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The Collected Works of William Morris

A creative titan of the Victorian age, William Morris (1834–96) produced a prodigious variety of literary and artistic work in his lifetime. In addition to his achievements as a versatile designer at the forefront of the arts and crafts movement, Morris distinguished himself as a poet, translated Icelandic sagas and classical epics, wrote a series of influential prose romances, and gave lectures promoting his socialist principles. His collected works, originally published in 24 volumes between 1910 and 1915, were edited by his daughter Mary (May) Morris (1862–1938), whose introductions to each volume chart with insight and sympathy the development of her father's literary, aesthetic and political passions. Volume 3 contains the first part of *The Earthly Paradise* (1868–70), Morris' ambitious collection of verse tales.

The Collected Works of William Morris

With introductions by his daughter May Morris

Volume 3:
The Earthly Paradise: A Poem 1

William Morris

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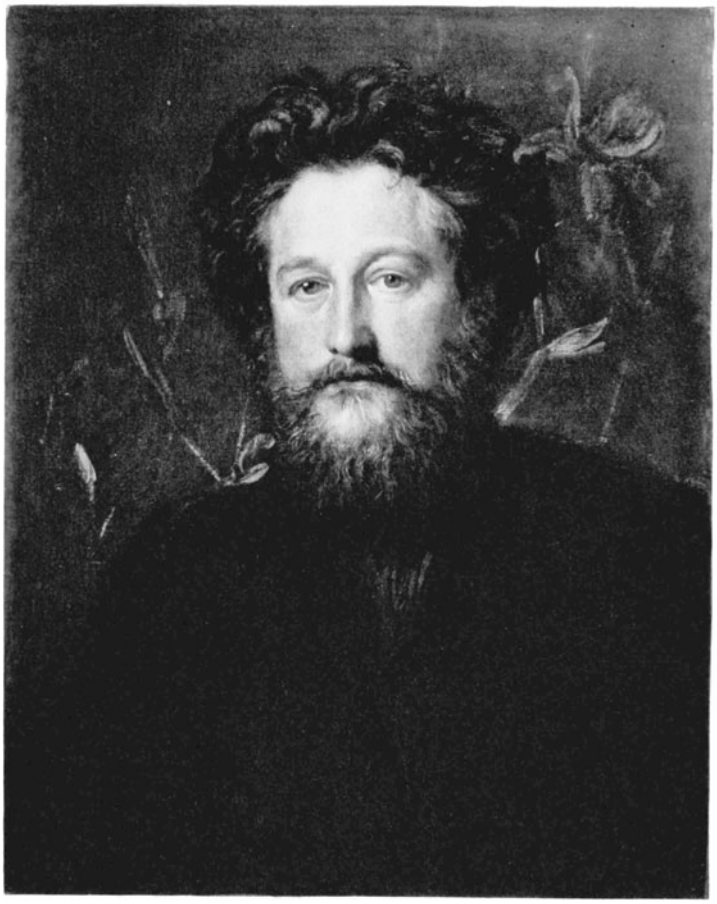

G. F. Watts, R. A. pinx. Walker & Boutall, ph. sc.

William Morris,
aet 37.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF WILLIAM MORRIS

WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY HIS DAUGHTER MAY MORRIS

VOLUME III
THE EARTHLY PARADISE
A POEM
I

LONGMANS GREEN AND COMPANY
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INTRODUCTION

THE first volume of "The Earthly Paradise" appeared in April 1868, a year after the publication of "The Life and Death of Jason." Like the 1869 "Jason," the title-page bears the woodcut (reproduced here) of three ladies playing musical instruments which was designed by E. Burne-Jones and cut by my father,* and the next page is inscribed, "To my wife I dedicate this book." The great success of "Jason" encouraged both the author and his new publisher, F.S. Ellis, in this rather weighty venture. The announcement of the whole work in preparation appears on a leaf at the end of the "Jason" volume and is as follows:

In preparation by the same author,

THE EARTHLY PARADISE

Containing the following tales in verse:

Prologue. The Wanderers; or the Search for Eternal Youth.
The Story of Theseus.
The Son of Crœsus.
The Story of Cupid and Psyche.
The King's Treasure-House.
The Story of Orpheus and Eurydice.
The Story of Pygmalion.
Atalanta's Race.
The Doom of King Acrisius.
The Story of Rhodope.
The Dolphins and the Lovers.
The Fortunes of Gyges.
The Story of Bellerophon.
The Watching of the Falcon.
The Lady of the Land.
The Hill of Venus.
The Seven Sleepers.
The Man who never Laughed again.
The Palace East of the Sun.
The Queen of the North.
The Story of Dorothea.
The Writing on the Image.
The Proud King.
The Ring given to Venus.
The Man Born to be King.
Epilogue.

