

# Morris and the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*

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*Author's note:* This study was written well before that of Helen Timo (Journal, Vol. IV no. 2) and the article by R. Stahr Hosmon which raised the question in my mind. Now a confirmation—open to question, it is true—has come to light. I owe to Ray Watkinson the information that in a bound volume of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, formerly in the library of Graham Pollard, are written, though anonymously, attributions of all the texts of the magazine. Those given to Morris confirm my own conclusions, though it should be said that one or two other attributions are open to doubt. Hence these observations now offered to the readers of the Journal.

All re-publications of Morris's articles in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*<sup>1</sup> carry the same texts. The list is always the same—thus:

'The Story of the Unknown Church'	p. 28*	January
' <i>Winter Weather</i> '	p. 62	January
'The Churches of North France' No. 1—Shadows of Amiens'	p. 99	February
'A Dream' (tale)	p. 146	March
'"Men and Women" by Browning'	p. 162	March
'Frank's Sealed Letter' (tale)	p. 225	April
' <i>Riding Together</i> '	p. 320	May
'Gertha's Lovers' chap. 1–3 (tale)	p. 403	July
' <i>Hands</i> '	p. 452	July
'Death the Avenger & Death the Friend'	p. 477	August
'Svend and his Brethren' (tale)	p. 488	August
'Gertha's Lovers' chap. 4 & 5	p. 499	August
'Lindenberg Pool' (tale)	p. 530	September
'The Hollow Land' chap. 1 & 2 (tale)	p. 565	September
' <i>The Chapel in Lyoness</i> '	p. 577	September
'The Hollow Land' chap. 3	p. 632	October
' <i>Pray but One Prayer for Me</i> '	p. 644	October
'Golden Wings' (tale)	p. 733	December

Titles in italics are those of poems.

\* all page references are to the original *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, 1856

All bibliographies confirm this list of Mackail's<sup>2</sup>, except that of Temple Scott<sup>3</sup> who adds:

'A Night in a Cathedral' (tale)	p. 310	May
'Ruskin and the Quarterly'	p. 353	June

and that of Buxton Forman<sup>4</sup> who adds:

'The Two Partings' (tale)	p. 110	February
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R. Stahr Hosmon, in the April 1969 issue of *The Victorian Periodicals Newsletter*, published an article aimed at establishing definitive attributions of all contributions to the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*. Having briefly set out the record as it then stood, he firmly gives 'The Two Partings' to Morris but gives 'A Night in a Cathedral' to William Fulford and 'Ruskin and the Quarterly' to Burne-Jones. He gives no reasons for the last attribution, and it must be looked at with caution. Now Temple Scott and Buxton Forman both consulted Morris. That he should make mistakes in respect of texts written forty years before is certainly possible; but it seems, all the same, hardly likely that he would have answered carelessly at a time when, famous, he was often approached to consent to the publication or reprinting of one or other of his works. Other more substantial arguments convince us that there is good ground for attributing these three further texts to Morris. In the first place, the texts themselves show all the general characteristics of other pieces unquestionably attributable to Morris. Further, they are strikingly like three texts recognised as his: 'The Two Partings' corresponds to 'Frank's Sealed Letter'; 'A Night in a Cathedral' to 'The Churches of North France'; and 'Ruskin and the Quarterly' to "'Men and Women" by Browning'.

At this level, points of correspondence are very precise, and it is inconceivable that another, or other contributors should in three cases have written what would amount to plagiarism or pastiche of Morris. The third layer of argument, equally convincing, is that of expression: certain words, certain phrases put Morris's authorship practically beyond doubt. This is why, now that a reprint of the *Complete Works* is easily accessible,<sup>5</sup> it seemed useful to complete the canon of Morris's published writings. A systematic account of so-far unpublished texts remains to be given, regardless of their eventual publication.

