

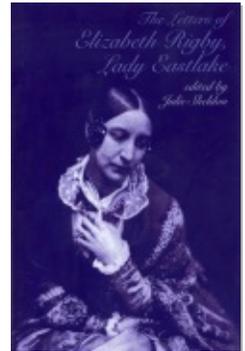


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matter, nor have we been so much extolled. I have to admire the native Italian character the more – of course I mean the best of them – when I see the vile times and influences they have come thro’!

Now I fancy we agree in this dear Mr Layard, & so I had better have done & let well alone. Pray tell dear Enid with my best love that I don’t intend to leave troublg her with my letters altho’ I have deserted lately from you. I return to FitzRoy S: on Wednesday next.

Ever yr’s most truly

Eliz Eastlake

1. Dr Eduard von Wahl (1833–90) was the only surviving son of Anne de Wahl. He was a military surgeon during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877 and later Professor of Medicine at Dorpat University in Estonia.
2. Professor T. S. Baines edited the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black), the so-called ‘scholar’s encyclopaedia’, between 1875 and 1887. The final volume was published in 1889 with contributions from 1,100 ‘scholars’. In the event she did not write the entries for the Medici or Madame de Staël but she did write the entry for Anna Jameson (vol. 13, pp. 562–63) and for Lockhart (vol. 14, pp. 762–64).

Letter to A. H. Layard NLS Ms.42170

7 FitzRoy Square

27 January 1878

My dear Mr Layard

Your last kind letters belong to last year (Decr 11th), & considering how little time you can have for writing private letters you must think me very ungrateful for not sooner acknowledg.g it. One never has a good excuse for delay, & so I won’t attempt one – tho’ I can truly say that you & Enid have never been more constantly in my thoughts. In the great distress & misery that surrounds you you are working & ministering for all of us, & there are thousands who feel thankful for such representations at this dreadful time. Whatever be the difference of opinion on the origin & conduct of the war there is but one opinion as to the noble part that you & Enid are playing – & I listen with emotion to the terms in which I hear you spoken of. I only trust that her & your strength may stand the strain. Though the blessed tidings of a signed Peace have been recd, yet your labours & those of the noble workers in all parts of the late scenes of war will be long needed. But that you may be glad to think of other topics I shd hesitate to talk of such comparative frivolities as Exhibitions, parties &c – still more of my own doings.

The world here has been much shocked at the death of Sir W. Stirling Maxwell. I knew him well eno' to be truly grieved. So little has been known as to the particulars of his untimely death at Venice that I have written to Rawdon Brown – who was pretty intimate with him – for information. He must surely have known that he was there, & ill. Meanwhile I hear from a sure source that his last days were tended by kind Aimée Wingfield – Ld Castletown's daughter – whom I daresay Enid knows. She & her mother are spendg this winter at Venice, & Mrs Wingfield no sooner heard of his illness, than, tho' a stranger before, she was at his bedside, recd his instructions about his boys, closed his eyes, & placed seals on his things. He could not have had a gentler voice & hand to soothe him. I hope I may hear from Brown before I close this so as to give you some further acc^t. The enigma of this shrewd and remarkable man's life was his late marriage. I must not comment on one who is gone, & I shd indeed find it difficult to define the mingled admiration & its opposite which I felt for Mrs. Norton – we women may be allowed some grudge against one who might have been the glory of our sex, and was not. Anyhow among the many of yr sex whom she enthralled there was no more remarkable a man than “Wm Stirling”. It is even said that he died of her loss. He had taken her granddaughter – young Charlotte – to Naples, & was on his way back. Two boys of 10 & 11 remain to divide his wealth & I hope inherit his abilities & kind qualities. I have stayed with him at Keir & liked him much.

By this time you know from the papers the Old Master's Exhibition is open. I was there on P. View day and have managed a 2nd visit since. It is smaller & in some respects choicer than usual. The first room devoted to what is called ‘the Norwich School’. “Norfolk” would have been the better word. The two prominent masters Crome and Cotman totally represented, both so fine that people are astonished even with what I know to be mediocre specimens. I mean especially as to size and importance – but two small pictures of the low parts of Norwich next the river are equal to, tho' not like, anything Dutch. These are by Crome, whom the R. Academy wishes to call “Old Crome” – his painter sons having been worthless as artists, and I fancy as men. At all events two of their widows have been constant applicants for artist charity.

There are the usual proportion of Reynolds' and Gainsboroughs – and beauties by each. A portrait of a gentleman skating – a very fine thing – all in black, full sized, called Gainsboro' but imputed to be Raeburn. A Romney of Wm Pitt as a boy, stretched full length at the foot of a tree – quite “the father of the man”. A few good portraits by Rembrandt – one of himself, cetat: 28 the youngest I have yet seen, but the curtains of a blue bed perfectly exquisite. A tolerable collection of Italians – some

curiously misnamed – a late Venetian paraphrase of a triumph called “Mantegna”. Wm D. Bromley’s Death of the Virgin by Giotto which you probably remember heads a room, and renewed all my admiration. It seems to me to contain all the painter’s qualities, & therefore the germ of all that succeeded him. There is a copy or replica of the figure of St Michael – the left hand compartment of our great Perugino in the N.G. – belong.g a Revd Fred: Sutton, & called ‘Raphael’ – at all events a work of the time, & deeper in colour than the Perugino. A portrait of a young girl – in profile – something like the ‘bella Simonetta’ by Botticelli – is here called Ginevra Benci by Ghirlandaio. It is very pretty, & genuine as to time, but flat. It has a pretty Latin inscription about her perfections & is dated 1488. Several rooms are filled with the large mezzotint portraits of Reynolds, I have not the strength for them yet.

