffs, sheepdogs, & other racy indigenous to Great Britain. Had Miss Emily Brontë kept, or in Wallace Hall Manor visited, Italy there can be no doubt that they would have kept more severely to the customs of the country. But this makes to claim for Flush the virtues of dogs who were strong freemen were he was weak.

Chapter ~~Three~~ Five: (revision)

~~When Flush~~ In those days it was the barbarous habit of the railway authorities to confine dogs in boxes when they travelled. When Flush emerged from this blackness confinement he must have thought ~~humbly~~ in that the world had lost its senses. There was Miss Barrett ~~sitting~~ on a rock in the ~~middle~~ midst of rushing water with water roaring round her. ~~He dashed through the water~~ A fountain sprinkled up. There were dark trees standing round. Mr Browning splashed. Flush dashed through the water to where the "saint" splashed his ~~humbly~~ drenched hennes. "... he is baptised in Petrarch's name" said Miss Barrett, or as they now called her. Of course, his valour, though it had cost her a wetting. Then he was shut in his box again, & emerged ~~ona moa in a~~ ~~next tuna~~ in a ~~very large ancient home,~~ ona moa, in a room, this tuna, in a large home — but in a ~~home~~ house. That had nothing in common with Miss Barrett's bedroom, in a house that was utterly different from 50 Gloucester Place.

She was a Latin by descent. He had talent in him — all the Latin vivacity, the Latin susceptibility, the Latin ~~as~~ amorosity ~~in a word~~ which are so foreign to the bulldog, the mastiff & the old English sheep dog of Miss Brontë's Keeper, or Sir Walter Scott's Maida. If he had visited Italy & been exposed to the temptations to which Flush was exposed, there is no doubt ~~but~~ that they would have triumphed. But Flush was not Keeper, nor was he Maida; & soon Mr Browning had to write that Flush had grown very overbearing in Italy,

but 'goes out every day & thanks Graham to the little dogs."

Then they moved to Fiesole & took up their residence in the Palazzo Guidi. Spring came, & with it the astonishing heat of Italy. As the acacias & the lilacs ~~trees~~ & the Judas trees burst into blossom, as the sun blazed through the olive trees, ~~Flash~~ must have felt that the old ~~world~~ dark world of Wimpole Street was burnt to ashes. X Nothing remained of those Indian shawls, those of all those books & red morocco.

all ~~Miss Barrett. Its significant that he always called her so —~~

They walked in the Cascine, ~~instead of Regents~~ ~~where~~ Park, & saw the grass like emeralds, & the pheasants all alive & flying. What a contrast with Regents Park ~~As~~ Nothing remained of all those Indian shawls & muffs & rugs. Miss Barrett — for he persisted in so calling her — took a ~~chair~~ the thinnest white muslins, & sat out on the balcony ~~with~~ in the thinnest white muslin. The rooms were large & so light, ~~that~~ & ~~of that very~~ though by degrees some furniture filled them, — indeed there were in time Legat sofas & 3 of chests of drawers — they were of very different fashion from the furniture of Wimpole Street. Over the fireplace in the drawing room hung a glass with a carved gilt frame, & two cupids held the lights. The drawing room chairs were old & carved. Green blinds hung in front of the windows, & keep out the redness of the sun. All the bedrooms were hung with white muslin curtains. The bedroom was furnished with a walnutwood chest of drawers inlaid with ivory; & another of ebony & ivory, with gilt handles representing Tritons holding masks. But everything was light & carved & gilt. ~~&~~

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though in the old days furniture had meant to that dear to Flush & he had been inclined to cherish cupboard & wardrobe he was now ~~so largely indifferent to the needs of women~~ ~~He~~ was defended very little upon rooms. He went out every day. ~~Mr. Browning~~ The presence of Mr. Browning in ~~the house~~ The Compact 'to love & not bite Mr Browning had ~~good. He~~ borne fruit. He was on the best of terms with the man who had worn Red gloves - carried an umbrella.; ~~They were a~~ The presence of this Sweetness, erudite, restless & robust man undoubtedly had its share in ~~shaping Flush's~~ the development & ~~establishment of Flush's character.~~ They went out daily together. Indeed, if Mr Browning were late in returning "he stands up before him & barks in the most imperious manner towards." Indeed, he was no longer dependent upon a companion. He took the lead in his own hands & went out by himself. "... he goes out by himself & stays hours together" with Mrs. Browning - "— knows every street in Florence — will have his own way in everything." His appearance had improved. "The hair has grown again all glossily & brown, & if you were to see how his eyes blaze! but his insolence of vain-glory is incredible even for Flush "..." She added, with a fairness of judgment that does her honour "For wisdom, he gets wiser & wiser. Nobody would ever call Flush, Folly" (Folly was his name afterwards in King Charles) — . His Browning though she might deplore certain characteristics, had the magnanimity to reflect that she only by losing one's own life to the full & testing & exploring one's own capacities that one attains wisdom.

Sales
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And indeed if the biographer had to choose one word in which to sum up the change ~~that was now manifest~~ in Flush, it would be the one that Mrs Browning with ~~the adv~~ a poet's aptitude hereby chose — wisdom. The Italian ~~young~~ yearning freedom, sun had refined him & matured the excitable ~~which had~~ made him ~~of youth~~ of youth. The nervous ~~emotional instability~~ ~~of youth — exaggerated in his case by the~~ & emotional dog who had flung himself barking violently upon Mr. Kenyon because he wore a cloak, upon Mrs Browning, because he carried an umbrella, & now stood by Mrs Browning's side on the balcony & watched the ~~little Italian opera~~ ~~ablaze with fireflies of~~ ~~festivals~~ jubilant exuberance of Italian joy — the whole Piazza Indaga was illuminated — when the Grand Duke was restored; & ~~shared his~~ was saw the ~~triumphal procession~~, Grand Duke & carriage here in "the midst of a "milky way" of wavering torchlights! The people poured down the streets: ~~Mrs B. in the balcony clapped & clapped.~~ Two way candles were lit in each other's love windows. Mrs. B. clapped & clapped. As for Flush, he took a more philosophic view. His ~~enthusiasm was~~ He "~~taken the~~ ~~the story~~ were high ~~political sentiments~~, were a little upset. "There was his tail at his disposal & he wagged it" "Take the Grand Duke as a sort of neighbour's dog, whom it is proper two to patronize, but... Grand Duke come & go: now the Austrians would be riding through the same streets, & the people would be scowling & the windows dark: as for ~~Flush, it was better to keep his heart on horseback~~

increasing years

Lami Cornelius was ~~Pp to feel~~ ~~was he~~ head in a French jail.

'was Flush out in fear'.

Letter K. 1.357

to celebrate the establishment
of the civil guard

Then all the grand Father of Creation; to enjoy these delights which so can be held & found & clasped to one in a fresh mound that annihilates time.

It is vain to hope our hopes on Grand Dukes: ~~better far find~~ they are apt to disappoint one in the long run; "the spotted spaniel in the alley to the left" is more fondness, in his opinion of more "inherent merit & dignity", & so Adam ~~gave homage~~ to the delights of love & let the ~~the~~ let the bombs & vandals the world sweep by, & trotted off down some alley on those private affairs which ~~a wife~~ yield truer satisfaction in the long run. ~~The woman, Stefanowitz nature of the dog~~ ~~Mr. Browning voted with amusement~~

x with complete composure. He ~~had~~ sate for three & half hours at the window with his front paws on sill, & his ears hanging down (p. 340) which the people paraded & thronged, & ~~clouds~~ & white hand kerchiefs fluttering like doves x & clouds of flowers & laurel leaves floating down on the heads of those who passed; but he confessed at last that he thought they were rather long about it, ... & off he ran, which Mr & Mrs Browning were still waving handkerchiefs; ~~for a dog had called~~; he went the night out, & only got back the next morning, looking, as Mr B said, "very guilty & conscious of evil on his return." He appeared that, sick of the pomp & ceremony he had gone off with a little dog who happened at the moment; & had come back tired & guilty as if he had been celebrating other matters than the establishment of the civic peace.