From the point of view of general characteristics, we have in 'Ruskin and the Quarterly'<sup>6</sup> a critical defence of Ruskin. Ruskin was without doubt the idol, among others, of this group of romantic, anglo-catholic students who projected the creation of a religious brotherhood for the reform of the age, and had got as far as launching their short-lived

magazine. Ruskin might well have been defended by others than Morris; but we know that in the group two devotees had links with Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites whose champion Ruskin had made himself: Burne-Jones and Morris. When we observe that none of the three titles in question are mentioned by Lady Burne-Jones in her 'Memorials',<sup>7</sup> and compare this defence of Ruskin with the article by Morris on Browning, we may be almost absolutely sure as to the identity of the author.

The two tales are very like others that appear in the Magazine, in which themes of love, mystery, the Middle Ages, death, and beauty appear in many forms and different combinations. 'A Night in a Cathedral' is a story in first person in which the hero, having made the journey to Amiens for the purpose of studying the Cathedral, is accidentally locked in, and passes a night of terror and hallucination in the building. Now of all the writers in the Magazine, Morris was the one who had the fullest knowledge of religious architecture; with him indeed, archaeology had been a precocious passion. It is more over he who writes the article on Amiens, which, in tune with the group's orientation, is the first of a series entrusted to the specialist in French Gothic. It was the only one published.

'The Two Partings' is a short story of unhappy love. A lovers' quarrel leads to a parting made final by the hero's pride and by another offer of marriage which puts it out of mind until the day when they meet by chance—a month before her wedding. Their meeting is short and we learn that their lives will be unhappy forever. This story is located in Morris's present: now the only story of contemporary life by Morris also appears in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, and its theme also is of lovers parted, not by slander, but by the heroine's fickleness. We know too that Morris was never to write another story set in the present.<sup>8</sup>

Thus a quick review of the three pieces makes Morris the likeliest author. If we go now to an examination in parallel of 'Night' and 'Amiens', 'Ruskin' and 'Browning', 'Partings' and 'Frank', the likenesses are striking. 'Night' begins:

'Late in the summer, or you may call it early in the autumn, a few years ago, I was making, unaccompanied, a pedestrian tour in the north-west of France. One of the first places visited was Amiens, where I arrived on the afternoon of a bright sunny day.' (p. 310).

Morris had in fact made this continental journey in the summer of 1854,<sup>9</sup> a journey which enabled him to see in Belgium the paintings of Van Eyck and Memlinc, and in France, the northern cathedrals. The

description given in 'Amiens' is based on the expedition of 1855,<sup>10</sup> which he made in the company of Burne Jones and William Fulford. The mode of the story is different from that of the historical article which is in the main a minute inventory of those beauties of the cathedral which had taken Morris's eye and which he studies, as he writes, with photographs before him:

'So, for the facts of form, I have to look at my photographs: for facts of colour I have to try and remember the day or two I spent at Amiens, and the reference to the former has considerably dulled my memory of the latter' (p. 103).

In the story, the author insists above all on relived impressions, the visions which appeared, the ideas conceived, during the night of imprisonment in the cathedral. Nonetheless, there is no lack of parallels. First, there is the feeling inspired by the cathedral:

'Night': 'it still remains in my memory with a peculiar tenderness—something like the first love of childhood, which the loves of manhood can never efface.

'—the building had been so beautiful that I felt no awe of it, nothing graver than love' (p. 310).

'Amiens': 'And I thought that even if I could say nothing else about these grand churches, I could at least tell men how much I loved them; so that, though they might laugh at me for my foolish and confused work, they might yet be moved to see what there was that made me speak my love, though I could give no reason for it' (p. 99).

More striking still is the allusion, in the second of the two quotations just made from 'Night', to the fact that the cathedral inspires no fear or awe—repeated in 'Amiens':

'it is so free and vast and noble, I did not feel in the least awestruck, or humbled by its size or grandeur' (p. 101).