Of course my deliberations on Titian are now in the Janry number of E. Review.¹ I think them very dull, & so I am sure will you – but they are liked by artists. I am now thinking of taking up a subject which you may think more suitable to my powers – namely “Female Education”! There is quite a literature upon the subject now – the worms have turned! & insist on knowg more & better. Considering that we have no marriages de convenances nor polygamy & that therefore a good man ladies in default of either resource are left to starve, or to maintain themselves, I think they have every right to break through that ideal of feminine helplessness which gentlemen deem so attractive, & prepare for the possibility of helping themselves. If every single gentleman would maintain a single lady – or every widower a widow – the need for better female instruction wd not exist. But there might be some difficulty in the rating. I fear the poor ladies themselves can’t be acquitted of blame. I am always ashamed of their low grade in art – & unhappily our Government Schools of Art are not calculated to raise them. South Kensington and Miss Gann continue to practise on this ignorance of the young – to fill their classes and ruin the taste & hands of their pupils.²

Of Mrs Grote I heard a few days ago – not very well, & remainig in the country till about 8th of next month.

Good Acton Tindal paid me a visit lately. Nico’s wife comg of age in March & therefore into her large fortune, wh: Nico will manage prudently. Poor Giff: who has been so long away from them, now able to return with every prospect of no relapse. The Rothschild-Rosebery marriage to come off early in March – he not allowg her to settle a sixpence on himself. She is a fine honest girl & I think it is a marriage of real affection. Now dear Mr Layard I have kept you away from duty too long! Now that Enid is as busy as yourself I cannot even ask her to write in yr stead. You will believe that the season (tho’ not the weather)

reminds me daily of Venice, & I am more & more astonished at & grateful for the kindness that admitted me to the dear Ca' Capello, & gave me months of such peaceful enjoyment.

With kindest love to Enid ever dear Mr Layard yr's most truly
 Eliz Eastlake
 I shall probably call on yr aunt today.

1. 'Titian', *Edinburgh Review*, vol. 147 (January 1878), pp. 105–44.
2. Louisa Gann. See F. Graeme Chalmers, 'The Royal Female School of Art. Louisa Gann: A Humbler and More Cooperative Servant', *Women in the Nineteenth-Century Art World: Schools of art and design for women in London and Philadelphia* (Westport CT: Greenwood Press, 1998), pp. 49–74.

Letter to A. H. Layard *NLS Ms.42170*

7 FitzRoy Square

17 March 1878

My dear Mr Layard

If I have not written again or sooner it is because I have feared you should think I wanted an answer, & so hurry you into what you have now time for. My wonder is that with all that is upon & around you & dear Enid you can either of you find time for old friends – & those old friends wd be very unworthy if they expected it. But it is a pleasure to write to you & tell you from time to time how the world goes on here – little as I know of it. Now, however, I have two rather pressing reasons. I daresay I have felt the debate in the H: of C. more than you have, & yet I need not have felt it at all, for it was evidently directed at the Govt through you, while the majority was as much due to you personally as to the Govt. But Mrs. Grote & I could not help being a little unhappy. You have not a stauncher friend than she, & by this time I trust her intended letter has reached you with a copy of certain passages in Ld Derby's letter – if she has not sent it you entire. She said she shd have a good night after that letter. It is hard that two great men, who have much in common – even to their imprudence – shd become enemies – but distance has lent confusion to the scene, & I shall not despair of a clearing up in time.

The other pressing reason for writing was that I met yr brother Col: Layard the other day at dinner at the de Gex's. He sat next to me – & havg a very pretty woman on his other side he turned his broad back most persistently on me for more than half the dinner. At last I managed

to mesmerize him – one operation I am not so dexterous in as of old! & I was glad to hear ‘the voice of Jacob’ – for his voice is the same as your’s – tho’ little like you in other respects. He told me an anecdote of a little french prig of a boy who said he wd like best to be “un soldat anglais” – & on being asked why, & yr brother expectg a flatterg reply, lisped out “parce qu’ils ne se battent pas”! Yr brother expressed quite a Layardlike wish to throttle him. He was only in Engld for a short time or I wd have tried to tempt to come & see me. Poor Ed de Gex managed to sit at the bottom of the table – but I hope he did not eat much of the dinner, for it was so sumptuous an one that it required a stout digestion to do it justice. As I find that he likes a visitor I called yesterday & sat with him – he was sitting alone, reading Gibbon, & tho’ very weak yet very pleasant. Then I went on & paid a visit to poor Lord Coleridge – you may have observed the death of his wife about a month ago. She was invaluable in a dreamy, talky Coleridgian house – being a woman of great sense & simplicity. Her loss has almost unColeridged him. She was a magnificent artist – her large chalk heads some of them really as grand as Watts! One of himself is the finest of all – not quite finished & a most touching memorial.

Since I last wrote my nephew Chas Eastlake has received the appointment to the Secretaryship of the Nat: G: which is a very great pleasure to me. I believe your beloved Ld Beaconsfield did it off his own bat – & I have expressed my gratitude to him. I have the satisfaction of feeling not only that an Eastlake is connected with the Gallery again, but that there cannot be a better man for the post. He has had thoro’ business experience at the Architect’s Institute & has by nature much of the organising power & love of order and accuracy that distinguished dear Sir Chas. The number of congratulations that I have personally received has been very gratifying. At present he is in the position of not being off with the old love before he is on with the new – for the architects have still need of him. So I will give Dizzy a good word for this!

I have been to a good many dinners lately, for I dine often with Mrs. Grote – but otherwise I live quietly eno’. For all that there are no end of interruptions & a great difficulty in stickg to work. The subject of female education – here in Engld – still engages me, & will for some time – for it has bearings which make it intricate. The higher the education of course the better. The wonder is that England should be in this respect so much behind other countries where universities, as in Italy, are thrown open to women, and classes instituted for all grades, and mixtures of grades. But the question is not education for itself, but for the bread & cheese purposes to which it can be turned. The

number of single, destitute and helpless so-called ladies is so great as to become a very sad & depressing matter. And the great object is to give this class the power of maintaining themselves – at least in the rising generation – but while it is so difficult to secure profitable employment for our boys it seems in vain to expect it for our girls. But I must do your sex the justice to say that they do not deserve all the abuse levelled at them by some lady writers. In the movement for improved female education the gentlemen have been most liberal – both individually & as the University authorities. From all I read I am sorry to shock you by saying that I find Russia very forward in promoting the education of her ladies – so much so that on the marriage of our Duchess of Edinburgh several Russian towns presented her, by way of acceptable present, with endowments for girls' schools. Talking of Russia I shall horrify you further by acknowledging that I am thinking of paying a visit to the Baltic Provinces this early summer. Married nieces there put great pressure on me to come – having all husbands and too many young children to come to Engld themselves. So I am thinking a little seriously of spending 3 months – June, July, and August – there, taking only a servant with me, & perhaps going by sea, which, as I am a good sailor will try my small strength much less than a long and in great measure uninteresting land journey. But I shall be writg to you again ere that, altho' you are too much shocked at my even thinkg of going to such barbarians.

