

Yours affectionately, Angelo: The letters of Edward Burne-Jones (1833-98) & Frances Horner (1858-1940)

Author(s): Caroline Dakers

Source: *The British Art Journal*, Spring/Summer 2001, Vol. 2, No. 3 (Spring/Summer 2001), pp. 16-21

Published by: British Art Journal

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/41615067>

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at <https://about.jstor.org/terms>



British Art Journal is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *The British Art Journal*

JSTOR

Yours affectionately, Angelo

The letters of Edward Burne-Jones (1833-98) & Frances Horner (1858-1940)

Caroline Dakers



The illustrations are of works by Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1833-98) unless otherwise stated

1 *Portrait of Frances Graham*, 1879. Oil on canvas, 59.7 x 54 cm.
Photo: Sotheby's

chronological, although Frances unfortunately discarded all the envelopes, writing dates in pencil on the letters. Precise dates are presumably the post-marks from the envelopes (ie usually the day the letter was written) but often only months and/or years are given. These are sometimes incorrect as the dates of some letters can be verified by their contents. A few letters are illustrated.

Burne-Jones asked another of his close women friends, Helen Mary Gaskell, to destroy his letters (she did not): 'What is the good of old letters – they are but food for the scoffer that comes after – who reads them again? Who has the heart to do that – and then if they have said even loving things what is the use... NOW – NOW that matters.'⁵ But he was less sure about his correspondence with Frances. Though he asked her to burn his letters, he admitted he was unable to destroy her letters which were carefully preserved 'in a locked drawer, where I keep your letters all sealed up & directed to you';⁶ only a few survive, however, presumably returned by Georgiana after his death.

The intention here is to present an overview of a correspondence which adds significantly to our understanding of the last 14 years of Burne-Jones's life, both as an artist and epistolatory lover. Frances commented in her autobiography 'his letters were a great part of his life, and he gave himself full play in them'.⁷ Comparing the letters she received to those sent to George Howard, a close male friend and patron, it is clear Burne-Jones felt able, with her, to dwell at length on his disappointments in life, both personal and professional. Read in sequence, his letters are like intimate, breathless conversations overheard on the telephone. He could imagine the advantage of such an invention, writing to Frances: 'Will Edison ever invent a thing, so that all I think up in the day might travel at night (as a little cylinder if he likes since he is partial to cylinders) and sound in your ears in the morning.'⁸

As a young girl Frances was taken to Burne-Jones's studio in Fulham by her father, William Graham (1818-1885). He had first seen Burne-Jones's work at the Old Water-Colour Society in 1864 and returned the following year to buy *Le chant d'amour*. A wealthy East India merchant (he made his fortune in jute) and Liberal MP, Graham became Burne-Jones's 'staunchest and most sympathetic patron',⁹ a close friend and even agent, brokering the sales of *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid* and the *Briar Rose* series. Burne-Jones first painted Frances when she was about 11 years old – she is the young bride in *The king's wedding*, which was completed in 1870 and acquired by Graham. Dante Gabriel Rossetti drew Frances as *La donna della finestra* at virtually the same time.

Burne-Jones's disastrous relationship with Maria Zambaco had reached its climax in 1869, and though he continued to incorporate her features in his work for many years, their physical relationship was probably at an end by 1870. His friendship with Frances steadily developed from about 1875, even though he was 25 years her senior. He often dined twice or three times a week at the Grahams' London house in Grosvenor Place and accompanied the family to the theatre; he provided designs for Frances and her sister Agnes¹⁰ to embroider (he was

In June 1898, immediately after the death of Edward Burne-Jones, Frances Horner (née Graham) (Pl 1) wrote to her friend Edith Lyttleton¹ explaining the significance of her relationship with 'Angelo':²

I think I had got to depend on him as a kind of background for life, and he had grown so divinely spiritual and good and yet so human that I took everything to him... He never let me go for more than two or three days silent, then he would scold me a little, and I loved that sort of constant claiming love so... I had got so used to it I daresay perhaps even you hardly knew how naturally and happily I lived in his love – it was the most unflinching thing I ever knew: and now at home I can't move or look up without seeing him: a picture on the wall, or a photograph or books which he gave – everything in my life seems to have been steeped in him... It is twenty four years now since he came into my life... I think the suddenness is so shattering, but I dread the future most, when the crowd closes up again and the dust begins to lie on one's mind and heart.³

For his part, Burne-Jones wrote in 1892, 'All the romance & beauty of my life means you and my days are ending in splendour through you'. 'You fill me through & through & only to look at you is to love splendidly.'⁴ Theirs was a very special relationship.