The descriptions and the memories are the same. 'Night' speaks of the sculptures of the choir, which along one side tell the story of a Bishop of Amiens, St. Firmin, and stresses the faces of the individuals:

'I had been particularly struck by the calm pure beauty of some of the faces; and now, standing before those carvings in the darkness, I tried to recall those countenances, to still the tumult of my dread by their heavenly repose' (pp. 312–3).

It is above all the faces that in 'Amiens' also, attract Morris:

'Gloriously-draped figures the monks are, with genial faces, full of good wisdom, drawn into quaint expressions by the joy of argument. This one

old, and has seen much of the world: he is trying, I think, to get his objections answered by the young man there, who is talking to him so earnestly: he is listening, with a half-smile on his face, as if he had made up his mind, after all' (p. 104).

The Gregorian chant is evoked by a lover of plain-song. The letter of 13th April 1849 to his elder sister Emma<sup>11</sup> shows us a William Morris proud of the quality of his school choir, and above all, already able to describe technically the characteristics of a choral performance. The hero of 'Night' is also musical, as is shown by his allusion to Mozart, heard in Exeter Hall:

'Night' 'I guided myself chiefly by the remembrance of Mozart's Requiem; which I had heard performed at Exeter Hall (p. 313).

This detail perhaps has its origin in the memory Morris recounts in 'Amiens'; a mysterious feeling is associated with the singing of complines:

'Amiens': 'A strange sense of oppression came over me at that time, when, as we were in one of the galleries of the west front, we looked into the church, and found the vaulting but a foot or two (or it seemed so) above our heads; also, while I was in the galleries, now out of the church, now in it, the canons had begun to sing complines, and the sound of their singing floated dimly up the winding staircases and half-shut doors' (p. 102).

To this sheaf of presumptions we may add that the writer of 'Night' finds himself in the same psychological situation. Things imagined and things seen are located in the same framework, objectively real for all, and whose evocation must remain objective. The same love of the cathedral's beauty leads the two writers to use the same adjective:

'Night': 'I even took pride in it as a glorious work of man' (p. 310).  
'Amiens': 'The thing is gloriously carved whatever it is' (p. 104).

And lastly, before leaving 'Night', we must pick out a passage which unquestionably recalls another in 'The Story of the Unknown Church':<sup>12</sup>

'I saw also the masons at work on the statues, while others of the guild painted the frescoes; and in the midst of them the architect himself, whose name I knew not, whose name, it may be, the world is equally ignorant of, such is the caprice of fame; the chief designer of this grandeur and beauty, but himself a workman like the rest, a master mason. I saw him carving a statue in the tympanum, the Virgin Mary, whose face grew beneath his hands with such pure loveliness as I had never seen in face before, either in art or in actual life' (p. 313).

This has the same precision and the same pleasure in sight as the evocation of the 'master mason' whose work Morris recreates before our eyes with the skill of the stone-carver he himself became.

The love of woman supplants the love of Gothic in 'Two Partings' and 'Frank's Sealed Letter', but in the two stories the hero sees his life wasted by the breaking off of an intended marriage and he devotes what is left to the religion of Love. Arthur, the hero of 'Two Partings', says by way of conclusion:

'And I know, too, that soon this vividness of memory will fade also; and her face and voice again become a shadow and an echo in me; but I know, also, that henceforth she will be ever present to me; not to eye and ear, but spirit to spirit present to me through all my life. And, when death shall take me away from earth, God grant that I may find that I have died into Life and Love; for the consummation has at length come; and Helen is once more mine, and I am hers' (p. 115).

Hugh, the hero of 'Frank's Sealed Letter', gives this account of his vain efforts to forget his cruel Mabel:

'I have failed, I know, but I know that I have fought too; I know the weary struggle from day to day, in which, with my loins girded and my muscles all a-strain, I have fought, while years and years have passed away. I know what they do not, how that Passion trembled in my grasp, shook, staggered; how I grew stronger and stronger; till when, as I stood at last quivering with collected force, the light of victory across my lips and brow, God's hand struck me, and I fell at once, and without remedy; and am now a vanquished man; and really without any object in life, not desiring death any more than life, or life any more than death; a vanquished man, though no coward; forlorn, hopeless, unloved, living now altogether in the past' (p. 225).