We are now in rather a transition state as regards exhibitions. The R.A. Old Masters & the Grosvenor Gal: both closed to open again with renovated splendour. Tho' how this is possible with "the Lindsay Folly" as Ld Overstone calls it is difficult to say – i.e. if they only receive pictures wh: have not been exhibited before. After many cards of Lady Lindsay 'At Home' on Sunday afternoon I at length made a rush there last Sunday, which was a very bright one. I wished much to have taken a companion but scrupled & went along. I need not have been so particular, for host and hostess had royalties on their respective hands, & did not notice any other guests. These last were a medley of artists, actors and actresses, and grandees. I saw Gregory there who has been but a short time in England & is going off to Cannes tomorrow. He writes me a note (not having found me at home) saying how much he would like "a talk with you, National Gallery, Layard &c".

I return to Mrs. Grote, she is really well tho' she had a shock lately in the death by an accident of her only remaining brother – much younger than herself, being only 68. His horses ran away with him down Blackheath Hill, & he was thrown from the carriage & died 2 days after. She is too old to feel this deeply & had not lived in much

intercourse with him, but for a few days her nerves seemed shaken. She had been readg Reeve's Petrarch. One of Blackwoods series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers" & her enjoyment of it made me get it too, & I am enjoyg it much.

If Lady Strangford be with you or near you in Constantinople pray give my kind love to her. I fear she will never settle again to peaceful life!

Now dear Mr Layard & Enid I must have compassion on you. My thoughts go much to the Ca' Capello, & remind me of the very great happiness (if I can use such a word) your incredible kindness gave me last year. I have not heard from Rawdon Brown very lately.

Believe me ever yr's most truly

Eliz Eastlake

Will Enid forgive me for enjoyg Punch!¹

1. Layard had been caricatured as a bull in a china shop in *Punch*, 2 March 1878.

Letter to Hannah Brightwen *Private Collection*

7 FitzRoy Square

24. March 1878

My dearest Hannah

I feel ashamed by yr kindness as I see two dear letters of your's lying by me, proving how willing you have been to give, & how tardy I have been in giv.g in return. One always thinks there is some impediment at the time – & one invariably forgets what it has been! Some work & much interruption are my two pleas, & I like to feel at leisure when I write to those I love like you – which I seldom do. It is more than three months since I wrote & told you of the species of operation which dear Jane had undergone. Alas! I have had nothing cheer.g to say of her since – except the fact of her unalterable patience & content. Yet I am not so anxious about her as I was. She left me after Christmas – but before New Year, hav.g her 2nd servt. about to marry, & feeling the need of being at home – but before January expired she was suffering so much that I hurried to her. I was greatly alarmed for I found her with immensely swelled legs – both equally so – & I spent a night of sad forbod.g, but the next day I saw the Dr. & medicine she had begun before my arrival began to take effect, & I left her much reassured. Since then the dropsical symptoms have not returned – but she had had

a fit of lumbago of the severest kind from wh: she has risen more set fast than ever. She has a very intelligent Windsor Dr. – & kind too. He is at his wits ends what to prescribe – but advises her when the weather is warmer to have recourse to some warm electric baths at Leamington – administered by a regular physician – Dr. Maberly – which have done good to some extreme cases. Poor Love! She wd rather not incur the pain of journey – still I think she will like to make the trial, & I will take care that she is enabled to do so. We write to each other about three times a week, so that I know all – as to loneliness she prefers it. The maids, the cat, the ‘Times’ &c are all she wishes for. Kind Bessie Woodhouse wd go to her, but Jane feels her a fatigue tho’ she does not tell her so. I shall probably go for 2 or 3 days soon – but my feebleness renders me only fit to sit by her.

I cannot say that I am better or worse – very well in health – & feeling a little stronger on my feet after much rest, & vice versâ. I pace about a little, & stand, I think, rather better – but back soon gives me intolerable notice if I attempt too much – & knees strike work altogether. But our beloved Father in Heaven cd not have laid a lighter physical trial on me – I suffer so very little – & I have all other faculties in usable state! All January I had my young friend Mary Elliott with me – but so delicate that except in her bed I hardly saw her till lunch time. Then I have been alone since & trying to work thro’ the hustle of a full London which even reaches my quiet life – & now to morrow comes an Eastlake great niece who wants to study at the Slade School art university College near here.¹ She has like most of the sisters a strong instinct for art – two of her pretty sketches of boy & girl – something like Old Hunt – are in the Dudley Exhibition.² I have my fear that the Slade School will not help a student of real feeling but we shall see. Her father – a very good nephew to me – wished her to come & I cd but offer to take her in. However I shall make no stranger of her, & go on with my tack – for which I usually take forenoons & evengs.

I don’t wonder my ‘Titian’ rather puzzled you. I thought that in trying to bedeck I had only been dull – but from Editor (Henry Reeve) & from two painters – the one not know.g the authorship & the other guess.g it – I have had more praise than I sever rec.d before. In due time I hope to do Raphael, of whom Cavalcaselle in preparing materials – & then – if I am alive – Longman wishes to put the four painters together in a separate work.

