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The Life of Keats.

This strange & scarcely creditable to the human race that while we never cease to record the lives of men & women nobody has yet written the life of a dog. The Dictionary of National Biography stretches from A to Z, but we may search in vain among the M's for Maida, among the N's for Nore, among the K's for Keefer. If you want information upon the lives of these distinguished dogs you must turn to the names of Scott & Bronte & Carlyle. It would seem then that in the estimate of biographers the dog has no independent existence; he is merely an appendage attached to the body of his master — an additional organ for the expression of some superhuman function. Perhaps human pride has given no more glaring proof of its monstrous egotism. That Keefer the Antiparian (1832—1888) should have a whole column devoted to his life, & that Keefer the bull dog should have been handed over without the tribute of a single word years at least right the credit universal of all true values. I am not then certain as to occur. We ask ourselves that Keefer talked, Keefer wrote; Keefer had his views presumably upon skulls & inscriptions, & the relics of the past. Keefer did none of these things. How, it may be asked, are we to write the lives of the dead? How are we to interpret the innumerable lives of those who ~~can not write~~, who have left no love letters or documents of any sort behind them?

maintained an
ambitious
silence.

That is an argument that might have matter in the nineteenth century with its thirst for facts, its a difficulty that the biographer of those days might

Get that in the
 favorite-dog
 all you dog-
 biographers take the
 late John Bowler's
 in dog books.

Disappointed
 The great ~~best~~
 description properly
 was, in private life,
 among the simplest
 of men. This dog
 He liked nothing better
 than a game of ball
 with his dog
 Ponto. Ponto was
 inseparable without
 his master. He looked
 upon him as a god &
 Miss Smith

have found imperable. But we to whom the thick of a finger
 shakes volumes, we to whom the turn of a head means
 more than ~~adventures~~ ~~toasts~~ ~~not~~ ~~more~~ ~~than~~ a
 whole novel, — how can we seek shelter under such an
 excuse? Dogs have tails that ~~wag~~; dogs have
 noses that ~~sniff~~; ~~what else can we want?~~
 tails wag, noses sniff — what more can we want?
 And if some of our conjectures are false, some of
 our conclusions faulty, — of this more difficult to
 tell the truth about, Flush the spaniel than about
 Gladstone or Napoleon, the very risk has charm. It
 is a risk that the dog himself would willingly have us
 run. "I give you full liberty to interpret me" one can
 fancy him saying "to misinterpret me, & to
 laugh on me opinions & emotions that were none of
 mine, provided only that you interpret me, not my
 owners. Anything is better than to be treated as a
 mere extension of a human being — an additional
 tail hair or prout that God Almighty refused to
 attach to the human frame. ~~Such prophecies~~ ~~of~~
 of dogs so far have been ~~predicts~~ ~~to~~ ~~their~~ ~~masters~~ —
~~when you think how fallacious~~ ~~often~~ ~~subtle~~ ~~to~~
 their own vanity, or illustrations of the
 And he goes on to ~~reiterate~~ ~~instances~~ ~~of~~ ~~that~~
~~cross~~ ~~his~~ ~~apprehension~~ ~~has~~ ~~for~~ ~~instance~~ ~~not~~
 been ~~very~~ ~~creditable~~ ~~to~~ ~~human~~ ~~fidelity~~ ~~where~~ ~~the~~ ~~dog~~ ~~has~~
 Charitable — look at my dog. He runs to me
 for comfort. I am his god. He runs to me
 other line — equally heroic. "Years ago?"
 loved an officer in the Buffs. He fell down —
 crevasse or married a chit utterly unworthy of him.
 In his place I have Kang my Chow. ~~For~~ ~~his~~ ~~the~~ ~~see~~ ~~is~~
 worship all the qualities that seemed to adorn
 the lost the faithful. ~~to~~ ~~whereas~~ ~~the~~ ~~truth~~ ~~is~~
 that used Ponto has the greatest complaint for
 Mr. Bowler, his master: a Kang, far from
 sharing any of the qualities of the ideal officer,

II

Came originally
from Spain.
un-challenged

Which caught
rabbits

The Spanish family is ~~now~~ admittedly one of the greatest
antiquity & ~~various~~. But now that is admitted,
~~all else is clear~~. Some say that very little
there is allowed to have without ~~proof~~. ~~The~~ ^{was} held by
some that
Spanish was called the Spanish dog because
the Carthaginian name for rabbit was span;
Spain was ^{prevalently} overrun by rabbits; the Carthaginians
called it ~~the~~ in whose language span means
rabbit called it Hispania, ~~the land of~~ rabbits; land,
& the dog was called Spanish, because ~~it was the~~
~~dog that caught rabbits~~, or rabbit dog. ~~But~~ ^{the}
But what if the word Hispania has nothing to do
with the Carthaginian span, but derived from the
Basque "espana", "signifying an edge or
boundary"? ~~time nobody can dispute~~
Then we are driven to infer that the dog was a great
whiskered, great nosed, that it took its name
from the country, was, in short, the Spanish dog, —
sure nobody who had ever seen a Spanish could
connect it with edges & boundaries, unless, as
some hold, its terrible qualities prompted that kind
of exclamation which leads a lover to call his
lady monkey or monster. ~~chopped~~
for the theory that the Spaniards ^{called} the dog
by calling it by the name least fitting it as a
lover calls his mistress monkey or monster
is too fanciful to be seriously maintained.
But there are ~~whether~~ ^{whether} the rabbit dog a Spanish
dog must remain in dispute. And ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dog~~ ^{dog} ~~problems~~
present themselves as we pursue the ~~dog~~ ^{dog} ~~history~~
history of the dog in other lands. ^{The Spanish}
of the King is a ~~found~~ ^{found} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~law~~ ^{law}
laid down in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~book~~ ^{book} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~laws~~ ^{laws}. ^{Now}
Howel Dda, a Welshman, died about the

year 948. ad. and at that time Spain was called
Iberia, not Hispania.

What appears to be ~~the~~ whatever the origin of the name,
the day was not only known in Wales about the
middle of the tenth century, but was of high
repute & value. Howell Oda the Welshman, who
lays it down in his book of Laws that "The
Spaniel of the King is a pound in value."

When we remember what the pound could buy in
those days, how many wives, how many slaves, to
say nothing of beef & turkeys, ~~it is a~~ ~~an~~ ~~aven~~
even a pound could buy - it will be

granted that ~~how~~ the Spaniel came to his name
he was it ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~Spaniel~~ ~~came~~ ~~to~~ ~~his~~ ~~name~~
day of the big merit reputation. ~~Indeed~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~
years went ~~on~~, ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~his~~ ~~place~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~King~~.

His family was established indeed before there was
any talk of ~~the~~ ~~Stuarts~~ ~~or~~ ~~the~~ ~~Stuarts~~
Plantagenets. Tudor & Stuart were still obscure
before those of many famous monarchs. He was
to be found in King's houses when the Plantagenets,
& Tudors & Stuarts were following other people's
trails in fields that did not belong to them.

Long before the Howards, the Carew family & the
Russells had elevated themselves far from
the common rank of ~~the~~ ~~Stuarts~~ ~~or~~ ~~the~~ ~~Stuarts~~
& Tomkins the Spaniel was distinguished &
ghast. As the centuries passed, minor
branches, distinguished by particular characteristics,
broke off from the ~~main~~ ~~stem~~.

There came into existence at least seven
famous families, ~~known~~ ~~by~~ ~~seven~~ ~~famous~~
names - the Clumber, the Jersey, the Norfolk,
the Blackfield, the Locker, the Irish Water, &
the English water - all deriving from the
original stock but preserving characteristics
of their own.

In this there is nothing that

did about in
the year 948

in the year
948

before there is
any talk of

Warkings

In the human
race

and quite surprise. The same brown might be observed in
human society. We too in the human branch of the
family tend to breed our nobles, our merchants, our
Seamen; ~~but~~ we too attempt to develop ⁱⁿ
qualities that are needed for the different pursuits of
mankind. But how feebly, & how capriciously,
with what lack of method, with what debilitating
ignorance, with what complete & culpable blindness!
If anybody should vent these criticisms, or should
~~try to deny them~~, let him ~~be~~ consider the
Spanish Club & ponder the nature of its laws.
~~Not only is the who can ponder the law there~~
to attempt to there, it is not merely laid down
as in a human aristocracy, how many quarreling
such family can claim, — there is not merely a
blood of the marriages of how they wish whom
they have intermarried; the judges go further.
They assume the truly august function of ray this
those who know what qualities are desirable;
who insist upon their Good; those bad. They
debate to Spanish what Spanish are to be; &
their decrees are obeyed. Thus they pronounce that
eyes are undesirable; curled ~~up~~ ears are
even worse; but to be born with a
light nose, or with a top knot are crimes
which can only be called fatal: a Spanish
who persists in perpetuating such faults is
cut off from the privileges & emoluments of his
class. No less capriciously, no less clearly, are
laid down the virtues, & merits of the race
are no less clearly & cogently laid down.
The head must be perfectly smooth, rising
without a too decided stop from the straight.
The skull must be comparatively rounded, &
well developed, with plenty of room for
brain power: the eyes must be full but not

supported by
fairies
mermaids
leopards, harps,
lilies

illusions are ~~unsuccessful~~ in the extreme to breed human beings

If you can
prove an authentic
right to these you
are nobly born,
they say. How
fallacious this
argument is,
the fate of the
Bourbons, the Habsburgs
& the Hohenzollerns
now declare -
the nobility of all
our families,
Archbishops, & dukes,
judged by the vote
of mankind
incapable of
authority &
unworthy of
respect now
proves.

quarternings, ~~is that~~ ^{that} ~~unquestionably~~ we are still
too primitive to know what ja albis are
desirable in man, & then cannot even attempt to
breed for them. ~~That~~ ^{such} ~~our~~ attempts are as we have made
according to the rules of the Herald, are
unsuccessful; can be ~~as the fate of the Bourbons,~~
the Habsburgs & the Hohenzollerns ^{proved} abundantly
proved. & did, indeed, judge by the vote of
mankind incapable of rule or authority & unworthy of
what qualities are good, ~~the~~ ^{subject} ~~Another instance of the~~
same discrepancy between

And, to turn to a number upon the same lesson is
enforced by the story of Fleck & the Mitfords.
When we come to consider the early care of
Fleck & the Mitfords.

About the end of the eighteenth century a
family of the famous Spanish breed was
living near Reading in the home of a certain
Wm Mitford or Mitford. This gentleman,
in deference to the canon of the Herald's office,
liked to spell his name with a t, & to
claim descent from the Northumberland family
of the Mitfords of Bertram Castle. His wife
was a Miss Russell, & sprang, if
remotely still decidedly from the ducal house
of Bedford. But the matter of Wm.
Mitford's ancestry had been carried on with
such disregard for principles that no bench of
Judges could have admitted his claim to be
well bred, or have allowed him to perpetrate
his kind. In other words, he was utterly

It has proved impossible to fix with complete accuracy the day, the year of Flush's birth, let alone the month or the day; but it seems certain that he was born either in 1842 or 1843. [The Metford had the rather reprehensible habit of calling several generations of spaniels by the same name.] ~~But~~ there is reason to think that

Flush was the son of that "real old cocking spaniel" for whom Dr Metford refused twenty guineas. "an account of his excellence in the field"; He is that he was descended from Tray (c. 1816)

a ~~looker of breeding~~, character, whose points though unfortunately preserved only in the contemptuously medium of poetry, prove him to have been a red cocker spaniel with ² was the with the characteristic points of his race - son of his to poetry that we have to trust for our most detailed description of Flush himself.

~~but unfortunately as it is, too valuable though it is, we must make what use we can of it.~~ it was our purpose. Flush was a that particular shade of dark brown which in sunshine glazes "almond into gold". His eyes were "starbled eyes of hazel bland". His ears were "fanelled"; his slender feet were "anointed in fringes"; & his tail was broad. Making allowance

for the exigencies of rhyme & the inaccuracy of poetic diction, his plain that Flush with points, was a pure bred cocker of the red variety; ^{that would have won him the esteem of the judges}

The first months of his life were passed at ^{working man} a cottage near Reading. In the accommodation for human beings was scanty - the meals were ~~how was served by~~ there was one ^{second, larger} ~~man~~ ^{man} there a huffock, - the covers Cham covers were made by Miss Metford herself - there was little furniture but a large table, & ~~in a~~ ^{in a} ~~greenhouse~~ -

It is also probable

It is unlikely that he was surrounded by any of those
 bayonets - the ram proof kennel - the cement walk,
 the ^{his} maid or boy attached to his person - the
 regular diet, the exercise which would now be
 given a dog of his value. But he threw; he
~~was~~ engaged with ~~the~~ all the
 vivacity, ~~impetuous~~ vivacity of his temperament the
 pleasure, even the licence natural to
 his youth & sex. ^{as this we have certain proof.}
~~Circumstances~~ Miss Mitford, his mistress, was much
 confined to the house. She had to read aloud to her
 father by the hour; then to play cribbage; then, when he
 was ruddy asleep, to work & write & write in order to
 pay their bills; but there were moments, ~~in the~~
~~when she was~~ ~~actually~~ ~~able~~ ~~to~~ ~~step~~ ~~out~~ ~~of~~ ~~doors.~~
 alone, for a walk through the fields with ^{the} ~~his~~ ~~best~~
 Francis's dog. Frank was a dog, as we know ^{the} ~~his~~ ~~best~~
 had an even generous sympathy with human emotions
 the night of old Mrs. Mitford snatching her
 cloak & galoshes, & possibly ~~snatching~~ ~~her~~
 he felt the fresh air upon her cheek ~~and~~
 excited him to gambols above wildness was
 half sympathizing with his own delight. How then
 green the grass must have looked to him -
 blinking his eyes with its ~~meaning~~ blades, as
 the eyes ~~as a~~ ~~to~~ ~~perpetually~~ ~~parting~~ ~~its~~ ~~green~~
 curtain as he leapt; so how large & beaming
 must have the ram droves must have been
 beamed, like great crystal globes & hung
 upon the green blades: & then what a variety of
 smells, succulent, sweet, smells of flowers, of
 Earth, of rain; of rose smells, ^{fragrant} ~~fragrant~~ ~~smells~~;
 amidst them all suddenly some ~~stronger~~ ^{stronger}
 stronger than the other - a smell that would
 in his memory, that dazzled him, that
 made him ^{seem} ~~see~~ ~~as if~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~smell~~ ~~of~~ ~~hairs~~, of
 hay. so that all human emotions were held

It is true that

put on her
old hat &

snatching her
cloak -

being &
 & sprayed her
 nose with thin
 heavenly coolness
 how the soft
 rain must have
 tickled, drenched,
 soothed
 stimulated
 his feet.

Who stood,
 a field
 was heard

Before he was
 well out of his
 happyhood

heard it; no human command could be heard or obeyed;
 he gasped, he raved; he tumbled - No interjection
 could be more powerful: it was only when the martial drum,
 the melody, the hurdy-hurdy horn, the rough spurring cry,
 the memory of bank men, crackling voices, ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
 died, faded that he returned, across the fields, to
 old man Miffew. ~~Flunk~~, hoarse, ~~Flunk~~, ~~Flunk~~, ~~Flunk~~
 Flunk, with her ~~hoarse~~ ~~Flunk~~, ~~Flunk~~, ~~Flunk~~, ~~Flunk~~
 with her umbrella. And once at least the
 call was even more imperious: the horn ~~Flunk~~ ~~Flunk~~ ~~Flunk~~
 deeper instincts: wilder, more urgent emotions,
 transcending memory, obliterating ~~Flunk~~, ~~Flunk~~, ~~Flunk~~
 the junk of her fox & hare. ~~Flunk~~ ~~Flunk~~ ~~Flunk~~
 some dog, let me grant ~~Flunk~~ ~~Flunk~~ ~~Flunk~~
 the opposite eye, brandished in his eyes the flaming
 torch of Venus. ~~Before he was well out of his~~
~~happyhood~~, Flunk was a father.

No one can in writing the life of a man such
 conduct would call for some system, especially in the
 year 1843: in a woman, no system could possibly be
 admitted. But the morality code of dogs is
 different - whether superior or inferior is not for us
 to ~~decide~~; ~~Flunk~~ was nothing in Flunk's conduct
 that troubled him for to assist him for the society
 of the parent, the parent, the parent in the land.
 the elder brother of Dr. Pury wished to buy him.
 That alone is proof that, even as a puppy,
 Flunk was a regularly attractive, character.
 In the fact, that given the character of Dr. Pury
 & deducing from it the probable character of Dr.
 Pury's elder brother that ~~Flunk~~ had done
 you can see that even as a puppy, & as a
 puppy who was already a father, there was
 something medicinal, & solid, & inheritable
 about Flunk, in that ~~Flunk~~ ~~Flunk~~ ~~Flunk~~
 wild animal spirit. A much more
 significant testimony to his worth is that

as saying he
never
knows
father
her father was
his death bed -

Men Metford refused to take him. As she was in the
depths of poverty at the time, ~~so her tragedy had~~
as she was at her wits end to know what tragedy
to them or what annual to edit, as she was
reduced to asking her friends to help her - or
rather her ~~as~~ ~~moreover~~, it must have been hard
with her to upon the sum ~~offered~~ ^{to the} ~~elder~~
brother of Dr. Pursey. ~~might have paid for~~ ~~Fluck~~
~~since her father had been worth twenty pounds had~~
been offered for her father; Men Metford might
with have asked ten or fifteen for Fluck - with
ten or fifteen pounds the might have restocked her
consequently; she might have recovered her claim,
she might have bought herself a new bonnet &
"I have not bought a bonnet, a cloak, a gown,
hardly a pair of gloves for four years" ~~the worst~~
the said in 1842. Ten or fifteen pounds was a
precious sum, an immense sum, to have dropped into her
hands by the sale of a spaniel. ~~that~~ ~~Min~~
Metford refused to sell Fluck. ~~Even to~~ ~~Mr. Pursey.~~
He was too individual ~~two~~ ~~persons~~, too rare a
character to be sold. ~~No~~ ~~there~~ ~~was~~ ~~only~~ ~~one~~
distinguishing that was getting for Fluck; that was to be
given to be given to some one who ~~would~~ ~~needed~~ ~~her~~;
after who would appreciate him - whom Men
Metford loved; because Men Metford had nothing
else to give her; to some one as rare
unavailable as I in her way as Fluck was in
his. As soon as do Dr Metford was
dead & buried, Men Metford took the train to
Paddington; Fluck went with her. They proceeded,
whether in fact, by omnibus is not established,
Wimhale Street; a party stopped on the
door top of number fifty.

more & more frequently to Men Bedford as she watched
Flint rolling & tumbling in the sunshine; as she sat by
the couch of Miss Barrett in the very shaded room
(she would sit there sometimes from two in the
afternoon till seven in the evening.) And
At length, some time in the year 1844 presumably, walking
a remarkable couple might have been seen proceeding
down Wimpole Street - a very fat, very, bulky
thickly elderly lady, leading by a chain a
very vivacious, very red-golden, leather maned.
When they came to number fifty they stopped &
not without Repudiation, Men Bedford rang the
bell.