* The first block was burnt afterwards in a fire at Strangeways, the printers', and a fresh block was engraved.

The original scheme was to produce a sumptuous folio with woodcuts designed by Burne-Jones, but this was early abandoned; then the work was to be in two parts, and at the end of the first volume is a notice of the second and concluding one. But the material grew to such an extent that it became desirable to issue the rest of the tales in two volumes, the large paper issue being in six volumes when completed. A later edition is in four volumes, for the four seasons.

Mr F. S. Ellis, when undertaking the publication of "The Earthly Paradise," expressed himself with confidence and enthusiasm on the future of the work. The sale of the first volume justified all expectation, and Mr Ellis thereupon cancelled the agreement, replacing it by another more favourable to the author.

The following notice at the end of the first volume shows the scheme of the poem as my father then intended it.

In preparation: the second and concluding volume of
THE EARTHLY PARADISE,
which will contain the following tales in verse:

The Story of Theseus.
The Hill of Venus.
The Story of Orpheus and Eurydice.
The Story of Dorothea.
The Fortunes of Gyges.
The Palace East of the Sun.
The Dolphins & the Lovers.
The Man who never Laughed again.
The Story of Rhodope.
Amys and Amillion.
The Story of Bellerophon.
The Ring given to Venus.
The Epilogue to the Earthly Paradise.

It is worth while to compare this with the earlier list; three tales in the first list are not included in the later one: "The King's Treasure-House," "The Seven Sleepers," "The Queen of the North;" while the later list adds a new theme: "Amis and Amillion," from the old French. Mr Edmund Gosse mentions that "more than twenty years ago I

heard the poet read in his full, slightly monotonous voice a long story of Amis and Amyllion (I think those were the names) which has never, to my knowledge, appeared in print. Rossetti used to declare there was a room, a 'blue closet,' in the Queen Square house, entirely crammed with Morris's poetry from floor to ceiling."

Comparing these titles with the list of the stories published, it will be seen that for one reason or another quite a number of them were discarded, though five of them were written. These are "The King's Treasure-House," "The Story of Orpheus," "The Dolphins and the Lovers," "The Fortunes of Gyges," "The Story of Dorothea." "The Story of Aristomenes," of which a considerable part was written, does not come into either of these lists, nor does "The Wooing of Swanhild," of which a fragment also exists.

The Prologue of "The Earthly Paradise" gave my father more trouble than all the rest of the work. It was first of all written and finished in four-line stanzas, and there are a few verses of two other beginnings in the same measure. In the draft this completed and discarded prologue is headed "The Fools' Paradise;" this is crossed out and "The Wanderers" substituted; in the ten pages of the fair copy the title is "The Terrestrial Paradise," and the Argument stands:

"How certain knights, gentlemen and mariners of Norway, being moved by a dream, set sail to find the Earthly Paradise, and how they came to a new land in the Western seas, and what strange things happened to them there.

"And note, that all this prologue is said in the Hall of a certain great city."

The wandering folks are greeted by

THE PEOPLE OF THE CITY

Oho! Oho! Whence come ye sirs,
  Drifted to usward in such guise
In ship unfit for mariners,
  Such heavy sorrow in your eyes.

THE PEOPLE OF THE SHIP

O masters of this outland shore,
When first we hoisted up our sail,
We were all furnished with good store
Of swords and spears and gilded mail.

And they tell their story:

A summer cruise we went that tide
To take of merchants toll and tax;
Out from our tops there floated wide
The lion with the golden axe.

They tell how their captain once described to them his dream of a land of youth and a city of delight, and therein a "temple of green stone, like glass," in which the images of the Gods and Goddesses are set. His description fired them with desire to go on the adventure, and they sat planning it, discussing the dangers to be met:

"Yea, too," said one, "the western seas
Are all alive with fearful things:
Great rolling waves without a breeze,
And wingless birds, and fish with wings."

Another of these fragments begins:

I tell of times long past away
When London was a grey-walled town,
And slow the pack-horse made his way
Across the curlew-haunted down.