Thus we have two heroes in the same situation: situations more alike since it is, in both cases, the marriage of a beloved woman that frustrates for ever the hero's love—and in both cases, marriage to an officer! And in both stories the hero pities the husband, thereby showing a youthful enough idea of feminine psychology: a natural enough reaction for dismissed lovers, they swear that they will forget their heartless mistress, quenching by will and work the passion that burns them.

'Two Partings': 'I will tear out all remembrance of you. Fool, fool that I am—I am almost mad; my heart overflows with bitterness, through you, whom once I loved so truly and tenderly' (p. 112).

To which Hugh responds, alluding to the memory of his friend Frank who had exposed Mabel's cruel nature:

‘I am very sorry that he cannot be with me in this fight; for I must kill her utterly in my memory’ (p. 229).

Another point in common: in order to forget love, Arthur and Hugh throw themselves into ceaseless activity and superhuman work in the service of their unhappy fellows. This idea of absolute devotion to human suffering points forward to the legendary generosity of Morris in his battle for the cause of the working class.

Hugh tells what remains of Mabel in his soul:

‘and my memory would come to me, not clear and distinct but only as a dull pain about my eyes and forehead; but my strong will could banish that, for I had much work to do, trying to help my fellow-men, with all my heart I thought. I threw myself heart and soul into that work, and joy grew in my soul; and I was proud to think that she had not exhausted the world for me’ (p. 229).

Arthur too feels the misery of humanity and sees in his awareness of it a value added to his life:

‘But my loss, borne with whatsoever fortitude, leavened my whole life, and in the dimness of my sorrow all things wore a sorrowful look; and I saw the pain and grief far more readily than the pleasure and the joy; and I heard how, day by day, yea, night by night, rose up from all the earth the cry of woe to the throne of God—woe diverse as the fortunes of men; famished moans from those who starved in deserts and villages, far from help: yea, and in great cities too, in the very midst of overflowing wealth; groans of pain from the sick and the maimed and the dying; the low complaining of discontent, not only from the cottage and the alley, but from mansions and palaces also: the one continual undertone of sadness from the hearts whose light, like mine, had been darkened by one great disappointment, one great sorrow, struggled against, borne stoutly and sternly through the long years, but never healed: for ever, day after day, the myriad-toned cry went up’ (p. 113).

The two little poems dropped into ‘Two Partings’—a device used almost systematically by Morris in his stories—on the theme of love lost—‘Lost Love’: and of dead love—‘Love Long Ago’—have the strong rocking rhythms and rough sounds that we find again in *The Defence of Guenevere* of 1858. ‘Love Long Ago’ (p. 115) has the line: ‘I have wept in my dreams.’

Dream plays a great part in Morris’s early works: this is more than a literary technique: Morris uses it to telescope time, and this is what happens in ‘Frank’s Sealed Letter’. In dream, life is as intense as in the waking hours of everyday. Our two noble and stricken lovers have too the same emphases of expression, and the ‘Oh Mabel!-Oh Mabel!’ of

Hugh echoes Arthur's 'Oh Helen!' Just as in 'A Night in a Cathedral', there are in 'Two Partings' resonances of other of Morris's writings—for instance, this passage:

'And yet the glad bosom of the earth bore cornfields and rice-fields; the oak and the alder, the rose and the lily, and the grand solemn cathedrals still stood on the green sward and in the paved square, stately and strong, for ages' (p. 113).

evokes the opening image of 'The Unknown Church'<sup>13</sup> which was inspired by the sight of Chartres. Similarly, the night when Arthur breaks with Helen reminds us of that in 'Lindenberg Pool':<sup>14</sup>

'It was a dark, windy night, with occasional gleams of moonshine, in the middle of autumn. The wind raced madly over the level country, and tossed the bare arms of the trees about in a sort of rough wild play. The moon every now and then opened glaring rifts in the thick clouds, throwing black shadows on the ground, which moved restlessly as the trees rocked in the gusts' (p. 111).