III

Nobody perhaps nobody ever rings the bell of a house
 in Wimpole Street without repetition. This the
 most august of London streets & the most impersonal; ⁱⁿ ~~in~~
 when the world seems tumbling & civilization in
 looking to its ruin, we have only to walk down the right
~~Wimpole Street to feel soothed & assured. seek out go to~~
 Wimpole Street; walk slowly from end to end; &
 pass that avenue; survey those houses; count their stories;
 observe their solidity; remark the unflinching people
 there with which they meet storm, sun, fog & frost;
 reflect upon the ~~method~~ ^{fact} that displayed by their
 the uniformity of the Knicker; ~~the~~ breathe deeply
 of the harmony, the fact, the ~~unshakable~~ belief in
 itself; watch the tradespeople calling; note the look in
 the kitchen; reckon the incomes of the inhabitants;
 infer their temper, their religion; their ~~new~~ how
 they manner, & bearing; drink deep of their
 authority; & then breathe a sigh, as long as
 Wimpole Street stands, civilization stands with it.
 of thankfulness for Wimpole Street, as ~~long as~~ ^{long as}
 Wimpole Street; for as long as Wimpole Street stands
 England is safe; & there is no sign of ~~the~~
 that storm for which we do not stand prepared
 that has prevented duly where while London has
 fallen, Myra has tumbled, while Crown has
 blown on the wind, & old Empires give up in
 Name, which has taken ~~its~~ ^{prayer} that
 not a brick in Wimpole Street may ~~ever~~ ^{be so much as}
 change; or a Knicker be left undressed. So long as
 Wimpole Street stands, our civilization is secure.
 The butlers of Wimpole Street are not

Looking on its
foundations

admire this
majestic brick;

Consider the
 names with which
 the butlers identify
 their past masters,
 note the arching
 of the windows
 with which
 the look;
 accept
 them;

painted; not
 a curtain
 washed; not

when the
ringing the
front door
bell

with it

As Fluk
rolled up
behind Mrs
Caryll
with

fanny looted even today; in 1844 they were even more
deliberate. The laws of living, ^{which} requiring the substitution
that the green baize & alpaca of the pantry shall be
upheld by the draped waist coat & tails, of the
hall, were ~~more~~ ^{elaborate} more stringent. at last, however,
the door of number fifty was flung wide: &
Mr. Nutford & Fluk entered in. Mr. Nutford
was a frequent visitor & there was nothing to
nothing ~~surprising~~ in the to surprise him in the
regard of the Barrett family mansion. But the
effect upon Fluk must have been overwhelming.
Until this moment he had been in no house
but the working man's cottage, at Three Wide Cross.
~~It was~~ ^{it was} bare boards, ^{frayed mats,} rickety
chairs, & a large ^{working} table in a greenhouse.
~~But~~ ^{But} Number fifty, Wimpole Street was
the home of a rich merchant, with a large
family of grown up sons & daughters, & a
retinue of servants. ~~The house~~ ^{The house} was
furnished ^{shulently,} in the fashion of the late
thirties, with a certain ^{reference} no doubt
to Earline fantasy such as Mr. Barrett had
indulged more fully, ^{in his} country home which
was "crowded with ^{servants,} ^{domes} &
crowding it with "menarcts & domes" & "crowning it
with a varcent." Wimpole Street of course was
more restrained. ~~But~~ ^{But} ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~can~~ ^{can} fancy the room as
doubt were high & dark; they were crammed with
mahogany book cases; with carved ottomans; the
walls were hung with draped mirrors, &
shel ⁱⁿ ^{panels}; the floors were laid with
thick ^{turkey} carpets; the tables, carved
twisted, were ^{up} ^{with} ^{filigree} ornaments &
vases & ^{temporarily} bound volumes &
curious brought by Mr. Barrett from
his East Indian property. And that ~~But~~ ^{But} the

up the
jurnal the
stair case

But as Flunk trotted up stairs behind Miss Nutford who
followed was behind the butler, who mounted with
due circumspection, tho he was more astonished by the
smell that came from the room than by what
gleamed he could catch as they slowly climbed
up of chairs & tables within
by what he smelt than by what he saw. The smell
of the house alone, or rather the astonishing amalgamation
of different smells must have been enough to make him
pale & stiff & hold his head up with amazement as he
went upstairs. From the kitchen came in the basement
beneath came warm whiffs of roasting joints
roasting & fowls basting & rich wafers slowly
simmering in large saucepans - pouring to the
nostrils & used to the penurious hanker & the fogs of
Kerenshaphocks penurious cooking. But had
mingling with the smell of meat was the smell of
furniture; of cedar wood & sandal wood
mahogany; of ^{purple} velvet; of male bodies &
female bodies; of men servants & maid servants;
of coats & trousers; of ornaments & mantles;
of baking curtains & blank drapery; of coal
dust & fog; of wine & cigars; - each room, as
he passed it, wafted out its own coat
dining room, drawing room, study, library, housemaid
pantry, wafted out its own contribution to the
general aroma as he passed slowly upstairs
behind Miss Nutford & the butler. At length
they reached a door at the back of the house.
Planting his feet with wonder & tactical
extremity upon thick pile carpet whose soft
firm texture closed under ~~steps~~ ^{rapidly}
upon paws used to earth & bare boards &
scraps of masonry. At length they reached
door at the back of the house. The soft

Tap was given, as fast as the door was opened.

Miss Barrell's bedroom, by all accounts, was very dark. The light was at all times obscured by hanging a curtain, & hanging leaves of ivy; also a at ^{curtain} ^{room} ^{the} by ^{the} scarlet runners, ^{curtains} & ^{partitions} ^{near} according to the time of year. At first Fleck

could distinguish nothing but five white globes.

Again, the smell in the ^{greenish} ^{glow} ^{rose} five smooth white globes ^{that} ^{hung} ⁱⁿ ^{mid} ^{air}.

But again, the ^{swar} the smell of the room that obscured him - ~~that was a smell so rare, so~~ ^{No} ^{human} ^{experience} ^{can} ^{see} ^{that} ^{perhaps} ^{of} ^{ghosts} ^{haunting} ^{for} ^{the} ^{first} ^{time} ⁱⁿ ^a ^{mausoleum} ^{of} ^{Spain} ^{surrounded} ^{by} ^{banks} ^{of} ^{the} ^{most} ^{valuable} ^{manuscripts} ^{of} ^{the} ^{most} ^{valuable} ^{type} ^{hilled} ^{with} ^{green} ^{moss} ^{cracked} ^{with} ^{fungus} ^{decayed} ^{but} ^{noble} ^{of} ^{the} ^{has} ^{obliterated} ^{but} ^{of} ^{the} ^{very} ^{dimly} ^{seen} ^{by} ^{the} ^{light} ^{of} ^a ^{small} ^{glimmering} ^{lantern} ^{which} ^{white} ^{water} ^{is} ^{heard} ^{driving} ^{down} ^{the} ^{walls} &

The foot steps on ^{the} ^{green} ^{moss} - his complex sensations ^{at} ^{such} ^a ^{one} but ^{dimly} ^{marked} ^{the} ^{riot} ^{of} ^{emotion} that ^{coming} ^{through} ^{Fleck's} ^{mind} ^{as} ^{he} ^{stood} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{bedroom} - ^{first} ^{thing} ^{that} ^{met} ^{his} ^{eyes} ^{was} ^{an} ^{unwieldy} ^{bedroom} ^{filled} ^{with} ^{various} ^{articles} ^{of} ^{furniture} ^{that} ^{huge} ^{object} ^{that} ^{stood} ^{before} ^{the} ^{window} ^{was} ^a ^{wardrobe} ^{Next} ^{to} ^{it} ^{was} ^a ^{chest} ^{of} ^{drawers} ^{surmounted} ^{by} ^a ^{table} ^{then} ^{there} ^{was} ^a ^{writing} ^{table} ^{then} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{middle} ^{of} ^{the} ^{room} ^{was} ^a ^{large} ^{table} ^{then} ^a ^{smaller} ^{table} ^{circled} ^{with} ^a ^{rod} ^{then} ^{an} ^{arm} ^{chair} ^{But} ^{Fleck} ^{was} ^{such} ^{was} ^{so} ^{disgusted} ^{that} ^{it} ^{had} ^{little} ^{likeness} ^{to} ^{the} ^{furniture} ^{to} ^{which} ^{Fleck} ^{was} ^{accustomed} ^{on} ^{top} ^{of} ^{the} ^{wardrobe} ^{for} ^{balance} ^{stood} ^{three}

that green
a window
who has descended
the state into a
mausoleum
depends from
one finger
the

looks white flukes - like flesh was to know them for the
 looks of ; the chest of drawers was surmounted,
 by a book case 'of papered deal & crimson murens';
 the washing table had been turned into a cabinet
 with another coronal of shelves; & on top of
~~which were two more~~ parts, of the chair & trestle; ^{top set}
 while the ranged table was spread with an
 extraordinary variety of objects yet to be identified.
 Almost everything in the room was carpentered or
 covered into being something different from what it
 was supposed to be. Even the window net blind
~~that covered the window~~ was embroidered
 with a complicated design, representing among
 other things, a castle & a gateway, several
 beazants, two walks & groves of trees.
 Icthem & eyes of all objects were reflected in mirror
 which, in the most ~~obvious~~ ^{obvious} way, ~~revealed~~
 revealed to flesh flesh himself. Further
 mirror further reduplicated these objects; further
 was mystified the unaccustomed eye - Was that
 a chair or the reflection of chair? Sometimes there
 seemed to be ten parts instead of five. How
 perplexing & even ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~so~~ ^{so} as one
 stood & gazed in this array, this ~~array~~ ^{array} of
 strange objects to come upon one's own face, one's own
 terrified staring dilated eyes. Flesh, as
 he pursued these enquiries, scarcely heard, rare as
 far off drone, like wind among trees, ~~the~~
 the murmur & patter of human voices. ^{at}
 But however the room was full of some
 upheavals & commotions; from which he hid
 - his nerves were intolerably ~~gashed~~ ^{gashed} by
 his ~~reproaches~~ ^{reproaches} - behind one of the innumerable
 screens. Then there a door shut. Then
~~there was silence.~~ But in that instant
 flesh knew that he was deserted. His head
 faded & vacillated the unmitigable round of

than, look,
 dilated
 terrified
 to the
 image of
 only.

Not a word
 was said to
 flesh but

They were two
rather the same
mound-

2 might have
made one
big - had

that was the puzzling thing - how like they were - how
curiously the one seemed the counterpart of the other, as if
in flesh. Men Barrett found how what the might have
been, & Men Barrett flesh recorded what he
might have been: had they been white; had they not
reminded been young & slender in the mysterious
process of nature; had not my interest; -
then the further. ~~the~~ ~~unfathomable~~ ~~the~~
apparently ~~which~~ further stranger more impenetrable
than the barrier of ~~the~~ that of ~~the~~ ~~the~~ war
woman, he was jag. But they looked at each
other, Jack felt, flesh, joining ~~as~~ ~~with~~ one bound
leapt ~~up~~ to the ~~sole~~ & porous ~~honey~~ of the ~~place~~
that he never ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~place~~ ~~on~~ the
sole at Men Barrett's feet.

~~the~~ ~~stark~~ ~~management~~. Heavy curls hang down on
either side of her small face; large bright eyes stare
out at him; a large mouth smiles. Heavy
ears hang down on either side of her face; his eyes
too were large & bright; his mouth was wide.
There was a likeness between them!
But while both felt the likeness, & all the curious
intimacy which likeness begets, ~~that~~ ~~through~~ ~~them~~ -
to that is human brings a sympathy reaching to
the ~~roots~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~being~~. ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~roots~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~being~~
the ~~few~~ ~~filaments~~ through the nature would have
been established, ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~this~~ ~~was~~ ~~most~~ ~~curiously~~
transo ~~deepened~~ ~~interest~~ in their care. ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~
No ~~two~~ ~~to~~ they were so like; & yet they were
so different. The ~~was~~ ~~hate~~ ~~planned~~; ~~then~~
face ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~face~~ ~~of~~ ~~an~~ ~~inverted~~ ~~reclined~~
from light & air, from freedom, motion. His
his ~~was~~ ~~ruddy~~ ~~folded~~; ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~warm~~ ~~with~~
health; ~~inherent~~ ~~in~~ ~~every~~ ~~atom~~ ~~with~~ ~~life~~. ~~his~~
It was as if one originally ~~separated~~, each
had ~~been~~ ~~completed~~ ~~and~~ ~~then~~ ~~split~~ ~~apart~~ & completed,

1

Complicated

IV

~~Nothing could be more different from the life that~~
 a new chapter now opened in the life of Fluch; &
 one that differed completely from all that had gone
 before. Mrs Barrett spent her time almost entirely
 upon her sofa in the back room. bed - for the
 sofa was only a bed disguised as a sofa - in the
 back room. For a descent to the floor below
 was an undertaking; a drive was a rare
 adventure; a walk was fraught with such
 danger, required such ~~caution~~ ^{caution} ~~between~~ ^{conditions of}
~~sun & calm~~ & as to be almost out of the
 question. And as Fluch depended entirely upon
 Mrs Barrett, he too ~~know~~ ^{spent} almost
 his whole life in the bedroom, with a very
 occasional drive, & a still more ~~that~~
 occasional when it was fine, but not windy, warm but
 not too warm, dry but not dusty, he sat in
 the carriage with Mrs Barrett & one of her
 sisters & visited some of the splendid shops in
 the neighbourhood of Wimpole Street. He
 followed them in; saw for the first time
 the splendours of civilization - with lace, bonnets,
 soaps, scents. He watched the mysterious
 process by which a golden coin is transformed
 into three & a half yards (approximately) of the
 best black bombazine. He could not
 fail to notice - day, as Mrs Muller had observed
 are keenly aware of social distinctions - the
 difference with which the shopwalkers attended
 the ladies to the door; & how the footman
 took the parcel & opened the door. & sometimes
 he walked beside Mrs Barrett's arm chair up
 Wimpole Street into Regent's Park. His

moved
 Mrs Barrett
 large park
 he heard the
 room of trade.
 he entered the
 several
 mysterious
 arcades
 where
 an avenue

And then after the
 time spent
 upon the
 bank again

The bellman of
the rancor of
not dried
bank

he forgot -
the old hour
found in he
blow -
he kept he
tried to
run.

maned to
rush
hungry to hunger,
standing to
hill -
fall in
narrow
blow;

at first, as the jewel of his coat, - fromy went by, &
which whizzed past his nose, he was glad of the chain
that attached him to the chair. But when they
reached the Park he was ~~completely bewildered~~. Heat was
gran; here were trees & flowers; the old smells
came back to him, though oddly, that with other flowers.
He began to feel the sea as he ~~smelt~~, he ~~found~~. After
was joined - but no: there was a tug on his collar.
He was thrown back on his haunches. ~~He~~ the
must ~~pass~~ walk at just pace. But no:
a heavy weight ~~pressed~~ jerked at his throat;
he was thrown back upon his haunches. After
this had happened perhaps a dozen times he began to
perceive some connection between the oddity
aggravation of the flowers - geraniums & tulips
& his own lettered papers, at a foot pace under the
best chairs. The bed of Scarlet flowers, maned
with a cushion that ~~was~~ was unparalalled at
these beds ~~cross~~ ~~some~~ connected with those
portulaca leaves in sunny hats, - whom Atin Chair,
Barrett called ~~part~~ ~~the~~ ~~chain~~. Ideas of localities,
of the connection between cypripedium, geranium. Come to this
of ~~part~~ ~~kept~~ formed a whole in his brain - an idea
soon it sank deep. ~~Soon~~ he could no more
have passed ~~so~~ ~~hardly~~ beside the best chairs
he too ~~was~~ ~~than~~ the ~~traged~~ presented itself to him -
was dignified to which he paid not so new perhaps
the tribute of a word, but the tribute of an
unhumble ~~decorum~~; ~~such~~ unlike his ~~watered~~
saint. The idea of social ~~des~~ ~~differences~~
began to ~~my~~ ~~was~~ ~~Repts~~ ~~Park~~. In Repts
Park ~~deep~~ ~~was~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~kept~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~chain~~.
Following on this idea, adorning wit as one grain of
dicks to another came upon the ~~correspond~~. naturally
related idea of ~~deliberate~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~agony~~.
Three Mile Cross where everyone was ~~perfectly~~
free to walk or run as they chose, Flunk had

into. to add to
his body of
crescent
belief - his
philosophy - his
conception of life -

transferred mixed with any impartially with
village cur - 2 highland greyhounds. He had been shipped to
Coursled with taproom dogs, & funkies dogs - his
wife, it is probable, was a village dog without a
tail of one kind & a head of another. But the
dogs of Wrenthole Street who were all dogs of the
water chain, ^{who were} sitting on the seats of barouche Landaus,
exercised by footmen were all dogs of the
highest breeding. They ~~obeyed~~ ^{obeyed} the laws of the
Kennel Club. Many were Chamberlains. Most
were related related. Most had grandfathers,
Aunts. Cousins in common. Before long
they had made Flunk aware that he was of their
Community. ~~And very soon Flunk was able to~~
Mr Barrett found him gazing at his reflection in
the mirror. He was observing with satisfaction
his smooth head his large eyes - 2 other points
that proved him to be the peer of the best bred
Cocker in Wrenthole Street.

III

The change from Three Mile Cross to Wimpole Street taking Cominy
 took place at ~~that~~ ^{the} critical moment of ~~early~~ ^{early} maturity
 adolescence meant to Fluck that the universality in the
 youth of the human species. He was thrown into
 completely new surroundings; every day provided a
 new experience; by ~~which~~ ^{which} his character was developed;
 his intellect expanded under the influx of new impressions.
 Few dogs can have a more singular education than Fluck.
 He was entirely in the charge of Miss Barrett.
 Miss Barrett spent her time almost entirely in
 bed. ~~But~~ ^{But} the bedroom was not an ordinary
 bedroom, nor was Miss Barrett an ordinary room
 invalid. ~~That was clear to Fluck~~ ^{That was clear to Fluck} ~~directly~~ ^{directly} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~bed~~ ^{bed}
~~conscious of her presence.~~ ^{conscious of her presence.} ~~But long before he could~~
~~have long before Fluck had any~~ ^{have long before Fluck had any} ~~was not~~ ^{was not}
~~more about~~ ^{more about} ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~influence,~~ ^{influence,} ~~though it was~~ ^{though it was}
 the most profound & permeating ~~was not~~ ^{was not} the only
 influence to which Fluck, as was now exposed.
 subjected. In ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~summer~~ ^{summer} of
 1843 had ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~those~~ ^{those} of ~~some~~ ^{some} provided ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~these~~ ^{these}
~~days~~ ^{cherished} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~these~~ ^{these}
~~of~~ ^{of} ~~these~~ ^{these} rare & cherished days had its allowance
 was fine but not windy, warm but not baking,
 dry but not dusty, & Miss Barrett could
 safely venture the lack the huge adventure of
 going shopping with her lady, ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~carriage.~~ ^{carriage.}
 The carriage was adorned. Her Valet & muffled
 Miss Barrett descended the stairs. Fluck went
 with her. The whole pomp of London at its
 most splendid basked on his astonished eyes. They
 drove along Oxford Street.

And

get
 took the
 influence of
 Miss Barrett
 & her bedroom
 the whole of
 Fluck's life.
 The
 whole of
 Fluck's
 conclusion
 bunched upon
 him.
 was at first
 the most
 dazzling.

But the dogs of London, Flush room discovered, are divided
into classes. Some are chained dogs, some are wild
dogs. Some take their airing in carriages or in the
charge of footmen; others stink along uncollared &
uncollared, picking up bones in the gutter. That
these differences of habit coincided with some
more important difference in the dog himself Flush
began to suspect, & his suspicions were confirmed
by matches of conversation held in passing with the
dogs of Wimpole Street. ~~We chained dogs, carriage~~
~~dogs, who wear chains & ride in carriages,~~
take our meals punctually off our own plates in
the dining room are dogs of pedigree, they
assured him. ~~We have observed the laws of the~~
~~Kenel Club~~ ~~we~~ better than the other dogs, they
assured him. ~~Our heads, tails, & coats~~
~~laws of the Kenel Club, approves eye. We~~
observe its laws. Our heads, our tails, our coats
are what heads, tails, coats should be. The
others are more outcasts, mongrels.
~~standing before the looking glass.~~ Flush observed with
satisfaction his smooth head, his prominent but
not protruding eyes, the tail that ~~was~~ had been
cut to the precise length that a tail should be.
Yes, he was the equal of the best but best looked in
Wimpole Street, in the world. His chain, the
purple jar from which he drank, were
tokens of the ~~privileges~~, penalties & the privileges
attached to his birth. When Mrs Barrett observed
him standing at himself in the looking glass.
~~As was he was not pondering the difference~~
between reflection & reality; he was
considering his points.

The autumn winds began to blow.

Flesh's

an under
these
circumstances
was
in Carbon

to the strength
with a merit

But the fine ^{summer} days were soon over in which it was
honorable for Mrs Barrett to take the air, were won
over, & she settled down to a life of complete seclusion in
her bedroom. Flesh's only took the air briefly under
perfunctory in charge of Wilson the maid. This
time she was now lived in one room at the back of
the house; she followed suit. This education
was now carried on indoors, in a room. She was
exposed to all that it was singular, that it was
reverse to that which tended to develop urban qualities
perhaps of the extreme of others has to be admitted;
is probably, that he would but that flesh himself
always held. Flesh's life followed next. He was
was exposed to all the influence of a completely
sedentary education - of that they are strong &
strong, that they tend to develop urban qualities
perhaps at the extreme of others he would have been
the first to admit. At least the more physical
confinement was trying, in the extreme.