Meanwhile I have a difficult subject in hand – “Female Education” – as connected with the immense movemt. of the present day. I daresay you know a little of the wretched old private schools for girls – & of the present advanced public ones as I did three months ago. The old state –

present still in many schools – was incredibly bad. The question is now an urgent one from the terrible number of destitute & helpless so-called ladies, who have nothing, & can earn nothing. There is an immense preponderance of single women in Engl'd & the same of single men in our colonies, & meanwhile the women starve here – i.e. those above domestic service & trades. It is one thing to raise the standard of female education – & another to make it bread-earning for ladies – there is the difficulty. One thing, however, seems already certain – viz: that women's brains are as good as mens' – *ceteris paribus*³ – & women are by nature better teachers than men. These are verdicts which men have given after a careful school enquiry commission. But the subject is intricate – & it will be long before it gets beyond the experimental stage. The male sex are divided as to two opposite parties – the one little better than 'tradesunionists' – the other most noble, generous, & fair.

Last even.g Joseph & Hyacinth dined here. I was obliged to have what I detest – viz: a dinner party – & I am always glad to include them. London is not for friendship – one must visit in dinner society to have any society at all. I can now drive out without the intolerable depression of comparison of Present with Past, & I meet interestg people – but to give a dinner is what I never shall do without great pain. The blank which is never absent is more present then. But I must return hospitality to friends, & also I had a nice French couple, related to dear people in Paris, particularly recommended to me – & so I made a great gulp & had 16!

Otherwise I often question myself as to how I can live without him, as I do. I never cease to miss him – his Library – his no end of things – stir the tear & the sigh – but increas.g age & infirmity change me too much to wish him back to this instable scene. All things are so changed within that I care less for what is without. The world & life seem of so little value except as a trial place of Faith & Love. Gods holy spirit can make up for all things! & that is closer now! Before I was afflicted I could not have felt thus. Where I am not changed is in the sympathy for the bereaved. It is the privilege of my life to be allowed to visit those in affliction, & for that I am quite strong enough.

I have my most kind & noble friend Mrs Grote in London now for a short time – her great fault is that she is 86. But the heart & mind seem beyond the power of time to weaken. I talk over my subjects with her, & her vast read.g, fine memory & long intellectual & political life have given her a wisdom as regards great public questions which is rare even in men. On Thursday I sat next Gladstone [sic] at a small dinner of 8 at her table – a great Enchanter he is – I know no higher intellectual pleasure than meet.g him. My small society are almost

all Russian in feeling & I am strongly so. Still I think the Turkish people need rescuing from their rulers as much as the Christians did. Gladstone thinks that Midhat will still play a part – & an unscrupulous one – accord.g to our notions – incorruptible himself – but ready to get rid of bad rulers in any way. Gladstone's heard is one of the largest possible in circumference – without having a deformity – certainly it seems to hold every thing. The slightest seed of a subject starts with him into life – leaf, bud, & flower follow in quickest succession. He seems to enjoy his own ideas, by turns grave & witty. I am regretg the passages between him & Layard, the last the one to blame, & get so fine a creature that I expect he will get upon his injustice. The two men are something alike – even in their “imprudence” – wh: I ventured to tell Layard in my last letter.

Now dearest my light is failg & I am sure yr patience must be. Give my tender love to dear Ellen. I am glad you are together. I did make an essay to write a supplement to “Fellowship” but I fear I shd be thought a heathen – my ideas of the Better Land are so material. Now I shd find it difficult, as you say, to work down to that deep aim where those feelings lie. Ever my Han: yr attached

Eliz Eastlake

The Carvers have let their London Home & taken one at St Leonards. I was with them a few days. She is very delicate, but better there.

1. The Slade School of Art was founded in 1871. It was also the first art school to allow female students to draw from the life model.
2. The Dudley Gallery opened in 1867 as an alternative exhibition venue to the Royal Academy.
3. Latin, ‘all other things being equal’.

Letter to Hannah Brightwen *Private Collection*

7 FitzRoy Sqre

16 May 1878

My dearest Han:

I have been longing to write to you & tell you my plans – but these latter have been kept so uncertain, from public reasons, that I have hesitated to speak of them. When I tell you that I think of pay.g a visit to my old quarters on the Baltic you will understand how all this war suspense interferes with positive decision. All I can say is that I will go if I can, & that in the first week of June. I have no less than four dear

nieces there – out of the five left by my beloved Gertrude – the fifth being in Poland – & they have been so lovingly importunate for a visit from me that I have determined to make the effort. It is no small one at my age, & so strengthless on my feet as I am – but you know how strong is the love for the Dead, & Gertrude was & is ever the tenderest love of my heart. Her child.n too feel that I shd represent her – that her eyes wd see their childn thro' mine, & their rejoicg at the prospect of my coming touches me profoundly. It is true it wd sound more possible for them to come to me – but young childn & husbands & means wh:, tho' ample there are not so, measured by our standards, keep them away, for the dear girls were dowerless, tho' I trust at their father's death they will not be fortunateless. So I go, if I can, & am gradually making ready.

In this Eastern question I am out and out anti-governmt. From the first I have been ashamed of Dizzy's insincerity – I think we have been exceedingly unjust to Russia – I of late we have been both brutal in our language & deceitful & thoroughly ungentlemanly in our acts. I have been with Gladstone all along. I read "Crown & Cabinet" early after its publication – & my copy is always being lent, for it is not easily had. I am sorry to say I concur in every line, & so do all whose opinion I value here. It seems as if our charlatan Premier had bewitched our Queen – that cravg for the Indian Imperiality being the first symptom, & that title you may be sure is the real spur to bringing over Indian troops. All that remains for Dizzy to do is to put himself at their head when they come in green & gold uniform. If that won't intimidate Russia what shd!

But people think that the country is slowly rousing, & tho' the dissensions among the Liberals have lamed their action, yet the people will speak.

That 3rd vol: of the Pce Consort's Life is one of the strangest & most indiscreet of books. The abuse of the aged Ld Russell is most unbecomg. We do not want to hear secrets at the expense of honored names – & it is unfair to the Prince's memory to make it unanswerable for such indiscretions. With his admirable sense I doubt if the Q: wd ever have gone in for the Indian title, or gone against Russia as she has done had he lived. Her very adulation of Louis Nap: had better have been kept to herself. It wd have been ungenerous not to say some kind things, but to lay bare her extreme admiration for a man who has been already condemned at the bar of History, is incomprehensible. How women want the guidance of the beloved Ones who are gone – even in the manner of doing them homage! If you wish to read a 3rd indiscreet work, the first being the Greville journals, & the 2nd the 2nd

& 3rd vols of the Pce Consort's Life, read the memoirs of the Viscount Strangford.