Almost all the surviving letters between Burne-Jones and Frances Horner date from New Year 1884 until just before his death. There are over 500, the majority from Burne-Jones to Frances, carefully bound into 11 volumes. They are mostly

2 *The Wizard*, 1891-8. Oil on canvas, 91.5 x 54 cm. Birmingham Museums and Art Gallery. The picture portrays Burne-Jones and Frances Horner

regularly contributing designs to the Royal School of Art Needlework, founded in 1872); he gave Frances presents of books, and in 1875 he gave her a Valentine, the pencil study for *Love leading the pilgrim*.¹¹ Her face appears on a nymph in *The arming of Perseus* (1877), and she is included among the girls descending *The Golden Stairs* (1876-1880). In 1879, Graham commissioned Burne-Jones to paint her portrait and decorate a piano, possibly for her 21st birthday. Some of the decorations on the piano recount the story of Orpheus and Eurydice: Frances is the model for Eurydice; Burne-Jones is Pluto.

In 1882, Frances became engaged to John Horner (1843-1927) of Mells Park in Somerset (Pl 6). The choice surprised her friends – Horner was 15 years older and his offer of marriage was hardly inviting: ‘You had better not marry me – you wouldn’t like my home, or my people, or my life.’¹² Burne-Jones wrote to Ruskin a letter which is frequently quoted and sometimes interpreted as an expression of grievous loss. He had been asked by Ruskin to provide a list of his works for a lecture:

But to name every one how could I remember? for instance, many a patient design went to adorning Frances’ ways. Sirens for her girdle, Heavens and Paradises for her prayer-books, Virtues and Vices for her necklace-boxes – ah! the folly of me from the beginning – and now in the classic words of Mr Swiveller ‘she has gone and married a market gardener’. Well, I can’t remember a tithe of the acts of folly there – and the big pictures, or careful pictures, are but a part of the long list, and indeed I have forgotten so much. But wasn’t it folly?... Oh these minxes! You and I will yet build us a bower and have our mosaics which none of them shall ever see. And they don’t understand, do they? Their eyes look depths of wisdom and beguile us and take us in – a sapphire would do as well to look into. We’ll look into sapphires and moonstones, and paint pictures of the wretches, and laugh and be scornful yet.¹³

The tone is surely at least partly jocular, though Burne-Jones was no doubt jealous of Horner, almost as old as he, for marrying a woman whose company he clearly adored. He wrote to Frances, possibly just before the wedding-day, ‘I wanted to have drawn a little drawing for thee – but the time has passed it brought tomorrow before ever I knew – it shall be for thy new home and indeed I would sooner smuggle it into thy hands secretly than in the sight of Israel tomorrow. All the best future and luckiest of days, and longest of lives for both. Such is my modest prayer for you. And don’t forget us old things.’¹⁴

In much of the correspondence Burne-Jones dwells on the unhappinesses and difficulties he encountered in his private and professional life; Frances almost always provided appropriate sympathetic responses. He was constantly affected by the interruptions of unwelcome visitors during the day and, in the night, disturbing nightmares which left him weak and ill. Each painting was a struggle.

I work daily at Cophetua and his maid [King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid] – I torment myself everyday - everyday I know it was a mistake for me to be a painter – Yet I’d die if I wasn’t one. I never learn a bit how to paint – no former work ever helps me – every new picture is a new puzzle – & I love myself & am bewildered – and its all as it was at the beginning years ago.¹⁵

He was often critical about fellow artists in his letters to Frances, revealing a waspish, sometimes cruel side to his personality. He was, for example, irritated by the pamphlet William Holman Hunt wrote for the exhibition of *The triumph of the Innocents* at the Fine Art Society in 1885, calling him an ‘Egoist ... [he] sees nothing but Hunt’.