Enough was written of the first of these prologues to give an impression of the scope and arrangement. In spite of the swing of the rough verse this prologue is far below the quality of that ultimately published both in design and workmanship. As may be seen even from these short extracts, it is altogether different in sentiment and in incident. But the

poet was feeling his way to something new; the whole thing was put aside, and he began on fresh lines, and then—all this industry and determination to get the work right is rewarded: the spell works, the right mood comes, and in the summer of 1867 he is reading the new Prologue to his friends by the side of one of the beautiful reaches of the river above Oxford.

"Cupid and Psyche" seems to have been the first of the tales written: the draft of it is in an early note-book—it starts, indeed, in the same volume with the end of the four-line prologue. I think it will be of interest to give the sequence of these quarto manuscript books, as it throws light on the order in which the poems were written. I take it from slips of paper which were pasted on the covers of the books, in my father's writing:

1. The Prologue.
2. Prologue, continued.
   Cupid and Psyche.
3. Cupid and Psyche, concluded.
   The Lady of the Land.
   The Palace East of the Sun.
   The Story of Adrastus.
   The Doom of Acrisius.
4. The Doom of Acrisius, continued.
   The Proud King.
5. The Proud King, concluded.
   The Watching of the Falcon.
   The Hill of Venus.
6. Hill of Venus, concluded.
   Writing on the Image.
   The Story of Dorothea.
   The Deeds of Jason.

It will be seen therefore that all the above are the earliest of the tales written.

I have been examining some earlier drafts of the tales among the manuscripts of "The Earthly Paradise," and one of them is a quite early form of "The Man born to be King." It is interesting, as it was written, I think, about the time of "The Scenes from the Siege of Troy," the workmanship being in my father's younger manner—full of vigorous, imperfect and impatient verse, different indeed from that of the published "Earthly Paradise." This fragment calls up to my mind the picture of a wandering minstrel reciting his tale to a few chords on his vielle as he stands by the market-cross on a feast-day. The verses have just the roughness and directness, the lack of any pretension to finish, that such a narrative so delivered would have. The story begins with a "Snow-White and Rose-Red" incident: the Queen coming from mass one Candlemas, bids her maiden stoop and fasten her shoe:

That same damozel bent low
Her knee in the white snow,
Lightly at the Queen's command
To that gold shoe she set her hand;
Right so some steel pin
In the Queen's gown, smote therein;
The red blood fell from her hand,
There as the Queen did stand.
The Queen regarded pensively
The red blood on the snow lie
And her gold shoe that was nigh.
She sighed and said: "Yellow as gold,
White as the snow upon the mold,
I would my child might be so;
Red as blood and white as snow,
And yellow as gold mote she be,
Great joy this would be to me."

And a girl-babe is born, who grows up to great beauty and is dearly cherished. The story goes on to say:

In that same night that she was born
There was a small house poor and forlorn
Beside a river lay alone;

and here a boy is born to a poor couple, and comes to be their joy and comfort. His name is Michael, and he is shown us drawing his nets in the river, snaring birds, wild duck and "long-necked geese in great plenty," and taking the moll-hern for his feathers. And he goes merrily to town marketing with his mother:

He sold his skins and feathers of herne,
And unto him they gave in turn
Nets and wood-axes and such gear,
Coats of frieze for him to wear,
Flanders cloth for his mother,
Shoes and hats of Caudebec . . .

And one day in the city he stops before an armourer's shop and looks longingly at a fair Milan bascinet, and entering encounters the armourer, a strange figure of a man:

I trow a right fat man was he,
He had a brown face and eyen white;
His red hair in the sun shone bright;
He was as fierce as any knight.
I trow that in the town council
Always for hanging spoke he well,
If men debated on some thief.

After some parleying the smith will let Michael have the bascinet if he brings him ten pounds by weight of hern's feathers in two months.

Of this fantastic and full-coloured narrative nothing remains in the published tale but the title and the boy's name, Michael. It was doubtless put aside for years, and when re-

sumed the story had another frame-work, and grew in my father's flowing "Earthly Paradise" manner.

In putting his tales into the mouths of forwandered men who at the outset had left their land in fear of the Black Death and spent their best days in hunting for the Terrestrial Paradise, the author unconsciously shows the depth of the impression made on him by two ideas that took great hold of the medieval mind: the one an instant terrible death that hunted men from their homes, the other a dream in pursuit of which they left them in a certain wild belief in its reality. The root-idea of the medieval Earthly Paradise is in St. Brendan's Voyage, and, indeed, it may have been reading the Life of St. Brendan in the "Golden Legend" that turned my father's thoughts in this direction. The scourge of the Black Death certainly made a great impression on his imagination, and he often recalled one of the grim incidents men told about it: how it was brought to the North (I think to Iceland) by a ship of which the crew were all dead of the plague.