Talking of family memoirs I had the opportunity last week of lookg thro' the proofs of the Palgrave Genealogy.¹ Our cousins, Thos & Chas P. have as you know pleased themselves in employg "Croix Rouge" at the Herald's Office – a Mr. Ernest Tucker – to draw up the tree for them – & there we all are, figurg with great circumstance. But one thing I noted as regards the Turner family wh: I told him I wd ask you about. It is stated namely that yr father's youngest uncle James Turner (brother of Dean & of Richd T.) was married to a daughter of "John Cotman" "of a good Yarmouth family". I never heard of Cotmans, except our good haberdashers in Norwich & that gifted brother John Sell – not of any connection with yr family. Will you clear that up, & I will convey yr answer to Mr. Tucker. He has, of course, a passion for pedigree.

I have been idle for the last 3 weeks or so, havg been rather occupied before with the subject of 'Female Education'. This occupies a larger share of public attention than is suspected by many. What is going on is quite a revolution – or as some wd call it a rebellion – but the more I have looked into the subject the more I feel that it is one of those movements which cannot be stopped – & shd not be, until fairly tried. You and your sisters had good instruction. What wd I not have given to have had the same! I believe it will come out in July Quarterly, if not, in the October number.

From my Jane I hear often. She has now a galvanic battery of her own – & her servants have been taught how to administer it & she is hopeful – for her nights are better – & this cheers me much. Of course I did not take up this plan of going away without her concurrence – & indeed her advice, for she thinks I ought to go, whilst I can. I shd go by sea, much the shortest & least fatiguing at this season – but I have not yet been able to ascertain by which line of packets.

I have had a young great niece (Eliz: Rigby Eastlake) with me for the last two months, attendg the Slade School close by – a gentle, tall, delicate woman – daughter of my eldest nephew Wm E. All his family are imbued with interest for art – or rather all his girls – 2 of whom are married – but still exhibiting beautiful flowers &c – & gettg them sold.

Now dearest Han: I shall be grateful to see the well known handwritg. Give my dear love to Ellen when you write.

Ever yr lovg friend & cousin

Eliz Eastlake

1. C. J. Palmer and Stephen Tucker (eds.), *Palgrave Family Memorials* (privately printed, 1878).

Letter to A. H. Layard *NLS Ms.42170*

Estonia

3. July 1878

Altho' no one can take deeper interest than I in all distinctions that fall to your share, yet it is not without a little pang that I take leave of the old dear & familiar address & greet you by what I conclude is your present designation – dear “Sir Austen”!¹ May you long enjoy it! At all events, however indifferent you make be to all sublimary titles I know dear Enid will doubly enjoy every honor you receive & I rejoice in it for her & with her.

You see I have fulfilled yr hope that the fact of no war might enable me to make good my journey hither. Many a kind friend expressed anxiety at the prospect of my venturing among these ‘Barbarians’, at which I laughed in my sleeve, but promised to be very circumspect. I wish they could have seen the welcome with which I was recd – how all Russian Custom House regulations were suspended in my honor! how there is no chance of my being killed except with kindness, and how as my old Mrs Anderson says “they could not treat you better if you were the Queen herself”. I started just a month ago – the 4th June, preferring to come by Sea at this time of year – had a roughish passage to Hamburg, but made good Emmerson’s (the American’s) dogma that “great minds are never sea sick”! – thence a short rail to pretty Lubeck, & so three days & nights passage to little Reval upon a perfectly smooth Baltic. There you wd be quite happy, for Turkish officers are seen at every street corner – walk about in perfect freedom & evidently enjoyg themselves. At present they have not murdered anybody, & the peaceable inhabitants begin to look upon them with less apprehension. I only hope Russian prisoners in Turkey may have fared no worse, that is, if allowed to live at all.

Shortly after my arrival I went into the country to one of the old country houses of my relatives – an elastic structure, which took in at least 40 people & where we sat down to dinner 27 every day, all related to me except one. Four kind & pretty nieces, with most amiable husbands, contend for my company. I am now at 2nd country house of the same hospitable kind, & next week I move to a third, where I remain till I leave, towards end of August. The 4th niece lives in Livonia, & I declined to journey thither. I see much of a third generation – great nieces & nephews – all really very civilized in looks & manners, & some among the boys who I hope may make themselves a name in the world. Reval has an excellent public school

where generations of Estonians have been educated, & Petersburg or Dorpat are the universities for which they are subsequently bound. Of the effects of the war I see nothing. The land is one flowing, if not with milk & honey, yet with milk & cream, & every other good thing. Everybody eats three times as much as we do in England, & is none the worse for it. This year the crops promise to be magnificent, & if the taxes promise to be high in proportion at all events they will be met without difficulty. Of course I hear what I knew before much good of the Russian people, much bad of the government, no complaints of cruelty – that they leave to your friends, & indeed they complain that the laws are morbidly humane, & that rogues and villains do not get their deserts. But it is the caprice & uncertainty of the Govt that is the real tyranny. It is the interference with freedom of commerce which is the short sighted folly, for a wonder they have a low postage & desire a proportionally increasing revenue from that source, but they apply the same principle no further.

Of course I am delighting in readg the forbidden books – of course upon Russian matters, and have thus the better chance of getting at some truth. What I did not hear of Schouvaloff before leavg London! There was no name that my good cousin Reeve did not call him, provg him to be quite as much fool as rogue. Here, he is the highest object of the highest respect. His governorship of the Three Baltic Provinces proved the wisest & justest they had ever experienced, & he is looked upon as one of the few Russian officials who can be trusted for truth & honesty. These Provinces are allowed great independence, they have their own administration of police, roads, church, schools, post &c, & their Barons may be really compared to our average country gentlemen, fulfilling the magisterial posts gratis, & being at any rate not exposed to bribery.