As to Hunt’s story of freedom shall I tell thee privily I was sore disappointed – he tells nothing that outsiders could not guess, and I was weary of the prices his pictures were sold for, & how much they ought to have sold for... of course all men at the beginning of changes are bits of martyrs – and painters of all men ought not to cry out – for in justice they ought to lead sad unrecognized and even insulted lives to make it fair – since their days are spent so divinely – I think of playing like babies with vermilion & blue & calling it work & expecting to be paid for it as well – oh shame!¹⁶

He was rude about Georgiana’s brother-in-law Edward Poynter. ‘I could sob, after an evening with him, at the general discouragement of things that his very atmosphere brings... I can’t make out why he ever wanted to paint nor why he gets up in the morning.’¹⁷ And although he liked Frederic Leighton, he declared, ‘Nobody could love him – and it is really a commonplace mind that he has.’¹⁸ In May 1896, when he heard John Singer Sargent had visited Mells and proposed painting Cicely (whom he had already painted), he was scathing about his rival’s abilities: ‘The colour is often hideous – & not one faintest glimmer of imagination has he.’

Frances revealed to Burne-Jones some of her own disappointments and frustrations, receiving support by return of post. She claimed to find Mells life suffocating; his letters provided her with the information and the gossip about the cultural life of London which she missed: ‘I hate the country – I always thought I did, but now I am quite sure of it – It is cold & you can’t stay out, & when you are indoors you might as well be dead. Don’t believe



3 Photograph (anonymous) of Burne-Jones's studio at The Grange, North End Road, Fulham, showing the completed memorial to Laura Lytton. Crown copyright, NMR

people who say they like living in the country they are silly, or deformed or offended with the world: or lying.¹⁹ She admitted to HH Asquith, another close friend and correspondent, 'My home is a very happy one – I don't think any woman could be more blessed in children & husband than I am – but I was dyed melancholy early in life – & it is a stain that don't easily come out.'²⁰

The death of William Graham in July 1885 deeply affected both Frances and Burne-Jones. Only weeks before his death, Graham completed the negotiations of the sale of the new, as yet unfinished, *Briar Rose* series (he owned the 'small' series) to Agnew's. He wrote to Burne-Jones on 30 June 1885, 'My dear... Agnew has just gone and has behaved so well and so kindly and it is all settled and the price is £15,000... And it has been all pleasure and no trouble at all with Agnew – so goodbye my dear and when you write me notes put three dabs of colour in the corners just like having a grape when my mouth is dry. Your loving friend.' Burne-Jones sent by return a letter illustrated with exquisite watercolours of birds:

My Dear

Here are little blobs of colour to amuse you. I wish I could send you something cheerful, but it is so difficult, since I don't know in what pain you have to open my letters: they are very kind to me in sending me news: I have many letters & almost daily ones so my hunger to hear of you gets pacified. I met Mr Horner yesterday by accident who told me all he could, – I am hard at word now on another Briar Rose – and I think I can improve it much while I finish it – isn't it lucky for me that I can throw myself back into ancient woods – indeed memory becomes me well... I wish all the love I send with this could comfort you one little bit – my love to them all
Your affct. Ned.

Burne-Jones not only lost a patron and friend but also easy access to Frances, who had regularly stayed with her parents in London (the Horners could not afford a London house of their own until 1896 after John was appointed Commissioner for Woods and Forests). Father and daughter were inextricably linked, as he explained in one of many letters of comfort:

As to giving you more love dear lady, how can I – my heart has been full of love & blessing for you from years ago – when you were little – & will never change, nor grow less – you were so like him to me from the first, like a womanly form of him – & that was why I so cared for you – & both lives were wonderfully interwoven in my imagination – it was a very celestial love and imperishable.²¹

The prices his works reached at the sale of the Graham collection may have confirmed his position as a major artist,²² but he could only mourn his loss: 'And I dream about you & can't make it out, & feel sometimes frightened – and I'm out of sorts altogether & overdone and want things back as they used to be when three miles off [in Grosvenor Place] I found loving rest & comfort always.'²³

Burne-Jones reluctantly accepted election as an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1885. For his Academy painting, *The depths of the sea* – the only painting he showed at the Academy – he made use of the face of a new friend, Laura Tennant (1862-1886), introduced to him by Frances the previous year. 'I am painting a scene in her previous existence,' he wrote to Frances in 1885.