The Wanderers have missed the land of their young dreams; they await the passing of life, looking backward with regrets that are scarcely bitter; full of memories of the tales of ancient days—listening to the tales of the city that affords them shelter and unstinted friendship. This characteristically medieval setting gives a remarkable atmosphere to the stories themselves. They are shown to us through the eyes of the Middle Ages: wonders are detailed with the simple directness of Sir John Mandeville, whose "men seyn, though I have not seen it," is the true spirit of romantic chronicle.

The classical stories in "The Earthly Paradise" are mostly taken from the obvious sources,* very often from the familiar

* My father was interested in the learned notes on the sources of "The Earthly Paradise" tales ("Die Quellen von William Morris's Dichtung 'The Earthly Paradise,'" von Julius Riegel) when the volume was sent to him. He said they taught him "a great deal about his stories he had not known before."

Lemprière, which I suppose this generation scarcely knows by name. But sometimes two versions are merged into one or the story-teller's licence in modifying a legend is taken. In "Atalanta's Race," for instance, some of the incidents appear in Apollodorus' "Bibliotheca:" her exposure in the wood after birth, her bear-nurse, the killing of the two centaurs, the name of her lover, Milanion; the rest come from Ovid, with a few developments. Again, in "The Doom of King Acrisius" there are a few minglings of the different features in the Perseus legend, which really do not matter to anyone reading "The Earthly Paradise" for pleasure, but they show that the poet simply dealt with those points in the old legends that touched him most and that best fitted in with the scope of his work. Details of the poems are in all cases the result of the poet's own mind working within the framework settled by the main lines of the tale. That was his way of doing it: and moreover that was the only excuse for retelling the old tales. If in the course of his story he happens to hit on certain situations that coincide with those in other settings it cannot be taken as a proof that he had read those versions.

"The Man born to be King" partly follows the tale in the "Gesta Romanorum"* and partly the thirteenth century French romance of the Emperor Coustans, while the beginning is nearly identical with the Grimm tale of "The Devil and the Three Golden Hairs." Here the King takes the newborn child in a box and throws it into the stream, whence it is rescued by worthy miller-folk; the King, going that way fourteen years later and taking shelter from a storm, sees the boy and hears his story, and so on. In the Gesta, the servant who is to kill the child leaves him in the woods, where he is found by a childless lord, who adopts him and brings him to the court later on. The earliest form of the tale is told by Gottfried of Viterbo, a twelfth century chronicler

* The English "Gesta Romanorum" I used to read in his library was a Roxburghe Club publication, edited by Sir F. Madden, 1838.

of the legendary history of the Kaiser Henry III. See also the life of St. Pelagius in "The Golden Legend," which follows Gottfried. The charming incident of Michael sleeping in the garden and the princess at play with her lady is found in "Coustans." In the older version the letter is exchanged in a more sober and matter-of-fact manner.

Mr Joseph Jacobs has a note on the story in his introduction to the reprint of my father's "Old French Romances." He mentions how Dr Kuhn found in one of Quaritch's catalogues the description of an Ethiopian MS. which he identified as the tale of "The Man born to be King." His name here is Thalassion, "or Ethiopic words to that effect, and the Greek *provenance* of the story is thereby established. Dr Kuhn was also successful in finding an Arabic version done by a Coptic Christian. In both these versions the story is told as a miracle due to the Archangel Michael; and it is a curious coincidence that in Mr Morris's poetical version of our story in 'The Earthly Paradise' he calls his hero Michael. Unless some steps are taken to prevent the misunderstanding, it is probable that some Teutonic investigator of the next century will, on the strength of this identity of names, bring Mr Morris in guilty of a knowledge of Ethiopic."

"The Proud King"* is from the "Gesta Romanorum;" the poet has varied the detail to the improvement of the story. And he has rescued the denouement from commonplace with the born story-teller's instinct: while in the "Gesta," the angel who has taken the King's place during his wanderings proclaims to all the court that he is Jovinian's guardian angel sent by God to humble their proud lord, in "The Earthly Paradise" tale everything seems to lead up to the solemnity of the meeting between the heavenly messenger and the chastened King, his court unconscious of the drama that is being acted, his Queen even lying in slumber while God's message is spoken.

* "The Proud King" is also the subject of an Italian miracle play or rappresentazione.