What can we conclude from all these resemblances and echoes which cannot be accidental? That Morris is the writer of 'The Two Partings'? Certainly. But also, when we compare the two texts, we are led to think that 'Two Partings' is the rough draft or first sketch of the finished version which will become 'Frank's Sealed Letter'. The dates make this possible. In fact, 'Frank's Sealed Letter' is simply the same plot padded out. A friend is attached to the hero who is crippled and ugly. Morris shows us Hugh in the landscapes of his own Walthamstow childhood and in those of Louviers by virtue of the dream which now intervenes directly in the narrative. The repetition of the same story is indeed faithful; it is inconceivable that Morris should not have written the first version.

'*Ruskin and the Quarterly*' is, of our three pieces, the one that seems easiest to attribute to Morris. The allusion to the Arena Chapel and to the work of Giotto, or the description of Arthur Hughes' picture 'April Love' (p. 356) lead us straight to Morris. We know that he had read *Giotto and his work in Padua*, Part I, by Ruskin, published for the Arundel Society in 1853, because he quotes from memory its page 65, in 'Amiens' (p. 107). Mackail tells us besides, that in the summer of 1856 Morris had bought Hughes' painting: in fact, Lady Burne Jones enables us to date this purchase within a few days of the 17th of May 1856,<sup>15</sup> and the article appears in June 1856 (p. 353). Its content takes up ideas already expressed by Morris in the 'Browning' of March: in particular, the notion according to which poetic form allows a more delicate

expression than prose: the music of rhyme for instance is bound up with the thought.

‘Ruskin’: ‘sometimes restraining them (thoughts) sometimes leading and lighting them as rhymes and measures do a poet’ (p. 353).

‘Browning’: ‘. . . there are in poems so many exquisitely small and delicate turns of thought running through their music, and along with it, that cannot be done in prose, any more than the infinite variety of form, and shadow, and colour in a great picture can be rendered by a coloured woodcut’ (p. 171).

This last quotation introduces another idea of Morris’s which he owed to Rossetti: the parallelism, even the mutual assimilation, of painting and poetry:

‘Ruskin’: ‘Oh was that the point at issue then, or not? Whether thought has *one* language only “proper to itself”, or whether it had at the least two, poetry namely and *painting*?’ (p. 354).

In a more general way, the Pre-Raphaelites have in the writer of each article a warm partisan:

‘Ruskin’: ‘Nevertheless, who shall doubt that the Pre-Raphaelites are winning the victory, when he sees the pictures on those walls?’ (p. 358).

‘Browning’: ‘The story of the Pre-Raphaelites—we all know that, only here, thank Heaven! the public has chosen to judge for itself somewhat, though to this day their noblest pictures are the least popular’ (p. 172).

A similar concern exemplifies the Pre-Raphaelites theory of the importance of thought in art; it shows itself in the question of clarity of expression in a work, which cannot but be raised in respect of Browning:

‘Browning’: ‘So I believe that, though this obscurity, so-called, would indeed be very objectionable, if, as some seem to think, poetry is merely a department of ‘light literature’; yet, if it is rather one of the very grandest of all God’s gifts to men, we must not think it hard if we have sometimes to exercise thought over a great poem, nay, even sometimes the utmost straining of all our thoughts, an agony almost equal to that of the poet who created the poem’ (p. 172).

but is found no less in the article on Ruskin:

‘. . . a man may speak his thoughts without caring so much for the words, so long as his meaning is clear. Clear? Clear enough, surely—may even speak his thoughts at any time’ (p. 359).