"Quite disgraceful for a respectable dog like him" Mr Browning said reproachfully

Letter K.
357

a few months later (Feb. 1848) there was the same hubbub all over again. The Grand Duke had planted a Cuccagna to Flush. So they ~~two~~ again there were crowds — wax tapers blazing in front of the Casa Guidi windows, where candles burnt, & Mr. B. again stood clapping: "Though the dark night a great flock of stars Seemed swooping up the piazza" — as for Flush.

Mr. Browning whose enthusiasm burnt brightly & brightly, was annoyed, perhaps slightly annoyed by these proofs of Flush's philosophical temper. All glances ~~seemed~~ were distasteful to him: — ~~the see~~ not only crowds & popular rejoicings — but pomade, crape, & all reflections of nature. They took him in a bullock cart to Vallombrosa. "He hated Vallombrosa, & was frightened out of his wits by the pine forests . . ., Flush" Mr B. concluded, "like civilized life, & the society of bitches dogs with turned up tails, such as Florence abounds with."

L. K.
342.

It was happy for him that he did, for soon, his philosophy was to be put

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Letter L
Jan.

to the test. He had no taste for travel; none whatever for distant prospects & nature in her loneliness. & But suddenly they came to a town, his interest was roused at once. & when Mr. Browning bought those thick boots that she had bought in Lucca, & started off on a donkey, up a precipice, where one step wd. have been fatal, — along the sky-lined ridge of exhausted forests, from rocky Cambry road to, mountain, with a fourteen hours journey Flush was dispirited. It ~~that suddenly~~ They came to a town

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that one cannot be said to have attained wisdom, in the Greek sense of the word, until one has proved every sense & every faculty — which cannot be satisfactorily contrived in a back bed room in Wimpole Street.

But ~~the though~~ Mr. ~~& Mrs. Browning stood all that time~~ on the ~~windows~~, Flush, ~~after all, had waited for~~ who had always shown an unlaring knowledge of what is to come, whose note for change, was as keen as his sense of harm, already involved, there can be no doubt, that he would need all his whiteness ~~& would soon have to adapt himself~~ to a change. ~~One morning~~ The day came when he was required to bear himself well in the great trial that was now to befall he laid upon him. ~~He was~~ The day he was required to have a baby. What he could have done without a choice under ordinary circumstances. But as well as another. But this was no ordinary baby, & no greater trial could have been devised than to Flush, he was given to understand, Mr. & Mrs. Browning his baby. It was hard on the household.

Mrs. Browning had had a baby. And when we reflect that, in Mr Browning's life, Flush had never acknowledged that she was a married woman, that he had clung to the maiden name, and can yet some inkling of the inner drama ~~with~~ which ~~he~~ had persisted. ~~surrounded~~ he — she had always been to him as he saw her first. Their relationship had been the permanent, the important one. ~~And~~ tender needs these appearances — wedding rings, husbands — had always been this ~~opera~~ scene of Miss Barrett — as somebody Flush unbroached, intact, the same as she had been in Wimpole Street, the angel who had rescued him. Their relation had been the permanent the important one — & now Mrs Barrett had somehow been transformed beyond his knowledge, past Mr. Browning, into a mother.

Could one say that?

Chard born
March 9th 1849

He had wisdom: wherever accepted the baby; ate paper;
suffered from fleas; was doctored; went to Vallombrosa;
disliked scenery; preferred wet days; went to England.

Carlyle:

Came back. The baby.
Sleep: warmth. Jane Kingsley.

But Flush, who had always shown an uncanny
knowledge of what is to come, whose nose for change
was as keen as his nose for a hare, already
perceived, we cannot doubt, that a change impended, a
one that ~~could only be met~~ by philosophy & courage. ~~&~~
Miss Jane that he had accepted Mr. Browning &
faithfully observed the compact to love & not bite
that had been ratified by the stale cakes on
Sept. 1846. But he had ~~never firmly refused to~~
~~allow that the~~ accepted Mr. Browning on terms of his own:
he had never allowed Mr. Browning to transform her in
Mrs. Browning. She was always to Flush "Miss Barrett."
Their relationship – the relationship ~~of the~~ between the bedroom at
Wimpole Street – continued unbroken, ~~even if another~~
peculiar, untouched by the fact that the man – ~~& he~~ who
was a man Flush liked admired & respected from the bottom
of his heart – ~~had established a lasting~~ taken up his
living with them. with another. There can be no
~~do~~ Flush accepted Mr Browning fully & entirely; he
admired & respected him from the bottom of his heart
but he did not admit that. But now a
break undoubtedly occurred; now the relationship
with Miss Barrett was complicated in a way that
Flush cannot have foreseen. On March 9th 1849
Miss Barrett had a ~~bad~~ baby. For a fortnight

Around need wholeness covered love is meet.

Flush, as Mr Browning wrote to Miss Mitford, "fell into deep melancholy & was proof against all attentions lavished on him." But soon he renounced his philosophy; he took stock of the world as the world was known to him; he accepted the fact, though it seems likely that his relationship with Miss Barrett — this is to say ~~Bathsheba~~ he now saw the propriety of calling her Mrs Browning & thus signified ~~to those who~~ to them delicately but conclusively that he realized that their relations had changed. "He begins to be consoled a little & even condescends to patronize the cradle" Mrs. Browning wrote. And then, as the days drew on, Flush realized that childhood has certain advantages; ~~or~~ even certain similarities. ~~with~~ ~~the philosophy of dogs.~~ ~~He had already felt~~ As we have seen the curious lack of perspective ~~grown in a woman he had devoured~~, Flush exasperated his master, to stand on balconies waving handkerchiefs, to light candles & throw flowers all because a Grand Duke has said this or that! No dog ever, when he went upstairs & found his good friend Wilson sitting with her hands on a table listening ~~intently to tapping~~ to the voice of spirits which assured her that she was about to be taken ill, his common sense was nauseated: Mr. Home seemed to him as bad as a knife grinder; the coming of the baby was much more to his taste. ~~He~~ There was a good sense, a sense of fact, a belief in the reality of physical objects which made him feel sympathy with the baby. The baby returned Flush's respect. ~~When they went out together~~, soon July 1849 the baby was

There seems of perspective was peculiar.

was spring on Flush's frame, & ~~which Flush was by nature~~
& pulling his ears, except which, ~~though he would have~~ he disliked
412 indifferently. He allowed the baby to ride on his back,
hide his face: ~~he~~ indeed, ~~he only for~~ he liked him just
as she liked it, which was not the case.
Now and, when they went on their summer expeditions —
for Mr. Browning's health had improved wonderfully —
the boots she had brought to London for Italian mountains
were pulled on & the longest nothing gave scramble
among hills — ~~when~~ Flush had a companion ~~in the baby~~
who shared his ~~too entire~~ taste view. ~~Nobody enjoyed~~
~~travelling more than Flush~~ Now, as anybody who has
followed his prototype with sympathy will be sure,
Flush was an admirable traveller. He loved the rattle of
carriage over roads. "Never, Mr Browning wrote, "was there
2 a dog in a carriage before his time!"
382 He was wealth, adventurous, high-mettled, good-humoured,
an admirable temper easily with mischievous &
~~too~~ — But the drawback with scenery. The tendency of
men & women to sit up & look at mountains, rivers
had always seemed to him insufferable. "He has a
supreme contempt for ~~hills~~ trees & hills or anything
of that kind," & indeed when there was nothing to be
seen from the window but trees & hills" he
2 drew in his head from the window & didn't
383 consider it worth looking at." ~~But~~
He ~~lay work~~ Mr & Mrs Browning might make
what images, what reflections, deduce what they chose from
about wonderful the afternoon sky. Their —
colour, the almost visionary scenery of the
Apennines, & the sudden transitions & vistas

indestructibility of these mountains, the chestnut forests
dropping by their own weight into the deep ravines,
the rocks cloven & clawed by the living torrents " " " -
Oh how Flush yawned, how he stretched his legs & scratched his
head — but once let them enter a village, then " his
eyes were starting out of his head with eagerness;
he looked left, he looked right, you would conclude
he was taking notes or preparing them."
Now in these preferences he was upheld by the baby
~~Pen~~ Wordsmann as they flew to call him, but his
absurd name was soon to yield to Penini. The two
sleeps philosophic enough in a carriage, but speed
with Flush. Forests & mountains he felt were
nothing to crowded streets with carriages & men.