In "Cupid and Psyche" William Morris deviates here and there from the incidents in "The Golden Ass."* He had followed Apuleius in the draft, but altered it afterwards. The "Writing on the Image" may also have been from the "Gesta Romanorum," or it may have been taken direct from William of Malmesbury, where the tale is first found. This story of the scholar and the treasure of Octavian is one of several legendary tales of the famous Gerbert of Reims, Pope Sylvester II, whose remarkable personality furnished forth several medieval wonder-tales. William Morris does not vary this very much in his rendering. He does not give the legend inscribed on the forehead of his archer: "Ego sum qui sum," etc., and makes the image fit his arrow to the bow and shoot at the great carbuncle at the moment when the scholar, laying down his sackful of spoils, clutches at

a wonderful green stone
Upon the hall-floor laid alone.

"That master of all sorcery" is, of course, the medieval Virgil, and the "image made of brass and wood" an echo of the magician's brazen archer.

"The Lady of the Land" comes from Sir John Mandeville's "Voiage and Travell:" "And some men seyn that in the ile of Longo is yit the doughtre of Ypocras, in forme and lyknesse of a gret dragoun, that is an hundred fadme of lengthe, as men seyn, for I have not seen hire. And thei of the iles callen hire lady of the lond." "The Watching of the Falcon" is taken from the same source; there the tale is told as "The Castle of the Sperhawk." "Ogier the Dane" follows the old French romance, "Ogier le Danois." My father's copy was that of 1583 and bears this imprint: "A Paris. par Nicolas Bonfons, libraire demeurant en la rue neuve nostre Dame à l'enseigne Sainct Nicholas 1583." I have lately been reading the romance and was more struck than ever by my father's handling of it. It bears out an observation he sometimes made: "When you are using an old

*See the Introduction to Volume IV of this edition, page ix.

story, read it through, then shut the book and write in your own way." No one, in going through the Ogier legend, either in the early saga-stuff of France or in the fourteenth century romance, could fail to be impressed by William Morris's rendering of it. He has seized on the essential quality of mystery in the tale, and presents it simplified, cleared of all historical lumber, till it would seem that the poet's instinct for getting at the heart of the matter he wanted had led him to reduce the story once more to its elements, eliminating its prolixity and not very entertaining sort of unreal reality.

"To-day I took first piece of copy to printer. Yesterday I wrote thirty-three stanzas of Pygmalion. If you want my company (usually considered of no use to anybody but the owner) please say so. I believe I shall get on so fast with my work that I shall be able to idle."

This extract from a letter written on February 3 of this year 1868 brings the occupations and frame of mind of the moment tersely and vividly before us. And the last sentence is significant and represents my father's habit of life then and always. It is difficult for people who did not know him to realize the intensity and the swiftness with which he worked, nor with what unconcern he could put off the work of the moment and "idle" with his friends. There can have been few men who got through so much varied work with such absence of effort.

Two months later there was a letter in "The Athenæum" from my father:

"26 Queen Square, Bloomsbury,
"April 20, 1868.

"In a notice of forthcoming works by me contained in your 'weekly gossip' of last Saturday, there are some inaccuracies which I should be much obliged if you would correct. It is not my intention to republish 'Jason' in any other form than that in which it has already appeared; and the

woodcuts mentioned in your paragraph, which have been designed as far as they go, by my friend, Mr E. Burne-Jones, illustrate, not the Third Part of 'The Earthly Paradise' (for there will be only two parts of that work), but the whole. The time of publication, however, of this illustrated edition must, from the magnitude of the work, be very remote.

"William Morris."

"The Earthly Paradise," as originally planned and discussed in Red House days, was to be illustrated by two or three hundred of these woodcuts. The subjects for the first Prologue, for "Cupid and Psyche," "The Deeds of Jason" and "The Doom of King Acrisius" were early planned, as they are noted in their due place in the early manuscript volumes I have referred to. My father's notes of the subjects for "The Doom of King Acrisius" are descriptive and lively, and, as one turns over the pages of the manuscript in a musing spirit, some breath of the old enthusiasm and romantic yearning comes from them; one grows conscious of the poet noting with eager eyes the places and the people he tells about, and yet more conscious of the keen joy he found in that large scheme of co-operation with his friend. Burne-Jones had the designs of "Cupid and Psyche" and for the "Hill of Venus" ready; Lady Burne-Jones notes in her "Memorials" that in 1865 seventy designs for the former were finished, and that twenty subjects for "The Hill of Venus" were designed in 1867. There must have been over a hundred in all: those for "Pygmalion" were done, and some few for "The Doom of King Acrisius" (I remember a touching little drawing of Danaë with her babe Perseus in her arms, in a boat on the open sea).

