1 33 Cleveland Square. W. 2 January 19, 1873. 3 My dear Harry 4 Your letter brought Italy to London for an hour two or three weeks 5 ago, and I was grateful to you for such a boon. I cannot give you an equal pleasure. You 6 would hardly thank me could I transfer the spirit of London, even for an hour, to Rome. I 7 do not like London better the longer I stay in it; it is the gloomiest & least social of 8 cities; but it impressed me more & more, and I adapt myself to it without reluctance. It is 9 the centre of more real activities than any other place; more is transacted here; the play 10 of life is fuller, passion & character have freer scope. The single city includes many 11 provinces; & one may run through the gamut of existence in a day from the narrowest 12 provincialism to the most perfect cosmopolitanism. Here Naples walks side by side with 13 Dresden; & Bombay & Chicago pass on the sidewalk. Everything is here that the world 14 affords. I doubt not that one could find a Pyramid or a Pompeii. 15 But if I tell you of myself I have nothing new to say. My days pass with as quiet a 16 succession as if we were still at St. Germain. The few varieties that interrupt them are of 17 a tranquil sort. Yet perhaps I do them $[\]$ days $[\]$ wrong, for they contain some great 18 pleasures; chief among which I must set my not infrequent walks & talks with Carlyle. 19 Each time I see him he seems better than before, more full of all sweet tenderness & all 20 manly strength. I continually get a stronger impression of the depth of his heart. With his

mere intellect, his imagination, his humour, his originality of expression, his fervid exaggerations, we are familiar enough; but they all take on new aspects & proportions in the light of the less known tenderness of his sensibility, the quickness of his personal sympathies, and the sweet modesty of his inner nature. I shall carry home few better possessions for myself than my affectionate memories of him.

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I wish you were here to see with me the Exhibition of pictures by the Old Masters at the Royal Academy. It is better than Bethnal Green, for it contains some supremely fine pictures. The Venetians as usual leave all the rest behind;—Titian & Tintoret are here in great force; then comes Velasquez in two vigourous portraits painted as if the very genius of Spain were mixed in his colours, so that history & character are as much illustrated in his work as art; Rembrandt follows him in the best portrait of his I have ever seen; Holbein comes next, not at his best, but incomparably good in his way; and Vandyk, Sir Joshua & Gainsborough cover only too much space on the walls; one could spare half their work, & lose nothing. Going back to Italy there is a most precious, & most interesting picture by Sandro Botticelli, one of his very greatest though not one of his most characteristically charming pictures; there is a striking piece of Signorelli's, and many more beside that are worthy of the time & the place from which they come.— My heart turns Italy ward, but our eyes look homeward, & soon we shall begin to count by weeks the rest of our stay abroad. I shall be very glad when we have been a month at home. The winter here is surprisingly mild & healthy; and, in spite of her[] shortness & darkness & dampness we succeed in keeping the days cheerful. Mackay is now staying with us; as aimiable, animated & socially active as ever. He wants to see you in Holland, & were he not dining out this eveg. he would send a message to you of kind remembrance & regard.

We were all sorry to hear from your letter to Grace that came last night, that you
were suffering from a cold. I hope you are well again. Pray give kindest regards from us
all to the Tweedys. We are very glad to hear of his well-doing, and I trust your next letter
may bring word of his complete recovery.
Good night, my dear Harry. Write soon again.
Ever affectionately Yours
C. E. Norton.

Notes

⁴¹ Mackay • Baron Donald Mackay

⁴⁵ your letter to Grace that came last night • Henry James to Grace Norton, 15 January 1873