Flesh's life, Flesh's education, also changed.
Few people will deny that the influences to
which he was now exposed within our door
education was now to be supplemented by that
influence of the bedroom; & that
of the bedroom & must be admitted that
to a day of Flesh's temperament; ~~but~~
habits that was drastic enough. This only
arriving, & there were brief perfunctory, were
taken in the company of Wilson the maid.
For the rest of the day he kept his station
on the rug sofa at Mrs Barrett's feet. At
least the confinement was extremely irksome.
When the autumn all his instincts were
contradicted. When the autumn winds
began to blow he had had to tear across the

was the
most
drastic
that could
have been
invented.

stubble; and at the sound of the very tapping on the pane
 made Min Barrett shake her head & draw her shawl
 more closely round her. When the leaves of the Scarlet
 Clematis & hibernica in the window box
 yellowed & fell the thicket. When the October
 rain lashed the windows, Wilson lit the fire &
 heaped up the coals. Poor Frank realised that all
 the signals that had meant air & exercise to him -
 his walk in the wood days of his father's illness, Min
 Mitford never meant taking the dog for a walk -
 & solitary hunting was weakened at - now
 meant seclusion, ^{solitude} ^{isolation}, more the darkness,
 heat. Autumn deepened into winter & there came the
 fogs; Wilson, Frank could only grope their way to
 the cellar by or to the chimney, & on coming in the
 back to the room, the only the pale bars shimmered
 on the tops of the wardrobes: nothing could be seen
 through the blind; the peasants & the cattle had
 vanished; blank yellow filled the pane. The lamp
 had to be lit. When the days were at their
 thickest Frank felt that he & Min Barrett occupied
 lived alone in a cave together. A cushioned lamp
 case, hollowed out under the sea. For to his
 eyes, the traffic ^{dropped} on outside; now
 again a voice went shouting hoarsely
 Cham & Mark to mend, or some other intelligence
 man known cry; & sometimes there was a tired
 man; coming near & louder; getting going
 further & getting fainter.
 Poor the temptations & associations of these words
 left them. Frank understood that the wind & rain,
 frost & fog had meant differently in ^{his} ^{life}
 Wimpole Street. His ^{turn} ^{of} ^{mind} ^{was} ^{drawn} ^{to} ^{the}
 details, the a change of clothing in Wimpole Street;
 never coming, hunting, running or ^{the}
 now saw all his attention to the life in the room.
 He - feeling just Min Barrett

Campfire,
 friction,
 mechanically
 supplied
 with
 food &
 drink.

Days of

When the October rain lashed the window, Wilson lit the fire & heaped up the coals. Autumn deepened into winter & the first fogs jaundiced the air. Wilson & Flush could only flog their way to the pillar box or to the Chemist. Nothing could be seen in the room when they came back but the pale vaults glimmering wanly on the tops of wardrobes; the hearth & the Castle had vanished in the blind; black yellow filled the pane. When the days were at their thickest Flush felt that he & Men Barrett lived alone in a cubroom, perlit care. The traffic droned on perpetually outside, with the whirring sound of reverberation; ~~of~~ now & again a voice went calling hoarsely "Whanni & baskets to mend" down the street; sometimes there was a jangle of organ music, coming nearer & louder; going further & fading away. But none of these sounds meant freedom, or action, or exercise: wind, rain, frost, ~~all~~ meant the all alike nothing ~~was~~ to Flush but recession & stillness. The lighting of lamps, the poking of the fire.

mean

At first the steam was too great. He could not help dancing round the room on a windy autumn day & he yearned to be allowed to race ~~through the stable~~. The partridge must be scattering over the stubble. He could not help racing ~~scattering~~ his hackles & trembling & strutting when a dog barked outside. And yet if his whim disturbed Men Barrett, if his scamper pained her - for she was alone, she could not get up to hit him out - he was the only company she had - he would control himself. He would ~~He~~ want to lie still at her feet. ~~He~~ want to hear Cabeline. The Cuban bloodhound, bark

What
Fluck lent.

The
smell
& de C.
with degn.

He looked about
he: looked;
wondered. No
there was nothing
nothing. nothing.
But he had his
worn was
neither,
looking,
nothing with
sensation.

Home
162

below, & Folly the King Charles Spaniel yep above, without
relying. To resign, to control, to be a piece up the
most vehement instincts of his nature - that was the
first lesson he learnt; & it was one such portentous
difficulty that it could only be learnt because Miss
Barrett was the teacher. ~~The understanding that~~
for nobody else could Fluck have undergone this discipline:
but between them as he had felt a ~~fast~~ being her
at the first sight of her, was some instinctive understanding
so that literally he pleasure was his, he
displeasure discommoded him: - yet the sympathy, this time
had to cross such gaps that to say simply Fluck
felt her with Miss Barrett. In the contrary, he felt
often most antipathetically. Eau de Cologne for
instance exhilarated his nostrils; flowers in vases
smelt disagreeing to him while they still pleased her:
there were a thousand rubs & jars in their sympathy -
& just & valium; hollow places - so that often
they started at each other in bewilderment: often
Miss Barrett could not imagine what he heard,
why he trembled, how he divined that Folly
was passing the door, or that Catherine had just
got a million bene between his paws. ~~He~~
~~smelt~~ heard, imagined nothing. ~~No~~ could
On the other hand, when Miss Barrett
put a board in her knee, & spent hour after hour -
there is tea. Reckoning by a days time, day
after day, passing a black stick across it, until
it was covered with a series of marks like
little black marks. Fluck was plunged in the
depth of dulcitas. Fluck saw her eyes full with tears:
as he himself wrote " - and then came the
failure in my health, ... & then the enforced
exile to Torquay which gave a night mare to
my life for ever, & robbed it of more than I
can speak of here; do not speak of that

Chas
Horn 153

'a very neat & characteristic portrait of Flush. Humourously made rather like Henry.'

anywhere. Do not speak of that dear Mr. Home.

Why did his eyes fill with tears? Flush could be no sort of reason: there was nothing new hurting her. And then she went out laughing, showed him a black mark which meant nothing whatever to him. Yet, to her & to Mr Home this meaningless sign was nothing less than a portrait of Flush himself, drawn by Miss Barrett to serve instead of her own picture. "I only fail of being an excellent substitute for mine through being more worthy than I can be counted" Miss Barrett added, in those minute claw-like channels which whatever they meant to Mr Home, meant less than nothing to Flush. And yet Miss Barrett would go on passing this stick across a white space; & sometimes crying & sometimes laughing, though there was nothing whatever happening in the room.

Between them, as Flush had felt that first afternoon was a tie that was bound; an uncomfortable yet thrilling tightness; so that if his pleasure was her deep pain then his pleasure was one that cut at his lips in the very act of jobbing it down. That was true; ~~of her with his~~ he would refuse a walk rather than leave Miss Barrett alone; & yet the tie that bound them had to cross such gulfs - there were such chasms broken in so many places; there were such gaps in it that often they could only stare at each other in bewilderment. Why did Flush suddenly tremble & whimper & look & listen, how he knew up? Miss Barrett could hear nothing; she could see nothing; there was no body else in the room. She could not tell that Foley her sister's King Charles's Span had passed the door; she could not smell that Catherine the Cuban bloodhound had just been given a mutton

Cap. June

borne by the footman. Nor could she with all her poet's
 imagination divine what welcome wet umbrella
 meant; to a dog who had once been beaten by a tramp;
 what memories of dark men, saying span span were
 & wild monstrosities & cries of span span were made him but
 rounded in him when the whip, a carters cracked his
 whip in Wimpole Street. ~~As for~~ Flash, crouched at
 Mrs Barrett's feet, guess he could not imagine
 what pleasure she found in perpetually crossing a
 white that with a black stick; yet then she would
 spend hour after hour; & why did she suddenly
 laugh, & why did her eyes fill with tears? There was
 no joke, no sound: there was nothing in the room.
 When Mrs Barrett wrote "Oh dear Mr. Home ..."
 and Mrs Carr ~~she~~ ^{she} went.
 It meant nothing to Flash - when she showed him
 a very neat & "he saw nothing but a vague
 black mark. ~~And yet~~ she laughed. But why?
 There was ~~no sound,~~ ^{she} would smell
 nothing, hear nothing. There was nobody else in
 the room with them.

Her ~~misunderstanding~~ ^{misunderstanding}
~~between them~~ ^{between them} Get that there were ~~few~~ ^{few} ~~frank~~
 obstacles. Get though there were ~~frank~~ ^{frank} ~~obstacles~~
 between them, & though ~~there~~ ^{there} means of communication
 were highly imperfect, still under the shadow of Mrs
 Drablow's pen up a sympathy which, perhaps
 because it had to find its way such waits of
 silence to cross, became, as time went on, all
 the deeper, all the subtler. What eloquence,
 Mrs Barrett's marvellous home reflected her in silence
 while Flash, looking at the sheets of paper that
 were piled under her pen, thought, Ah to be
 able to write! And to do that - ~~what~~ ^{what} ~~was~~ ^{was} it
~~possible~~. And, in the long watches of the day,
 they looked at each other sometimes as if each could give

The arm chair would be drawn up under the sofa: Miss
 Barrett would be wrapped in Indian shawls;
 the medicine bottles & the toilet things would be
 carefully concealed in the cabinet under the busts of
 Chaucer & Homer. Flunk humbly would receive an
 extra combing & brushing. Then, after them, about two
 or three came the tap on the door for which both
 Miss Barrett & Flunk were anxiously watching; & in
 came dear Miss Metford, beaming, ~~very~~ ^{white} haired
~~with rather shabby & unbecomingly white~~ ^{carriage}
 carrying a bunch of ferns with a
 bunch of ferns, beaming humbly like one of the flowers
 taken in 18.

Flunk, by simply sitting at Miss Barrett's feet (^{submissively})
 to Miss Barrett's ~~known~~ ^{to her voice} - let them - voices
 upholding over him, ~~he knew, as it seemed~~ ^{hour after}
 hour on & on & on they went; & at last, finally
 to his pleasure, for little silences came: Miss
 Metford began. Miss Metford snatched her bag to;
 but Henry stood for up, stood with his back to the fire;
 Mr Jameson, with a sharp angular movement that ~~was~~
 that comprehended to his voice, pulled her gloves on. There
 was a heaving, swaying. Flunk was ~~prompted~~ ^{to}
 was halted, by Miss Metford; had he ear pulled by
 Mr Henry. The last routine of heart-breaking was
 intolerably prolonged, but at last, at last, Miss
 Metford. Mr. Henry. "Mr Jameson" at left the
 the door was shut: Miss Barrett sank back very
 white, very tired, in her hollow. ^{Heaven he praised}
 they were alone again. After ^{it was} almost
 dinner time before the visitor went. Wilson was
 at the door now with Miss Barrett's dinner on a
 tray. But what with the dressing & the
 talking Miss Barrett was too tired to eat.

had seen, had,
 saw word by
 had remembered
 touching, had
 found them
 far, had
 got to the
 bar -

It was
denied 9

The second night when the covers were lifted, showed
a whole chop, or a wing of chicken, or half a partridge.
The newly feddled about with her knife & fork.
The could not be bothered even to cut up the solid
~~meat~~, the wing of a admirable capon. ~~Sticking~~ a
secret sign to flunk, she held up the. She held up her
fork. Healthily & silently flunk advanced. He
seized the bend of her fork. He swallowed it
whole. He was lying couchant at her feet,
apparently asleep. She was lying, verted, verted,
with an empty plate beside her, when one more
a a step clothed at the door, - a step heavier, more
that was heavier, slower, but more determined than
any other step clothed at the door: the handle
a tap rounded that was full of authority
& command; & the door opened to admit
the most formidable human being of men.
It was Mr. Barrett heavily. His eye at once verted on
the tray. Had his commands been obeyed? Yes,
the plate was empty. He lowered heavily into the
Chair by his daughter side. Then Wilson
whimled, & flunk flunk off the sofa &
ran out of the room, driven away by a force
whisk

IV.

To a dog of Fluh's temperament - than he said such as
the education of the ^{in the 1840s} ~~bedroom~~, was drastic. But what,
though the words fall freely from the pen, it is not
so easy to define that temperament which may well
elude us. It is not so easy to say what made up
the but what was that temperament? ~~Of~~
Many dogs. For though many dogs would have
passed through it comparatively untouched. But
Fluh was no ordinary, was profoundly affected.

There are dogs who could have lived this life & received
this education without being greatly affected one way
or the other. But Fluh was profoundly impressionable.
New Barrett was a dog of complex personality, at
one meditative & in whom a reflective & -
Fluh "is a philosopher" - New Barrett noted - highly

↳ Physically

45

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Philosophical
dog"
He examined
a harp &
came to the
conclusion
that it
was not
alive

Intellectual. New Barrett the high spirited, &
acutely sensitive to personal relations naturally
sought to win his sensibility that was fostered
by such a life as that he lived in ~~Worcester~~ ^{Mass.}
He long as long as he developed became
He became His sensibility, it may be said, ~~perished~~
rather to the peculiar somewhat at the expense
cost of the other qualities. But, Miss ^{his}

the ~~theory~~ ^{from the harp}, ~~since~~ ^{After contact with}
harp it was natural that the roughness of dogs
should be more apparent to him. New Barrett intended
admitted that he was that the banking & ^{hooking} of
ordinary dogs were becoming debasing to him. He
"does not pretend to be a hero" he admitted.

On September 7th 1843 Catlin's "The great
Savage (Cuba bloodhound)" when he
injured his leg. ^{But} and when we read 7]

and yet it is difficult to not to sympathize with the
dilemma in which Fluh was placed. Here was Miss
Barrett taking a harp from the window & trying it
beside Fluh: ~~he~~ ^{He} ~~is~~ ^{is} looking ~~him~~ ^{him} to determine whether
an instrument that produces music can be properly
used to be alone. ~~No Fluh decided; a harp is not~~
~~alone~~ ~~No~~ ~~some~~ ~~had~~ ~~he~~ ~~decided~~ ~~that~~ ~~life~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~a~~
property of the harp, then the Cuban bloodhound set
on him & bit his leg. Miss Barrett concluded
that he was not a hero. Here was Catherine
Seeger, him by the leg [Sept 8th 1843] & biting him
severely. Here was Mr Kenyon wearing a
great cloak & stumbling over the hell hole.
Here most difficult problem of all, was Miss Barrett
attended by a male red dog who was not himself.
If he tumbled & barked, the red dog tumbled -
barked also. What then was the use of tumbly-
barkling? He solved the problem by "squeezing close,
close to me & Kenyon me & personally." It seems
natural enough, when the dog education laid
such profound problems in his way that he
should fail to respond with perfect
directness & force to the barking of other dogs. But
then under such a ~~of~~ ~~short~~ ~~and~~ ~~angry~~
~~in~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~other~~ ~~hand~~, if his peculiar interests
lay under, if Miss Barrett could with justice
say that Fluh was 'not a hero', he made up
by a sensibility that daily grew more acute.
About nothing could affect Miss Barrett
without also affecting him. And, as time
went on, in Wimpole that Miss
Barrett came to realize the sacrifice he had
made for her, & returned his affection, with all its
acknowledgment - did he not spring upon Mr
Kenyon when Mr Kenyon stumbled over the
hell hole - about work. He had given up

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Everything for the sake - love, & adventure & all the joys of active life. And the ~~front~~ ~~out~~ he was lost.

When ~~refused~~ ~~to sleep~~ when prevented from sleeping as he had "he passed the night moaning bitterly", if he refused to eat ~~until~~ ~~unless~~ the face him he food, then extremes of sensibility, judged sentimental, unknown - effeminate no doubt - by Caliban, - ~~the~~ they were all tokens of the love he had for her. And he had, she remembered, sacrificed everything else for the sake - love, adventure, all the joys of the normal days life. And he had, she found that she ~~could~~ ~~not~~ eat a sleep. He is worth loving, is he not?" she said. He is worth loving, is he not?" she said.

Home
1. 165

is my friend - my companion - & loves me better than he loves the Danish without, once when he had been lost, & had eaten nothing for three days, he would not eat, when he first saw Merri Barnett, but "stared away from the plate & laid down his head on my shoulder. The spirit of love conquered the animal appetite even on that day. He is worth loving. Is he not?"

he went downstairs, & we can well understand that there may have been some mental, some abstractness about him which roused the suspicion & then the rage of Caliban the savage Cuban bloodhound who guarded the hall. He fell upon Flank, wounded him, & sent him howling upstairs. Flank is 'no hero' Merri Barnett commended. But then, how far is heroism consistent with metaphysical subtlety? ~~How~~ ~~Newton~~ would Newton, if seized on the heel by a bloodhound just as the apple fell.

IV

Muriel: I'll wonder that such an education would have
 affected even an ordinary day. And Frank was not an
 ordinary day. He was a strange mixture of high spirit
 & reflectiveness, of daring & sensibility. ~~He~~
 Upon such a day the atmosphere of the bedroom turned
 with peculiar force. We cannot blame him if
 his emotions were cultivated ^{rather than} this physical
 away. ~~By~~ with his head pillowed in a Greek
 lexicon, naturally he disliked barking & baying.
 he preferred the cat to the dog. Then, Miss
 Barrett. Then Miss Barrett would give him brain
 upon difficult problems. The woman's face a haughty
 from the window & ask him, as she said why he
 did, the thought that was alive? Then she
 would make him stand with her before looking
 down. & ask him why he barked & bumbled? Was not
 the little brown dog himself? Naturally Frank pro-
 vided such problems, ^{with such} ~~with~~ ^{individual} ~~individual~~ ^{problems}
 he wear down Hain & this Hain to be wounded in
 of them were somewhat abstract, & exclusive,
 in his own which would be very of the rough
 when blood had cooled. when he returned his
 wound him but him in the leg & sent him
 howling upstairs for Miss Barrett's sympathy.
 He is 'no hero' the accident. But why was he no hero?
 Was it not partly in his nature. ~~How~~ ^{How} for being the
 even his just not to realize that there for he take
 & by his teaching that he had... And

Must

Was it, or
 was it not,
 Frank would
 jump near
 to Miss
 Barrett's
 knee in
 sympathy.

It seemed as if nothing ^{was} more ever to break that tie - as
if the years were merely to compact & cement it
For the months became years. Eighteen forty two
turned into ~~1843~~, eighteen forty three; eighteen forty
three into eighteen forty four - eighteen forty
four into eighteen forty five - still Miss
Barrett lay in the bath bedroom at Lombard
Street: & Flah lay at her feet on the sofa.
Miss Barrett never left the house for more than
an hour or two at a time; & then only to in summer
drive in a carriage with her ^{in a baby chair,} ~~with~~ ^{wanted that for her}
the family never left the house. ~~with~~ ^{away.}
The ~~only~~ but Mr. Barrett, the six brothers, the four ^{only}
sisters, the butler & the maid, Catherine & Folly,
Miss Barrett & Flah all went on, year in
year out, sitting in the dining room sleeping in
the bedroom, smoking in the study, entertaining
in the drawing room, & the curtains steadily
without the curtains became deeply faded; the
carpets shrewdly worn; coal dust mud, soot,
fog, all accumulated in the carpets on the
wall paper, in the crevices & cracks, on the
panes, in the vases. The fog in Miss Barrett's
windows flowered: it's green curtain became
thicker & thicker.

Then one night early in January 1845
the postman knocked: letter fell into the
letter box: Wilson went down to fetch it
there were any for Miss Barrett as usual.
Everything was as usual. The postman knocked
every night: every night almost. There was a
letter for Miss Barrett. But tonight,
January 10th 1845, the letter was different.
Flah perceived, even before the envelope was
opened, from the way Miss Barrett took it up,
looked at the vigorous jagged address, from some

indescribable tremor, in his fingers, or impetuosity in their
 way they tore the flap open - he perceived as we
 with our fingers can perceive hear half asleep a
 bell ringing. A mountain cut in the West, +
 I know among the tumult of other sounds a his
 heavy falling waters of deep, tharish for us, or
 bell, addressed to us, alarmingly, that some one is
 trying. though the clamour of deep a dream that
 someone is trying to come in - has been shut out, or
 is rousing us with the cry of fire, or burglary -
 something alarming enters our consciousness - shows
 in this way that Fluke realized an alarm. That
 morning broke the envelope that deep was over: that
 an alarm had sounded - He perceived as the read.
 And then, when he folded the letter & returned it
 to the envelope. Next again; but not so jaundly.
 Next morning he had the same indigestible
 sensation of alarm, & nerves rising of their own
 accord put him on Men Barrett
 handed her pen over a white sheet. That was
 her usual morning occupation. But today
 there was something unusual. The hand
 was eager: it stopped. Then it started again:
 Fluke could it write rapidly: then it stopped.
 "I am writing too much, - a not understanding that
 I am writing too much, I will wait a moment
 thing more." off she went again: Fluke
 felt the strangest most urgent desire to interrupt
 to bank to whom: but Men Barrett said was
 been completely oblivious of them - they were
 further away than they had ever been - there was
 a just a want of more than silence between them
 " & I will say " she went on " that while I
 live to follow this divine art of poetry, in
 proportion to my love for it & my devotion to it,
 I must be a too devout admirer & student of
 your works. This is in my heart to say
 to you. - & I say it " and it was

BB.
 4

when the letter was sealed up & sent off, that
Fluke felt that he was more excited to Miss Barrett.
That Fluke felt that Miss Barrett had returned across the
vast gulf of oblivion & ~~was~~ saw him again.