4 Sketch of the proposed memorial to Laura Lyttelton, included in a letter to Frances Horner, June 1886. Private collection

5 Bookplate of Frances Horner, c1895. Private collection

She was one of four daughters of the wealthy industrialist and MP Sir Charles Tennant,²⁴ and had become friends with Frances at St Moritz in 1880. She married Alfred Lyttelton in 1885 but died the following April six days after the birth of her son – and just before Burne-Jones's painting was to be shown at the Academy.²⁵

For Graham, Burne-Jones had designed a simple headstone. For Laura, he and Frances together planned a much grander memorial (Pls 3, 4) which would be placed in Mells parish church. He wrote in May 1886, 'I know you are very unhappy... could we make some memorial of her – think and tell me – I would help with all my heart – something she would like.' And in June he sent a sketch:

There was a vague thought for a memorial of her which I noted in my recent book of designs – (now at Rottingdean) it was designed to be a relief, in stucco – gilded and tinted in my way, as you know – about 8 feet by 3. If I had the book here I would trace it for you – it would be only a tomb and the peacock... symbol of resurrection – and some splendid lettering – stucco would last for ever and damp ought not to hurt it & gold can be revived in a hundred years – & Lord in a hundred years who knows... something like this in plan all gold except the peacock and the laurel which should be tinted with proper colours – & I think the writing should be blue... & you & I would share the cost of it... it wouldn't come to much – 15 or 20 pounds a piece.

There are many letters between the friends discussing the details of the commission – it was probably the first time since Frances' marriage that they were able to re-capture the intimacy they had enjoyed in her father's house. 'O but I am so fond of this', he wrote, '& shall be hollow when it is done & gone away.

I love doing it for you.'²⁶

When Burne-Jones's only daughter Margaret became engaged to Jack Mackail in February 1888 it was a serious blow to the besotted father. He behaved as if she was under sentence of death and wrote dejected letters to almost all his closest friends. His letters to Frances become increasingly morbid as the wedding day approaches. In March he wrote, 'Such quiet here [at Rottingdean], and the little church looking so bonny, with the hill behind it – but I keep thinking of a day when I shall walk across the green with Margaret & sacrifice her to the custom of the country – for its here they are to be married.' Later, 'September is getting near when Margaret will go... I wish the day had come & gone for I dread it beyond words.' And in July 'I cant see these last weeks at all... I dont like going out or away even for a few hours so as to have her as long as possible.'

Wedding preparations allowed Burne-Jones to continue to put off his long-promised visit to Mells. He finally visited in October 1892 (his only visit), confessing to Mrs Henry White, wife of the First Secretary at the American Legation in London: '[Mrs White] asked me why I had put off going to Mells all these years – I said that as long as I didnt see Mells I refused to believe you were married & had children.'²⁷

The visit was the climax of an emotionally charged experience for the friends. There are more letters for 1892 than any other year, though none survive from Frances. It would appear Burne-Jones dared to reveal the extent of his desire for her. He spoke 'intimately' to Frances, choosing a country walk in May (he recalled the incident in November and 'what I told you by the hayrick at Milford'). Perhaps he stole a kiss. There is no evidence of her response, though he was still dwelling on the moment in

June: 'And I am living in a dream – is it a month ago? how unpremeditated it all was – I glided into this heavenly land as perhaps we glide into a new life.'²⁸ He later blamed his loss of control on Margaret's marriage: 'Didnt it occur to you if I kept Margaret by me it might be for my sake that I might have protection against myself – I wanted never to speak intimately to you again in my life – I knew I should if ever I had a chance – as at last I did.'²⁹

He went further, writing down his feelings in a book which he sent to her in early autumn, 'some funny mingling of awe & worship and wantonness known to myself'.³⁰ She was not pleased, apparently pointing out the love and duty she owed to her family. In all their relationship there is no evidence of Frances physically responding to his overtures, however much she enjoyed basking in the adoration of such a famous artist. His apologies were accepted ('you are to love them [her family]')³¹ and a date was finally made in October for his visit to Mells.

Burne-Jones began writing to Frances almost as soon as he was settled on the train. He was to break the journey at Clouds House in Wiltshire, the home of mutual friends, Percy and Madeline Wyndham.

