

**POSTHUMOUS POEMS
OF ALGERNON
CHARLES SWINBURNE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649630585

Posthumous Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne by Algernon Charles Swinburne & Edmund Gosse & Thomas James Wise

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

**ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE &
EDMUND GOSSE & THOMAS JAMES WISE**

**POSTHUMOUS POEMS
OF ALGERNON
CHARLES SWINBURNE**

**POSTHUMOUS
POEMS**
of
**ALGERNON CHARLES
SWINBURNE**

Edited by **EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.**
and **THOMAS JAMES WISE**

Cloth, 8vo. \$1.50 net

"Pretty well every mode of Swinburne's muse, every string of his lyre, is represented in this volume—the swaying sonorous metres, the gorgeous vesture, the familiar reiterated imagery, the familiar themes."

—*New York Times Book Review.*

John Lane Company New York



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

ÆTAT 31

Photo Elliott & Fry



ÆTAT 22

From the drawing by William Bell Scott reproduced from his 'Autobiographical Notes', London, 1885, by Messrs. Harper & Brothers





COPYRIGHT, 1919.
BY JOHN LANE COMPANY

Printed at
J. J. Little & Ives Company
New York, U. S. A.



Rhet.
Clark
10-25-23
9248

LETTER I

TO LORD HOUGHTON

*Holmwood,
Henley-on-Thames.
March 13th, 1877.*

MY DEAR LORD HOUGHTON,

On returning last evening from the Isle of Wight, where my father was buried on Saturday beside a daughter whom he lost at Bonchurch in 1863, I found among others your kind word of sympathy awaiting me, for which I was sincerely and cordially grateful. Among friends for whose acquaintance I am in debt to your own good offices, I have also had very kind letters from Mrs. Greville and from dear old Mrs. Proctor; and among others from my father's co-eval friend and old schoolmaster, Sir Walter Trevelyan. I had always hoped and expected—Mr. Jowett said the same thing in his reply to a note in which I sent word of our loss to him, who had been our guest here just two months before—that my father would have remained with us longer in continued enjoyment of life (for enjoyment he had of it really to the last); but he never quite got over the blow he sustained

SWINBURNE'S LETTERS

last summer by the death of his cousin and closest lifelong friend, Sir Henry Gordon, whose marriage with a sister of my mother made the bond between them still more like that between an elder and a younger brother, and whose painfully sudden death, reversing their anticipated parts, and laying on my father the cares of an executor to the will of his junior, involved him in more "labour" as well as "sorrow" than the strongest man who has "come to fourscore years" can well be expected to support.

Ever sincerely yours,
A. C. SWINBURNE.

A trivial little note of mine on a small personal matter appeared in last week's *Athenæum*.¹

LETTER II

TO NORMAN MACCOLL

*Holmwood,
Henley-on-Thames.
March 30th, 1877.*

MY DEAR MR. MACCOLL,

I begin this letter without knowing how I shall direct it—whether or not to "Freshwater"

¹ A letter to the Editor of *The Athenæum* refuting the statement that any of the pieces in *Poems and Ballads*, 1866, had been suppressed.

SWINBURNE'S LETTERS

tout court, as in the address of your last letter. But in any case I hope you will get it, if not before, then on your return to London.

I am afraid I must have muddled what I had to say about the type and position of my Essay¹—which was, and is, simply that I thought, and think, it should appear—by no means among the reviews—but in a type distinct from that of the correspondence and notes to which you will not be surprised to receive this week a contribution² of some length and outspokenness from me in reply to Mr. Furnivall's characteristic—and therefore grossly insolent—reference to me in his letter of to-day on Chaucer. The bargee in *Codlingsby* "liked w'opping a lord," and I rather like doing the same kind office for a pedant.

I hope I may get a proof of this reply without delay; for accuracy is specially important in such a case, and until I have answered, and publicly chastised, such a sample of unprovoked impertinence, all the French and Irish particles of my blood tingle with an instinct answering to that of Bussy d'Amboise or Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

I think—if you will allow me to say, or care to know that I think so—you were perfectly right

¹ A study of Victor Hugo's *La Sieste de Jeanne*, which appeared in *The Athenæum* for Feb. 24, 1877, p. 257.

² A letter headed *The Court of Love*, printed in *The Athenæum* for April 14, 1877. Reprinted in *Letters to the Press*, 1912, pp. 44-50.

SWINBURNE'S LETTERS

and wise to avoid any notice of my *Swallow*,¹ which might have exposed *The Athenæum* to the charge of personal or private puffery—an imputation to which the silence of all other papers on the subject might undoubtedly, as you say, have laid it open; the net result of which must have been harm all round, and no good to anyone.

To return to the "typical" question for one last moment. I am not quite clear in my mind what the word "leading" means. Does it or not mean printing in larger type—or what?² "Aperiently so," as Mrs. Gamp has it; and if so, that is all I ever dreamed of asking.

Now I drop the pen to resume the lash. You shall have a letter worthy of Junius; Dunce Furnivall, a flagellation worthy of Orbilius; which, if you have read his impudence, you will allow is as much beneath his deserts as the discipline of Dr. Busby would have been beneath the deserts of Dr. Oates.³

Yours faithfully,

A. C. SWINBURNE.

¹ *The Sailing of the Swallow*, printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1877, pp. 287-308. Reprinted in *Tristram of Lyonesse and other Poems*, 1882, pp. 13-40, where the piece forms the first Canto of the title-poem.

² "Leading"—to insert thicker slips of type-metal between the lines of type, thus rendering the printed text more legible, and giving it a bolder effect.

³ The quarrel (mainly upon minor Shakespeare matters) carried on for so long a period in the public press by Swinburne