How things bind themselves together O blessed! the last time I saw the fountain of Trevi, it was from Arthur's father's room — Joseph Severn's, — where we both took Lonnie to see him, in 1872 — and the old man made a sweet drawing of his pretty daughter in law, nursing; he himself then engaged in finishing his last picture of the Marriage in Cana, which he had caused to take place under a vine trellis and delighted himself by painting the crystal & ruby glittering of the changing rivulets of water out of the Greek vase, flowing into wine. Paolo Brancia I last saw with Charles Norton + made the same notes — where Dante saw it — we dined of it together and walked together that evening on the hills above where the fireflies among the scented thickets ~~braved~~ shone fitfully in the still unkindled air — How they shone! — moving like fire-broken starlight through the ~~black~~ purple leaves, — How they shone! — through the ~~thunderous~~ sunset that faded into thunderous night as I entered Siena, three days before, — the white edges of the mountainous clouds still lighted from the west — and the opaly golden sky ~~still~~ calm behind the Gate of Siena's heart — with its still golden words "Cor magis tibi Sena pandit" — and the fireflies everywhere in sky & behind rising & falling, mixed with the lightning and more intense ~~lurid~~ ~~lovely~~ than the stars.

Brantwood. — ~~18th June~~ 19th June; 1889.