As the "Cupid and Psyche" woodcuts are numbered, there were fifty-one blocks cut, but seven of them are missing. Of those existing my father himself cut thirty-five. Two designs for "The Ring given to Venus" were etched experimentally by Burne-Jones himself: they were not a success. A number of these drawings are now in the Ruskin

School at Oxford. It would have been a splendid work if it could have been carried out, but in the experimental sheets the woodcuts looked all wrong with the best type then obtainable,* and the attempt had to be abandoned. My father was to have the satisfaction in later life of realizing this early dream of fine printing, and the realization culminated fitly in the noble volume where the work of his "master" Chaucer and that of his life-long friend is brought together.

All this while the work of the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Company was going on; in 1865 the Morris family together with the business had removed to 26 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, the one from Red House, Upton, the other from Red Lion Square; the beautiful Kentish home was deserted and the sunny rose-garden with its fragrant rosemary and lavender borders no longer sounded with the laughter of guests and the knocking of bowls over the green.

At Queen Square the artist and poet "lived over his shop," as it amused him to say. And now the present writer's memory of "Queen Square days" begins—less of a far-off dream than those curious bright pictures of "Red House days," but very life-like, very amusing and varied. The glass painting pleased me the most of all the different things that went on there: the jewel-like colours of the glass that lay about were so attractive, and the silvery net-work of the leading, and above all, the shadows and the mystery of the kiln-house. The painters sat in a long corridor that connected the house with what had been a ball-room in the old days of state, and we children could see them through the windows, moving about and bending over the work. Sometimes we used to be taken to see a window put up on trial, and to-day the very smell of a glass-painter's shop brings the whole thing before my eyes. My impression of father's study was a place with a big easel, and a huge lump of bread with a small hole picked out of the middle, stationed on a

* The type was used later for "The House of the Wolfings" and "The Roots of the Mountains."

chair or anywhere handy, and the floor bestrewn with bread-crumbs: it all smelt pleasantly of tracing-paper. The house (to my absurd eyes) seemed pervaded by small rolls of printed paper, which I know now to have been proofs of "Jason" or "The Earthly Paradise;" I still vaguely remember wondering why these rolls used sometimes to make the master of the house angry. In the evenings—what delight! there sometimes appeared a gloriously, mysteriously shining object, behind which he would work with bright cutting tools on a little block of wood, which sat on a plump leather cushion. The beautiful edition of "The Earthly Paradise" that he and Burne-Jones had at heart had not yet been given up, and these were the wood blocks for one of its stories, the "Cupid and Psyche" illustrations, most of which my father cut himself.

And in all these pictures comes and goes the figure of my mother, in soft silk gowns that we loved and stroked.

A great deal of our playtime was spent in the gardens of the square—a spacious ground filled with trees magnificent for London and handsome anywhere. It was big enough to be a place of mystery and adventure, and indeed one could be in two worlds at once there: inside, among the great plane-trees and thickly grown bushes was the wilderness of one's own fashioning; outside, as one peered between the tall-grown angelica-plants, was the other world, where people walked busily over the pavement—also very interesting, but more puzzling than our world. Why does the taste of angelica on a cake remind me to-day of London soot and Queen Square gardens?

Our old friends the Faulkners lived at the lower end of the Square, No. 35, and it was *festa* when we went to tea with them and had games with our dear grown-up playmate Kate. Old Mrs Faulkner sat upright in a deep chair, her dress set off with the most exquisite of white ruffles and laces; and the long drawing-room on the first floor had a delicious country atmosphere of freshness and roses about it—all as if there were no soot in the gardens outside there.

We liked to linger round Miss Faulkner's work-table and watch her skilful handling of the long slim tile-painting brush. She worked busily for the firm, and she was a designer of ability and distinction. Her gold gesso decoration on pianos and furniture in later days was work of great beauty. The long drawing-room was a precious place, full of old china and round mirrors, furniture of Red Lion Square times, early drawings of Burne-Jones and others of the circle, and a dear little square piano to which Kate sang us songs from the "Échos du Temps Passé." There was no melancholy about it all to us, as we played about, basking in the kindness of our affectionate friend, but oh! the sad memory it is of that secluded home, so distinguished in its rarity and freshness and reticence! it comes floating back like a melancholy perfume compounded of garden-flowers and bitter herbs, fragile and exquisite and penetrating.

