

is not and will not be
appreciated, un de nos
disparus. Yes, The old man
used to send me his verses,
and his tragedies in black
verse, alas! how blank. I
felt a great affection & sym-
pathy for him. If he is
still alive, he must surely
be extremely old.

Do you ever try
these mountains? I came here
dreadfully fagged & moped,
and now am like a new
creature, thanks to a little
sévac work on the glacier, &
some brisk rock-climbing.

Pray believe me yours very sincerely
Edmund Gosse

Klein Scheidegg

27. 8. 94



My dear W. Spielmann

Your kind letter reached
me nearly a week ago, & I
should have replied at once,
but for the fact that you said
your Secretary would immediately
write to me. I waited for
that, but as he has not
done so, I must now ask
you to delay him until we
return to London (on Sept. 10),
as our stay here now draws
to an end, and we are going
to wander about for ten days
or so.

I was, of course, much gratified and interested by your letter about my series of articles in the "Art Journal", which still drag on their length. Will you be surprised to hear that I was quite correct, and you also were quite correct, about Sir J. E. Millais and the buried statue? He said it about Thornycroft's "Teucer" at a council-meeting of the R.A., as to you he said it of Poell, and as he has said it on other occasions of other works. It is a stock

cliché of his.

What you said of my W. Poell ^{appealed to} ~~interested~~ me very much. Some ten or twelve years ago I saw a good deal of him, and I was greatly touched by his pathetic isolation, his curious artistic rectitude, and his strange genius marred at a certain point with a kind of commonness, a sort of inability even to reach the very best. I wrote about him at some length many years ago, tried to vindicate his authority & his place in art, - but he