4. June [sic] This letter has laid a day & no I must quickly finish. I am without public news for the last week, for my ‘Times’ has failed. I only hope that no disturbances in Constantinople have complicated matters & given you fresh trouble. I cannot say that your Sultan gives me much evidence of the sense & good feeling for wh: you give him credit! Your acct of your conversation with the Sultan in his Summer Palace sounds like a page from the Arabian Nights – his ideas about marriage & ladies in general being just as credible! I heartily wish yr next promotion might be to be Sultan in his place – tho’ with the strictest guarantees for only one Sultana.

You tell me of Gregory writg to you on Nat: Gall: matters. We do sadly want both more “go” & more judgement in them. Burton’s Feraroli pictures (at the price given) are not fortunate. Now I see by the ‘Times’ that he has bought that charming S: Botticelli of the Nativity &

the dance of angels above from Fuller Maitland's Sale, wh: I rejoice at. Of course I miss a good deal of picture-seeing in London now. But I am hardly strong eno' for such sights now! Here I am as completely out of the way of art, as you must be in Const: Nor does the fact that one of my hosts here paints supply the deficiency! My politeness is put to a severe proof to know how to look & what to say!

You kindly make me welcome to a 2nd occupation of the Ca' Capello. At all events it is a great pleasure to feel that I may, if I can, renew that great privilege. Whether I may be able to beg for it early next spring is a question. After comg here I may fancy myself strong eno' to go anywhere, but in truth my day is over, & I am contented it shd be so.

I saw yr aunt a day or so before leavg London, but I did not tell her that I meditated this journey.

I remain her till towds end August. Shd you come to Engld & have any time my address is "Chez Baron de Maydell, Schloss Felks, par Reval et Jeddefe,² Russia. I hope we may meet in Engld.

Now God bless you both. Yr's ever truly
Eliz Eastlake

1. Layard was knighted in June 1878.
2. Jeddefe is modern Jädivere in Estonia.

Letter to A. H. Layard *NLS Ms.42170*

7 FitzRoy Square
10 November 1878
My dear Sir Henry

The last time I addressed you, tho' not precisely by the same name, was from a country house in Estonia. As you are not very popular among the Russians it is possible that the letter never reached you – tho' I consider it more probable that you had no time to answer thither, & are perhaps now uncertain whether I am safe at home or not. I am most glad to say that I am, for in dark days & coming winter there is truly "no place like Home" – but as long as the summer lasted I was very happy. It is not often that ladies my age can expect to be worshipped as I was there – so I made the most of the last opportunity. Of course I stayed longer than I had intended and my relatives got nervous about my leaving by sea, & there happened to be no moon – & so I made this the excuse for going to Petersburg & returning by land. I had visited Petersburg twice before in early days, but dear Sir Chas had never been

there. Thus I went through pictures at the Hermitage with no pangs of association – only wishing for Boxall or for you to share in the pleasure – or as Mrs. Grote expresses it “for someone to pinch”.

It is a glorious gallery, tolerably well furnished in the schools we like. Some of the later acquisitions from Italy well known to me, such as the so-called Leonardo from the Litta house in Milan – & also the Costabili Raphael. I was enchanted with it, & with the Alba Madonna, wh: I had seen almost before you were born, in Mr. Coesvelt’s house in Carlton Terrace. The last is the ne plus ultra of Raphael’s perfection in this class. But the strength of the Gallery lies in the Rembrandts, chiefly from the Houghton collection, above 40 in number, including every phase & subject of his brush. They are quite sublime, & one acknowledges as indubitable all but two, wh: I don’t remember. A small picture of ‘the Lord of the Vineyard’ is one of the gems of the world. The Gallery terminates in the pictures executed by Reynolds for Catherine II – & it is well they are placed last. I think I shd have pronounced them horrors even in Engld, or standg alone – but, after the feast of Rembrandts, they were simply intolerable – bad colour, bad composition, egregious affectation. “Cupid loosening the girdle of Venus” wd make you sick – & of the ‘Infant Hercules’, which is a pile of theatrical men & hysterical women, it is truly said that it matters not which way upwards it stands.

Petersburg left no pleasing impression tho’ the weather was fine, and the streets full – at least the principal one – but when you have streets as wide as the Neva there can be no effect let the houses be ever so large. As for architecture, it is the most wretched mixture of all styles & no styles, all plaster, & that painted. Here and there a truly Russian church – the Isaac’s Church especially – & the Admiralty, show you where you are.

I can’t pretend to have gained much information about Russia, even were you desirous or deserving of knowg it. The natives themselves know nothing. I had Wallace’s book with me which is worthy of all respect, & found that told me what they were perfect [sic] ignorant of & indifferent to. In truth they have not come to the reasoning period. They hear nothing and read nothing (nobody reads anything more than a novel) & have nothing to reason from. The emancipation of the serfs, a fine thing, but most dishonestly executed, has affected the condition of the peasantry throughout the Empire. Thus the peasant of the Baltic Provinces, tho’ long emancipated had not hitherto been able to purchase land. I don’t know how it may be in Russia proper but in these provinces, where there are only two classes, this liberty to land has begun to work a kind of revolution. The upper classes who are all a German noblesse, giving, as in Germany their paltry titles to every

man and woman of the family – & dividing their property equally – have by the logic of such a system, come down to utter poverty. Estates come into the market which no one can buy, & the peasants who have been thrifty, come forward as purchasers. Formerly none but a noble could purchase an estate, and I witnessed much fruitless indignation at the cessation of their privileges. I am still inclined to think the Russian Govt: much more agreeable. There is the same panic at the attempts at assassination. No one thinks himself safe in Germany since old Emperor's life was attempted, and the attempt on Tressoff, and the murder of Mesentzoff in Prussia has had the same effect. No one trusts to the laws to protect them and ensure justice, but all is terror and suspicion and arrests and imprisonments. I fear they thought me very wicked for sleeping soundly when I went to bed instead of lying awake with terror – or getting a nightmare.