The same warmth, bordering on violence, animates the defenders of Ruskin and of Browning in their diatribes against the critics:

'Ruskin': 'I wish he were not so unfair, not so bitter, it is a miserable thing to read, an unkind spiteful review, though more miserable to write if one only knew it' (p. 354).

and the same indignation appears again in 'Browning':

'Now, I don't say that Robert Browning is not sometimes really obscure. He would be a perfect poet (of some calibre or other if he were not) but I assert, fearlessly, that this obscurity is seldom so prominent as to make his poems hard to understand on this ground: while, as to that which they call obscurity, it results from depth of thought, and greatness of subject, on the poet's part, and on his readers' part, from their shallower brains and more bounded knowledge: nay, often I fear from mere wanton ignorance and idleness' (p. 172).

This accusation of ignorance and stupidity is echoed too by the quotation from Tennyson put at the head of the Ruskin article:

'Vex not thou the poet's mind  
With thy shallow wit;  
Vex not thou the poet's mind  
For thou canst not fathom it' (p. 353).

Diatribes sometimes runs sometimes to invective, as in:

'Ruskin': 'spoken in mere malice and petty spite, utterly unaccountable even in the lowest man' (p. 359).

'Browning': '. . . as I wrote this, many times angry indignant words came to my lips, which stopped my writing till I could be quieter' (p. 171).

This long-breathed eloquence leads to a comparison of absolutely identical expression: it is just a matter of putting side by side stylistic processes found in both articles:

'Browning': 'Pardon me, reader, that I have said little about many of the best poems; that I have said nothing at all about several; nothing about the ecstasy of prayer and love in 'Saul'; nothing about the sacrifice of life and its enjoyments, to knowledge in the 'Grammarian's Funeral'; nothing about the passionate 'Lovers' Quarrel', about Mesmerism, 'Any Wife to any Husband' and many others' (p. 171).

'Ruskin': 'It is hard to come back again from seeing women's faces, coronetted with golden hair, looking lovingly on us and all the world; from seeing these aspens, thin-leaved, against the golden autumn twilight sky and purple hills; from seeing the strong writhed serpent dying, crimson-bleeding hard by the Sphinx there; from 'April Love', from purple mountains, and green forest glades; hard to come back from seeing all these, and more, dreamlike, and from feeling the dreams they bring along with them, to hear merely our somewhat muddled and very bitter and unkind reviewer droning on still, for pages and pages of respectable printed paper; and not being quite harmless in his dronings either; for people will

have a king, a leader of some sort after all; wherein they are surely right, only I wish they would not choose king Critic-mob' (p. 358–9).

The same rough expressions are repeated in the two articles, above all at the beginnings of paragraphs:

'Browning': 'Think of Andrea del Sarto sitting there in Florence . . .'  
(p. 165).

'Ruskin': 'Then think if some one were verily . . .'  
(p. 358).

'Browning': 'Yes, he is selfish . . .'  
(p. 163).

'Yes, truly so! . . .'  
(p. 167).

'Yes, I wonder . . .'  
(p. 172).

'Ruskin': 'Yes, it seems so, but . . .'  
(p. 355).

'Browning': 'Yet, for all this utter loneliness . . .'  
(p. 168).

'Yet after all I am afraid . . .'  
(p. 169).

'Ruskin': 'Yet after all do we . . .'  
(p. 355).

'Yet, in answering . . .'  
(p. 355).

'Ruskin': 'And yet, after all, courage! . . .'  
(p. 361).

These echoes are more a matter, indeed, of mannerism than of style, but these few examples taken at random strongly underline the likeness of the two texts. In fact, the two articles must be by the same admirer who mixes praise of Ruskin and of Browning indifferently in the two articles, and goes so far as to use the same quotations from Browning:

'Browning': '. . . yet he says many true things, as Browning says in the Epilogue: "He said true things, but called them by wrong names"' (p. 164).

'Ruskin': 'He says "right things", but calls them by wrong names' though even that is not always by any means a venial error, as in the case of "Bishop Blougram" himself' (p. 355).