Mr B to Miss 114

~~More & more as time went on, on Flush~~
~~Humanously left~~ The actual, the palpable, what we
can feel & taste & enjoy at the moment, ~~were~~
~~this~~ now became the staple of Flush's philosophy.
Nature of course, ~~which has~~ did her best to float this
that obstinate twist in the very heart of things which no
~~Flush~~ philosopher can think away or suffer silently
interposed on home, ~~with the complete~~ & taught
him that the most reasonable ~~schemes of~~ life, the
most profound theories of life, are at the mercy of
fate. What is most durable is at the same time
intertwined with what we most detest. Flush,
who ~~loved Sun~~ ~~Heat~~, they say, mother of all good things,
~~the grapes which Flush ate~~ the sun that brought the
vines made the streets warm at night, that made the
pavements dry, that ripened the grapes that Flush
loved to devour voraciously brought also the
great scourge of ~~the~~ fleas. "Savonarola's martyrdom

1 In 393

here" wrote Mr. Browning "is vastly worse than Flush's in the summer." For with the summer came the fleas. They lurked in his coat. ~~His curly~~ He tore his curls off in his irritation: He was sometimes tortured to the verge ~~of~~ sometimes of despair. ~~Mr. B. The Brownings~~ were sager to help. He tore off his curls with the irritation. Mrs Mr Browning and he by. they went down on their knees & combed him "with a basin of water on one side" but it was useless. "He suffers to such a degree from fleas that I cannot bear to witness it". ~~But~~ said Mr. Browning, & at length, when the people of Florence so far as — with ~~their Italian callousness to dogs~~ that indifference to dogs which the traveller notices as among the less amiable characteristics of a gifted race — ~~insulted~~ insulted him by the imputation of mange, Mr. Browning "wouldn't bear it any longer (he is as fond of Flush as I am), & taking a pair of scissors, clipped him all over into the likeness of a lion!" In the old days, the days of Wimpole Street, when the shortest question brought into play the full forces of social criticism, Flush would have bitterly resented any treatment, however salutary that conflicted with the rules of the Manual Club & brought down the censure of the society. But now, with another protective prevailing, ~~& he~~ ~~though~~ balancing one thing with another he decided that health is ~~better than~~ with cleanliness is better than disease with beauty & though ugly, was in the highest spirits. ~~He~~ He devoured grapes; he swam in the sea; ~~his~~ he gave himself wholly & rapturously — but with that touch of discretion in rapture that was now characteristic of him to the

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In the old days for a Cocker Spaniel to have gone about clipped like a lion

delight of health, & warmth, & Italy. ~~Only sometimes he must have~~
pondered. ~~Strange things took place among~~ The baby Carra for
him, played with him, & indeed prayed for him. 'That he
might regain his Curls!' ~~Only one~~ All was well: the
~~Curls~~ ~~Yet a~~ Just as he was ~~about to~~ ~~would had~~ he had
fractured vanity & jealousy; love was showered on him; the
heat ~~afternoon of the days of Florence was~~ he came & went as
he chose. And yet – sometimes he must have paused;
sometimes as he was about to burst into the drawing room he
must have stopped. Doubts must have overcome him.
~~Strange~~ ~~A sense of strangeness~~, strange intimations,
hints, savours from a world beyond he then must have reached
his nostrils. What was Wilson doing sitting at a
table ~~which reeled & heaved beneath~~ rapt in meditation?
Suddenly the table reeled & heaved beneath his fingers &
~~He went off into a state of the strangest ecstasy.~~
Then Wilson began sobbing at a furious rate;
~~Mr Browning took the papers~~ then he went to his room &
was ill. Strange men came about the house.
A shrouded darkened air ~~has~~ hung over the drawing room.
Perhaps, on a furtive, crouched under the table at Mr
~~Mr~~ Browning's feet, he heard raps & taps & exclamations;
saw them clutching at hands, ~~&~~ exclaiming that
they had hold of some thing hard – ~~ex~~ blurting out
in an agonized voice words that to him seemed
like jibberish – ~~the~~ stammered, he whimpered
but one can scarcely doubt that ~~an such~~
~~sitting was enough~~ for him & that finding the
door then & made his escape into the sun, into the
street, into that alley where the spotted spaniel
lived. ~~Partly~~, & ~~only~~ again discovered his doubts
of human extravagance in a the arms of ~~his~~ the
spotted spaniel.

No, no, he could not ~~[illegible]~~ believe in floating hands, or in the

nerves

~~[illegible]~~ that rump up table legs, or that Wilson had

the tremulous & shaking

suddenly become the mouthpiece of some distracted
ghost, ~~whose~~ — but he trotted into the hot streets,
he found consolation in smell, in touch, in the
cavernous blackness & coolness of some arch: in the
dry brittle heat of the olive fields, in the taste of grapes, in
the fresh ~~fresh~~ slap & sting of the waves. His
appearance improved. His coat shone lustrous.

~~The final trial of his philosophy however was~~
~~But it is easy to be a philosopher when every~~
It is all very well to philosophise ~~in surroundings~~
~~that~~ when every sight & smell ~~is~~ serves but to affirm &
consolidate approve. ~~For~~ ~~It was~~ A far more severe
test of Flush's ~~Flush's~~ the wisdom that Flush had
acquired in Florence ~~was~~ It was one thing to
believe in Democracy, in fraternity, & warmth, sun, ~~walk the~~
the dominance of the senses in Florence: another to hold
to those beliefs in the sobriety, order, discipline, the mud, the
dark, the highly organised social life of London.
Twice Flush was to ~~prove how far he had held fast to his~~
he returned to England,
undergo the test. Twice
saw Wimpole Street, took his walks in the stately
neighbourhood of Regents Park & ~~the~~ Bond St.
Mr. Browning actually went into the house again.
"As to the drawing room, they seemed to me
smaller & darker, somehow, & the furniture wanted
~~The paint the~~
fitness & convenience," he wrote.

Letters
141

Perhaps they & Flush
~~whether~~ ~~they~~ ~~Flush~~ ~~ventured~~ upstairs into the
back bedroom, ~~whether they~~ & looked at the
perhaps the busts & the curt a embroidered blind, the

sofa, & the Mr. Browning's arm chair were still there - perhaps
the Church bells rang out. Certainly Mr Browning visited the
Church & knew the stone where they had stood when they were married
But how dark, inconvenient, & expensive the life was; how
badly the homes were arranged; how did dirt
prevail that the streets were full of splendour of the
dog, the care lavished upon them, their beauty, their breeding
the importance attached to them, the frequency of dog shows,
the severity of the social standard, the strictness with
which the canons of the Kennel Club were observed
must have gratified Flush - he must often have felt
that this was his home. That his past life was; that here
his powers were valued at their true worth, & that
his talents - had the Brownings for example brought a little
horse in a shortness country - might have come to their
fullest fruition - But still he had to wear a lead;
the cholera had not yet passed London & its Taylors;
the lodgings were small; the doors had to be locked;
the streets were often heaped with mud; the streets
lacked the purging & illuminating effect, they formed a
Checkered, a richness a variety of their own. As for
society, verily was unitely regulated. Mrs
when Mrs Carlyle called upon Mr Browning no doubt she
had Nero with her. But Nero lacked the amenity,
the fineness of Flush. Nero was emphatically a
Drawing room dog. Fawning, shivering, sensitive,
sophisticated; ~~adoric~~ alive no doubt to a thousand
shades & modulation of demeanour that Flush had
given expression to, shocked behind by his
lapses of fashionable manners; apt to shiver & draw

homely up, & run to shelter in Mr Carlyle's stiff black skirts. No, for all its opulence, & that indescribable air of solidity & importance, & a celebrity that rolled on without shock or uncertainty, with a queen on the throne, & carriages with Dalmatian hounds running behind, ~~there was~~ Flush stood by it;—Flush felt, as he trotted home close to Wilson's skirts, these standards were not his standards, nor these manners any longer his. ~~They took~~ ~~how to see~~ ~~He saw~~ ~~what~~ London had to offer. ~~He saw~~ ~~many of the most famous men~~. But what is fame, ~~what is~~ what England had to offer. He did not disparage, he did not take dislike lightly to critics. But when, the visit was over at last, when they were actually crossing the channel, & that great teacher, that great preacher of silence & night & all the other Britannic virtues to Thomas Carlyle loomed up on deck, Flush ~~showed the contrast with his~~ ~~humbly~~ showed his feelings simply but unmelancholy: he was sick & he was relieved off the deck on furniture, poor dog". Nor is there any said Mr. Browning, ~~[illegible]~~ record that he ever visited England again.