I'm travelling to Clouds & in a minute comes the Guildford tunnel ...
It is so strange – and I vowed so long & loud I would never go to you...
I shall be dumb I know – I shall never know what to say to you.
Will you lead me about by the hand?... may I sleep on the mat outside your door?
England looks boring this evening – but my eyes are fixed on a spot where I have settled it that Mells is
Thats Wilton [House, near Salisbury] on the right – I can only see trees – the chief interest in Wilton is that you sometimes go there – I hope that is put in the Guide books –
And now this is Tisbury [the railway station for Clouds].

Once settled at Clouds he resumed his letter:

And now I am at Clouds & the evening is over & in bed & can write – and they gave me a letter from you which I brought up & hugged & devoured... & you are quite perfect – the moon is so beautiful tonight – its almost more beautiful than can be borne, & it made me heart breaky to think of you, & my life sundered from you as it is & fleeting fast to the great sea – yet if I saw you daily I couldn't worship or love more...
Georgie didn't come – she hates staying in houses – so do I...
The moon is too beautiful tonight & I have shut the shutters – not to look at it & be harrowed
... I am alone at night always – always – how can I help thinking & grieving & pining for life – I have missed so much – if I could turn now to you & touch do you think I should have sad thoughts? I should never know any sadness if I might live with you.³²

The efficiency of the postal service meant that Frances received his letter before he arrived at Mells.

The visit was an apparent success. Burne-Jones would have seen old favourites with William Graham's London house and also his gifts to Frances. Frances' sister Agnes Jekyll was staying – perhaps deliberately chosen as chaperone by Frances, anticipating further declarations of love. A month later, however, Burne-Jones accused her of desertion. He was jealous of her friends, in particular rising politicians such as Asquith and Haldane; on visits to his studio she had apparently failed to notice and comment on his new works. He was obviously suffering intensely from loneliness. Margaret was gone and Georgiana was increasingly involved in local Rottingdean politics:

How shall we ever get comfortable again?...

I didn't know at all when you came back to me in May how the years had really gone. I only thought it was Frances back again – but you are in the thick & swim of a world I can't like or rest in for an hour – a world of restless pleasures & unreal brilliancy & it fits you & you like it & would be dull without it & the thought of it chills me & makes me angry & stony you said in one dear letter I should take you from the world, that you had been getting worldly –

But have I? & in my silly head I thought at the first how sweet it was that I had a companion now for every little thing I did – that I should never make the least design that you wouldnt help me in & be busy about, & that all the lonely feeling I have had since Gabriel [Dante Gabriel Rossetti] died was at an end – I was going to have a companion identified with everything I did – & has it happened much? & I have waited & waited saying 'I wonder if she'll care for this, & ask about this – or look at this & see any difference in it' O doesn't it sound so little – but it wasn't little to me, it was everything – it was what I had been wanting all my life – a woman to be by me for whom I worked, & who inspired & rewarded everything – I was tired of being alone – so it wasn't a little matter – but oh my darling – you are busier with a hundred things than with me...

it isn't the dear time at Mells I am jealous of – all that is lovely – its the others who take you from me – whose names & presence I am beginning to hate – your heart is not in my life – you now find my life so dull

... O my dear my dear what a thing you have frivoleed away that can never be got back