Festa again was going to tea with Philip Webb in his chambers in Gray's Inn. The architect of Red House lived in Raymond Buildings, a green secluded refuge, into the silence of which one literally plunged out of the grime and turmoil and rattle of Theobald's Road. His chambers looked down upon the spacious gardens with their lawns and great trees (where the rooks and wood-pigeons still build, I believe), and we youngsters used sometimes to play there, with a pleasant egoist feeling that the eye of our friend was on us from his high windows! And tea with him was unalloyed bliss: there was jam, and then more jam, and then pictures to look at, and Mr Webb's jokes, at which we laughed because he laughed and loved us, for I am sure we did not understand them.

There used to be weekly dinners to discuss "The Earthly Paradise" while it was in progress; the company was usually confined to Edward Burne-Jones and Philip Webb, my mother remembers. Other dinners there were that I recall vaguely, because they were bigger and I suppose there was more preparation for them. I can well remember the look of the stately five-windowed room, with the long oak table laid

for one of these dinners. What specially attracted my attention was not the old silver and blue china, but the greenish glass of delicate shapes, designed by Philip Webb and made for the firm by Messrs Powell at the Whitefriars Glass-works.* This gleamed like air-bubbles in the quiet candle-light and was reflected far away in the little mirrors set in the chimney-piece, where the room lengthened itself into an endless pleasant mystery at once friendly and alluring to us children. I made an impromptu appearance at one of these gatherings; I used to hate the dark, and nurse that night had gone down to the kitchen, and I woke up to find my sister sleeping and myself utterly alone in the world—alone and in the dark. Live people were such a long way off, and they were laughing downstairs, and I had to go and find lights and company. The small night-gowned thing standing in the door and requesting comfort was received with kind laughter and applause, and I was handed round from one to another and kissed and enjoyed myself hugely. There were a good many people there, but Swinburne is the only one among them I can recall.

I have been looking over some of the old reviews of "The Earthly Paradise," and it is interesting to compare the temperamental differences of them. One reviewer takes exception to the "dread of death" that hangs over all the author's thoughts; another, more of a philosopher, is content to have it so; it is part of life. He observes: "Yet even to the most cheerful mind, a pensive sentiment lingers about the autumnal days, and this is the prevailing sentiment of the works which Mr Morris has written. True sorrow is sharply bitter; but there is a mood of mind which is sorrowful in form and yet in substance is hardly so. It is the mood of a man who recognizes the tragic conditions and limitations of human life, but who recognizes them as inevitable, universal, not to be subdued nor escaped from, but to be accepted and

* Still one of the most delightful of London "shows;" a genuine old glass-factory of the seventeenth century.

made the best of. This is the keynote of 'Jason' and 'The Earthly Paradise.'" The article is full of colour and variety; one specially happy comparison is made where the reviewer speaks of "the *transparency* of the writer's mind." "It is a mind which reflects an object as water does—in a simple unostentatious inevitable way."

I have to note an alteration in the text. In the Wanderers' narrative on page 26 is this passage:

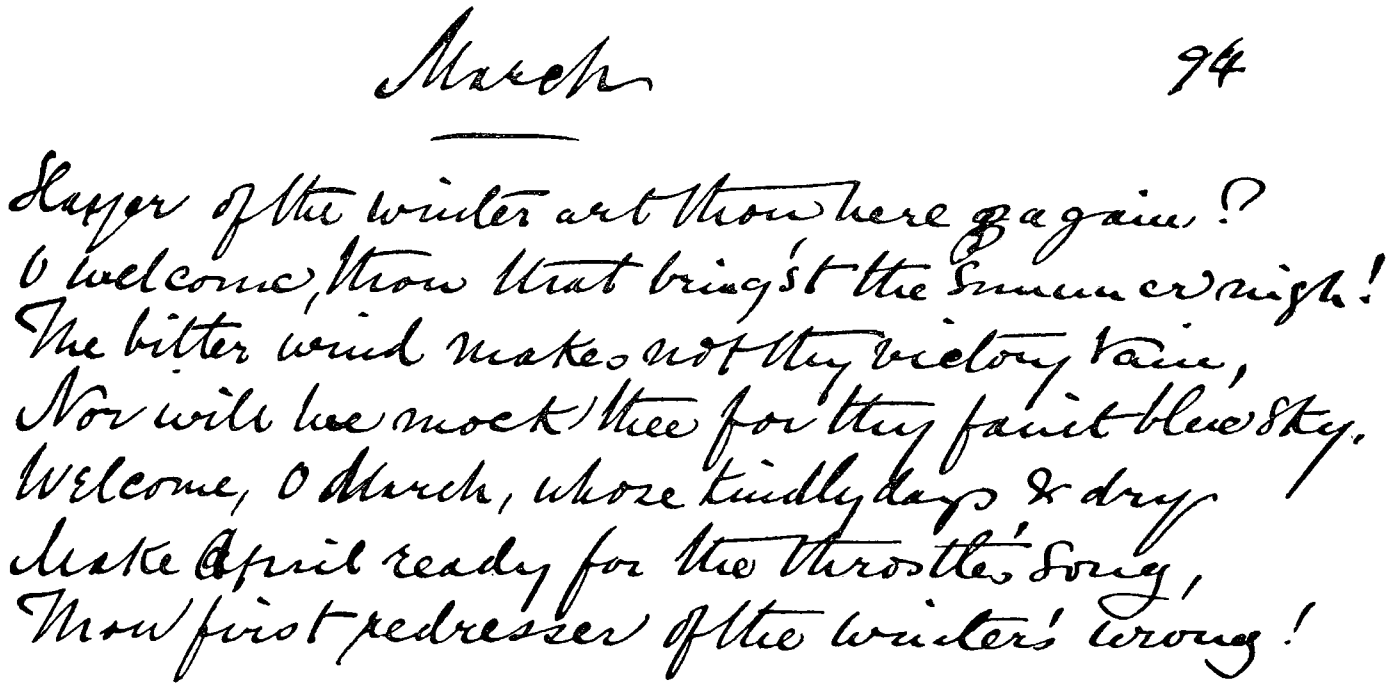
> Then as anigh the good ship's stern I stood
> Gazing adown, a piece of rough-hewn wood
> On a wave's crest I saw, and loud I cried:
> "Drift-wood! drift-wood!"

"Stern" is in the first edition and in the one-volume edition which was revised by my father. In the manuscript for the printer it reads "the good ship's stem," though the word might have been mistaken for "stern." All the context implies "stem," and so I have ventured to alter the word. My father was not at all a good reader of proofs and might well have overlooked this, as a few other words have been overlooked.

The portrait by Watts remains the truly great and sympathetic representation of my father at this time. It was painted in April 1870. A letter written to my mother mentions a sitting:

"April 15, Good Friday
"(at least Bessie seems to have gone to Church)
"... I am going to sit to Watts this afternoon, though I have a devil of a cold, which don't make it very suitable."

The "March" verse given here in facsimile is from the "Earthly Paradise" manuscript prepared for the printers, kindly lent me by Mr Fairfax Murray, whose help I shall have to record many times throughout these notes.



FACSIMILE FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE EARTHLY PARADISE

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

LIBRARY Edition. Parts I and II first published in one volume, crown octavo, with twenty-five copies on Whatman's paper in two volumes demy octavo, by F. S. Ellis, 1868; second, third and fourth editions 1868; fifth edition, in two volumes, 1870. Part III first published in crown octavo by F. S. Ellis in 1870, with twenty-five large paper copies in two volumes; second and third editions 1870. Part IV, first published in crown octavo by F. S. Ellis in 1870, with large paper copies in two volumes; second edition 1870; third edition 1871.

Popular Edition in ten monthly parts, duodecimo, 1872 (Parts 1-9, Ellis and Green; Part 10, F. S. Ellis).

Transferred to Reeves & Turner 1886.

Popular Edition reissued in five volumes.

Single Volume Edition (revised), octavo, 1890; reprinted 1895.

Kelmscott Press Edition in eight volumes 8vo 1896-1897.

Three volumes 16mo, three volumes crown octavo, and a Popular Edition, Roberts Brothers, of Boston, Mass. 1868-71.

Both three-volume editions reprinted 1877.

"The Lovers of Gudrun," issued separately by Roberts Brothers, of Boston, Mass. 1870.

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Single volume octavo edition reprinted 1896, 1898, 1900, 1903, 1905, 1907, 1910.

Library Edition reprinted: Volume I, 1902; Volume II, 1903; Volume III, 1902; Volume IV, 1904.

New Edition, twelve parts, crown octavo, 1905.

Silver Library Edition in four volumes crown octavo 1905.

Popular Edition in ten volumes. Part II, reprinted 1902, 1903; Part III, reprinted 1903; Part VII, reprinted 1904.

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Volumes III, IV, V and VI of the Collected Works of William Morris 1910–1911.