Chapter Five

Last Years & Death

Now the warm ~~shadows~~ of the ~~Italian Evening~~ long Italian day began to draw towards ~~evening~~ a close. ~~Flush was no longer young.~~ ~~It was~~ a day ~~had lived his life to the full~~ The heat began to go out of the olive groves; the ~~purple & gold~~ shadows lengthened; fireflies twinkled; stars were: the ~~sharp~~ edges of the Florentine hills lost their sharpness. Flush began to grow old. It, as there is reason to think, he was born in 1840, he was fourteen years of age in 1854 when Jenny, ~~the~~ prayed 'that Flush's hair may grow'. ~~& reckoning~~ & that prayer, ~~uttered~~ in March 1854 in Rome, is ~~at the moment of writing~~ The last mention of Flush that has so far been made public occurs in a prayer, offered by Jenny, in March 1854 – 'that Flush's hair may grow'. ~~He would then, if we~~ ~~accept the~~ ~~If we accept~~ ~~If we suppose that~~ If ~~then~~ he was born, as seems certain, in 1840 or in 1841 at latest, he was then a dog of thirteen or fourteen years – ~~an age that~~ humanly ~~speaking, but~~ reckoning: but by the dog reckoning he was aged about ~~60~~ sixty five. a ripe age, but an age that is still in healthy people a happy, a mellow, a fruitful age. But at sixty four many of your most active men Consider that their active work is done. The wisest – & Flush was wise – leave the conduct of the world to others & ~~retire to the lying~~ seek retirement & practice contemplation. It is pleasant to think

that Flush came to be ~~regarded as~~ occupy a dignified & honoured position among the dogs of Florence. ~~His~~ Everybody knew him: ~~his~~ ~~Eye~~ Everybody ~~made way for him~~ & ~~gladly~~ welcomed the sight of the familiar red gold coat, ~~his~~ his feathered feet, his long & curly ears. Their eyes were less bright than before they burnt with a softer, mellower light. The journal comes of the pavement were reserved for him in winter, the shade in summer — & he never entirely lost his English dislike of ~~Italian~~ Italian heat, & his English susceptibility to Italian fleas. The young dogs would gather round him. They would confide their peccadilloes, sure of a kindly listener; & ask advice, sure of a wise counsellor. Nothing can have exceeded his chivalry to the other sex. Doubtless he had children new to the third & fourth generation: but he was eminently a dog of the market place, a dog of the public street & the fact that he ~~had~~ had to consider humbly, in the social sense disdained, that he had voluntarily ~~at the~~ renounced his rank, & contracted alliances which were not recognised by the Kennel Club, which the Spaniel Club would ignore, no doubt had its weight in loosening the family ties, the strict bonds of family life; for ~~when a~~ ~~of an English~~ the most tolerant & democratic English peer — shall we say the late Duke of Devonshire or Norfolk — would hardly care to assert strictly the right of the a coal black son by a negress, or a ~~coff~~ yellow son by a Chinese lady, to inherit the ancestral splendours of Arundel & Chatsworth. ~~He must have known too~~

to Scullery & headlong Career.

sometimes deaf Mr. Kerhup stopped to speak to him — sometimes
violent Mr Landor heard in his headlong passage. Mrs
Isa Blagden. There can be no doubt, would stop to pat
his head. And when the troops were marching, & the
Same Army, when the whole of Italy was divided by some
great clamour — & talk of freedom — liberty — Garibaldi
& Cavour & the French & the Austrian, the Emperor —
the fire flew from lip to lip, when the homes were
lit up as for Victory, or darkened for defeat, Flush
there can be no doubt, ~~kept all~~ ~~[illegible]~~ entered the days of
Florence ~~[illegible] while he spoke of England~~;
with his own sage wisdom; & then fanned the edge
of their ardour with paper & ~~[illegible]~~ broader channels.

Then doubtless he would be led on to tell stories
of England; where Democracy prevailed, & freedom &
liberty: where nevertheless ~~he had~~ slaves unfortunate
to ~~walk~~ down Wimpole Street gave on a lead,
~~lest one be~~ Chatti; he would have to explain, a
Chain made of leather & steel, lest one should be
kidnapped (that is thrown into a bag) &
imprisoned in Seven Dials — a Dutcet, he would have
to endeavour to explain, where dogs are chained to
Cabs legs, by black faced men, & given no water.
Then, kindly, he would tell over again the
whole story of these three famous imprisonments, &
the dogs would crowd round him to listen, &
he would go on, to tell them about old Mr.
Mitford, & the greyhound, about Three Miles
Cross, & the hunting & the coursing, about
Keren Happuck & Sam, & how Mr. Pursey
brother in law to Mr. Pursey — but then a sense of

ridiculous would come to his help, & he would wrap his tail & lash & hop off
laugh again; stretching lazily in the shadow of the Piazza dei
Signori; & the young boys, who had never heard the
story before, would ask some attractive girl, with
~~something of~~ look of the that amended him of that
highly born lady — her name was as called him — to whom
Mrs Mitford — had introduced him one spring at Reading
long, long ago. ~~And~~

But there was one subject that he never dreamed:
Mrs Barrett's name never left his lips. Nowhere the faintest
might pity him; however he might be asked to tell
the story of those years, before Mr. Browning came,
when he lay on the sofa in the back bed room at
Mrs Barrett's flat, with the five busts & the
table & the book case covered in red morocco,
he was dumb. And though he had been present, day
after day & heard every word that Mr Browning
said to Mrs Barrett, & she to him, by
turning the pages that Mr Browning had
Mrs Barrett, he was afraid to be drawn.
~~There was the~~ ~~How can he be so doubt but that~~
Mr. Browning remained for him, in spite of his
Browning, in spite of Penini, in spite of the spirits
& the Grand Dukes, always the same — something
higher, purer, more lovely than admiring mortals.
As for ordinary men, he dared not. ~~He had~~
The ~~staff~~ kept intact, preserved in the vessel of his
complete innocence, all that she had said,
all that she had done, all that they
meant to each other. More the still
day on the sofa in the drawing room. Many a

time & Flush broke up the street parties to trot home & sit beside her in ~~the~~ when the Venetian blinds were drawn to keep out the heat, or when, for she started to grow weaker, & was more to fear the winter as she had feared it in ~~the~~ London, the great pine logs blazed in the chimney; & the lit up the naked cupids which upheld the mirror over the fire place.

Yes, he was growing old; & the shelter of a room came to suit him better than the clamour of the street. He slept long hours now, with his head drooping over his paws: he lay curled on the end of the sofa sleeping. ~~And~~ Voices, cries, the crack of ~~a~~ whips in the street entered into his dreams. He scarcely knew if he were sleeping or waking, whether this was the truth or a dream. ~~Back & back to~~

Was he hunting in some primeval forest, among trees, men, rabbits? How the men shouted! what strange language were they speaking! The air echoed with that mysterious syllable 'span' — the more sound & fury shuddered his blood & made him quiver — then he slept. And then again woke. Ah how he was hunting again; but not among dark men & leather jerkins. These were fanciled & jewelled. A lady all beflowered & jewel sprinkled sat on a hill halfway. He slept again. Again he woke. A very cheerful chuckle was close to his. But a loud voice bawled & swore, & he left him. He was scampering out on sunny fresh meadows. Suddenly, some one lifted him & covered him with shawls: & he ~~kept~~ was hidden

from the light of day. And then he felt but wearily. And
then he saw Mrs Barrett, very pale, on the sofa. And then
time hastened – endless aeons of time. And then he was
imprisoned. And then he was in a bottomless hell.
But there was Mrs Barrett at the window.
Mrs Barrett – Mrs Barrett! And then they were
going up Wimpole Street in a hack chaise. And then they
were in a ship. And then – She slept again. And
behold – she was on a rock in the midst of
raging waters, he sprang to her across the wild
And here he lifted his head & she should arise from
her sofa. And then he slept again. The seas
were roaring him. Ah, Mr Browning knelt beside
him with a hazel. Mr Browning clothed his coat.
And then, was that Mr Carlyle? He felt
violently sick. What a noise the people
made singing under the window! How the
stars were lit: & then, here was
a baby holding his hand. He shook them.
And here, at last was Mrs Barrett bending
down to him, & they were together alone on
fine day among the grass & radiance of
Marylebone.