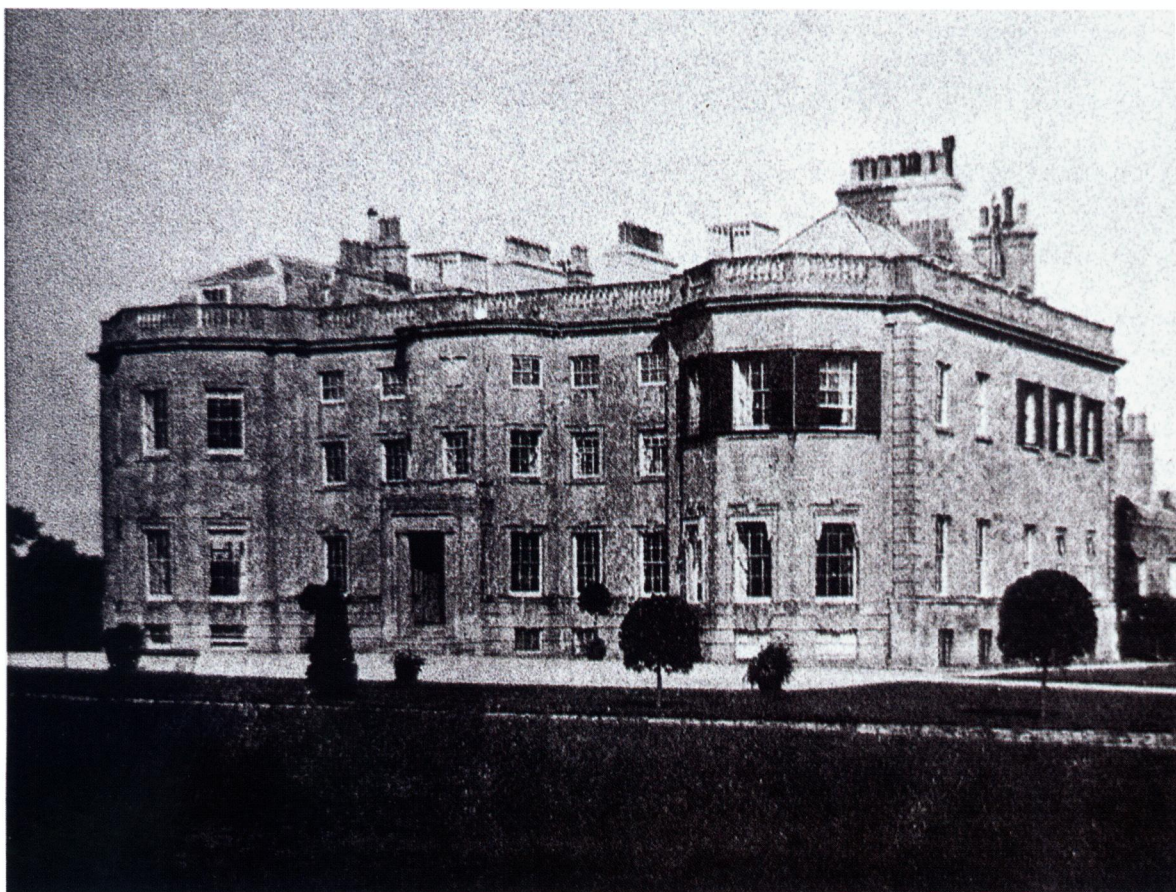
... I do from my soul want you happy - & you haven't lost me – its I that have lost you – and I feel not a bit angry with any of them – why should I be – nice bright things³³ grabbing & devouring the world & going on very charmingly.

Frances replied immediately with words of comfort – they were communicating as lovers in word if not in deed. It was Burne-Jones's turn to apologize:

Forgive me...I believe every word you say & I have been wicked & angry without reason... love me again dear I cant part from you – it is such an old story – I haven't a corner of my life or my thoughts where you are not so you haunt me everywhere. I want you all to myself. I am sick with longing always – & hopeless desire that has never known & can never know fruition – I am always conscious of it always a little suffering from it, think of that & pity & forgive... Angelico.³⁴

Their friendship continued unabated until his death in 1898. They often exchanged presents of books – both were enjoying the poetry of WB Yeats in 1897. She gave him Christmas presents, handkerchiefs, a bed-side lamp by which he could read his favourite Walter Scott novels, a red-and-blue dressing-gown and once a silver ring with a heart. She begged him to visit Mells again: 'Oh if you were here – whats the use of summer except to be with those you love – A summer day alone in the country is absurd – it's a paradox - & the people pretend they enjoy it are poor cold blooded wordsworthians with cocoa in their veins.'³⁵ She forgave his passionate outbursts, gently remonstrating when she considered her own married life was threatened; he learnt to accept the limitations to their intimacy, confident he could always go to her for emotional support.

Some time in 1891 or 1892 he began a painting of them both. He called it his 'Maiden and Necromancer picture', though it is now known as *The Wizard* (1891-8; Pl 2). There is little evidence of its progress in the letters and it was left unfinished. He writes on 25 June 1892 that he wants to paint her portrait and late in September he makes an appointment with her at The Grange which may involve her sitting for him: '... at one then on Thursday beloved. I shall wait for you here – & you shall have



6 Photograph (anonymous) of Mells Park, Somerset. Private collection

things to eat in my studio, so that no one may come to interrupt – & it shall be a day of days.' Again in November he writes, 'And in the afternoon we'll sit & work up stairs, & talk.' Much later, in November 1897 he writes, 'One morning next week will you come over & sit to me that I may work from you on a picture begun from you just twenty years ago?'