Novr. 11th. It is fortunate that I did not finish this letter last eveng, for this mornng has brought your kind letter of the 4th – evidently penned under the irritating sense of a doubtful cause, but which I can afford to excuse! Russia has enough to do to reform her ways – but I think she will do it – which is more than you can say for yr beloved Poste. I often wonder where the Philo turks are to be found here – except in rabid newspapers & in the two Quarterly reviews. Wherever I go I hear but one voice on the Turkish misdeeds, ill faith, & incapacity – but this you will say is only a proof of the bad company I keep. It is well we have the delightful field of Art to adjourn to, in wh: I believe we never did quarrel! I have been wanting to tell you of the new acquisitions in th N. Gallery, not new purchases only but things which have cropped up I know not whence – which now help to fill the additional space. Of this category is a large & curious & very grand picture by Old Ward who was decidedly a great painter. It is an enormous picture of some rocky pass in Yorkshire – an unpromisg subject most grandly treated. I am quite fascinated by it. Then there are the Fuller Maitland pictures – the enchantg Nativity with dancing angels above, & the odd Greek inscription – by Botticelli – & another Nativity wh: Burton has not decided how to name. I believe it a Lippi. The Gabrielli Raphael, a small Holbein & a Gerard David – new in every way to me, fit to rival Jan van Eyck and also Fuller Maitland's pictures. The Gallery is full of interest, surpassing almost every other in selection & accuracy of baptism. Burton is still in Italy – from what I hear doing little that I shall approve, for I am far from agreeing with you as to the difficulty of obtaing more fine things. I am glad to say that my good nephew Chas Eastlake is happy in his position & I am sure working well. On my way home I spent a day in Berlin & of course visited the Gallery. The old pictures are truly

interestg, but the new acquisitions struck me as ill chosen. They have the Signorelli of Pan & other gods wh: is engraved in Cavalcaselle but it is much ruined & horribly black. I endeavoured in vain to find a Director – there being apparently three of these gentlemen – one of them a Count. As there is no new catalogue since Waagen's time – tho' I believe one is on the point of appearg – I was anxious for a little information.

My much diminished strength does not allow me to haunt galleries as of old which is perhaps as well – for the visit to the Berlin Gallery was more pain than pleasure. I am sorry to assure you that the Russian railway & carriage are excellent. I spent 24 hours between Petersburg & the frontier more comfortably than on any other line, but this you will perhaps attribute to my having a delightful young nephew – tall & handsome wh: you know are weaknesses of mine – whom I carried off from Petersburg as my courier & Russian interpreter. It ended by my bringing him here where he spent a month with me & left a fortnight ago. I had become even reconciled to his cigarette which shows what a weak aunt I was.

Of Mrs Grote I can give you only a tolerable account. She is feebler & slightly deaf now, but I see no diminution in mental vigour or readiness. I bought her a little present from Russia, & recd as clever a copy of verses as she cd have written at any time. She is invaluable to me – all I read or write I talk over with her. I shall never have such a friend again but while her powers of mind remain so fresh we may hope still to keep her. How different to yr good aunt! I found her the other day, but her failing mind & memory are melancholy to perceive. She does not look more ill.

I have felt much for Mrs Kay – & write to her, but have had no answer. The successor to Sir F. Grant will be appointed this eveng. I wish it may be Leighton, but old Richmond is talked of as not being likely to last long – other approved candidates such as Horsley & Redgrave horrify me.

Much do I thank you for your kind offer of the Ca' Capello – if younger & stronger I shd not hesitate so dearly do I love yr home & Venice – but I fear I must not think of it [letter torn] never fails to persuade, wh: is no small compt. By the by yr tenant Mr Sullivan who is in London came to me to offer his remaining year of lease & the furniture all on cheap terms. I cd only decline.

Pray give my love to Enid & congratulate her on her Order.
Meanwhile I congratulate you on yr wife.

Ever dear Sir Henry yr's truly
Eliz Eastlake

Letter to Hannah Brightwen *Private Collection*

Adelaide Place

Windsor

29. Decr 1878

My dearest Han:

I have to thank you for two letters now, & as I sit by dear Jane's side this quiet Sunday afternoon I can write. All yr words are sweet & true to me. There is hardly a greater trial than when we see "our loved ones faint & die". & my heart is so prone to realize all beforehand, & rehearse sorrows, which come only too soon. I was very low on first coming for I found the limb much more distended, & the water evidently risg with the body. For it is not our terrible family source wh: I am fearing, but the sure but slow progress of dropsy! This can only be arrested by punctures – rather painful, but she who suffers so much makes light of them, by which the serum is made to flow off. For the last two days the flow has been immense, &, in the same proportion as the system, & the breathing relieved, & Dr Harper assured me this mornng that immediate anxiety was over. As for her she is as ever placid & patient – wondering what this odd complaint can be – & by the Drs wish I do not yet enlighten her, for to know the truth wd be to receive the sentence however deferred the end may be. On the general great questions of religion dear Jane's mind is made up, & as for duty few can have done it better.

Still, I stay on here for the present. Kind Caroline Carver was over yesterday & is ready to come for a week of so when ever I have to return to London. But as I accept no invitations there is no need of my return yet – or only for a few days.

This mg by telegram I recd the tidings of my very dear Mrs Grote's death! who passed away early in the mg. The family – (only nieces & nephews, but wrapt up in her) have so long made me one of themselves that I have offered to join them at the funeral. I was at Mr Grote's – in Westminster Abbey, where I conclude she will also be laid. I have had no kinder or truer friend than Mrs Grote since I stood alone – & life will be still more lonely within without her – but death is no longer the sorrow & surprize it was – the mind has entered a road which leads beyond it. A most attached niece has lived with her during her last years – for her I feel – & hope to draw her much to me. Mrs Grote was a very great woman – generous, courageous & decided beyond the highest average of woman – with so large a mind & tenacious a memory that it was a privilege to submit questions of interest to her, sure of a sound solution. & I cd always submit such to her. She has formed one of the

epochs in my mental education. And she did much more for she helped me out of my hole of despair – she & dear Mr Grote by their persistent kindness – stimulated me to recover the use of my mind.

Now dear you may be sure that I shall write to you with any change. May you report an abatement of yr pains.