–

Robert Browning was buried in Westminster Abbey.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning in a church in Florence.
Flush lies 'in the vaults beneath the Casa Guidi'
& above him 'roses.'

29 Feb 1932

Robinson Crusoe.

There are many ways of approaching ~~these~~ this classical volumes, & which shall we choose? Shall we begin by saying that since Sidney died at Zutphen leaving the Arcadia unfinished great changes had come over English life, & ~~were reflected in~~ over English prose? a The middle class had ~~become articulate~~ come into existence, able to read, & ~~longing~~ anxious to read ~~about itself~~? not about the lives of princes & princesses but about ~~business~~ men & themselves & their humdrum lives? Prose had lost its frills & furbelows & became 'clear, naked, natural', & fitter to express the truth of things than the poetry. That is certainly one way of approaching Robinson Crusoe; ~~but before we choose it,~~ but ~~no doubt~~ there is also another. ~~one~~ Through ~~his life~~ ~~Defoe was a~~ the life of the author. ~~Defoe was born either in 1660 or~~ ~~in 1661. he was a~~ And here, in the delightful heavenly pastures of biography, we may spend many more hours than we need to read Robinson Crusoe from cover to cover. The date of his birth is doubtful: was it 1660 or 1661? Then again, did he spell his name in one word or in two? And who were his ancestors? Was he ever in love, & what were his relations with Stanley Stanwick & the Wheys? Is his house still standing & what are our emotions when we visit his grave? Nobody who has any acquaintance with English literature needs to be told that many lives can be spent — have been spent, delightfully in ~~the~~ tracing the growth & development of English prose fiction, & in verifying the facts of in these ~~fragments~~ in

in tracing the ~~development~~ epoch of the novel, in examining the lives of novelists. Only now & then, as we turn from theory to biography, & from biography ~~back again~~ to theory, a doubt insinuates itself, if one

However we may wind & wrangle, loiter & dally in our approach to books, a lonely battle waits us at the end. ~~There is the book itself awaits~~ There ~~is the book itself~~ is a piece of business to be transacted between writer & reader before any further dealings are possible & to be remembered in the middle of this that Wilkes proved much to the spectator, or that ~~the story of~~ Robinson Crusoe is founded upon the adventures of Alexander Selkirk was distraction or a wrong. ~~We do not want details: he was seductive~~: ~~For we have to master~~ Our first task is to master his perspective.

curious silent adventures

that his hair was brown, or that he sold stockings,

Robinson Crusoe, it may be is a case in point.
He is a masterpiece, & his a masterpiece largely because Defoe has throughout kept consistently true to his own sense of ~~proportion~~ perspective. ~~From the first words~~ When he lifts his pen ~~with the first words~~ he is in complete control of his material. ~~on the first page, he knows on the first page he is such complete control of his material that~~ ~~He writes forte semper~~ From the first page an attitude is assumed with the first sentence on the first page: ~~everything that follows serves to~~ is in keeping, ~~until at last we are brought to believe~~ with it whether the reader the elderly man who tells the story is Defoe or another. He is shrewd, slowly. middle class. He disapproves of extravagance. He deprecates exaggeration. He resents the conventions. The readers are induced to believe that whatever he tells us will be strictly true: & ~~that of anything he~~ ~~would be inclined to underrate the~~ that he is more inclined to underrate than to overstate. ~~He takes~~ plain statements, & makes ~~no fact judgments.~~ ~~has no eye for appearances: he prefers fact to theories.~~ ~~Their method of~~ His style is perfectly adapted to this method. It is plain, clear, & matter-of-fact in ~~the extreme.~~ It is a robust middle class way. ~~When a storm rages, Then the most violent adventures~~ Not a word of description is wasted. When a storm rages he uses the most ordinary words "the sea went mountains high & broke upon us every three or four minutes" — ~~but~~ & goes on to say how the foremast was cut away; ~~when at last~~ ~~In the utmost carelessness~~ He conveys a sense of desolation & death by recording that all his fellows were drowned, there came ashore three hats, one cap, & two shoes that were

not fellows. ~~This unfortunate to catch him tripping~~. He
heaps up catalogues of facts; he ~~gives the~~ makes us
count barrels; we ~~are~~ take inventories of biscuits; we
know precisely how much rum there is, & how long it will
last: ~~solid objects~~ never were there so many jars &
corks & kegs & axes & knives, scissors & hatchets;
in any book before: never were they so solid, so
real, or indeed so objects of such dignity & importance.
~~And~~ ~~This detail, this drainer~~ This sober detail is at
~~first~~ this air of an apparent, middle class man
forcing to sea, when he had been far better following his
father business at home, is at first offensive.
~~Our~~ We are ~~thwarted~~ & flouted at every turn; &
not only in matters of detail. The subject - a man
alone on a desert island -

Let us look at the theme ~~theme~~ stay, largely, & lonely, first. The
story is that of a man who finds himself
alone upon a desert island. ~~The more hint~~
~~of~~ The mere hint of adventures & solitude & desert islands
is enough to rouse in us who have read the Tempest &
the Arcadia a vision of far blue lands, ~~of a~~
& sunrises & sunsets, of a man, isolated from his kind,
driven back upon nature, reflecting profoundly upon
the society, & the soul. ~~Some such idea as this~~
~~is~~ That in outline, is the root of book it may be
~~that does~~ ~~lies before us~~ ~~up seeking confirmation as we~~
before our ~~the minds~~ eyes, ~~tempting fr. & calls~~ requiring
confirmation. ~~So we read our proceed~~ We are
rudely contradicted. The outline is false in every
detail & has to be corrected at every turn.

after many perils & adventures

~~Our own~~ ~~We are compelled~~ to drop our own family ~~by~~
~~the~~ to drop

Let us then go back to the beginning. "I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family" —
~~It~~ ~~that~~ this clear, know precisely who I am, ~~that~~ am telling the story. I am, ~~by~~ fortunately a middle class man, placed in the middle of two extremes, between the mean & the great. All extremes appear to him ~~of~~ of doubtful value; he always admires the middle class virtues: temperance, moderation, quietness, health. The middle class man is 'not embarrass'd with the labours of the hand or the head, not rack'd to the life of slavery for daily bread, or harass'd with perplex'd circumstances which rob the soul of peace, & the body of rest" —
Thus when this cautious shrewd moderate being ~~is bar~~ betrays with a desire for adventure this ~~by ed~~ ~~me~~ a ~~deplorable~~ eccentricity; ~~it~~ meets with ~~adventures~~ this not in the wild storm, with ravages, is surprised, & buffeted about we can believe every ~~word he says~~. he meets them with perfect common sense: he finds them highly disagreeable: & his tendency is to exchange the extreme discomfort of a storm not ~~of~~ its ~~Splendour~~ ~~Opinion~~ but. ~~But~~ ~~And the~~ ~~No great artist could~~ ~~have been so~~ And soon it appears ~~that we are~~ ~~the~~ ~~No great artist could have~~ that this perfectly natural & entertaining portrait of himself ~~he~~ has been made ~~with a can~~ ~~delibe~~ with all the deliberation of a great artist; ~~in order to~~ ~~no~~ whatever happens is seen considerably through the shrewd middle mercantile eye. ~~Of~~ And yet the And this for this ~~very~~ reason that ~~before long we are~~ completely he has in completely at his mercy.
A flamboyant ~~adventurer~~ distinguished writer would

We feel that he mechanises everything he does. He is naturally cautious, apprehensive, conventional. Whatever he sees therefore we may be sure happened exactly as he says it. He is incapable of exaggeration. He notices, we feel, only a tenth part of the wonders of his situation. When the storm rages he is either very sick, or busily employed in cutting away the mast, or perfunctorily offering up a prayer to God. Then, before we know it, we are induced to open our mouths wider & wider. We are yielding to a startling marvel as a matter of course. That we should have looked at it for ~~many h~~ they had been offered us with more art. But how can we doubt this plain man? ~~The fact is~~, we begin to see, over his shoulder, a great deal more than he sees. ~~We~~ We watch his every step, we count the barrels & the casks; we reckon up how many nails he has & axes & saws: we note that the lamp of his way ~~which seems~~ is not nearly as large as the large, lovely light as it was the large lovely thing because he has made candles enough ~~see~~ in the intervening space. We never catch him stopping, any more than we should him stopping with the change had he sold us stockings behind the counter. And then he has only to give one glance at the sky & say on the grey & the morning, for us to ~~paint~~ see that wondrous dawn with a shout of rapture. He has only to sit at his table only to record how we woke up for an hour all these men to feel ~~the desolation of the island~~ are dead. He has only to say that he sat at a

This plain analysis is

8.