He did his best to reason himself out of his alarm
For a day or two - but the letters were innocuous -
merely from Miss Nutford as usual. But when he
saw the ~~same~~ ~~envelope~~ ~~in~~ ~~which~~ could not but
notice the casual way in which they were
tossed in to the drawer that was already half full of
Miss Nutford's letters, & compare it with the
And then, on the night of the 14th of January,
there again was the same ominous envelope - on
Wilson's tray. Now began a time of exquisite
unpleasant torment. Sometimes days would
pass without a letter; & he would try to
hope that but even so, he could not prevent
himself from himself those unnumbered slight
signs - perceptible to no one else - which told him
that Miss Barrett was waiting, was trying for a
letter. And the fact that he was ~~debarred~~
from trying her with his ~~Galaxy~~ made it the
harder to bear. Often she would lie as if in
France; he carries were perfunctory; she looked
him with a negligence that was worse than a blow.
Sometimes, as she works, went by, he cheated tried
himself with the to be ~~too~~ ~~ready~~ that he
was agitated, ~~nothing~~ ~~after~~ ~~all~~, what was
letter? ~~There~~ ~~was~~ ~~no~~ ~~change~~ ~~in~~ ~~Miss~~ ~~Barrett's~~
life. Only ~~no~~ ~~fresh~~ ~~visitors~~ ~~came~~ - ~~her~~
Kempin. Miss Nutford ~~every~~ ~~time~~ only Miss Keyser -
Miss Nutford as usual. And then, just as he
had taken this view to heart he would notice
some curious sign of impatience, of restlessness
in Miss Barrett. She looked at herself
anxiously in the glass: but she did not hold her

No way? no
letter home?

he had never
known he would
so feverishly
show me how
mean

up to look too. Then she questioned Wilson anxiously
about the weather - was the wind still in the East -
was there no sign of Spring in the Park?
And ~~Fluck~~ could no longer the reading & the writing
of the letter became more & more absorbing, ~~on the~~
~~letter~~ ~~then~~ ~~came~~ ~~more~~ ~~frequently~~, ~~the~~ ~~length~~ ~~was~~
~~that~~ For the first time she seemed impatient, when
irritable; ~~when~~ ~~she~~ ~~said~~ ~~that~~ ~~she~~ ~~had~~ ~~never~~ ~~been~~
~~so~~ ~~told~~. And then, ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~the~~ ~~idea~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~her~~
she ~~the~~ ~~look~~ ~~hardly~~ ~~to~~ ~~what~~ ~~had~~ ~~become~~ ~~her~~
Solace - writing, but not poetry, but letters. And
she knew, Fluck thought, even before he knew, that
there was a letter for her, or that there was
not a letter for her (only the hated letter now
counted - often she found with great & painful
carefulness into drawers) & was ~~so~~ ~~valued~~
or ~~expected~~ ~~in~~ ~~appointed~~ just as keenly as he
was felt the very opposite emotion. They were
far from feeling in sympathy with each other they
were now opposed - for the first time Fluck
found himself appreciating the qualities of Mr.
Barrett. Disobedience to father, he came to
think was a crime, ~~as~~ ~~should~~ ~~be~~, ~~or~~ ~~should~~ ~~he~~
not swallow the bait next time it was
offered him? But if he refused, what chance
was there that Mrs Barrett would understand the
reason? If for a moment, taking advantage of one
of those moods of gloom & independence which now
alternated with the new gaiety, she crept up to
her & begged, not bones, not carvers, but
something more secret more profound, then
very likely, in the moment of intimacy, she would
her grey eyes would burn with a strange new look,
he says would stay pressed with unthinking
hankers in her face, ~~as~~ ~~because~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~
best man's ~~look~~. ~~Yes~~ - here it was. And

Could with the
little fish display.

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would lean open the thickly wooded ~~delimited~~ ~~invaluable~~ ~~invaluable~~:
the would march out ~~superiorly~~ before the read
them the ~~innumerable~~ ~~blaze~~, ~~whose~~ ~~blots~~, covered ~~with~~
blotches, crated hands that was ~~would~~ ~~unmoved~~, a
Fluke ~~could~~ ~~tell~~, from the sloping fine ~~elyance~~ ~~of~~
~~her~~ ~~then~~ ~~conspicuously~~ ~~Miss~~ ~~Met~~ ~~for~~ ~~to~~ ~~imply~~.

"And now ~~rough~~ ~~of~~ ~~fish~~, which I am fast
forgetting x.... Do you think I shall see you in
two months, three months?" I may travel, perhaps.

Next day ~~then~~ ~~Fluke~~ ~~then~~ And after that
Miss Barrett was so ill that ~~no~~ ~~rebellion~~ that
Fluke did not know how to put up with the torment.
And the man went ~~blew~~; the war ~~ill~~; yet
the war ~~not~~ ~~ill~~; the war ~~more~~ ~~active~~ ~~than~~ ~~usual~~;
yet the war ~~ill~~; the ~~looked~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~glance~~; the
questioned ~~Wilson~~ about the weather; the war
~~set~~ ~~new~~ ~~happy~~, ~~new~~ ~~dependent~~. Each ~~wood~~ ~~went~~
through Fluke like a knife; & then, the took up he
bound ~~all~~ ~~more~~ & ~~wrote~~ -
"This implacable weather!" & then all this

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must end!... A fire is coming:
recovery a step & break...

If she ~~power~~, no did Fluke. ~~His~~ ~~life~~ ~~But~~ ~~what~~ ~~at~~!
The portman ~~knock~~ - a ~~little~~ - ~~no~~ ~~letter~~ - The ~~sun~~ -
the wind - ~~very~~ ~~change~~ ~~perplexed~~ ~~him~~ - the light
changing in the ~~parts~~ - the glow ~~the~~ ~~red~~ ~~merino~~ -
the top ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~way~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~pane~~ - ~~see~~
every sound ~~of~~ ~~spring~~ - the occasion ~~voice~~ ~~of~~
and in the news - when they ~~saw~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~
a fine day - when they ~~saw~~ ~~spring~~ ~~was~~ ~~coming~~ -
when Miss Barrett ~~had~~ ~~her~~ ~~Indian~~ ~~shawl~~ ~~out~~ -
when she looked at ~~her~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~glance~~ - what
was coming, what was ~~happening~~ - what was
terrible event ~~was~~ ~~impending~~? Now - ~~see~~.
that was ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~. Now ~~was~~ ~~only~~
the Kenya... And then, at last, on May

desires almost
power each in our
presence

The talk never
stopped. It did not
flow, it ^{repeated} itself.
Each ^{with} his
part ^{of} his
again.

Manfully I
share with her the
curious ^{polymorphous}
his ideas, his incapacity
for them.
She did not
wink for silence.
She wished for
speech.
She looked at him
almost as if
she wished he
could speak.
He ^{was} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{middle} ^{of} ^{his} ^{obsession}.

lifelike. Theatrical, not present, not part, as they had been for
year & year, of himself & Mrs Barrett, guardian, friendly
~~connections~~, familiar friend: they were nothing to him any
longer. He shifted his position. Mrs Barrett took no
notice, he whined - ~~the~~ ^{the} man at that moment
saw his loud abrupt laugh. At last he lay perfectly
still, every muscle hard, tense, silent, desperate in
young. At last the clock struck another hour,
hour. Mr Browning jumped up. ~~Delusion~~
a homicidal dream, a dreadful self-embodiment marked
every feature. He was gone.

But Mrs Barrett did not sink back on her
pillows ~~white & startled~~; she did not call
Flora to her, fondle her as she was used,
when Mr Henry left her, or Mrs Jameson, or Miss
Metford - as much as ^{to} well that over. ^{on} the
noon we are in ^{the} ^{new} ^{let} ^{us} ^{drop} ^{all} ^{this}
sensible ^{that} ^{he} ^{is} ^{silent} ^{again}.
Contrary; she sat upright; her eyes were bright; ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{chair}
she ^{was} ^{at} ^{last} ^{she} ^{returned} ^{to} ^{note} ^{as} ^{before}
Flora, she touched Flora lightly, joyfully; but almost
as if she were another day. ^{that} ^{night} ^{she} ^{ate} ^{every} ^{mess}
she ^{drank} ^{that} ^{night} - ^{there} ^{was} ^{no} ^{vegetarian}
of anything Flora to help her. That night she ate her
chicken to the bone. And when Mr Barrett
came in, Flora felt a ^{for} ^{the} ^{first} ^{time}
again a movement of sympathy towards him. He
she ^{did} ^{not} ^{only} ^{know} ^{what} ^{Flora} ^{was} ^{doing};
could you ^{smell} ^{her}? Don't you know who's
been sitting in that very arm chair? Can you smell the
The whole room reeked & reeked, she with
no presence that dark haired bright faced man.
But Mr Barrett noticed nothing. When
Flora was called out by ^{her} ^{mother}, he was
actually praying. Nobody knew what Flora knew.
He ^{was} ^{praying} ^{with} ^{his} ^{daughter}. Flora when Flora was
called out of the room.

from the drunk
man in the
Chair.

The family did begin to notice however that Mrs Barrett
was better - She left her room & went down to the kitchen &
dressing room. Then she did what she had ^{not done} for
for many a long day - she actually walked ^{on her feet} ~~with her~~
Lecter as far as the gate at Downshire Place with her
Lecter. Flank knew who ~~was~~ ^{was} that ~~where~~ her
strength came from - it was from ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~presence~~.
She came again & again & again. Before long he ~~came~~
~~was coming~~ regularly & punctually: he came
twice a week; ~~at two~~ he came at in the afternoon:
he brought flowers. When he did not come, his letters
came - he letters went. There were his flowers on the
table. Naturally, Mrs Barrett found her feet.
Flank humbly felt that that it was almost
impossible to sit still. When that man was there,
even when he was gone - His dreams were
full of whips cracking - even. He dreamt, as he had
not dreamt since the old days at Three Mile Cross,
of hares, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~wharving~~ ^{wharving} up from the foun. I
particular ~~rising~~ ^{rising} from the stubble, of humping
with other dogs, of chasing some spotted spaniel -
a woman, no a dog, his wife was she, or
was she about to be? in Wain, in Wales, in
Northshire, in Regent's Park - ~~yet~~ ^{yet} she looked up:
there was only Mr. Browning talking to Miss
Barrett: no ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~stubble~~ ^{stubble} - only the sofa. But
~~yet~~ ^{yet} when Flank actually went alone with
Mrs Barrett (Aug. 20th 1845) into Regent's
Park was a turmoil of conflicting feelings. He
~~yet~~ ^{yet} such was the complexity of her feelings that when
Mrs Barrett said (Aug 20th 1845) that if the
rain stopped she would take him for a walk in
Regent's Park, he wraped his tail ~~unconsciously~~: yet
felt, as if all its only because he cannot come today:
& yet I see this - this in the blood to him: & that
him: for he: yet cant resist going - & yet know -

& there were
no men
cracking whips.

of this spectacle.

who had given
her back her steps

J. ~~W. M.~~

~~That but the pleasure which the routine of~~
~~that she projected that Mrs Barrett became more~~
~~active - yet the change in Mrs Barrett's life had its~~
~~effect upon that. On Aug 20th for instance she~~
~~took him for a walk alone in Regent Park -~~
~~as wild joy but the wild joy was clouded~~
~~why did she go out? because of Mr Browning.~~
 why was she able to walk? because of Mr Browning
 why was she chosen that Tuesday? because Mrs had been
 Mr. Browning could not come. ~~There~~ ^{some} ~~such~~
 Every thing was quickened. One feeling strove with
 another. And he could not though he could not
 be sure what the letter words meant that
 hurried over him, from two lines to four lines,
 that ~~by~~ ^{as} ~~something~~ ^{so} ~~verbally~~ ^{at other}
 times with long pauses, he could debate with
 terrible accuracy the tone; he ~~was~~ ^{knows} that
 her voice was raised in rage; dipped merely;
 & that there was, ~~unconsciously~~ ^{unconsciously}, that she talked
 with a ring with a softness with a dreaming
 & warm heat, with something ^{something}
 scarcely making any effort, & then a few words ^{so}
 roundly & clearly with a bell like note - to
 which the man answered - with the same
 & these voices, ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~like~~ ^{like} the murmuring of
 beads, or the raving of a cloud, when it you own a
 hill, & the hill, as Ash had observed, darker -
 than Vayer; & then the odd thought came to him
 that Mrs Barrett was ~~less~~ ^{less} ~~whispering~~ ^{like a}
~~bird flying~~ ^{like a} ~~like a~~ ^{nest of} ~~joy~~ ^{bird's}
 babbling & chattering, while the mother bird
 drops worms into the hole, & then that she
 had soared up into the air, was ~~like~~
 like the loudest flute like ever, ~~and~~
 whistling, like the plover in the Berkshire
 hills; & then that ~~she was~~ ^{there was a}
 grotesque crawling, ~~rough~~ ^{rough} ~~rough~~ ^{rough} ~~rough~~ ^{rough}
 of laughter & chuckles; & then, as the summer passed

a punance, an
agency, a
guiltless
intensity

against that
agency that
pursues
for fun -

into autumn he depicted a new note in the man's voice,
something urgent, ^{heated} arrant, at which Mrs Barrett
took fright he could hear, & pleaded, heistaloo, because
tho' in broken utterance, gasping, dazed, as if she
were pleading for time, for rest, for pain - as if she
were afraid.

As of him, they took little notice - the night, he
knew, had been a long one lying there at
Mrs Barrett's feet for all the attention she Mr
Browning gave him. Sometimes he patted him, or
rubbed his hand in his usual spasmodic way -
"You know what I've thought in time through you: -

Mr Browning wrote in October 1845. ~~But~~
Fluck felt ~~nothing~~ but an intense dislike for Mr.
Browning. He disliked his frequency; his
bluffness; the very look of him, so well set-up. so
tall, so buttoned, so tight, so muscular, so
vigorous in every feature, so formidable, so
set his teeth on edge. He was the very
opposite of Mrs Barrett's brother. There was
nothing in them to make one's hackles bristle.
There was the most kindling that
Fluck had ever known. One hope alone possessed
him - that the man would ~~be~~ rejected
~~possibly~~ by Mrs Barrett, that Mrs Barrett
would one day walk in before his face - would
speak, would by their force of that stare - new
black, new beetling, Fluck well knew - yet this
intruder from the house. But Mrs Browning was
always gone long before Mrs Barrett tapped at the
door. Nobody ever interrupted Mrs Browning's
run of conversation. Fluck could only show his
animosity by a brutal, by a snarling. Mrs
Barrett had to make her to mediate between
them. The Fluck could hear his name mentioned -
his characteristic - "Did you ever hear of
yes: but none of this made any difference to his intense
dislike of the whole intolerable situation."

in even

B.B. 1
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hovered

~~took~~
that
displeased
Fluck
profoundly

Came in unat.
Fluck.

It was a situation moreover which was always changing. Although one month passed, & then another, & the fatal twentieth of May had come round again, Fluck could not settle into any ~~settled~~ ^{settled} attitude of mind. The Rumour of Change ~~was~~ ^{was} always in the air. Sometimes he believed that there was going to be a more agreeable kind - there was the indefinable ~~his~~ which precedes jacking. A boy perhaps, was actually deputed & moved from the boy room. Then it was but back again. The voices changed. Men Barrett's voice had lost its hebrication, its ja-shuttering note. There was a note in it that Fluck had never heard before - It sounded ~~like~~ ^{like} a different ~~mind~~ ^{mind}. ~~Strong~~, for all that it never lost its spirit. Bitterly enough, the Fluck felt that Men Barrett himself was changing; ~~when he~~ ^{when he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~tried~~ ^{tried} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~approach~~ ^{approach} ~~where~~ ^{where} ~~as~~ ^{as} in the old way, kissing her, there ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} the same: the treated his advances more bravely; as if the head ~~less~~ ^{less} time for dalliance; as if there were something a little trivial new in them. No endowment, at least the ~~curse~~ ^{curse} came. On Wednesday July 8th Fluck could restrain himself no longer. He ~~got~~ ^{got} ~~pushed~~ ^{pushed} at Mr. Browning & bit him. At last he ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~met~~ ^{met} in the immaculate cloth of Mr. Browning's ~~room~~ ^{room}. But the limb ~~made~~ ^{made} ~~was~~ ^{was} like iron. In ~~penis~~ ^{penis} has been better in comparison. ~~Mr~~ ^{Mr} ~~Browning~~ ^{Browning} ~~brushed~~ ^{brushed} ~~him~~ ^{him} ~~off~~ ^{off} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~a~~ ^a ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~stick~~ ^{stick}. She ~~land~~ ^{land}. He was not ruffled for a moment. The ~~voices~~ ^{voices} were scarcely interrupted. Nothing had been ~~same~~ ^{same}. ~~Fluck~~ ^{Fluck} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~yet~~ ^{yet} ~~this~~ ^{this} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~utmost~~ ^{utmost} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~Fluck~~ ^{Fluck} ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~do~~ ^{do}. He lay panting with ~~exhaustion~~ ^{exhaustion}, ~~rage~~ ^{rage}, & ~~disappointment~~ ^{disappointment}. But when Mr. Browning had gone, ~~Mr~~ ^{Mr} ~~Barrett~~ ^{Barrett} ~~perceived~~ ^{perceived} Fluck had to meet the

He left him.

P.B.
2
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There were hints
in her manner
wh- Thomas
him that she did
not understand
his action: she had
charged: this too was
attempted
H. did not need

Fluke lay
in a
the gutter of
drain

The most severe punishment that any ~~man~~ could have been
doomed. The Man Barrett slapped his tan that was
essentially rough rather to his liking. But then she said
she would never love him again - that he had given up
the sunshine for her sake. Finally, & most cuttingly,
she went & put Mr. Browning's flowers in water.
~~No action being, no approach,~~ Fluke watched her
& each rose, as she placed it carefully in the vase,
was as a cloud of earth upon his face. Each
petition as she turned the flower, unaged them, twisted
the knife deeper into the wound. And she sat silently
watching him. At last when Man Barrett noticed
that ~~was disturbed~~ by the purity ~~with which he~~ she
~~looked at her.~~ He could not ignore ~~even in her own~~
that "expression of fixed quite despair on his face."
"At last I said just as I did."

Memories of this part, ~~some~~ ~~conclusion~~ of what Fluke
old some of Fluke's character which, all that months
had been submerged beneath the impression. ~~return~~ to
her. "Was not I wrong?" she wrote

But though she forgave him, & though, ~~yet~~ ~~was~~ his
love for her, that he could not resist her forgiveness,
it little though she understood his anger - did she
not ascribe it merely frivolously to his a
general hatred of "all unethically minded people" -
did she not assure Mr. Browning that Fluke
"does not hate you", he has a certain distrust of you,
which any outward sign, such as the umbrella,
reawakens, But if you had seen how sorry
embarrassed he was yesterday! - while she ran as like this

Fluke did not need to read these words in
order to be aware that she misunderstood him
completely. An incident that took place
Mr. Browning was in at fault. He, as Fluke was kind
aware even the act of looking ~~him~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~credited~~
him with a nobler rage than a child's whiti-
against umbrellas. He recognized Fluke "Oh,

how Fluk -

2
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But Mrs Barrett, he ~~was~~ was now new miles apart.
 a single incident is enough to prove it. a few days
 after this terrible explosion, Mrs Barrett
 Mrs. Mrs Barrett decided, when Mrs Brown had gone,
 to drive to the Park in a cab with her sister
 Arabella. They ~~was~~ as they got out at the gate
 the door of the cab was shut on Fluk's paw.
 He Fluk, ~~whether~~ determined to try the depth of Mrs
 Barrett's feelings, how "cruel" he would be
 looking to Mrs Barrett for sympathy. In other days,
 her sympathy would have been lavished - perhaps too
 lavishly. But now, looking at him with that certain
 amused look that the world was now, as if
 the way ~~was~~ through the right was clearer
 than ever, she saw him none (Fluk always makes the
 most of his misfortune - he is the Byronic school -
 was a comment. " Il se pose en victime
 whenever he dived off over the grass, as if
 were nothing to him.