Jane's dear love to you, ever yr lovg Eliz E:

Dear Jane won't let you be troubled to send anything to her.

Letter to A. H. Layard *NLS Ms.42170*

Windsor

29 December 1878

How kind of you, dear Sir Henry, to write to me at a season when we are thinking of some friends, & missing others! Your letter of the 17th reached me here on the 26th & was much prized. I am here for a sad reason – the illness of my sister, Miss Rigby, whose state of health has long given me uneasiness & great grief for her sufferings. She is a little better in the last few days & her Dr assures me that anxiety is over for the present. By his suggestion I have had Dr Wharton Hood over from London, & I am satisfied that medical help can do no more.¹

And now I have been reproaching myself for not having written to you sooner to tell you of the illness of one valued by us both – namely dear Mrs. Grote! Her health gave way soon after I wrote to you, & I have gone thro' an interval of hopes & fears. This morning alas! I received a telegram, saying that she had passed quietly away in the early hours of today. I fear you may receive the announcement earlier by some telegram, but at all events it is a comfort to me to write about her to one who knew her as you did, & was loved by her as you were. For the strong, largeminded, gifted & most generous woman has a tender affection for you, & you can never lose a truer friend. To me her loss is very great. No one has been so truly kind to me since I stood desolate as she. Mr Grote & she more & more since he died. To many she might seem removed from the sphere of such sympathies, but I can bear witness how she practised them to me. In her death we shall feel his loss renewed, for her large interests & fine memory had preserved much of his mind to the world. Nor would Mr. Grote have been so great without her. She knew what he was, & helped bring him forth. He would have been as learned with a commonplace woman at his side, but few would have known his merits. It is a great privilege to have known this distinguished couple – we shall not know such another. I don't

know whether it was agreed that she was to lie in the same vault in Westminster Abbey. Wherever the funeral may be I have written to beg to join the family, who have long associated me in their joys & sorrows. I was at Mr. Grote's in 1871. Should they allow me to be present then I shall send a tender thought into the grave for you & dear Enid. How glad she was to know you happily married!

I believe that Lady Strangford is by this time back in England, & I left a note to greet her in Chapel Street. I have much indulgence for her, but, I fear, I have too little difficulty in believ'g all you tell me. She is a woman if not a fair one "without discretion". I know how kind you can be to a wife of a friend you have loved, but I fear she has now even sacrificed that claim to your kindness. But I have not seen "Truth", which seems to be a propagator of lies.

We have an intelligent German connoisseur in London now – a Herr Jean Paul Richter. He is going deep into the nomenclature of pictures – with true German research, bor'ing dear old Boxall sometimes who is too easily bored now & mystifying Burton. I had a letter from Morelli introducing him & whenever he calls, whether I am at home or no, he walks up, by my leave, to the pictures.² He writes me today that the Duke of Newcastle has a splendid picture by Vandyck – figures large as life – to which the small grisaille in our back Drawing room "Rinaldo & Armida" is the sketch. They ask for it for the Old Masters Exhibition this January & of course I am happy to lend it. It came from Sir Thos Lawrence's sale to a dealer & thence to Sir Chas – & the pendant to it is in the Peel Collection in the National Gal.:³

I had a long letter from Giff: Palgrave the other day. He seems well pleased with his position & strange to say with Russians & Bulgarians also! I am astonished you should pay the Russians such a compliment as to give them credit for having taught the Turks immorality? What a clever people they must be!

Like you I begin to believe that all people are interestg, were they but well governed – many, at all events more interesting than common people.

It is true that the little gem – the Conestabile Raphael – was broken in its transit to Petersburg. You know that panel & frame are all one. I believe a slight portion of the edge was injured. Fortunately there has been no attempt to burnish up that graceful portion even. The pictures in the Hermitage are in excellent condition, being much let alone in comfortably warm apartments.⁴

And now dear Sir Henry let me wish you & Enid all good things in & out of season. I should be glad to see you in England & hope it may come to pass. Two days ago I had a most hearty letter from Brown, he

says his last tidings from you was in a letter from you by Mr Kennedy. Brown's chief topics to me were divided between records of a Grimani, & intelligence of more modern grandees such as Hamiltons, Comptons, Barringtons, & Dorchester! With best love to dear Enid ever yr's truly
Eliz Eastlake

1. Dr Wharton-Hood was a noted bone-setter and chiropractic physician.
2. Jean Paul Richter (1847–1937), German art historian, collector and dealer. Richter moved to London in 1877 to research his *Italian Art in the National Gallery* (London: S. Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 1883) and *Catalogue of the Pictures in the Dulwich College Gallery, with Biographical Notices of the Painters* (London: Spottiswoode, 1880). However, his principal work in this period was the *Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci* in 1883.
3. Antony van Dyck's sketch of *Rinaldo & Armida* was sold at the sale of Elizabeth's paintings after her death at Christie's for £73 10s. It is now in the Musées Royaux des Beaux-Arts, Brussels.
4. The *Madonna Conestabile* was bought by Alexander II and bequeathed to the Hermitage in 1880.

Letter to A. H. Layard *NLS Ms.42170*

7 FitzRoy Square
[undated c. July 1879]
My dear Layard

I am ashamed to see the date of your last letter – May 28 – which referred chiefly to the death of our mutual old friend Mrs. Tindal. I have seen him several times since & am glad to say that he steps in here without scruple, & is not ashamed to show his natural feelings before one who can so well understand them. I have seen also something of the youngest son – Charles – who appears to be a great comfort to his father & sister. Late as it is for me to thank you for the description of yr short stay in dear old Venice I do most sincerely. It must have done old Rawdon Brown good to be pulled out of his shell. Particularly was I struck & grateful by yr remembrance my question to him about Nurembergers havg any right to the title of Patricians! I am delighted that he disdainfully poohpoohed it. It was what I wanted.

My time since I recd you letter has been pretty well taken up in receivg & entertaing Russian relatives. I am now getting the return visits to mine to the Baltic of last summer. I had one party all June, & now have another – 4 strong – since July 2nd & till August 4th. With my