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And so by ~~means of fastening upon the fact~~ ~~giving~~ ~~strictly~~ ~~telling the truth~~, of heaping up in up with solid objects, — knives, carts, hatchet,

~~And so by~~ ~~we~~ ~~don't~~ by

So so by ~~fact~~ of telling the truth ~~about as he sees~~ it, ~~by bringing~~ by ~~giving effect to his~~ quietly art ~~affec~~ appears to him, he comes in the end to make common actions heroic, & common objects beautiful. ~~A supreme demo of~~ No shadow is allowed to mitigate the reality of any object. Sentimentalism, introspection, thoughts about the beauties & terrors of nature would have weakened the massive effect of fact. His efficient plain prose becomes singularly satisfactory. When the longing for human companionship overcomes him, he ~~describes it by~~ This enough for him to describe the effect upon the body for us to realize the effect upon the mind. His longing for human companionship ~~is given by~~ expressed by when he realizes that all the men in the ship that has after many years been wrecked on his island are dead, he expresses his longing for human society after the ~~sec~~ cry "O that it had been but one!" by ~~saying~~ describing the physical effect — "my hands would clench together, & my fingers pren the palms of my hands, that if I had any soft thing in my hand, it would have crush'd it involuntarily; & my teeth in my head would strike together, & set against one another so strong, that for some time I could not part them again"

Let the

Habitual terror, agony, horror, pathos, humour, —

over something of its magnificence to the fact that
writing was an uncommon art; ~~to~~ practised only by
those whose gift impelled them: ~~for~~ And perhaps the
dissipation of our gifts in so many channels - biography,
journalism, letter-writing, group - has ~~brought about~~
~~some impoverishment~~ weakened its strength in any one
direction. ~~However this may be, the letter writing~~
~~genius of the English~~ When words are worth a
guinea or two a thousand they run more freely
than they did when they had no monetary worth
whatever. However this may be, the letters of
Paston are other business letters: Davies letters are
letters of ceremony; Drummond's table talk leaves
out almost all that we want to know; ~~Even as late as the middle of the seventeenth century a~~
~~very clever woman like Dorothy Osborne~~
the great ladies - Lady Bedford, Lady Pembroke, Lady
Anne Clifford & Mrs Herbert - held ~~frequently~~ ~~the art of letter writing in scorn; & if they~~
who were later in the seventeenth century to
provide us with so much pleasure - never letters
wrote so fluently - to their agents, their dependants,
or so fartively, without letting their names to their
writing - that we can ~~know nothing of what they~~
~~thought of their friends, but only what their friends~~
~~thought of them~~. are completely in ignorance of their
loves & characters. Lady Bedford may be,
wrote
added to some chaplain to his brother's Arcadia;
what Donne thought of Lady Bedford we know;
but what Lady Bedford thought of Donne, we ~~shall~~
never be ~~able to~~ even surmise. Hence, though
the omission ~~matters nothing to us~~ leaves the
value of Donne's poetry untouched, we are
completely in the dark as to some points in his character.
Because, though we know, in general what Donne
thought of Lady Bedford we have knew mean or
knowing what Lady Bedford thought of Donne.

Car

And of

~~Thus the~~ made it impossible

~~These conditions~~ But Landseer's that ~~prevented~~ or for Horace Walpole made it impossible for ~~there to be a Boswell~~ to be born in the ~~Sixteenth Century~~, or for Horace Walpole ~~made it~~ Sixteenth Century ~~we need only use our imaginations to~~ ~~conditions made it far more impossible~~ for ~~such conditions made it~~ make it vain to look for ~~any imaginative~~ plays or poems by they ~~the had far greater~~ completely annihilated the Jane Austen & the Charlotte Brontë. For in addition to the were obviously likely to fall with far heavier weight upon the other sex. ~~In addition~~ In addition to the difficulties of writing — Donne's small house at Mitcham with its thin walls, crying children may stand as the type of the physical discomfort under which Elizabethan lived their domestic life — the woman, believed also that ~~writing was~~ was an unfeminine ~~coat, taffeta~~ unseemly act. ~~Only mad cats~~ ~~like the crazy~~ Duchess of ~~Newcastle wrote books~~ True, there might be a ~~that~~ lady here & there, whose rank secured her the adulation of servile ~~men of~~ & the dependant. The might scribble, bubble her scribblings. But the act was one that were ~~unseemly~~ yet to a ~~decent~~ the modest, sensitive of a lower station. ~~Then to Dorothy Osborne, writing in 1654,~~ "Sure the poor woman is a little distracted" Dorothy comments, when the Duchess of Newcastle published a book. "If I should not sleep this last night I should not come to that". So and the comment is all the more illuminating because it is made by a woman who was possessed of all those gifts which in our day would have made her naturally a writer of books. Had she been born a ~~hundred years earlier~~, she would ~~in 1554 instead of in 1664~~ 1527 instead of in 1627

was impeded

It was for a long time
quite impossible to have
any dealings with
people who were so drunk

to make fun of the prompter
ceremonies. The world
to enjoy its ~~[illegible]~~ the subtlety
the comedy of prevailing
life & became the wife of an
aspiring diplomat. He began his
career. the bore children.

she would never have written at all. But in 1652 things had changed. Dorothy could not write a book; but she could write a letter. And so, at last, the silence is broken; we begin to hear the rustling in the undergrowth; we ~~enter the~~ ~~a fertile literature~~ ~~provided by~~ ~~begin to talk naturally~~ ~~as we begin to hear men~~ ~~women talking together~~. For the first time in English literature we hear men & women talking together.

But the art of letter writing ~~was not~~ not in its infancy was not the art that it has since become. ~~There was a formality about it &~~ There was a formality in writing about it & the language was still too stiff to ~~stiff for the lute & virginals~~ to turn ~~about easily~~ ~~turning, twisting~~ on half a dozen notepaper, ~~or~~ But it was an art that a woman could practise. It was an art that could be carried on at odd moments, by a father's sick bed,

such as it was, it was an

Yet it is an art that we can scarcely help deploring. They were married, ~~&~~ & then? The letters cease. ~~Then~~ ~~This~~ The rubble & annoying voice is silent. The woman who was so well fitted to ~~tell us~~ comment had chosen henceforth to well fitted to comment to record, to make something out durable out of the passing moment ~~be~~ fell silent. ~~It was~~ ~~We must turn to her husband's life for a while~~

to abet & regulate his jealousy

Five children were born; five children died; others succeeded them. She presided over her husband's home at the Hague. It was noted for its magnificent & ~~the Gallerie~~ its fruit. She travelled sometimes to Brussels, sometimes to the Hague; was in London, separating her confinement during the plague.