In other days, her sympathy would have been
 lavished on him abundantly for less. But now
 a detached, a mocking, a critical expression
 came into her large dark eyes. She laughed
 at him: "Fluk always makes the most of his
 misfortune - he is the Byronic school - it is
il se pose en victime" she said. Without more ado
 he bounded off. If his paw had been broken,
 still he would have bounded. Mrs Barrett ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~was~~
 it is misundervalued ".... no sooner had he
 touched the grass than he began to run
 without a thought of it" she said. Fluk
 always makes the most of his misfortune -
 he is the Byronic school - il se pose en
victime " If his paw had been broken, still he

He

Fluk

have bounded. ~~in~~ It was his answer to her mockery.
 The frown smelt bitter to him; the pain burnt his jaws
~~fast~~; the dust of disillusion felled his nostrils.
 He raced; he scampered. The coat flashed gold
 in the setting sun. Dog must be led on chain —
 nonsense. Must no longer yield for him. The
 chain of love was broken. He would run
 where he liked — splash into the midst of beds
 the dabbles of the shore. Let the Park keepers
 know Mrs. Franchese's at him. He could
 wish that they knocked his brains out —
 at Mrs. Barrett's feet. ~~But as so often happens~~
~~the sudden dog~~ La new bitterness, & a new
 note it a new recklessness filled his inspired him.
 Nor did Mrs. Barrett enjoy her walk.
~~There can be no doubt that~~ He was resolved to
 make one final attempt. He waited
 downstairs. He would meet his enemy alone.
 He was determined to meet his enemy alone. On
 the afternoon of Tuesday, July 21st, he slipped
 downstairs & waited for the well known knock.
 Mr. Browning was admitted. He was carrying
 a first foreward of the attack. Mr. Browning
 had come & demanded to meet it with
 in the most conciliatory of spirits. Mr.
 Browning had provided himself with a packet of
 Cakes. He made haste as if to offer them.
 That the result was snuff. Flush flung
 himself upon him. He could not restrain his barking
 Wilson, alarmed by the sound, ran from her
 ambush & took to the road. He was
 overpowered. He was led away. Mr. Browning
 went up alone to the bedroom. It was
 not until he had gone that Flush was
 admitted. ~~Then some kind of supping seems to~~
~~have taken place.~~ He went straight to Mrs.
 Barrett. ~~But she she had already as if~~

with the flat men
 that
 But naturally,
 no park keeper
 saw him. He
 returned

in the hall
 for the

Mrs. Barrett was
 fatal

read that she
had
whipped him
with her
hand only

BFB

2. 353.

but there are
other impulses.
The soul is
a battle ground
of contrary
desires.

to demand a hearing but she had already decided
against him. He would not speak to her. He went to
her sister, Arabel. He merely ^{said} told her "naughty
Fluk, go away" Wilson, with her stolid gravity
readily maintained that she had done what she had
done, because it was right. He was convicted unhesi-
tantly that there was nothing left for him to do.
"He lay down at my feet at my feet"

It is clear from what happened afterwards that a
revolution of the utmost importance took place in
Fluk as he lay on the floor that summer evening.
He had done his utmost against his Browning, & he
had failed. 'Must' then, does exist.

The physical 'must', the chain can be set aside:
Park keeper can be defied; Dabhan can be mastered
trampled under: but there is another 'must' ^{that} ^{can} ^{be} ^{called} ^{it?}
which is far more peremptory. "What am I to call it?"
Fluk mused, that evening, as he lay looking at Miss
Barnett, who ~~seemed to meet his eyes~~ against
the idea which now began to occur to me.

There may be another law - I can't bear this
silence. I can't love Miss Barnett's friendship.
I am physically the weather. I can struggle
I can struggle no longer. Miss Arabel, Wilson
Miss Barnett are all against me.

Therefore I must love what she loves.
But I cannot - he growled. Did I not hunt
Miss Barnett when I but her Browning? Alas
for the unyieldable confusion! "I get her
Can two people be one? Such doubts
& questions rashed through his brain all that
evening. At eight o'clock Miss Barnett
called him to her, & said that he was forgiven.
Yet some there was some hesitation in her
manner - some reserve. Poor Mr. Browning takes

Jimmy with his, was

he was tumbled head over heels into a vast dark bag.

~~One moment~~ he was in a shop in Vere Street with
Miss Barrett & her sister. Next he was blindfolded,
muzzled, throttled & fled, in person. Miss

Barrett had forgotten the chain lead.

According
the tubs
were at
the back

like the cows, in rooms over the unventilated sheds. — ~~the~~
~~Mr~~ Beames [To long as one kept to the main street — but
checked one's way rather carefully ^{even} among them — nothing need be
seen — ~~even in Westminster~~. But the presence of this wild
rabble, pressing round Wimpole Street even, haunting
Oxford Street,] a Mr. Beames about 1850 took it into
~~his head~~ ^{made} discovered the most extraordinary &
indeed unspeakable dilapidation, even in the
'most aristocratic parishes in London'. Sometimes the
~~an old~~ a palatial old home, whose noble
mantelpieces & ceiling had fallen into the hands of the
poor: it was all rotten; it was dripping with filth —
refuse. Sometimes landlords had run up Jerry
built tenement buildings without ~~with~~ whose
through whose wretched walls the rain dripped & the wind
blew. He saw a child dipping a can into a bright
green stream & asked if they drank that water?
Yes. I walked in it too, for ^{water was only} that there ~~scattered~~ ~~streets~~ —
houses like this were scattered about in Westminster &
Paddington & Marylebone. But there were certain quarters —
for example in that triangular space ^{ground} at the
bottom of the Tottenham Court Road — where there was
vice, many poverty, consumption lay in one pool:
was bound — ~~of the~~ heaped up in "one
dense mass of human" ~~so old, that he~~
— "... well nigh a pencil delirium, a
pauper metropolis in July". Here lived &
had lived for hundreds of years — the place was
dripping & dreary with age — a whole city of stinking,
& lawless & penniless human beings. Stagnant just a
random stand in the middle of the street; filth
choked up the dark passages; the police only
do nothing. Mr. Beames in Beames' ed. only
hoped that people would come to see what he had
seen. He could only rejoice when about the cholera
came. But in 1846 the only course took

he had a shoe
thrown at him
crawled out from
under the
table

let up the
hangings
the

~~The darkness thickened~~
horribly horrible men, half-naked women & slumped in
& flung themselves down on the floor, on the mattress; Flush
to whom even Eau de Cologne was repulsive, was
maddened by the stench. Worse still was the beggary
of the fish, for scraps of gold meat stood lay ~~in~~ a corner
all day trampled; the stench was so ~~in~~ the kitchen
thick & heaved; wretched imbecile children
pulled his ear, & poked his ear, & tugged his jaw. Then
the darkness thickened; a stomp of candle was stood
in the middle of the room. ~~Other things~~ The women
seemed full, yet more people, in rags, in tawdry
feathers came peering in from the muddy lane outside.
A flare burnt in the road; he could see the odious
faces lit up as they passed - but never Mr Barrett.
The room by degrees filled truly completely - ~~with~~
Men came in with bags of their backs; women with
reticules like those Mr Barrett's. Mr Arabella
carried. Out tumbled more dogs - lap dogs,
bet dogs, & even a ring & brooch. ~~They~~
~~handed~~ ~~children~~ ~~brooches~~; ~~as the beer was~~ ~~then was~~
~~handed~~ ~~down~~, the men & women came to blows; ~~heads~~
~~they~~ ~~wrestled~~ ~~struggled~~; ~~corns~~, ~~brooches~~, ~~reticules~~
~~were~~ ~~fractured~~ & rolled on the floor. This day,
barked; the cats howled; some parrot bit lately
the cherished confidante of a widow in Maiden Lane
chattered Pully Pully Pully. Pully had a ribbon
thrown at it for its ~~to~~

~~which was~~ ~~not~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~rookery~~. But was
out the day ~~even~~ worse.

the head of the
bandelli -
his name was
Taylor -

Lying on her sofa in Wimpole Street, among her
books & her bee-hives, Mrs Barrett ~~expected~~ Flush
waited for Mr Taylor to bring Flush that night
according to his promise. But he did not come.
The man was not seriously alarmed. He would
come next day.

The morning of Wednesday the 2nd of September
dawned in ~~the~~ ~~rookery~~. The broken windows
White Chapel

BB
510²

were actively engaged. "I knew from the beginning
where to apply, how to proceed." The Chesapeake
Confederacy came to Wimpole Street on Wednesday
afternoon; admitted that his men had tracked
from Bond Street to Vere Street; & that the 'Society'
had the dog. At half past seven a consultation
was to be held in Whitechapel & the amount of the
ransom decided. Mr. Barrett waited, with
confidence of some anxious amercement. They might wait
upon ten pounds - & she had need of all her money just now.
Still, as they well knew, "I must have Fluke, you know -
I can't run any risk, & bargain & haggle." There is -
to dreadful treason of a lady in this neighbourhood
a lady who did so ...

Wednesday passed.
Thursday the 4th of September dawned in Whitechapel.
The door opened & shut. Fades heard at the
window. A fine howler had been led away -
where? Awful suspicions began to crowd
through Fluke's mind. He began to tremble but he
should be taken. Perhaps away would
outbreak in that man in. Notice the
racket of the up, the smelt - and he had
minded Eau de Cologne - the shuffling & whirring
were just obliterating all coherent meaning. Almost
in a dream he lay, chained to the leg,
hearing confused sounds, seeing broken & fragmentary
figures, yelping & snapping in his dream. Was that
Dr. Miller's shouting oaths, or was that
he had lost his riding boots? Was that
Therentrathock jumping with the baker? And
that rustling - was that Men Mollard coming into
the bedroom at Wimpole Street her Jerusalem?
It was only the wind battering at the
in the window; now only some
Drunken voice raving in the gutter.
Take in 45.

that he still trembled, as a crowing ^{man} ~~man~~ ^{trunk} trunk to one rail
that may be coming near, or may be stationary, or may be
going away, but still a rail stick, on the horizon to
Miss Barrett.

Miss Barrett was ~~being~~ lay on her sofa in Wimpole
Street, but she was no longer peaceful: she was harassed,
she was ~~persecuted~~ ^{tormented} - she was in a rage. It was Thursday
now. Flinch was still missing. And she now
discovered that Taylor had come back after the conference
on Wednesday night. He had named her price -
six guineas, - half a guinea for himself. Henry
he had told Henry; & Henry had told Mr Barrett
& Mr Barrett had refused to refuse to pay; &
not to tell her John. It was only on Thursday morning
that Miss Barrett discovered this treachery. The
war was very vexed & angry. She told Henry to go about
& pay the money. Henry "talked" ^{paper} ^{leg} ^{leg}
upward. Taylor would come ^{back} ^{to} ^{take} ^{the} ^{money}
tomorrow he said. Very well, said Miss Barrett
"if people won't do as I choose I shall go down
tomorrow morning & myself, bring Flinch back
with me. All this time he is suffering
& I am suffering. It may be very foolish -
I do not say that not... but treachery &
deceit were not the only ^{ways} ^{she} ^{had} ^{to}
fight: ~~there was~~ ^{there was} ^{also} ^{her} ^{brother}: there was
also Mr Boyd - he sent word that to pay
the ransom would be 'an aweful sin'
& final, most formidable for God. There was
Robert Browning himself. He was furious - not
with Miss Barrett, with Mr Taylor, with his
murder, with the whole "glass" the members
tyranny, injustice & the war. Had he not
Mr Taylor he would have said "
the word more in all this I

3A 2.
315

513y

520

help him up
 by the ear,
 remind!
 He understood
 enough to know
 that some person
 for cutting his
 hand off at once.
 He then casually
 seized a rusty
 knife.
 But they came to
 blows themselves.
 He shifted back.
 Yet perhaps
 tried to be
 better to be
 killed
 instantly.

the wound
 walk in
 small delicate
 shabby hair
 curls
 deeply.
 And would say
 that.

He is - feel a
 presence
 strong. Struggles
 to come to
 annihilate

Friday dawned in Whitechapel. ~~By this time~~ ^{Conchard} Flank ~~was~~ ^{was it}
 dead. The door opened. The Vastigos
~~had him out from under the table,~~ & lifted him,
 roughly jerked him out from his corner, seemed to
 talk about him, - one had a knife - seemed to
 gape - about such the - such voices, like the growl &
 howl of wild beasts rather than men - kicked him
 further back again. But Flank had now clinched
 himself and would be better to die in that corner. Beetha
 pierced around him. He could see nothing
 but dragged skirts & bare black feet. He no longer
 attempted to show the old bones. Worse than
 all this was the overwhelming sense of desertion.
~~Nobody cared for him, or~~ They had left him to die
 there. Men Mr. Gurr, Mr. Keegan, Mr. Jameson -
 Mr. Brown - they had all forgotten him. But
 still in the quick panting, in the odd vision &
 with the pertinacity of some insensate instinct
 he kept one belief - that in Mrs. Barrett. Vast as
 the distance was between them, incredibly different
 as this room was from the her bedroom, still he
 felt that somehow, such was his love, she would
 upon the self, she would reach out, she would
 annihilate, she would resurrect. She would
 grant vengeance. She would - & then the ~~the door~~
 Her small delicate form would appear; he would
 look up & see the face that was so like his, with
 the large eyes & the curls & the wide mouth & the
 smile. But a vast stately woman would
 own him: he would swear that yet walk
 that crashed & tumbled for him, & heard it only
 down on the table above his head.

father, brother,
friend, & lover.
Each in his turn
brought his own
reason to
bear upon her.

B32
520

Indeed, Mrs Barrett was sorely pressed. Everybody in Westminster
Street was against her - her father, her brother. Every argument
was brought to bear upon her. To yield to the
Dog Stealer was not merely a folly; it was a sin.
It was a sin against justice. It was the war playing into
the hands of tyranny: she was who hated tyranny: she
was counselling at blackmail. She was making it
more possible for blackmailers to drive innocent
people to insanity. She was encouraging the 'Society'
to steal the King's, to demand more money from
people who had no money. She was impeding reform.
She who was ~~so~~ all for liberty was taking
sides with the oppressor: whereas she was
in paying what Taylor asked, she was helping ~~the~~
on all that Mrs Robert Browning most detested -
"the execrable policy of the world, husband, father,
brother, & dominion in general: I am about to
marry you." ~~you~~ Had she not more reason than
most women to be on the side of freedom; to
withstand tyranny, to make a stand
~~you, but Robert Browning for at anything.~~
Woman had been ray to yield. ~~Now~~ She was an
invaluable. ~~As~~ was her husband. All
Conventions bleed that it was her duty to submit.
These matters, she might have asked, are beyond my
comprehension. It is my duty as a woman, daughter, & a
wife, to submit. May ~~of~~ woman in 1846 would
have beat her head, ~~stake~~ the point, when it came,
cutting her dog's head, ~~as~~ as a proof of
her unselfish, dutiful character. Even Mrs
Barrett might have yielded to the Ulster agreement,
of Robert Browning - to counsel at tyranny for one
our publication is wrong. There would have been
delight & pleasure in proving that she was as
strong-minded, as unshaken a lover of liberty as
the man. There was every motive to yield - to
agree. And yet ~~as~~ there was an argument

reason that ~~would~~ with ~~Mr~~ Barrett regard any of them. There is a difference. If Taylor had the had been injured ~~broken~~ - if Taylor had struck her in the street, if ~~some~~ ~~black~~ ~~man~~ had ~~Gregory~~ had defamed her Character. not a single ~~shaking~~ would either of them draw from her. "But Fluk, poor Fluk, Fluk who has loved me so faithfully; how I a right to sacrifice him in her insolence, for the sake of my Mr Taylor's fault in the world?" She had no doubt what was right. Her mind was made up. She had one of those minds that harden & clarify themselves out of all hesitation directly the need for action touches upon them. She would take the law into her own hands if - a dog was howling in the news. "A think of Fluk he seemed to say. It was absurd perhaps. but with the could scarcely touch her dinner when they brought it me." - The thought of Fluk's golden eyes is too strong in me." As the hour of Friday passed. Fluk did not come, as she feared the fact that Fluk very likely, would be murdered if ~~the~~ ~~delay~~ ~~was~~ ~~prolonged~~, she decided. They dallied as usual, the doctors.

Yesterday it was now Saturday the fifth of September. The second ~~part~~ ~~for~~ ~~Wilson~~ announced that the man young Henry to his Taylor Her brother Henry told her that the might be robbed & murdered. The two Wilson to fetch a cab. The two drove to go to Taylor home. They drove off. When they got into obscure streets." The cabman stopped at a public house. To ask her way. As they were already within the area ruled over by the Society for two men as the men came out of the public house, & said "Oh, you want to find Mr Taylor, I can say!." Though his name had not been mentioned.

The w. did not let them out of the eye.
a few minutes
drive from
Windsor N.

All that lay on the other side of the boundary -
was impressed he profoundly. This was the life what lay on
the other side of the boundary. These faces, these houses,
Here was a life she had never seen: here were
in these dens women like herself lived. Her imagination
was fired as it had never been fired by the "divine
marble pictures" in her bedroom. The new faces
as they pressed round the cab fired her imagination
a ~~new~~ not fired by the ~~divine~~ contrasted violently
with the "divine marble pictures" of her
bedroom. [Compare her bedroom with the bedrooms in
these grimy dens. How did they live, what did they do,
how did they talk -] They fired her imagination
strangely. While she lay in the sofa among the
among wash-stands that were displaced in
both cases, women, no older than she was, lay in
dens like these - bare children to men like these - This
And yet only a few streets separated them. The
cab turned, & it was won in the rolling down
the familiar avenues of poor storied houses.
But they looked no longer so secure. As they approached
number forty the curtain was drawn again between
her home, Mrs. Taylor's home. When she got out
at number forty the screen was again imperious.
And yet, while she & the cab, surrounded
by men, boys, who she had seen, though broken
windows, up alleys, into ~~rooms~~ by in the
faces that pressed so close to her, Wilson a
light that branded itself upon her eye balls
she began to return to her late in the den
brilliant sunshine of Italy.
And yet when she got out of the cab, safe, at the
door of number forty, she still saw the faces & these men:
that the light was to return to her late, Queen late, in
lany balcony in Italy.

how they
reminded her
imagination - how
they made her think
of Italy in a new
scene, the
the head
in Italy N.

He held only
 the
 thin
 filament.
 all this
 hope were
 broken. His
 words of
 truth & kindness
 had passed
 new beyond his
 ken.

Saturday afternoon hauled in Whitechapel. No one came.
 Almost exhausted, almost hopeles. Flash lay panting in
 his dark corner. He was forgotten, deserted, betrayed.
 The two slammed, bayed, face hand legs & boots
 & daily but stamped the floor at his nose. Parrot's
 screamed. If Miss Barrett too had deserted him - if she
 had cut the cord between them - then he sank, into this
 this hot, filthy morass. ~~Again he was hauled out.~~
~~He~~ When he was hauled out. The
 rope was unfastened. This He was called, then set -
 that, given a bowl to drink; had the bucket of yellow
 water poured to his nose. And then, suddenly, he
 took the usual oath & curse, cracking round his ribs
 through breaking in "love". Like the hood of
 wild beast, he was again fettered; he was
 again condemned, to words, to hard planks, to
 another lifetime of torture, & insanity & slow
 dark moulding decay.

For still ~~Miss Barrett could~~ the force of
 Wembley Street fought against Miss Barrett -
 still she was hauled, fainted, deceived.
~~she had returned from Shore-ditch~~ soon after her
 return from Shore-ditch, Mr Taylor himself called in
 Wembley Street. He demanded ^{his} six pence: to be
 if they were paid there & then, the dog would be
 released. Miss Barrett sent down the money.
 "There seemed no other way for it." But while
 she was at that moment her brother Alfred
 came in: he met Mr. Taylor in the passage.
 He called him "a swindler & a liar & a thief".
 Mr. Taylor ~~at once~~ retorted, whereupon Mr.
 Taylor bent his into oaths, & swearing - that
 "as he looked to be saved, we should never see our
 dog again" he rushed out of the house.
 The noise seem to have reached Miss Barrett.
 She followed, as she said "a great storm". Anger &
 with her brother, terror for Flash, swept
 through her. She threw on her clothes, & went
 announced that there, then she was going back
 to Shore-ditch, ~~slowly~~, to find Mr Taylor, ~~herself~~

It was pouring late. Dark was falling. The brother -
 sister clustered round her. They they -
 Enghady 'was crying out against me for being 'just mad'
 & obstinate, & unfeeling - I was called as many
 names as Mr. Taylor! At last, seeing that she was
 determined, I promised that, if she would go
 back to her room, he would go himself to Taylor,
 & give him the money, & induce him to fetch the
 dog.

So, in the dark about Saturday September the 7th,
 - & ~~two of them in dark~~ I wanted a dark far
 deeper in Whitechapel than in Whitechapel Street - the
 door of the room was once more kicked open. The
 heavy man once more pulled Flunk at his corner
 Was he to be killed unfeeling? Was the knife at
 last to slit his throat? Flunk was so, looking into
 that awful face, Flunk still believed that even now,
 at the very last moment, Men Barrett would
 the reluctant, the timid, the gentle, the timid might
 would somehow prevail. He was right.
 "Flunk arrived here at eight o'clock (at the very
 moment with your letter, dearest!); & the first
 thing he did was to dash up to this door, & then
 to drink his purple cup full of water, filled
 three times over." Now he was lying on the sofa
 one man. They were together again.

Yet there were strange symptoms, as Men Barrett
 noticed. He was not so indignant about seeing her as
 she expected: he was bewildered & frightened.
~~voice, he was, as he said, not~~ As he lay, in a corner
 one man, he still saw the ~~away the~~
 surrounded again by the red god - the
 his mirror with care, in the room dark, with
 all these the presence seemed to have left it,
 substance. seemed to be, in a word, but only
 a corner: or else, he asked over by one dark leaf,
 in a forest, where lions proud & venomous
 speak: where the fah; where behind my
 the couch a sarax, or Fortuner: while he

There was a
 power in Men Barrett
 was possessed
 of a strength
 that was
 that would
 prevail over
 the
 murderer.