To close this comparison, it can be suggested that the three texts are all to be attributed to Morris. That their aesthetic qualities may have pressed the Morris circle to omit them from the canon is conceivable, for they are really only mediocre. And that is a problem that confronted May Morris: how far is one justified in publishing works which the author has let drop into oblivion? Does scholarship demand a total curiosity which ignores the wishes of the creator?

In fact, May Morris gave her own answer, when in 1915 she wrote; 'The unpublished poems and fragments not here included have been described and quoted from, and there remains nothing more that we should wish to be given to the world' (Coll. Works Vol. XXIV p. xxvij). But in 1936 she wrote further: 'It is not, therefore, with a light-minded curiosity that we look into the mass of note books and rejected manuscripts dating from the first blossoming of Morris's career up to the later years, but rather with the intention of completing a picture and rounding our understanding of a personality that stands out even

among the striking figures of the nineteenth century.' (*William Morris: Artist Writer Socialist*: Blackwell, Vol. I p. 375.)

#### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> The *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* was published by Bell and Daldy. Its first number appeared on the 1st of January 1856 and it ran for twelve months. 'Each number consisted of from 60 to 72 pages in double column, and the contents are classified as Essays, Tales, Poetry, and Notices of Books.' (Mackail, *William Morris* Vol. I p. 88.) All the contributions are unsigned, but one in the January issue is initialled W.L.H.(eeley) and the poem which closes the December and final number is also initialled—G.B.M. The magazine has been reprinted by photolitho, ASM Press, New York, 1972; and is published on microfilm by University Microfilm, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

<sup>2</sup> This list appears in Mackail's *William Morris*, Vol. I p. 92. Pagination is that of the Magazine, 1856. Morris's texts, following Mackail's attributions, were reprinted in: *The Hollow Land and other contributions to the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, (Longman's, London 1903); in the *Collected Works*, ed. May Morris, Vol. I (Longman's, 1910–15, 24 vols.) and in *Prose and Poetry (1856–1870) of William Morris* (Oxford University Press 1913).

<sup>3</sup> *Temple Scott: A Bibliography of the Works of William Morris* (Bell, London 1897) pp. 36–37.

<sup>4</sup> H. Buxton Forman: *The Books of William Morris*: London 1897 p. 110.

<sup>5</sup> Facsimile edition, *Complete Works (1910–15)* by Russell & Russell, New York, 1966).

<sup>6</sup> This article is a reply to the review in the *Quarterly* (March 1856: Vol. 98 pp. 384–433) of Volume III of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*; the new editions of

ed in the Dickens Studies Society, 1982. A literal transcript is being published

vol. 1 (201) and II (701) and his notes on the Principal Pictures etc. of 1855. R. Stahr Hosmon identifies the critic as Lady Eastlake.

<sup>7</sup> *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones* by G.B.-J. Macmillan, London 1904.

<sup>8</sup> The rough beginnings of Morris's modern novel referred to by Mackail (Vol. I pp. 287–8) now BM Add. MS 45328) have now been edited by Penelope Fitzgerald and are available as *The Novel on Blue Paper*, *The William Morris*

Annual, AMS Press, New York.

<sup>9</sup> Mackail Vol. I p. 48.

<sup>10</sup> Mackail Vol. I pp. 71–78.

<sup>11</sup> Mackail Vol. I p. 22.

<sup>12</sup> *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* p. 30.

<sup>13</sup> *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* p. 28.

<sup>14</sup> *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* p. 30.

<sup>15</sup> *Memorials of E.B.-J.* Vol I p. 132. G.B.-J quotes a letter by Morris dated Oxford 17th May 1856—'Will you do me a great favour, viz. go and nobble that picture called "April Love" as soon as possible lest anybody else should buy it.' This reached Edward on a Saturday evening, and by half past nine on Monday morning he was off to the Academy, fortunately in time to "nobble" the picture.'