By 1664 she had a numerous family. She was at
Green, enlarging our domesticity. She was
By 1680 she had "lost seven children almost all
in their cradle"; she staged in London trying
to get the arrears of her husband's salary paid. She
behaved with courage when her yacht fired upon the
Dutch fleet. The King indeed said that she was
more courageous than the captain. X Then she
found Green 'too public'. They retired to Moor Park.
Temple pardoned. Dorothy perhaps read, perhaps
wrote. But only one letter is preserved, & that is
merely full of diplomatic jottings, to her husband
~~Some vague talk of the misfortunes the only daughter~~
died. The ~~the~~ poor jottings show keenly into the
Thames. There was a strain of melancholy in the
O'Brones. ~~But~~ And then, towards the end of her
life a strange young man came to live at Moor Park.
He was difficult & ill mannered & spent to note the
vanity, the meanness, of his master. ~~But~~ Swift's
address to Temple contains the last direct mention of
Dorothy Osborne. Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise &
Great" he calls her; so that in default of
other testimony we can imagine her serenely
pacing among the cherry trees & the yew hedges;
melancholy. Full of memories, grown old;
~~But for them~~ ~~But it is with some regret~~
True, we enjoyed the benefits of the Triple alliance &
of the Treaty of Breda. Dorothy was an admirable
wife, ~~doubtless~~ for a diplomat, & no doubt
~~it~~ adorned his table, — still, it is
was could think that the silence had been broken.
But for us alas, silent. The letters she might have
written ~~are past & the price to pay for the~~
had the ~~cost~~ ~~never~~ remained solitary & unmarried

1. 350

2. 116

Being of all the 40 forty years of their married life —

Speech to recent thoughts &

And her ~~success as an Ambassador's wife,~~
And though there is every reason to think that she made
an admirable Ambassadress, - her husband's tenure
was well spent - it was famous for the splendour of its
pilaff & its fruit - there are moments of vocabulary
when we ~~should~~ ~~prefer~~ would exchange the
benefits of the Triple Alliance & the Treaty of
Kimnegin for a ~~dozen~~ volumes of ~~perfect~~ letters
~~the~~ ~~cease to~~ For us, she died when she became the wife of
Temple.
that Dorothy Osborne wd. have written
the letters that Dorothy might have written.
~~Then~~ This then was more or less the case when
I came to the Grant — which was rather to be
deplored. For what sense could there be in a
very small number of

the whole of this world, that Dorothy had brought into being, is extinguished. And then we realize, with how, as time went by, ~~her pen had~~ her powers had grown; how Early & naturally she had come to manipulate her pen; how naturally she was contrary to practice the letter writer's art, ~~running on from thing to thing~~, ~~writing hay alley~~, letting one idea suggest another, writing hay alley as the rat up to his fathom, matching the track of an old letter to write on, ~~to go~~, By degrees ~~bringing before us naturally the making us aware not only of character~~ – Comic Nolle, Sir Jeremiah, Lady Wrana Reich are all in being. This keepsake, natural Commentary, has its own astonishing power to suggest; to ~~leave~~ hint; to leave us with a hint to drop a seed into the imagination that grows naturally, ~~until we see~~ how a ~~wholly in being~~. ~~And~~ And more than that, ~~we can~~ she has suggested deeper & ~~more p~~ & stranger relationships: her brothers jealousy; her own joyful melancholy: here we are making the capacity of our imaginations to feel personally, unhonestly, to suffer, to get at our own sin ~~interpenetrating~~ pleasure from a garden at sugar, from a letter, from a passing breeze – never ~~running~~ on a common, — we are deep in this world, which is w & all its possibilities; when in a moment silence descends. The scene is blotted out.

The letter almost immediately came. The whole of the
wood that Dorothy had

Then naturally, here was a last, here a description, she had
drafted

here was what was to ramble in the garden at
night, to love music, to be thought by the moon
bath, to ~~feel~~ long for a letter & find it —

then she was in London, selecting her costume,
during the fetes.

The letter almost immediately came. In which of the world that Dorothy had

Then naturally, her gaze a last, here a description, she had drafted

here sweetest moon to ramble on the garden at
eyes, to love every, on thoughts by the river
bank, to feel long for a letter. friend St —
when she was in London, sketching her enforcement.
during the fetters

Flush

AUTHORITIES

It has to be admitted, ~~How~~ ~~But nobody~~ But from this brief list it will be that ~~we have very slight an information about Flush~~ there are very few authorities for the life of Flush; & that the biographer is constantly ~~forced~~ driven to the painful ~~dilemma~~ of having to ~~invent~~ or to imagine, honestly ~~to invent~~. ~~If~~ If Johnson had never written a line & opened his lips, would he have been the portrait of Boswell. Much in the foregoing pages has no authority at all. ~~Nor~~ ~~Which~~ would seem to Flush hardly. If Flush could speak, not so much biography as fiction. Flush & I cannot be denied would contradict, indeed repudiate many & the sentiments, many & the opinions attributed to him by his biographer. But then Flush cannot speak;— ~~& His biography is~~ ~~he biographer~~ ~~What is the point~~ & ~~If Johnson had remained completely~~ Flush, his biographer ~~beyond~~ ~~Two considerations have had their~~ ~~almost~~ The to be in view when the meagre list of authorities, it may perhaps be asked whether it was wise to attempt a biography which must ~~lead~~ lay the biographer to the painful necessity of drawing upon her imagination. ~~In~~ ~~What~~ If Flush could speak, but alone with, it may be said, he had contradicted, indeed repudiated many & the opinions attributed to him in the text.

~~But~~ Two considerations have had weight with us in attempting a difficult, nay an impossible, perhaps an altogether improper task. The first is simply, that ~~lives~~ lives have to be written: ~~everybody~~ ~~life~~ ~~overcome or shattered~~ ~~has had their time, they~~ ~~lives are~~ ~~must by discussed. Lives are not~~ ~~throwing light of running~~ ~~that~~ Clearly the time is coming, if it has not come already,

of Flush could speak

There will be no more lives to write.

~~when the biographer will have to write the life of the infelicity of Carlyle's Cook's Cousin: & this~~ gentleman & lady who were authentic cousins of Carlyle's Cook will have died. Then ~~what~~ who will remain to write about? To one who sees the dismal prospect, ~~only one hitherto has~~ this plain that in the course of a few years we shall have to have recourse to the animals. Lives of famous race horses will come first; next there will be lives of champion bulls; ~~then dogs~~; & finally we shall have a series dealing with the more obscure animals — exemplary sheep, tender hearted cows, & pigs ~~which~~ whose lives ~~obscure doubtless~~, ~~but none the less~~ have been spent a ~~fat subject for biography~~. Thus we ~~in the~~ ~~far from~~ entirely in the city. are only anticipating what will be, in a few years, the rule, & who pity the rage: & how the records

~~The~~ ~~But~~ There is another reason & a ~~cafe~~ one that is less utilitarian. The second reason is a more gallant nature. ~~Dogs~~ ~~Nobody can deny~~ that Dogs have at all ~~times~~ ages played a great part in human life. ~~The time has~~ [See ~~Odyssey~~ Homer's Odyssey: Darlie Devon ~~Comedy~~] ~~But~~ No student of literature can ~~pretend~~ fail to be aware that dogs have ~~also~~ played a great part in ~~human~~ life. Hecuba there are dogs in Homer, dogs in Shakespeare, dogs in ~~here there everywhere~~. Galsworthy. ~~But~~ ~~Dogs in fact~~ ~~There~~ ~~But there are also dogs~~ in that let alone these fictitious dogs, there are dogs in life. ~~Scott has~~ A few famous names at once come to mind — Camp, Maida: Keeper; — Nero: — to mention no more. ~~But when we~~ ~~But~~ ~~And~~ ~~There~~ Are we, even now, ~~going to~~ present in our anthropomorphic delusion, that animals, are merely extensions of our own selves, identity? Can we persist in saying that a dog is merely a mount or a paw wh. the Almighty replied to fix on the lip to the present moment human frame!

Mr & Mrs Browning both wrote & spoke, & therefore every effort has been made to respect their words.

~~Both have~~ There are only three departures from that accuracy. There is no record that Miss Barrett ever said ~~there~~ is made to reclaim Oh Flush: nor Mr. Browning

p. . . Oh Flush, [p] ~~is that the said~~

Mr. Browning [p] No words are put into Mr Browning's mouth save those that he actually spoke.

p: ~~transparent blind~~ : Mrs Mem B. calls her ~~own description~~ ~~of~~ blind 'a transparent blind'. Opinions differ as to the what the may have meant. Some hold that the pictures were painted on some thin metallic substance: others that they were embroidered. Devotees of the first explanation point out that the speaker of the very 'lighting up the Castle'. They maintain that the sun

p: fellow boy. Mrs said that fellow boys were revealed by Anthony Trollope in the year 1851. If this is so, the reader will be well advised to ~~obliterate the reference~~ erase the ~~the~~ of fellow boys — but ~~to he is right~~ there is no reason why he should not believe in the fellow boy in page 2

p. Mr Kenyon had lost his two front teeth — not K. mumbled slightly ... because he had lost 2 front teeth.