21st Sept

VI.

When Flunk was at last released - ~~from the darkness & the rattling, & the~~ ~~the~~ ~~shaking~~ ~~leaved~~ ~~&~~ ~~the~~ ~~strange~~ ~~gushing~~ ~~noise~~ - (it was the barbarous custom of the railway companies to then to make dogs travel ^(in boxes)) he was too dazed at first to notice anything. Then he saw the most extraordinary sight conceivable - Miss Barrett ^{was} perched on a rock, ~~in the middle of a rushing river.~~ Water rushed round her. ~~The mist~~ ~~he~~ ~~in~~ ~~peril.~~ ~~Miss~~ ~~waved~~ ~~round~~ ~~her.~~ ~~The~~ ~~mist~~ ~~he~~ ~~in~~ ~~peril.~~ ~~With~~ ~~one~~ ~~bound~~ ~~Flunk~~ ~~sprang~~ ~~on~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~water~~ ~~&~~ ~~reached~~ ~~her.~~ "... he is baptised in Petrarch's name" said Miss Barrett; as he shook the sacred drupe from his coat. For they were at Vaucluse, in the south of France, where Petrarch wooed Laura.

Then he was again shut in a box; - when he was again freed he found himself in a room as unlike the back bedroom at Wimpole Street as the rushing water of the Rhone were unlike the lake in Regent's Park. It was very large & very bare. His hands touched upon wooden things like. There was no carpet & no fire place; there were no books & no vents. The foot smells that met his nostrils were pungent & unamiable. The light was ~~unbearable~~ ~~unbearably~~ ~~sharp~~ ~~dear.~~ When Wilson took him out, he found himself almost blinded by the sun on the sea then by the shadow. The half of the street - is this wandering narrow winding alley ~~could~~ ~~be~~ ~~called~~ ~~so~~ - where ~~dogs~~ ~~&~~ ~~people~~ ~~walked~~ ~~merged~~ up with carts could be called a street - was blazing hot; the other bitterly cold. Although it was November the pavement was dry as bone; there were no heaps of mud at the street corners; nor were standing huddles: to his leather went & need no although Mrs November there was neither need nor huddle to clot his leather. Ladies went wrapped

one could only say of them that they were dogs. One could
 only say of them, Flank concluded in a day or two. That
 they were such curs as one may see running loose
 in the very lowest quarters of London seven days -
 wild dogs, mongrels, dogs without collar, or jaw, or
 footmen: fast dogs that are allowed to run loose
 picking up a living in the gutter without a chain.
 He had the Grand Club no jurisdiction in Italy?
 Was the Grand Club unknown? Was there no
 law which decreed death to the topknot & the
 light nose? That protected in all its sanctity the
 curled ear, the leathered foot, & the head which is
 domed but not pointed? Flank felt humbly in
 alone, a prima in cycle. It was the sole architect
 among a crowd of Councillors who neither
 recognized his rank nor respected it.

The ~~man's~~ consciousness of his high birth which had been
 suppressed in London among his equals & superiors
 now returned to him with all its effects. He became
 overbearing & impatient. "Flank has grown an
 absolute monarch & barks one distracted when he
 wants a door opened" Mrs. Browning wrote. (Flank
 did not consent to call her by her married name
 for some time longer; but ~~she~~ we follow convention)
 Robert declares that the said Flank considers him,
 my husband, to be created for the special purpose
 of doing him service, & really of work rather like it -
~~his own~~ ~~the~~ ~~sentimental~~ ~~psychic~~ ~~the~~ ~~near~~ ~~the~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~
~~the~~ ~~new~~ ~~tone~~ ~~of~~ ~~this~~ ~~remark~~ ~~the~~ ~~new~~ ~~there~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~
 tone in ~~that~~ ~~remark~~ which hints at the ~~which~~ ~~shows~~
 the ~~wrote~~ ~~is~~ ~~enough~~ ~~to~~ ~~indicate~~ ~~how~~ ~~greatly~~
 the ~~vulgarly~~ ~~Mrs.~~ ~~Browning's~~ ~~attitude~~ ~~to~~ ~~Flank~~
 was changing, now that they had both reached
 the ~~perils~~ ~~of~~ ~~Wimshurst~~ ~~Street~~. ~~Both~~ ~~were~~
 now free to take their own way ~~unimpeded~~. ~~He~~ ~~had~~
 gained freedom & a husband. The drunk
 Chianti by the tumbler, & broke fresh oranges
 from the trough. Her nature rushed out to
 embrace the freedom which she had ~~only~~ ~~had~~ ~~and~~

When he
 considered
 himself
 unique.

Mr B.
 2/11/24.

1.324.

the

the manhood & loyalty
 the manhood the glory of St James: the said "it was
 all very shabby in comparison with our English Court":
 But even as she gazed the superb figure of one of the
 Grand Duke's body guard caught her eye. Her
 fancy was fixed: her judgment reeled. She fell passionately
 and if Wilson could love a foreigner - ^{in love with} ~~in love with~~ ^{Signor Ricci.}
 & Miss Barrett was ~~never~~ ^{and} ~~would~~ ^{would} ~~think~~ ^{think} ~~boots~~ ^{boots}:
 clambered up ~~mountain~~ ^{mountain}; if Mr Browning
 were always there - if there was not a single dog of
 basket in the whole of Italy - if all the laws of
 Regent's Park. of the Kennel Club of the Spaniel Club
 were non-existent, then it was no good standing in line
 against the current: there was no good talking of Mr.
 Percy the elder brother of Dr Percy the Clergyman: of
 his ~~eight~~ ^{eight} points - as well might an Austrian
 attempt to display his ~~eight~~ ^{eight} quarters to a
 rabble of Russian Commentators.
 All that he had learnt in Wimpole Street seemed in a
~~moment to fall from him.~~ ^{moment to fall from him.} ~~and when Miss~~ ^{and when Miss}
 Barrett spoke, as she did speak of "my husband"
 when she looked at him, Mr Browning as she looked
 at him, when she ~~did~~ ^{did} ~~speak~~ ^{speak} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~"my husband"~~ ^{"my husband"}:
 when Miss Barrett pulled on thick boots &
 scrambled about on rocks, so that the fire
 which his ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~no longer~~ ^{no longer} ~~tuned to him~~ ^{tuned to him} so that she
 & his fur, & his bright eyes, his shaggy face, for ~~balance~~ ^{balance} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes}
 but found her god of God for her, out of doors,
 among the vines & olives, then ~~think~~ ^{think} ~~was~~ ^{was}
 far gradually, felt ~~just~~ ^{just} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~Pisa~~ ^{Pisa}, as the Italian
 winter changed to an Italian spring, in London &
 felt well up in him what, all these years, in London &
 a rope, or a chain, he had ~~forgot~~ ^{forgot} ~~down~~ ^{down},
 suppressed, conquered, he became a dog.
 But, although ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~earlier~~ ^{earlier} ~~ages~~ ^{ages} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~may~~ ^{may} ~~have~~ ^{have} ~~been~~ ^{been}
 any, in ~~prime~~ ^{prime} ~~earlier~~ ^{earlier} ~~ages~~ ^{ages} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~may~~ ^{may} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~may~~ ^{may} ~~be~~ ^{be}
 there may ~~have~~ ^{have} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dog~~ ^{dog} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~may~~ ^{may} ~~be~~ ^{be}
 animals who can be called dog, or man,
 flesh, such ambiguity can no longer ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ
~~any~~ ^{any} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~these~~ ^{these} ~~long~~ ^{long} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~civilized~~ ^{civilized} ~~countries~~ ^{countries}:

there may
 have been,

We have only to
imagine the
behaviour of

succumbed to the
influence of the
man

1
342

F. Latio
Volcombrona

of his
cavalry

Fluch was a Latin. His ancestors had been bred on the hot
lands of Spain. He had latent in him the Latin
viracity, the Latin sensibility, the Latin amorosity.
~~He differed in every~~ He had none of the malar
reserve, of the British phlegm of the bull dog, the
marble, the ship dog. ~~He~~ He kept the
man like, the Camp, the Wall, the Scott, the
~~to~~ ~~had~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~words~~, even when exposed
to the sun of Italy & the stimulation, have
preserved their ~~robustly~~ & their the stateliness &
robustly of their kind. But Fluch ~~succumbed~~
with like Mr Brown, like Wilson healy. Before they
had been long in Pisa, (Mr Browning noted
that "Fluch highly approves of Pisa (and the warts
Cherubs), because here he goes out every day
& speaks Italian to the libel dogs." Then
after they had moved to Florence. She noted
"Fluch likes civilized life, & the society of libel
dogs with turned up tails, such as Florence
abounds with") Fluch was mixing
familiarly with the dogs of the street. ~~It~~
that first he was rather overbearing
of the romantics alluded to the flower of Wimpole
Street, or boasted that the Elder brother of
Mr Percy had offered them guinea for him,
he was ~~soon~~ ~~laughed~~ ~~out~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~circle~~ ~~of~~
mobility. ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~blackmen~~ ~~with~~ ~~which~~ ~~such~~
~~the~~ ~~most~~ ~~of~~ ~~Pisa~~ ~~had~~ ~~also~~ ~~heard~~ ~~of~~
and one by one his old fetters dropped off him.
He no longer prided himself, secretly, upon
the fact that Mr Percy had offered them guinea
for him. The ~~insane~~ ~~mobility~~ which Mr Willford
declared innate in all dogs, so that they attack
themselves to the hell. He conversed with
the libel dogs of Pisa. He ~~did~~ ~~as~~ ~~they~~ ~~did~~.
He chose ~~poor~~ or almost the least. Mr B.
arrested, their language - that he should
familiar with them, but kept, unlike them.

to a hi place by the pine fire, as the floor at Men Barrele just.
But then Spring came; they moved to Florence: It was
the first Italian Spring that Fluke had seen. The
Laburnum & the lilacs & the judas trees sprouted over
the walls. The wild tulips grew in the yellow earth.
The ~~other~~ Fireflies winked among the vine leaves.
Fluke ran in the Cascone garden, as he had once run in
Agent's Park; but now he wore no chain: "the Gray"
[was] like Emeralds, the pheasants all about. "Hying"
Indians without Indians, nothing remained of the
Indian shawls, the mufflers & the rugs. Miss
Barrett paced the balcony in the cool of the
Evening dressed in the thinnest of white muslins.
The rooms were large & empty shady & empty.
There were no dupons. The chairs there were a
few old chairs; one a low red chair & upholsterd,
with ^{stap} intaid, with felt handles; & over the
scruplae was a looking glass with two Cupids
to hold the lights. There was no robben, no
dupons, no coal fire, no upholsterd curtain,
no wig, no decree, no meal or tray, no
bed, no swatching for the port. Mr.

Fluke began to
was like a plant in the suspended & the chair.
But Fluke was rapidly losing his acute sense of
either for good or ill; they had feared he had
stared them into a kind of daily lying
all day with one eye fixed on a upholsterd it
becomes almost a joy in time: so he had
found in Wrenhole Street.

It was there by her side over the pine fire
in the evening. Mr. Browning had
won her freedom: she was now "hying out"

what it brought her. Fluck too, each was bound on a
voyage of discovery. The laws of the Kennel Club have no
authority in Italy - ~~dogs are not~~ a dog is a dog:
~~one may marry whom one likes - points are not~~
light top knots are not necessarily fatal - Fluck
even before they had left Pisa had abraded that
superficial & cut it upon it - "... he goes out
Every day & speaks Italian to the little dogs" Mr
Browning noted. Now in Florence, a great though
Florence was a city of size & its celebrity, with a
Grand Duke & a Court, still chains were not used. -
He ran leapt free in the Casine gardens, where the
"gran brava" like emerald & the pheasants all
alive & flying. Apparently, incredible though this
seemed, the pheasants were free too. ~~And~~
Fluck ~~could not but behold him as the 7 he~~
sprang through the Casine gardens that spring,
without a chain, among over gran "like emerald,
& the pheasants" all alive & flying. Fluck

Reading & c
pheasants

had cranked
his paw

could not help remembering Regents Park & its
placards & its park keepers; he could not help
rethinking him that other walk, when he
Mr Barrett had laughed at him & he had
wounded off, ~~in bravado~~, to hurt her, & had
hurt himself; - Now he leapt & tore, &
but ~~without~~ that iron of ~~but he was free now.~~
not merely from his lead, but from that other
chain he had worn, the chain of jealousy, &
bitterness. Now he no longer ~~stopt~~ at Miss
Barrett's feet & loathed men the man
with the yellow gloves. He thoroughly liked &
relished Mr Browning. They had much in common.
He liked going for walks with Mr Browning
They went out daily together & of Mr Browning
was late, Fluck "It and up before him &
banks in the most imperious manner
honorable" Mr Browning ~~swore~~ with some
veneration. And. But what did it matter? -

He depended no longer upon any other person. The Spring was
 come. The wistaria, the Judas tree, the wild tulips, the
 Cabmen, were all flowering once again in garden;
 the wild tulips were in the fields; the foxgloves in the
 vine trees. Fluch was no longer the hair of the
 times & people. He ran off by himself, alone. " . . .
 he goes out by himself, stays hours by himself " wrote
 Mrs Browning " — Knows every street in Florence —
 will have his own way in every way. I am
 never frightened at his absence. " Fear, that had
 brooded over them both, was now gone. ~~what was~~
 vanished. Fluch had no fear. There were no dog
 heads in Florence. ^{because there was no kennel} ~~perhaps~~. ⁱⁿ ~~perhaps~~ ^{there were}
 perhaps. ~~But there was~~ other danger ~~of course~~ — for Fluch was no lover of natural slavery.
 when he doubted whether he distinguished the Judas
 tree from the Cabmen; or the tulips from the rose. ~~But~~
 It was not to stare at pictures & statues, to look up at
 Don frescos, to that he scampered off, alone, to
~~run about the streets of Florence. Love was there — at~~
~~last — It was to discover~~ ~~love~~ ~~what he had never~~
~~known since the old days at Three Mile Cross —~~
~~in search of someone, — some~~ ~~It was to discover~~
 something, it was in search of some one — &
 always apprehended, some thing hidden all these
 years, someone denied him — the ^{late} Partidzi
 one, year ago, he had loved but Partidzi, day.
 He had borne him a child. But that half
 century immature passion was nothing to the
 full maturity, in Italy, to find the substance
 of fulfilment. whatever it love is called, whatever
 love gives: the when this snatched down
 back alley, with stolen panicle: snatched &
 enjoyed & forgotten: for the tie was not, to him,
 lasting: it brought no train of care in its wake:
~~it was~~ no establishment; no responsibility:
 it was as free from as a hair kiss of an a
 flower: today the flower is a rose — tomorrow a
 lily: now the wild thistle; now the

The added
 lines were no
 taken in
 Florence.

Don back
 ally

the longer
 for the
 pursuit

was heard

a few old
cham

was no longer
curled

scented a potent odor; but ^{very} this freedom - all
 bonds of class were unremoved - was not the less
 pungent for its wildness; nor ^{was} a groan without shame;
 & if Mr Browning laughed when Fluch came home -
 he is a most despicable dog, he said - still more
 tolerant sympathetic laughter; & Mr. Browning
 merely shook her curls at him as he trotted into her
 drawing room, "Grown more lustful, more
 vain glower than ever." So he stretched
 himself out, at hand, saluted, with an ambiguous
 any longer; not away but, with a languid
 look says. All those drabed ^{old} - the
 feet of his dreaming clouded days - had vanished.
 Now the bed was a bed; the washstand was a
 washstand. The room was bare & cool -
 sprinkled with only a very few ^{inlaid} Cupboard & string
 chests & drawers. Over the fire hung a mirror, with
 two cups to hold the light. As often as not,
 Mr Browning dined in the throat of white
 marble was paining her balcony. In the cool of
 the evening ^{try} was taken to mitigate the
 rigor of the brilliant Italian sun.
 She wore a cap of the clear bright colour that her
 husband liked. Her hair was no longer straight.
 She wore the ~~thinnest of white muslins, & instead~~
 of when the sun had gone down, she faced the
 balcony dined in the throat of white marble.
 But her voyage of discovery was leading her to
 lands where Fluch could not follow her - where, indeed,
 their ways parted, sharply enough. They had
 not been long in Florence before ^{Mr}
~~Browning~~ there was a great to do some night
 under the window. A vast crowd of people, carrying banners;
 paraded, shouting & ringing; every body, rushed
 to their windows; flowers & laurel leaves were
 sent thrown down; spare men kneeled each
 other; women lifted their babies high in their arms;
 banners & ~~there for the given~~ as they marched behind

Letter of Mr
B. (K)

1. 346

2. Henry, no
doubt ^{was} a
wilder ^{man}
when ^{Mr}
Browning was
more than
usually
absorbed
in his
visions,
he
slipped off.

2 - an
emotion that
must have seemed
to her singularly
inappropriate,
for not merely
was this the
occasion of the
birth of the
liberty - it
was the
first
anniversary
of the
wedding
day

James inscribed "Liberty", the 'Union of Italy',
the 'memory of the martyrs' 'Viva Pio Nono', 'Viva
Leopoldo Secondo' - and for three & a half hours
Mr. & Mrs. Browning sat at the window, waving
handkerchiefs, until Mr. Browning was asked -
what on earth was it all about, & then asked himself
what did it mean? what was the exhibition, the
statement, the enthusiasm of Mr. Browning,
waving & waving for three & a half hours, perplexed &
disturbed him. Somehow he disliked, he distrusted
the whole exhibition. So though the rat with him,
& with "his two front paws over the window sill
with his ears hanging down" he ~~stayed~~ ^{stayed} for some time but
he "confused at last that he thought they were
rather long about it": & ~~made off~~. ^{He} ~~left~~
He ran off. What are Grand Dukes, a thin
promises, what are Liberty & the Union of Italy &
the memory of the martyrs - what are all
Grand abstractions & ~~popular~~ ^{popular} ~~visions~~ ^{visions} &
& aspirations & cries & vows worth, he
asked himself, compared with one spotted spaniel
in the alley on the left? He stayed out all
night & ~~that~~ ^{the} ~~next~~ ^{next} morning, ^{Mr. B. instructed that} he had ~~arrived~~ ^{been} "very
much amused", Mrs. Browning suspected; [The
regrets that would be to pardonable & ^{of} ^{the}
tickets somehow tickled his sense of humour.]
The cleavage between them was ^{well} ^{marked}. Regrets
that would be to pardonable & ^{of} ^{the}
merely tickled his sense of humour. ^{He}
had ~~no~~ ^{particular} ^{interest} ⁱⁿ ^{Grand} ^{Dukes} &
their promises. ^{What} ^{is} ^{more} ^{while} ^{she} ^{was} ^{subtly}
toward ^{sustaining} & ^{clear} ^{valuation} in the
franchise ^{of} ^{four} ^{thousand} ^{people}, &
the promise of Grand Dukes, he, in the other
hand dismissed all that as clamour; & ^{found}

with an ardour excited no doubt by the contrast to the actual
the substantial, to what the joys of the moment - to the
little dog at the door.

But before either of them had time to develop
lines of thought which that such differences are
wrought, that the development of them - lead, if
developed, to views of life, to philosophical systems
of such as opportunity can be - wholly opposed to each
other - is cannot be denied. Mr Browning was becoming
daily more & more political & more & more theoretical.

unduly

to the believed that good is to achieved by
changing laws. Flaubert that good is to be achieved by loving
Spain. But the development of these theories was
was for both of them ~~radically~~ ^{radically} & completely interrupted:
more violently for Mr Browning than for Flaubert
indeed, but in a manner as if in a manner
to give Flaubert & if Mr Browning's philosophy
received the greatest shock Flaubert too must have
a lesson, Flaubert could not help thinking, as his
own life had been too interrupted when the
rough hand of Mr Taylor's men had snatched
him from under the carriage in Kere Street
& tumbled him head over heels into a sack. The ~~men~~ ^{men} were
During the early Spring of 1849 Mr Browning took to his
her needle. Flaubert, who had been used to see her almost
totally occupied with a black shawl which she passed
across a white shawl, powdered. ~~Again, when that~~
Somehow, his suspicions were aroused. Put naturally
aware of change, he noticed the slightest signs -
as bed moved, a drawer opened, & a different
arrangement of beds furniture - all points to
something about to happen. He had seen of straw -
his anxiety such as precede - what? - when the late of
Wilson & Mr Browning. ~~Coming home from his~~
enjoy his an adventure in the streets he the could no longer
the racked his brain to conceive what change intended -
A journey? a flight? running away from the
Casa giudizi? But there was nothing to escape from.