The painting is an extraordinary image of their relationship. Within an austere interior space, lit by a partly opened window and the glow of a brazier, an old man – Burne-Jones – reveals to

a young woman – Frances – the image of a shipwreck. It is unclear whether the magician is teaching or simply showing off his skills to the woman. He stands close behind her. While his eyes are fixed (longingly?) on her, she has turned away from his gaze and stares impassively at the vision which floats before her.

The author gratefully acknowledges the permission of copyright holders and the owners of the letters quoted in this article.

- 1 Edith Balfour, 1865-1943, known by her friends as 'DD', married Alfred Lytton as his second wife in 1892. She was no relation of Arthur Balfour.
- 2 Frances and her sisters nicknamed Burne-Jones 'Angelo' ... because he once said he felt good, like Fra Angelo', Frances Horner, *Time Remembered*, London, 1933, p 108. Burne-Jones also signed letters 'Angelico'.
- 3 Frances Horner to Edith Lytton, nd [1898], private collection.
- 4 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [13 September 1892; 20 October 1892], private collection. All the following quotations from the correspondence between Burne-Jones and Frances Horner are from the same private collection.
- 5 British Library Add. MSS 54217-54218.
- 6 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [3 September 1892].
- 7 Frances Horner, op cit, p 105.
- 8 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [2 October 1892].
- 9 Stephen Wildman and John Christian,

Edward Burne-Jones Victorian Artist-Dreamer, New York, 1998, p 244, pp 108-109.

- 10 Agnes Graham married Colonel Herbert Jekyll, brother of the designer Gertrude.
- 11 'Valentine's Day – Frances got such a beauty from Mr Burne-Jones – a big picture of Cupid dragging a maiden through all the meshes of love.' Mary Gladstone, 14 February 1875, see Jane Abdy and Charlotte Gere, *The Souls*, London, 1984, p 131.
- 12 Frances Horner, op cit, p 61.
- 13 Georgiana Burne-Jones, *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, London, 1904, vol 2, pp 130-131.
- 14 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [December 1882 or January 1883].
- 15 Cf Burne-Jones to Madeline Wyndham, 23 April 1884: 'This very hour I have ended my work on my picture. I am very tired of it – I can see nothing any more in it, I have stared it out of all countenance and it has no word for me. It is like a child that one watches without ceasing till it grows up, and lo! it is a stranger.' Georgiana Burne-Jones, op cit, p 139.
- 16 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd. Hunt's *A Description of the Picture*

'The Triumph of the Innocents' was published in 1885 to accompany the exhibition of the painting at the Fine Art Society.

- 17 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [28 August 1892].
- 18 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [16 October 1892].
- 19 Frances Horner to Burne-Jones, nd [30 November 1894].
- 20 Frances Horner to HH Asquith, 12 September 1892, private collection. Frances and Asquith developed a close friendship, particularly during Asquith's widowerhood and courtship of Margot Tennant.
- 21 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [August 1885].
- 22 John Horner to Frances Horner, 3 April 1886, private collection: 'The pictures sold well on the whole today, esp. the BJs. Two oil paintings reached very high prices, 2550 guineas for *Laus Veneris* and 3150 guineas for *Le Chant d'Amour*. The total amount raised by Burne-Jones' works was £17,000.
- 23 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [1886].
- 24 See Jane Abdy and Charlotte Gere, op cit; Angela Lambert, *Unquiet Souls The Indian Summer of the British*

Aristocracy, 1880-1918, London, 1984, and Simon Blow, *Broken Blood. The Rise and Fall of the Tennant Family*, London, 1987.

- 25 Frances Horner and the Tennant sisters were members of the group of aristocrats known as 'The Souls' which was formed immediately after the death of Laura Lytton.
- 26 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [August 1886].
- 27 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [18 October 1892].
- 28 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [18 June 1892].
- 29 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [13 September 1892].
- 30 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [18 September 1892].
- 31 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [16 September 1892].
- 32 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [6 October 1892].
- 33 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [5 November 1892].
- 34 Burne-Jones to Frances Horner, nd [6 November 1892].
- 35 Frances Horner to Burne-Jones, nd [summer 1896].