~~Mrs~~ ~~That~~ That Mr. K. has lost two front teeth is ~~conjectural~~. to some extent conjectural; ~~As~~ & depends upon the

Evidence of Mrs Metford. In accordance with her Horne she is recorded to have said that

As we have it ~~upon~~ certain that Mr Kenyon was the only man who was allowed in her room. Mrs Rose to say that Mr — was Mr Kenyon. But Mrs Horne whether Mr was Kenyon or not — another. There can be little doubt, according to Mrs M. — that the mumbling gravely affected Mrs Barrett's poetry, & was the aven. The reason ~~of that delirium~~ given the offensive rhymes wh. Mrs Barrett employed. ~~Then the charge~~ If we ~~are thus~~ accept her opinion, we are forced to lay the blame of ~~island~~ angels & candles, of ~~pantha~~ such rhymes as "bewildering" & "stilled in" resounding & round him, Heaven & lightning upon the Mr K's front teeth. On the other hand Mrs B. depended heavily in a letter wh. we com [Hom vol. ~~2 118~~ 2. 118] which we commend to critics who are inclined to credit either ~~the no teeth theory~~ or the ~~theory~~ that Mr K had no teeth or that Mr. Pharaoh had no Ear. The maker out produce that 'I have worked at hard — & have not been with me reverse, but ever . . . the was never careless. Her rhymes, she says "A great deal of attention — far more than it was take to rhyme with carpetbag alone — have I given to the subject of rhymes, & have deliberately in cold blood to begin some experiment. Na against was seem to be that there are not end rhymes in the

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the English language. The ear may be satisfied even by a recurring vowel. Esperanto has become necessary; & nobody who has studied Mr B's life can fail to grant that ~~if~~ if he was ~~the~~ ~~so~~ ~~or~~ ~~the~~ ~~so~~ there was nothing she liked better than breaking down barriers. Than we can either lay the blame on Mr Meyers' lofty lectures; or hail Mr B as one of the pioneers & forerunners ~~of our~~ modern poetry, according to our own temperaments.

p J Lightbodyson felt in love with Sylvia Rafi the shadowman. The life of Lady Wilson is obscure in the extreme & seems to cry aloud for the services of a biographer. Nothing is more tantalizing than the ~~apparent~~ frequent apparitions of Wilson, ~~& her frequent~~ & Lady her disappearance. No figure in the Browning letters seems more inherently & more baffling it. Her Christian name was Lady, ~~& the was~~ her surname Wilson - that is all we know. After being & upbringing whether she was the daughter of a small farmer in Worcestershire ~~or not~~, & became known to the Barrett family by the umbrella of her manners & cleanness of her apron when they lived at Hope End it is impossible to say. She was in service as Mr B's maid in the year ~~She was paid £16 wages,~~ an expensive servant. She had £16 a year in wages. ~~She~~

To ~~give any~~ discuss the appearance, let alone to ~~trace the development~~ of her ~~opinions~~ character is outside the question - since she spoke almost as seldom as Flush, & yet, by virtue of the few remarks she made, it is impossible not to credit her with ~~a character~~ being, in the first place, one of those silent, demure, almost inconspicuously correct Victorian maids who were

at that time the glory of the English basement. Many one
lighted the fumes of tobacco – & intended upon the observance of
~~the pudding~~ rites, ~~the room~~ of the 'room', of the
pudding, ~~of the~~ & yet there other rites which are now
almost unknown it was Wilson. Her the theatre
indeed to become a martinet as ~~the~~ her confident proves
when the beat Flute 'became stiff right'. ~~But~~
Normally she would have ~~stolen~~ ~~the~~ ~~it in~~ ~~more~~ & more
~~respectable~~ grown respectably to respectability,
& marched to the end that there was only one way of
doing Miss Barrett's cards – to wit, her own. But
then fate intervened. She was forced to go to Mary
St Meredith ~~at~~ the head of her life. She behaved
just as the respectable Wilson had – here behaved:
But ~~now~~ fate had reserved seven lots for her: & she
paid them triumphantly. Wilson came out ~~very~~
much better than she expected in the elopement
crisis. She left her basement, her room, her pudding
with most jaunty manner; exchanging London,
wh. was to her far more than London can ever be
to anybody again – for never again will anyone
think of London as a limpet thinks of its rock – for the
wild savagery, debauchery & discomfort of a
foreign land. ~~There~~ ~~At first the~~ maintained
this claim that she was almost overcome of the
reversal of her standard – the hatred the River,
the desert the Count, & she was taken with
Harvey fit ~~in case~~ at the perhaps in consequence.
When she fell in love with the grandman. But
she did not marry him. Next the least Italian,
finally, now completely Italianate. The married
& when her B. died over to London
after W was deputed to be her servant. Very poorly
her wages were raised to £30 ... for to London
throw his dinner out of the window: ~~Finally~~
~~Then again like the~~ But, ~~her face~~ though
weather, then flinches the, this high cloud:
They hide her completely for my sense. –
& that the is

Delayed visit long in 1897 in ~~lost~~ Penn home in Venice —
the Palazzo Rezzonico. The temptation to imagine what
would — Thought on a summer evening in Venice,
about the year 1900: But ~~the~~ ~~lenth~~ the temptation
must be — how, from old, rich theatre Italian with a
British accent, she ~~went~~ recalled Irving's voice, & remembered
Mr Lander's, Mrs Barnett's & Mr. Bronson's visits &
the painted blind, & the bank, & ~~then~~ Mr Lander
throwing the plate out the window — compared
his life with what it promised to be, when, about the
year 1820 the ~~[illegible]~~ to picked cowslips in Hertfordshire &
~~was~~ & ~~was~~ was sent into service, & hoped one day
to inherit a small room in Pimlico under a
~~[illegible]~~ ... Mrs Lenkly: but the temptation
must be forsaken under —
Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was mentioned.
The authority for this is

Flush There is no reason to think the Flush died when one
day rather than another. The last reference to him
" " : & the ~~last~~ ~~[illegible]~~
about & the final reference to him is to be found in
P.
"Flush lived to a good old age & is buried in
the vault of the Casa Guidi"
So that the reputation who pronounced the
interpretation that is lost into the world
may (the likes) reflect that what Mr
B has in the & R in W.
Flush, ~~who has~~ there, in the home where they
lived, the Red Cocker Spaniel still sits
couchant.

But, Accordy to
Brady, Aristotle ~~held that~~ if a day were stolen 3
times the Ancients might regard the artist to
condemn those thus ~~[illegible]~~ stealing into an
this has been done. Flesh was in fact stolen thus in
~~Mrs Barrett paid £20 for the~~ The sum
that Mrs Barrett paid in

But when
the engagement however did not run smoothly.
~~Though~~ Rafe had a brother who was a haberdasher at
Brato. He hardly seem to have become a retail
haberdasher at Brato. ~~Why~~ ~~That it~~ ~~But~~ And
for some reason, ~~whether~~ he did not call a wedd
as soon as the old have done. But what consider
was with part of this over unpleasant
a splendid man, that led Mr Bromley to
Eclair in 1850 ' ~~How Coal~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~over~~
[Wolcot] is one of compt.
this impossible today. In 1858 W. married
R. & the Rs manager; ~~& in 1859~~
a good kind hearted man. In 1859 Mr
B. 'accepted office as Landon's Guardian"
& was assured that the ~~Rs~~ Wolcot
~~would a~~ ' he should live with the Rs
with 'Wolcot for a duenna ". The was to
receive ~~20~~ 22 pounds a year & what was
left of his salary ~~to~~ As Landon was in
the habit of throwing ~~the~~ his plate in the
fire when dissatisfied he found. The place
was no sinecure; & the wages were in
increased to 30 a year: rightly, for Wolcot

The Countess, refused ~~[illegible]~~ "O why entreat he her
extra grace, & unbecoming more grace"
When he and dark habitate in the place of the darkness
her head, & unchecked jerkers of opery her darkness.
~~widow~~ In short he has' the impulse of the tiger!