And the dogs as far as he could lead them did not lightly
slight, escape; they resisted, much more mysteriously,
something incredible, unassailable: the descent of some
blow; the acceptance; the air of Mr. Browning, meeting
meeting Tasha in the street, had been violently
frustrated by him; & summing his courage to meet that
torrent of blows, - alone, unaided, ...
Certainly she was not going to run away. She
kept as closely to the house as she used to do in
Wimpole Street. Mr Browning did not leave the house
either. It was an odd event altogether -
People tramped about upstairs in the bedroom.
Narrowly Fluk felt ~~that~~ that something
much more mysterious & awful was
happening than anything he had ever known:
blow, fight, fight. The fight in the struggle;
they were the valley place undoubtably; but
without help from Wilson or Mr Browning. Fluk had
the day more in the air a growing, overmarking sense
of something, being added. ~~Coming then~~ something
mysteriously thinking itself into the house, the
altering everybody; as a result that Mr Browning was
no longer Mr Browning; no his chair his chair;
yet ~~this was not~~ it was Fluk Fluk: but
for some became something - upstairs in the room
where Mr Browning was alone - out of that
consciousness that she was no longer alone: but
had given out from herself quite independently of
them as what they could not evade, or resist, but had to
accept. ~~Was~~ ~~Mr~~ ~~But~~ Now Fluk was alone
that he just as he had known, after a broken door bell,
that Mr Browning was coming upstairs. No new or
news he knew, that though the door was
shut & nobody had come in, or gone out, or
though up to Mr Browning's room. There was yet
something there now: another person.
Now ~~was~~ it ~~strange~~ - how mysterious - has
terrible & unassailable & without any escape now!
that when he was taken upstairs, & saw the new
the actual body, lying there in the bed, he saw way to
the old jury of history. His

2 Squeals
were swallowed
up in eyes

Something had thrust it in the blemish under the sofa.
When later they took him into the bed room
& showed him what had come into the house - the
republican table object that wanted arms & lying in
Mr. Browning's hollow - the sense of mystery & awe
vanished. He was consumed one more
by the old frenzy of jealousy. Just as he had begun
to run free among the pheasants & the glittering
pens the chain was jerked & threw him back on to
his haunches. He roused the streets of Florence,
as usual, he indulged in the wildest amours,
but "for a whole fortnight he fell into deep
melancholy & was proof against all attentions
lavished on him" Mr. Browning wrote. And
~~considering that the difference in chronology,~~
~~was that of the human minutes &~~
~~hours & drop them into a dog's mind -~~
~~& see how they swell into the minutes, swell into~~
~~hours, & the hours into days. & that once~~
~~fortnight spread into six long months - then~~
we shall not be exaggerating if we affirm that
Flaubert's deep melancholy lasted six full
months. Many men & women have forgotten their
loves in that time.

by the
human
to Arch.

Such depth of feeling may be taken to prove
that however Flaubert might differ from Mrs
~~freedom, & reach come to different differ,~~
~~in which he was more from Mr Browning, still~~
the old fire so between them held, & united them
drew him them together, across wide though the
division might seem. After a time
Mr Browning observed that Flaubert "descended to
patience the cradle". Then some very few
months later she records the curious fact

2
1111

K.

412

The baby 'on the whole' prefers Flub. "He pulls his
Ear & rides on him, & Flub. Though his dignity does
not approve of being used as a pony, only protests
by turning his head round to kiss the little
bare dimpled feet"

When they are
pushed head
his better
to

X
As for the Union & Wendell part, the Union & the
State Cakes; & how in the end his better, to eat
them, & to vow love to love, not to bite,
had ~~their been heard in vain~~ had not been heard in
vain. Flub moreover, was for all his venturously
his Latin fluently & in the end of luckiness, his
Daniel responsiveness was not without the
that sediment of ability & caution & control
which, in the old days, had made ~~at the elder~~
~~attracted the inspired~~ the elder brother of Dr. Parley to
with the wish to punish him. "I ~~despise~~
"In wisdom, he gets worse, worse" Mr. Browning
wrote: & of ~~his~~ of all ~~his~~ no better
proof ~~of his~~ that he was slow pendency &
considering day in ~~when~~ when redent bankruptcy &
his rage were insubstantial - ~~in whom~~ who had
the power to recollect ~~in whom~~ in to anything &
transmute them to ~~some~~ substantial wisdom
into substance, so that his character thickened
& enlarged & became solid as terra went on
there can be no better proof than the fact that
in ~~these~~ by the July of that year, the baby 'on the
whole' prefers Flub: ~~as~~ indeed, so well had
Flub's whitewash marked his private passions
that he actually allowed the baby to take
whenever with him. [He pulls his ear,

That
man was
fine;

hard
drily upon
solid
penetration

affairs,
In so doing Flub was ~~the~~ Flub was
in this, Flub was but pushing into practice the
Mrs. B. The voyage of discovery was bearing
fruit. Mr. Browning might go on it and me

is to be long
 & nothing
 matters
 in the world
 to let
 the world
 stand;
 this
 we

window & clapping the Grand Duke. The next - indeed the
 did - spend more & more time & thought & ink & wax upon
 banners & reports & what Grand Duke promised &
 the Ukhan's hopes - Flunk remained indubitably of
 opinion that Grand Dukes are not much better
 neglectful, butcher, ephemeral; what matters is the
 yellow hand, the trifling happiness of a baby; &
 the ripe grapes; & also, since no dog of mine
 shall ever turn this impudent world into a paradise -
 with loving a hand, blessing a baby, & eating a
 ripe bunch of grapes.

"For wisdom he gets wiser & wiser" Mr. Browning testified.
 He - But the fluent easy wisdom which it is so rarely
~~obtainable~~ like upon the world, when the rotundity
 of those who have made things easily with
~~wisdom~~ with words forms with life, occupying
 here a chair in a club window, here a
 seat protected by a screen of glass from the chamber
 in the back of a Rolls Royce - from which
 points of vantage they look out with superficial
 benignity upon the machine packed with
 clerks, upon the horning, manuring, the & the fields,
 the carpet shaking, water fetching, & sheet washing
 of the cottages, ~~protected~~ from participation,
 glowing under the shade like tomatoes under
 glass, their only fear that they may grow too
 redly, & so burst; but even that fear is
 removed by the far from them, because steam is
 their minion, & death of death must come
 with heat they are summer evening close to the
~~like ripe fruit~~ with the ~~benefit~~ ^{benefit} of touch,
 in a moment, brushy, removing them, so that
 they have no fear; & no they dread nothing;
 hope they cannot, for the desired is already
 theirs; & so they sit, & around them spread

glowing
 glass
 far

so that wherever they are in calm is serenity in
 the wood runs smooth down the channels, & they
 too seem to have accepted everything & to be
 like ballast in the net & when they speak they never
 exultantly, & they laugh. They never exult & they
 are honoured & they are rewarded & the
 great nervousness would than marriage & how
 wearing plain coloured velvet they received, or
 nothing toward spoke a few grateful words.
 presented the prize - & their wisdom was not
 what Mr. Browning meant when she called
 Fluke wise. It is true that he loved ripe grapes.
 "My Fluke has gone to be particularly fond of
 grapes, devouring bunch after bunch, & looking so
 fat & well that we attribute some virtue to them"
 He loved the sun. He loved dogs. He loved human
 faces in all their variety. But he loved the sun.
 But the sun was often too strong. "He could
 find no shelter even under the sofa. And but
 under the sun that made the warts dry warm
 at night, dry by day, the sun that ripened the
 grapes also brought the fleas. Fleas were the
 scourge of the Florentine summer. "Savonarola's
 martyrdom here in Florence" wrote Mrs.
 Browning, "is scarcely worse than Fluke's in the
 summer." The heat bothered him. They
 bit their way into the thickets of his fur. Mrs.
 Browning gave brought all for all their
 learning & still were powerless. Mrs. Bedford,
 called into consultation was unable to help.
 & Fluke the more he seems to have torn at his
 Mrs. Browning took a comb &
 Mrs. Browning went down on their knees &
 combed him a page of wals. Mrs. Bedford
 one may imagine thoroughly. Mrs. W was
 unless. Mrs. Bedford was appealed to. The
 her remedies failed. Fluke grew thin &
 hapless. Then Mrs. Browning was
 who "is as fond of Fluke as I am", Mrs. Browning

He had
 passions:
 for grapes

 for dogs
 for the
 sun.
 And passion

took a
 comb &
 wals,

To put it
plainly

was very
intense

Established

as observed, noted that his condition was bringing him into
disrepute. People said he had the mange. There was but
one remedy, but it was one that it is far harder to
Mr. Brown's nose in result to a friend is often sometimes
harder to bear than more galling than ^{any} over
"Roberts" wrote Mr. Browning "would it bear it
any longer." But "hair" and taking a pair of
Scissors... but the ~~scissors~~ ^{scissors} he agreed
to take a pair of Scissors in any way: to submit to
them another. Flush, after all, however democratic
he had become, was still a Spaniel by birth. His coat,
~~with its thick skin, its red nose, its feathers~~ ^{curled}
& feathered splendour was precisely the same to him
as a ~~man~~ meant to him what a army man to a
man of old family. Indeed, Flush's coat,
meant even more; for he ~~had~~ ^{was} a gentleman
he had no other proof of rank. ~~From his~~ ^{only}
proof of rank. He carried his pedigree on his back,
if that were intact all his principles remained to him.
The coat and Don Demary a dog's fur,
then his it was as if ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~army~~ ^{army} fell with a crash
into the fire, as if all word of broad land &
Cable towers were consumed, as if in one night
the many in Nova Scotia ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~been~~ ^{found} ~~himself~~ ^{himself}
a man called Justice ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~been~~ ^{found} ~~himself~~ ^{himself}
But Flush ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~way~~ ^{way};
"a taking a pair of scissors, & Mr.
Browning "taking a pair of Scissors,
clipped him all over into the likeness of a
lion..."

K. 1.

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The effect upon Flush was radical &
complete. As Mr. Browning clipped & clipped,
& all the wrinkles of a Cocker Spaniel
fell on the floor; ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~was~~ ^{was}
now about his neck, with the ~~thin~~ ^{thin} ~~low~~ ^{low} ~~the~~ ^{the}
surrounding fur, the wrinkles of such a
different kind animal, ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~to~~ ^{to}

Since he
by the will of his
neck - its
inflexible
franchise

There was
my

into a ~~total~~
possession of his
own intrinsic
qualities.

Set to
know
the rough he
mashed the
dark the
golden

my own
where branches
remains.

was ~~fractured~~ & caricatured, the ^{the} two potent spirits
of ~~truth~~ ~~laughter~~ of truth & laughter entered into him,
& he ~~was~~ he was no longer the slave of his appearance,
nor, he was the the spirit of truth, & the spirit
of laughter. He was no longer the slave of appearance;
he was ~~the~~ committed to ~~work~~ ^{Capricious} those who are. To
a great beauty, rising from a bed of sickness & finding
his face ~~inflexible~~ disfigured, might, after the first
shock, embrace with delight make a hoarse of
clothes & cosmetics; & ~~value~~ ~~with~~ ~~unbounded~~
and relief that she need never stand a minute
in front of the looking glass again, or please
fear seen or wind or bind her body in tight clothes,
or ~~to~~ study dead ^{the golden & long} ~~approval~~ ~~derisive~~, or
hate winds - ~~after~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~ ~~shock~~ ~~flashed~~

It was ~~that~~ ~~after~~ ~~the~~ ~~first~~ ~~shock~~ ~~that~~ ~~flashed~~
to, after the first shock, Flash light' free from the scow; free from
The ~~flashes~~ left him; he improved rapidly in health. ^{free from}
Perhaps the gayest, & the ~~he~~ ~~entered~~ ~~upon~~ ~~the~~ ^{free from}
happiest years of his life. ~~It was~~ ~~not~~ ~~simply~~ ~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~
~~forced~~, as he was, to ~~These~~ ~~perhaps~~ ~~were~~
the happiest, the gayest years of his life. ~~He~~ ~~was~~ ~~born~~
came to be familiar with every alley & back street
of the whole of Florence - he threaded his way
by his nose from smell to smell, up & down, in & out -
where they beat bran where they bake bread
where the women sit combing their hair where
the birds are set in the street - where the
wine is ^{shut} decanted - where leather mules &
harness & farls - where cloth is beaten, where
men drink & dice; he ran in & out; he
walked in this patch again; ^{he sought} that tunnel
of shade; he devoured ^{whole} ~~shakes~~ ~~passionately~~,
he chewed & spat out what some ~~far~~ ~~been~~
whisk of macaroni; ~~then~~ ~~the~~ ~~that~~
he ~~knew~~ Italian peasant woman tones
into the gutter - he knew Florence in its heat, in

cold, on its marble smoothness & in its cobbled
 roughness: he followed in silence into Cathedral
 the ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~violet~~ ^{violet} ~~intricacies~~ ^{intricacies} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dark~~ ^{dark}
 he tried to cap the purple & gold of the window-stained
 floor: ~~the~~ ~~stains~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~gold~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~drapery~~ ~~received~~ ~~the~~
 (hoary) sacred received a lick from his tongue.
 He ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~sacred~~ ~~finger~~ ~~just~~ ~~received~~ ~~a~~
 lick from his tongue. ~~He~~ ~~to~~ ~~with~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~
 swearing that he felt the very groove ~~made~~ ^{made} by the
 Church of immortal sculpture; & on the
 intently sensitive flesh of his jaws he took the
 engraving of immortal Latin words. In short
 he knew Florence as no Englishman or woman
 has ever known it - as Ruskin never knew it,
 or George Eliot, or ~~either~~. He knew it as only only
 the dumb know; ~~but~~ ~~he~~ ~~over~~ ~~all~~
 the ~~myriad~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~sensations~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~a~~ ~~single~~ ~~one~~
 of ~~the~~ ~~his~~ ~~myriad~~ ~~of~~ ~~sensations~~ ~~ever~~ ~~was~~ ~~from~~ ~~was~~ ~~felt~~
 to ~~that~~ ~~took~~ ~~to~~ ~~study~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~deforming~~
 deformity of ~~the~~ words

when they

when we try to
 give ~~put~~ ^{put} ~~into~~ ^{into} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~wordless~~ ^{wordless} ~~into~~ ^{into} ~~word~~
 the ordinary
 methods
 of ~~writing~~ ^{writing}
 are ~~useless~~ ^{useless}

~~There~~ ~~of~~ ~~course~~ ~~is~~ ~~difficult~~ ~~to~~
 then the ordinary methods of psychology are therefore
 of ~~little~~ ~~avail~~ ~~here~~. We ~~have~~ ~~to~~ ~~admit~~ ~~that~~ ~~we~~
 are ~~suspended~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~vacuum~~ ~~with~~ ~~out~~ ~~a~~ ~~roof~~
~~or~~ ~~without~~ ~~a~~ ~~floor~~; ^{or} ~~or~~ ~~with~~ ~~out~~ ~~a~~ ~~roof~~
 whether owls or angels we cannot tell. All we
 know for certain is that flesh disliked the
 kind of slavery that is most ~~exiles~~ ^{exiles} the human
 brain to speech. "He has a supreme contempt
 for fees & hills or anything of that kind" Mr.
 Browning noted when they took him for a
 journey over the Apennines, " & in the
 intervals of natural slavery, he drew in his
 head from the window & didn't
 accidently watch looking at "; whereas the

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heavily was inspired by those very rights to a
form & fervour of language - "From Fanti to
to the syllable he smothered, until the syllable
broke & steamed away - as then
things I could not give you any idea, if
words could not, hauntings could not either"
Perhaps then even in we are not so far removed
from dumbness even in the year 1848.

Dumbness had its Empire even in poet's mind.

For whatever reason Flaubert disliked mountains -
whether it was the lack of smell, the fact is
undisputable that he greatly preferred human beings.
When a "... when the population thickened ...

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But ideas of sensation, which do not submit
themselves to words, though perhaps the
deeper, the stronger reduce it

Thus his biographer is in much the same predicament as a
man would be who, miraculously suspended without
flow to his feet or feeling to his head in a dark
in shadows & royster than feel flocks of dark
birds vally past him & cannot tell whether
they are owls or angels - what these yd lights
are, what these the people - all is obscured in
owls or angels? And what is that jurauldoring
Crimson! Whence this torrent of wind?

are by

And this flicking & flashing of bright lights going in -
out? How difficult for such a one, all we

are able to say for certain is that Flaubert
disliked the kind of scenery that most feeds the
human brain to describe speech. When he
was taken in a carriage over the Apennines
he lay back in complete indifference.
a supreme contempt ...

And yet perhaps this silence was was wise.

To put
words to
smother
that are felt
without
words
pass in
air

But was he indifferent because the mountains, seen at a distance, have no smell; or because to for some kinds of motion words are necessary; or because, ~~or because~~, he had no words; or because as he was naturally individually, or ~~as he was~~, of the type to whom matter means nothing unless it can speak & walk? These are among the insoluble problems of his psychology.

~~It is to be noted that however~~ The curious may enquire for what his words, the fact that Mr. Brown's own attempts to show a that occasion proved a great deal too strong, or too strange, for words to contain them - after spraying forth a wild fountain "...the essence, almost visionary leery of the appearance

the gave it up. - "Of these things I cannot give you any idea, & if words would not, painting could not either." There are occasions when silence is best.

~~But Fluk was woken from his abstraction:~~

But beside them human beings, & their vagaries, always fascinated him. .. And now moreover, he was supported, oddly enough, in his taste by ~~the~~ finding that they were shared by the baby.

"He & Fluk agree in their marked preference of volubrious streets with carriages, men, to forests & mountains." They liked

here their lack of words was no doubt a great bond. They And for a ~~few~~ ^{few} at least, what ~~was~~ they had the same preferences: the same things seemed good to them - Beauty. The what was solid & touchable, the bright colour; the same sense of humour; the same ~~enjoyment~~ ^{enjoyment} what with his companionship, & the wider intonance of the streets, what with the laughter that his presence - habited as a lion - provoked - & the same ~~that~~ that was laughing to, at ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~kind~~ ^{kind} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~laughter~~ ^{laughter} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~others~~ ^{others} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~kinds~~ ^{kinds} - Fluk was the happiest. The busiest, the ~~most~~ ^{most} ~~day~~ ^{day} in Florence.

L

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the whole
halley even for
words vocabulary
in the
in the

But the smooth current of Fluch's life was again to be interrupted. ~~London, but the morning, the battery,~~
~~There were the usual signs showed themselves in~~
 bedrooms & sitting rooms. Drawers were opened.
 Hats of paper were left lying about. But there was not a
 cloud on the horizon. Not a fear shined in Fluch's heart.
 He walked, philosophically, in the hall. When the
 dawn time he was ready. The defence was at the
 door. To Paris, to Venice, to Paris, to Rome? —
 It was all the same to him. ~~Get his calm~~ ~~did~~ ~~received~~ —
 Thuck, he had to summon all his ~~will~~ ~~when~~, after a
 prolonged ~~golfing~~ ~~fumbling~~ he found himself once
 in London, ~~but a stone~~ ~~from~~ ~~Wimpole Street.~~
 It was five years since

all men
 all
 animals were
 now the
 same to him.

when, no longer entirely engrossed with ourselves, we have a
 balance of emotion with a can see it, ~~the~~
 disinterestedly, in ~~the~~ laughter & dispassionate
 comment.

But once more the smooth current of his life was
 broken. ~~in the early day of June 1852~~
 Yet when the lid of his travelling bag was finally opened
 & he shook the fun from his eyes, he needed all his
 philosophy to ~~without~~ ~~him~~. He was in London
 again. ~~after five years~~ he was ~~standing~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~parcment~~ ~~of~~
 Welbeck Street. He was within a stone's throw of
 Wimpole Street. Doors were all round him; ~~parcment~~
 were beneath his feet; ~~parcment's~~ ~~poored~~ ~~their~~ ~~rich~~
 odours into the air. It was a hot evening in
 June. The fever of the London season was at its height.
 Even as he stood there, ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~steps~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~lodging~~ ~~in~~
 Welbeck Street barouche landaus ~~beck~~ ~~part~~, ~~nothing~~
 foaming with mantras of apricot blush, ~~nothing~~
 with the head dresses of ladies ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~evening~~
 attire. The air seemed ~~even~~ ~~even~~ ~~seemed~~
 charged with dust beaten up by innumerable
 carriage wheels & the hooves of innumerable horses.
 The ~~hum~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~rest~~ The ~~heat~~ ~~seemed~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~found~~

a whisper

C. The odors
rushing out
Came from
the
down in
wellback
street
Mum!

did not
around
as in Florence

He remembered the smell of the darkness. The horses stood in
around him like high hedges. The pavement was cold beneath his
feet. Harshness poured down ~~over~~ ~~passing~~ odors into
the air. ~~It was a hot evening in June.~~ ~~The~~
fear, some lady beautifully appareled in flowing
flowing mantle that felt over the undulation of her
breast, jarlanded with a wreath, stood for a
moment gathering her draperies about her, ~~in~~ which
the footman ~~opened~~ ^{held} the door of the barouche landau
of the descendant. [It was a hot evening in June.
The air light of the sun striking rain was chased with
the dust beaten up by innumerable carriage wheels -
horse hooves. The air ~~resounded~~ ~~with~~
separate cries, ~~not~~ with random transmutations, ~~but~~
it was spread with a cloud, with a fall
of murmurs interwoven into one confluent
flow & gambol.] Tradesmen were delivering
their wares up & down area steps. Huddling maids
were opening back doors. Majestic dogs led in
chains by footmen were proceeding decorously
to the pilla tops. Howled jets with handkerchiefs
from melting were drifting by. And all was
wrapped in a splendour of red light.
not clear & fierce like Italian light, but
charged with dust from innumerable wheels,
from from all the hooves that had
been treading, that had been pounding, in London
that June day, from the dawn of that June day
till the evening. And the air did not ring
with separate cries, & the transmutation of
innumerable bells, as in Florence: all
a fall of sound, a cloud of interwoven words,
lay felt down, in one confluent flow &
gambol of innumerable wheels turning & rolling
murmuring. The magnificence of the metropolis
passed ~~F~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~

Salamants

in being of the in being, overcame Fleck, after all these years,
as he pained on the steps of the lodging home; & he felt
run through him that the that time - broken. Dumped in
Udaly, of being, here in Wellbeck Street, attached by mistake
to ~~Wells Street~~, to Hyde Park, to ~~Constitution Hill~~, so to
Buckingham Palace, where Queen Victoria to all the
about that time, like the spokes of a wheel to the hub, in
Buckingham Palace; where Victoria. Albert sat in
front throne; ~~or~~ Here was order & ceremony,
fradition; all women together; one coming from another;
leading

The went out
he went
so with
Wilson.
& wear a
chain

English
nobleman

half caste

whiskered

~~The~~ ^{that} ~~was sharp~~ ^{was} the conflict raged in Fleck's heart
during the weeks that he stayed in London
was sharp enough. His liberty was at once curtailed.
He was ~~now~~ ^{more} a home dog. He wore a chain.
But the chain that fettered him also ~~his~~ ^{his} limbs, raised
him ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ rank. He was recognized as a dog of breeding
by dogs of breeding, though the dogs of Wellbeck
Street recognized him as one of themselves, though
he had fallen; he had ~~just~~ ^{just} as, at Court, an
heir of ancient family who has been abroad for
many years & contracted speaks with a foreign
accent & even you so far, some say, as to
drop his teeth, many a peasant, & young Buddhist, is
after a moment's pause, recognized by his old peer, &
who make a point ~~of~~ ^{of} mocking him to their
country seat, ~~so~~ ^{so} & ~~ignoring~~ ^{ignoring} his ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~ignorance~~ ^{ignorance} of his
though he, with some words of ~~sympathy~~ ^{sympathy} to their
daughter as if nothing untoward had happened. Fleck
could not help being pleased, ~~never~~ ^{never} nor could he
deny that the old ties ~~the~~ ^{the} old convention, the old
memories, & ~~honour~~ ^{honour} ~~blood~~ ^{blood} ~~its~~ ^{its} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~free~~ ^{free} ~~masonry~~ ^{masonry} of
have their class has their charm; things can be said
to ~~me~~ ^{me} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~there~~ ^{there} is an understanding among
the ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} But still how stiff the old inked
him - ~~being~~ ^{being} in one room, watching Wilson's pleasure,
going no further than Regents Park, finding
then how straight & hard the paths were; how
how intolerable the restrictions; how soon

formidable the police - show the streets in June
 throngly, & coarsely & mixedly, & confusedly & not on the
 whole pleasantly the we had heard & Oxford Street -
 the Grand Street Mutt on a hot day when ^{with} the crowded ^{with}
~~crowds~~ of richly dressed people, had been walking
 with horses with horses & carriages; - & the poor -
 during all the year of his life in Italy Fluch had never
 smelt such odours as rise from the bodies of the
 poor who who lay on grass or on seats, or pattered in knots
 at public house doors. He had never A trembling
 who seized him as he passed Antean Corner. After
 all he knew that half a mile away was a room
 where dogs are tied to the broken chains; where
 parrots scream; where drunken men & women
 lie cursing; & the wain stands frozen in the park; & ~~the~~
~~all day~~ all night & the windows are broken; &
 men stumble in with heavy bags, & women let fall
 from their reticulate rags, watches, & then they begin
 cursing & quarrelling. It still in the year 1852
 though the cholera had come, the heads of dogs were
 unwrapped by radiator breakfast. ~~taken~~ Nero
 came Mr Carlisle dog, had been stolen quite
 lately. And then in an access of that nervous
 terror which Fluch knew to be latent in himself too -
 in that hypertrophy of the mischief which is
 bred inevitably by modern life with a lying at the
 feet of a mistress, behind meadows. Nero had
 leapt from a top storey window. Stabbing
 he had not killed himself & but that Fluch
 felt that ~~that~~ could not help feeling that the
 emotional strain of London life is unwholesome.
 The high breeding of Rome had its an
 overflowing charm. Fluch spent a day ^{at} at Farnham;
 - Mr Browning was ~~at~~ at ~~Kingley~~ & it was
 late in the summer. ~~all~~ ^{the} ~~Valley~~ ^{at} ~~each~~ ^{at} would have
 been as bare & hard as brick. The peas would
 have been rampant. Here were were fields of green
 grass; hoods of the water; murmuring woods;
 & heavy turf so fine, so elastic that the

Done something to
 improve the
 Prothonotary
 from present

Long before this
we can hardly
imagine was
one. Fluk was
a fever of anxiety

to hear that
down from
his mother

The air was not changed,
did not move, & the home was not cleaned. What of the
down was Mr Barrett were to come in, find in, Fluk
showered, what of the front door were to bang, we were to
be shut up in the back bedroom for ever? He was not
happy until he found himself on the deck of the Channel
Steamer crossing to France. It was a rough passage.
The crossing took eight hours. Fluk lay on deck
watching a tall figure ~~then he was violently sick.~~
Whether the sight of Mr Carlyle standing by the rail,
seemed to him to personify the discipline, the gloom,
the wisdom, & the ~~entirely~~ darkness & the
dear in, though mixed with splendour, of the land he
was leaving, whether the mixed memories of Germany
& England, of simplicity, & the Kennel Club -
Queen Victoria & hunting hares, & being tied by the
leg were He looked at Mr Carlyle who was
travelling with them. He was violently sick.
"he was ordered off the deck on a hot, poor day"
said Mr Browning. And with this last salute
Fluk left the shores of England for ever. Neither he nor
Mr Browning were ever to set foot in
Wimhole Street again.

In letter 'low me
Wednesday that -

NYPL

"Several other
American
rapping
spirits

are
imprinted
to "Kuch wote,
to his father's
great Salubachon."

Mr. Browning however added
also remarked, "But I love the mawellous". So
that we need feel no surprise if, Flack was now
the biographer & it thus came about that the last
Chapter of Flack's life at the Casa Jacobi in Florence
were a good deal misjudged, or shadowed, or
imposed & haunted by the presence of spirits, in
one form or another in at the Casa Jacobi.
Whatever influenced Mrs Browning influenced Flack. And

year

who came here
in generous
abundance
to live in the
legs of
Mrs.
Browning's
table.

It was inevitable that whatever
who either came to gratify Mrs Browning's love for
mawellous. Whatever affected her, affected him -
Moreover, the Italian summers were very hot;
he had long ceased to lie on cushions in the sofa,
& naturally, he sought the little pool of shadow
which was to be found on the hollow legs under
the table. Suddenly the table began working
from side to side. & Maria Perpetua - the table
was surrounded by people - became highly
excited. There were sufflings; gas cries;
Mrs a gentleman - people - the table was
surrounded by people - said that they had
set her hand, in fearland, or that they began
chattering & juggling & delirium themselves of messages -
what he knew not. And then ~~the~~ ~~table~~ they
even when there were dramatic hair were in
and even the feet of the domestic every would be
swift by her the behaviour of the table again.
Wilson, sitting working, the table Mrs Browning -
Wilson would sit at the table, and working.
Suddenly the table would carry to Mrs
Browning the information "Send Wilson to bed - the
is all" whereas shortly afterwards "Down
fell Wilson into the chair - in a sort of
hazy mesmeric & hazy - fancy - apparition,
which frightened me horribly; ... the
large hair dropping down her cheeks. After
a proper application of hygienic vinegar,

when he
Mrs.
Browning
were
alone.

208.

400,000 / number -
A.

NYPL

B to Luther
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that spirits
do live
for example

however the recovered however - when we both
remembered what had been written. It with
had the spirits -

& before long she was ~~was~~ ~~entirely~~ believed implicitly
that in the divine inspiration of tables. A table
~~being asked~~ A table being asked how old her child was
"expressed itself intelligently by knocking with its
leg, responses according to the alphabet" - from
"the leg knocked four times" & her child was
four years old. Mr Browning did not believe,
but on the other hand Mr Lytton believed, & so
did Mr. Frederick Tennyson, & so did dear Mr
Kirkcup. The spirits were spirits were everywhere
that summer in Florence. Mr Lytton gave a
party; & Mr. F. Tennyson was there &
Mr. Power & Mr. Villari; & as they sat
drinking tea & eating strawberries & cream while
Florence dissolved in the purple of the hills &
the stars rose, they talked spiritualism for
two hours. "... what stories we told, -
what miracles we swore to! Oh, we are
believers here, I say, like Robert ...

B K.

2. 253

The most sceptical of men like dear Mr
Kirkcup who had with his bleak white beard
whose creed had always been "the next thing to
atheism" came round to announce that
"There is a spiritual world - there is a future
state. I confess it, I am convinced at least",
because, in that his deafness, he had heard
"nice tales so loud that they made him deaf"

But Fluke could hear nothing. Fluke could see
nothing but ~~the~~ ~~tables~~ & ~~power~~, & a table
as he only knew the a vague alarm, a
restlessness; a sense of restlessness & childlessness,
as when he went to see Thacker under

reading not
just, but what
Wilson
scrubbed
(very illegally)
why this

est

the table, & the table began hitting the floor with one leg; ✓
then Wilson his sleep was interrupted. His the
shadow was troubled. He departed to & again he
felt as he had felt when Mrs Browning stood at the
window clapping her handkerchief as the
banners passed, how far they flew apart in their
voyage of discovery: what strange regions his
beloved mistress trod now; why there with
Wilson at night with their hands upon a table;
asking while the table told her that her child
was low, or that Wilson was about to be ill.
And now though Wilson was soon began to faint
there. Mr Browning rushed for the
"hygienic vinegar" The ~~deception~~ & the ~~parody~~
Mr. ~~Wilson~~ that was accompanied such
revelations to sit scrubbing, or scrubbing or
scrubbing vinegar when the steam was rising,
when the sun was hot in the streets - how
strange a mixture of time! And why
should spirits live on tables, & not in beer, or
in grape; or in grapes; or in the laughing
peasants; or in the streets, or in deep themselves?
What did the spirits ever tell Mrs Browning
that was half so important as what the
shelled shawl told him; ~~that was half so~~
& if she wanted revelations, what had she
begun even to understand his rappings. his wishes?
were they It was profoundly sad &
strange to him. He could not follow her.
And yet, sometimes when they were alone, ✓
the spirits were mysteriously present - the
table had upholed its tea tray beautifully -
& why is that not the business of
tables - he asked - how can they are only
tables when they do than business - he would

cup one more to his old station at her feet, & try to
recall those dreaming eyes to their old proper interest
in her face. ~~There had been a time when he~~
Once he had sprung upon her, in play, & she had
held him to her, in an ecstasy for a moment, with
her red rosy face, all furrowed as a woman, with its
brilliant eyes, had given her a shock of delight, or
rapture; ~~had been the other side~~ while she lay
there, clanked among her bellows. But now the
eyes were rapt, intense, visionary. And he heard
he ~~say~~ with the wote now - "You know I am
rather a visionary & inclined to knock
round at all the doors of the present world to
try to get out" - & she looked past him, through
him, as if he were not there any more. ~~In fact~~
Why, I was better to be laughed at as she had laughed
at him that day, for he had hurt her paw in the
door of the four wheeler. No look had ever
sent such dark, leaden despair through her.
He was not there - he did not exist - he, who had given
up the sunlight for her sake; he who stroved with
life, with delight, with rapture in every nerve - he
did not exist, compared with the spirit in the leg
told her that her child was four years old.
He would go out, not into some pale
world of rapturous spirits; but into Florence,
here, under the window. No he trotted
out: the did not wish. He made his way
into the great square with all the statues;
& the tower; & the pigeons; & the marble.
~~Oh Mrs Browning,~~ & there he lay
bowed humbly with duty, with the random
will-rail population, that he had come to
accept; that held him now, for all his foreign
birth - as part of himself; their head, indeed,
their comrade. ~~How~~ How honest was
How moving & sickening; how merciful too, with the

the jangle of bells, & human voices: with whips cracking -
 dogs barking - try to get out indeed? Or get me
 not rather to try to get in? to imbue eagerly
 more & more thoroughly in this? Never had the
 purple grapes in the great baskets looked to him
 purpler, rounder, or tarter, when they lay in a
 bunch, more miraculously sweet. Why, one could
 go on eating grapes for ever, & not realize come to an
 end of those changes of Marrow, of warmth -
 coolness; as they ~~was~~ the skin cracked under one's
 teeth & the heavenly sweetness spurted down one's
 throat. And then to be still in the sun: to
 let its heat make the fur on one's back seem to
 dry & knit: & then it reached the naked skin:
 2 then to turn, the other side, let the sun
 bake that: & then, thoroughly roasted &
 forced, to roll turn again, & look curiously
 in the profound depths that lie in lakes,
 under marble doorways; beside some old
 peasant woman's basket, who, as she knits,
 keeps casting a good eye, better, thicker, &
 perhaps, curer, & grumbler. & yet is so happy,
 content to be busy, an old peasant woman,
 keeping guard over her basket. The woman
 he just caught her eye. The woman
 whirly with her melons. The woman
 volley of abuse at him; & call him all the
 names under the sun: & yet that too was
 part of the days work. And they by would
 come do for Landa; or Men Blayden:
 they know him; they looked - the Landa to
 and then they he the beheld his limbs out in
 vigorous son - weeks, & that been -
 great there in the shade; but the peasant woman
 basket with the chaffing & barking you a -
 the days passing, & nothing, & the bells pealing.
 It had been a strange affair to her. -

The great
 wooden cups in
 hay to show
 its
 pink flesh.
 when which
 the sun
 bugged; & the
 little that

And ~~as he slept~~ on his sleep - I thought the
And when he slept, when that is a fine veil fell over the
lives & the nations, the bustling days, the busy life
merging them all together, he would hear
men call upon, upon: he would hear as if that good
came: he would see the very face, the dearest form of
Men Metford: & the cause: how Thomas of Rotherham:
& there would give way to Wimpole Street: & to
the towers of Whitechapel: & again, - then the old
terror would wake him he had been deserted, forgotten.
~~And then, rising, to shake off the dream, by all but~~
Men Barrell. In the Port the came - the vessel
him. The tie between them held like a crown what
falls; what to disturb.

he woke as if Men Barrell had called him:

Before he knew what he was doing or why he was
 doing it, he was trotting swiftly through the streets
 towards Casa Guidi. So he ran when he had run
~~when~~ ~~the~~ in his prime when the hunting horns
 of Venus brought him to in one flash to the side of
 Mr. Partridge's spaniel; so he had run when the
 horn of a hay or fox flew its intonation
 through his ~~ear~~ ^{ears}. But this drive - to be
 with Mrs. Barrett - was different. In the
 spirit that urged him intently to up the
 road, down that, hurrying, with a long quick secret
 stride, ~~was~~ that he refused to say
 he met that he was in the grip of that
 the spirit, ~~not to be interrupted~~ was the
~~dearest~~, the most commanding of all; because,
 because, ~~the~~ the least intelligible. Perhaps then
 the mist found her; he must be with her. And
 that why? Had the spirit's dominion over him?
 Had they ~~any~~ somehow found their way into his
 to legs? To see him running - now he was
 old now, & rather unsteady - though Florence
 that summer evening - one might have supposed
 that the spirit had somehow found their way
 into his legs. But he had no power ~~at all~~
~~to~~ ~~run~~ ~~at~~ ~~all~~. He was ~~not~~ ~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~.
 He did not bring any message from the dead.
~~He was no medium between~~ The spirit
 that drove him from the market place to the
 sitting room was not the ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~
 same sort. Yet perhaps it was a spirit.
 Yet perhaps it was the same
 spirit that lived in table legs. But a
 spirit it was. He must find her; he
 must be with her. ~~Could~~ ~~it~~ ~~be~~ ~~that~~ ~~she~~

as he
just

bound in
private
business

not
making a
belief
through
the streets

Perhaps I he
was not
aware that
there are such
a ~~of the~~
of ~~the~~ of
dead people
quit.
in search
of
something

Now that the first terror of
was it the American rapping spirit? No - he was
had no power of rapping out the alphabet with his
fist - ~~And he was not in any touch, either with the~~
~~dead.~~ Had he been asked, he could not have said that
the ~~base~~ child was four years old. He was not in
touch either with the dead. ~~He was alone.~~ And
yet to see him run toward Casa Guidi, ~~or~~
~~making for Mrs Barrett,~~ although the shock of the
dream was over, & he knew that he was ~~in~~ not in
Whitechapel, but in Florence, & safe, & with his
dinner waiting him when he chose to come for it -
one could only conclude that he was ~~made~~ ^{made} way
over by a spirit, & that ~~spirit~~ ^{spirit} - he had reached
the door of Casa Guidi now - ~~was not in~~
~~the delicious smell of the hall on the step - for he~~
bent his nose to the stone: yet ~~it~~ ~~was~~ not in the
stone itself for he did not stay there; &

2 that that spirit was making him sick - was it
the drowsy? - He had reached the stone portals of the
Casa Guidi: ~~he stopped & melted them: no - it was~~
~~not the stone.~~ ~~Only~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~sick~~: ~~not~~ ~~his~~
~~dinner~~ ~~either~~ - ~~the~~ ~~smell~~ ~~came~~ ~~up~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~
hot something - now he was puddling with the
same healthy intensity - ~~comfortable~~ ~~smell~~
the way, ~~smell~~, that way, which had
~~gone~~ up the stairs; & had then passed through
that door - which stood ajar - ~~was~~ & ~~was~~
there - on the low chair, by the fire. The
spirit had led him to ~~Mr. Browning~~. And
now that he had reached he, what did he find in
her. Only Mr. Browning

He was alone, reading, by the fire.
The pine logs were heaped up, for the sun
was ~~dimly~~ in Florence; & their light illumined

was it
a hunt
man hidden?
Oh no - only
Fluk.

great looking plan, & the subjects felt stupid that held
lyats behind it. The face that was so oddly like his
with its great eyes, & its heavy lids, & its wide mouth,
& yet was so different, because she could speak, &
could read, what is written in German, & could
"try to get" look - "you know I am rather a
venerable" heard this woman, & "try to get out,"
this face now ~~successfully~~, - looked at him; not through him
the Fluk said Mrs Browning, ~~ending once more;~~
~~once more concerning him.~~ & caressed him;
The Fluk said Mrs Browning. He wagged his tail.
and then, without a word, or ~~that he~~
made no answer ^{to her} ~~to him~~. In the last time,
he licked ^{the} ~~her~~ tongue on her hand. ~~But he~~
could not ^{actually} speak. ~~And now~~ apparently without
any knowing that death yet, he had died.

Mr Browning is buried in the church of
at Florence. Mr Browning lies in the
Port corner in ^{the} ~~the~~ abbey. But Fluk is buried
lies in the vaults beneath Casa giudici,
Deep under the home where they had lived.

Oct 8th 1932

but any attempt, however brief, to answer the question that
Fluck ~~best~~ asked would have to begin with some
mention of Lady Blenheim's crystal ball. Some time
early in the century Lady Blenheim had brought a

^{via}
But the spirit that possessed her now - that drew him
deathly sickly in a brief time might Florence that
remembered Swamy, was different. Where was he going
what was he seeking? Had the spirit, recognized him too?
Had they mistaken his legs for Luke's legs - or was he
for all his St. Julian in the grasp of some
dead unseen force which,

was the face to her he was

~~What did they know~~

~~In that moment came back~~

It was Fluck, a red cocker spaniel: the dog
who had lain at her feet all these years, in Wimpole Street
when she was lonely, imperious; when she was
was wailing, talking to Robert Brown: the dog who had
sat on her knee silent on the cab, driven to
Hoodum: the silent dumb spirit animal who had
companion - he who would whisper words in the dark -

Oh Fluck the dead, in a

speech was beyond her.